GRAHAM'S AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Of Literature and Art.

EMBELLISHED WITH

MEZZOTINT AND STEEL ENGRAVINGS, MUSIC, ETC.

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OF THE

FORTY-FIRST VOLUME.

JUNE, 1852, TO JANUARY, 1853.

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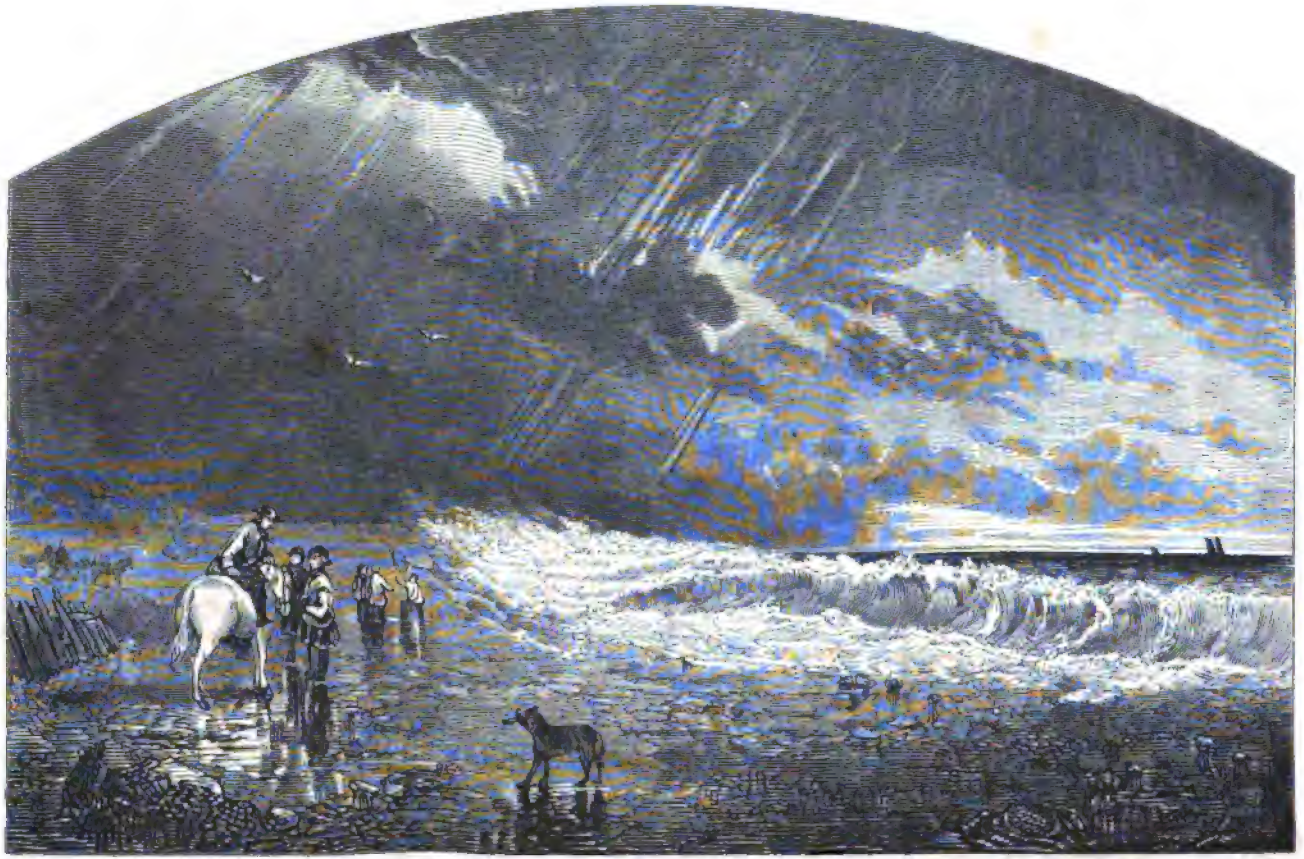


STORM ON THE SEABOARD.

COMPOSED BY VALENTINE DISTER.

Presented by LEE & WALKER, 188 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Andante con moto.

Piano.

f m

I'd of - fer thee this heart of mine, If I could love thee

less, But hearts as warm and pure as thine, Should nev - er know dis-

p *dolce* *ad lib.*

tress. My for - tune is too hard for thee, 'Twould chill thy dear - est joy ..... I'd

p

Ritard. ad lib. *a Tempo*

ra - ther weep to see thee free, Than win thee to de - stroy..... Than

Colla voce. *a Tempo*

win thee to de - stroy.

f

I leave thee to thy happiness,
As one too near to love—
As one I'll think of but to bless,
While wretchedly I rove;
And oh! when sorrow's cup I drink,
All bitter though it be;
How sweet to me 'twill be to think
It holds no drop for thee.

Then fare thee well! an exile now,
Without a friend or home;
With anguish written on my brow
About the world I roam;
For all my dreams of bliss are o'er—
Fate bade them all depart—
And I must leave my native shore
In brokenness of heart.

THE VINTAGE. (See page 29.)

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XLI. PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1852. No. 1.

Summer is here, and her whole world of wealth is spread out before us in prodigal array. "The woods and groves have darkened and thickened into one impervious mass of sober, uniform green; and having, for a while, ceased to exercise the more active functions of the Spring, are resting from their labors in that state of 'wise passiveness' which we, in virtue of our infinitely greater wisdom, know so little how to enjoy. In Winter the trees may be supposed to sleep in a state of insensible inactivity, and in Spring to be laboring with the flood of new life that is pressing through their veins, and forcing them to perform the offices attached to their existence. But in Summer, having reached the middle term of their annual life, they pause in their appointed course, and then, if ever, taste the nourishment they take in, and 'enjoy the air they breathe.' And he who, sitting in Summer time beneath the shade of a spreading tree, can see its branches fan the soft breeze as it passes, and hear its polished leaves whisper and twitter to each other like birds at love-making, and yet can feel any thing like an assurance that it does not enjoy its existence, knows little of the tenure by which he holds his own."

The animal creation seem oppressed with languor during this hot season, and either seek the recesses of woods, or resort to pools and streams, to cool their bodies and quench their thirst.

On the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie; while others stand

Half in the flood, and, often bending, sip
The circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong, laborious ox, of honest front,
Which incomposed he shakes; and from his sides
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
Returning still. Amid his subjects safe
Slumbers the monarch swain; his careless arm
Thrown round his head on downy moss sustained,
Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands filled,
There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.
THOMSON.

Notwithstanding the heat has parched the songsters of the grove into silence, there is still an audible music in nature—

The gnats
Their murmuring small trumpets sounden wide.
SPENSER.

And John Keats points to another source of melody—

The poetry of earth is never dead;
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;
That is the grasshopper's.

The insect tribe, however, are peculiarly active and vigorous in the hottest weather. These minute creatures are, for the most part, annual, being hatched in the Spring, and dying at the approach of Winter: they have therefore no time to lose in indolence, but must make the most of their short existence; especially as their most perfect state continues only during a part of their lives. How appropriately may Anacreon's celebrated address to the Cicada be applied to many of the happy creatures which sport in the sunshine—

Blissful insect! what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's sweetest wine;
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy fragrant cup does fill,
All the fields that thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee;
All that Summer hours produce,
Fertile made with ripening juice;
Man for thee does sow and plough,
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thee the hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened year!
To thee alone of all the earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth:
Happy creature! happy thou,
Dost neither age nor winter know,
But when thou 'st drank, and danced, and sung
Thy fill, the flow'ry leaves among,
Sated with the glorious feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

Now is to be enjoyed in all its luxury the delightful amusement of bathing; and happy is the swimmer, who alone is able to enjoy the full pleasure of this healthful exercise. The power of habit to improve the natural faculties is in nothing more apparent than in the art of swimming. Man, without practice, is utterly unable to support himself in the water. Thomson finely describes this delightful recreation—

The sprightly youth
Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth
A sandy bottom shows. Awhile he stands
Gazing the inverted landscape, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below;
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebon tresses, and his rosy cheek
Instant emerge; and through the obedient wave,
At each short breathing by his lip repelled,
With arms and legs according well, he makes,
As humor leads, an easy-winding path;
While, from his polished sides, a dewy light
Effuses on the pleased spectators round.

NEW YORK
PRINTING MACHINE, PRESS, AND SAW WORKS.

R. HOE & CO.

(*Concluded from page* 576.)

HAND-PRESS MAKING.

We come now to the hand-press room, to which the several portions of the various forms of hand presses are brought, as finished in their separate details, from the various other rooms, and put together perfectly, so that hence they are fitted to be sent to their places of destination, and are ready to go into instant operation.

Here we find the new improved job printing machine, which is known as the little jobber. This press combines the advantages of speed and durability with convenience, simplicity and cheapness. It is capable of throwing off 2500 impressions per hour with ease, or more, if the feed-boy can supply the sheets, and may even be driven by the foot with a treadle, and works so still, that a person standing a few feet from it, cannot hear it. The manner of running the bed is entirely original and is done by means of a crank and lever, which gives it a slow and uniform motion while the impression is being taken, but a quick retrogade movement, thus combining a slow impression with speed. Another new feature of the press is, that the sheet-flyer is so arranged, that no tapes pass around the impression cylinder, so that whatever sized form is worked, there are neither tapes nor fingers to shift, thus obviating the only objection to that apparatus for a jobbing press. It has an iron feed and fly-board, and all our recent improvements, such as an adjustable knife to the fountain, bearers for the bed, patent feed-guides, etc. etc. The bed is 16x13 inches inside of bearers, and 18x13 inches without bearers. The press occupies 5 feet by 3 feet. Price $600.

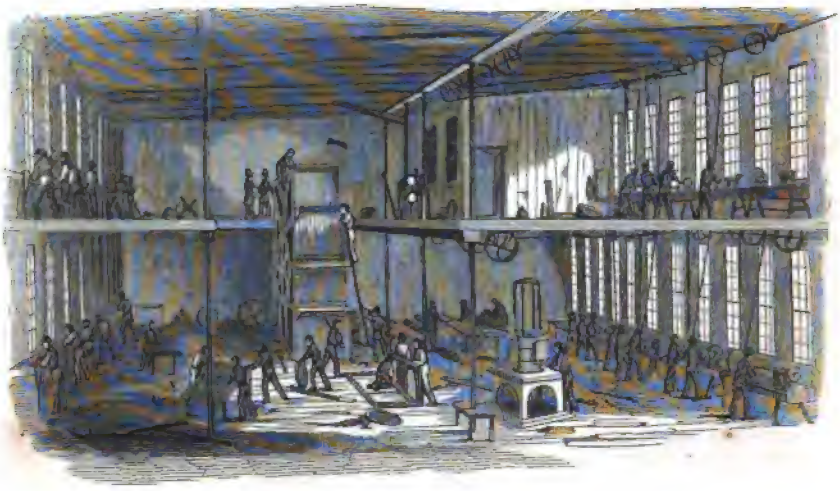
We have also the Washington and Smith hand-presses, which are generally used for country newspaper printing, and which have obtained so much celebrity, and are in such exclusive and constant use in almost every printing office in the United States and other countries, during the last twenty years, as to render any remarks upon their superiority unnecessary. They are elegant in appearance, simple, quick and powerful in operation, and combine every facility for the production of superior printing. Each press is tried in the manufactory and warranted for one year.

Here again we have the type-revolving book press, in which, as in the great fast printing type-revolving machine, the forms of type are fastened on a portion of the circumference of a large, horizontal cylinder, the remainder of which, slightly depressed below the types, is used as a distributor to supply the ink which it brings up from the fountain to the inking rollers which revolve against the types, against which again revolve the other cylinders, more or less in number, in an opposite direction to the rotatory action of the type-revolving cylinder, to which the sheets are fed, and from which they are taken up and thrown off in regular piles by self-acting flyers.

Inking machines, card-printing presses, hand-lever

printing presses, proof presses, copperplate and lithographic presses, are all turned out from this department in that perfection which has obtained for the Messrs. Hoe a celebrity really world-wide, and caused their names to be known and their improvements adopted in almost every country of the world, and that, too, through no blind accident of fortune, but by dint of real superiority and merit. In proof of this, it will be necessary only to state that hand-presses of this establishment are at this moment in successful operation in Canada, the British Provinces, Cuba, Calcutta, Mexico, Bengal, nay, even in unimproving, stationary China, where they were introduced during the visit to that strange country of Mr. Cutting, as United States Commissioner.

Attached to the hand-press room is a small chamber appropriated to the safe-keeping, sharpening and ordering all the drills and edge tools of the department, under the care of one person, who is answerable for the safeguard and efficiency of the whole.



LARGE FAST PRESS BUILDING.

From thence we proceed to the shops on two stories, which have been thrown together, for the perfecting of the vast and wonderful fast-printing machine, by the removal of the ceiling, in order to make room for the great and complicated mass of moving cylinders, and to give space for the operations of the numerous artisans employed upon it.

The machine now in building, is one of six cylinders, for the use of the New York Herald, which now drives one of four cylinders, and is the same in almost every respect as that of the Tribune, being made with wide cylinders for the printing of double sheets; while that of the Sun, with eight cylinders, is suitable only for the smaller folios of that journal. With regard to this machine, as we shall notice it more fully when we come to speak of it as in operation, we shall say no more in this place except that it is the head and front of all the wonderful inventions and improvements which now enable journals to be furnished to the world at prices merely nominal, their vast and unheard of circulation compensating their moderate prices, and producing in the gross, a highly remunerative profit.

The six cylinder press is calculated to throw off twenty-five hundred copies to each cylinder, fed by one man, or an aggregate of fifteen thousand in the single hour. The four cylinder press now in operation in the light and beautiful vault of the Herald, has done even more than at this ratio, having, when pressed, actually thrown off twelve thousand copies in one hour. These presses were first introduced by the Messrs. Hoe only some five or six years ago; and their utmost calculation, as to the probable number which they should ever be called upon to manufacture, was five and twenty, but so marvelously has the demand exceeded their wildest imaginations that they have already built sixteen, one of which is, as we observed heretofore, in operation for La Patrie, the French government organ; and three more are ordered, and in progress of formation.

About four months is required for the erection of one of these splendid machines, or if extraordinary exertions be used, even a shorter time.

It is a pregnant fact, and one singularly corroborative of the soundness of the writer's view, as expressed in the early portion of this article relative to the effect of machinery in increasing rather than diminishing the number of hands employed, or likely to be employed, in the business of printing, in consequence of the daily augmenting demand for printed matter arising from its cheapness and perfection—that, since the introduction of the fast-printing machines the call for hand presses has greatly increased. During the past year, the sale of this article alone, by the Messrs. Hoe, rose to so many as five a week during the whole twelve months; in all amounting to two hundred and sixty, besides all the other instru-

ments and appliances of the printers' and bookbinders' professions.

After this, completing the press making department, we come to the cylinder press rooms, occupying one entire flat of the building, in which we find the patent improved double cylinder, the single small cylinder, and the single large cylinder printing machines, in every state of progress from their very inception to absolute perfection.

These machines are so excellently and clearly described in the Messrs. Hoe's illustrated catalogue, beautifully got up for the use of their customers, that we cannot do better than extract their words as more plain and comprehensible than any we could readily substitute for them, we therefore give them as below, without doubt or hesitation:

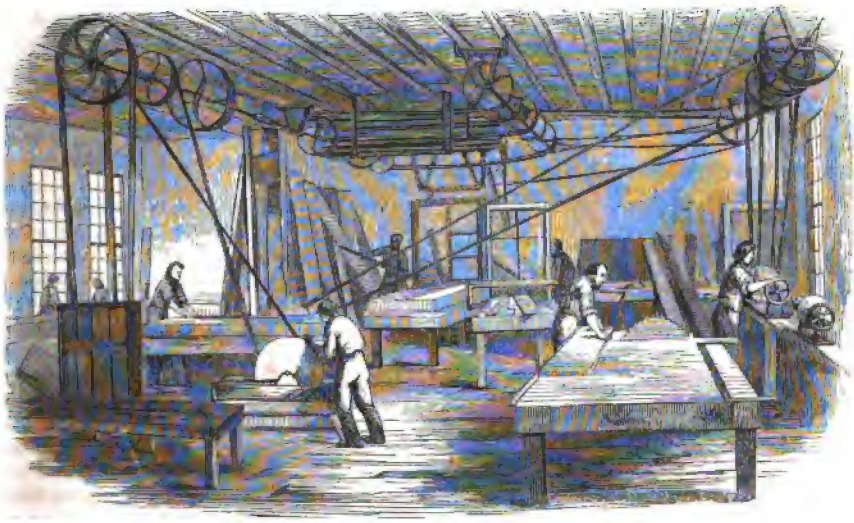
"The Double Cylinder Printing Machine. In its arrangement this press is similar to the Single *Small* Cylinder Machine; except that it has two impression cylinders each alternately giving an impression from the same form. The sheets are supplied by two attendants, and, if required to print short editions of various sizes, it will be necessary to have a boy at each end of the press to receive the printed sheets, but where large editions or forms of uniform size are worked, not requiring frequent changes of the tape-wheels, the self-sheet-flying apparatus is very efficient and economical, placing the printed sheets in heaps with precision, and dispensing entirely with the two boys otherwise required for that purpose.

"The large amount of printing ordinarily done on these presses, and the consequent speed required, have rendered necessary greatly increased strength and weight of material in all the parts, together with simplicity in the mechanical arrangements, and the utmost perfection of workmanship. The noise and annoyance occasioned by the concussion of the bed against the springs, which are placed at each end of the machine to overcome the momentum of the bed, has been removed by means of adjustable India rubber buffers placed at the points of contact, which in no way interfere with the lively and certain action of the spiral springs.

"Each Machine is furnished with Roller Moulds, two sets of Roller Stocks, Blankets and Band; also, Fly Wheel and Stand, if to be driven by *hand* power; or Counter Shaft, two hangers and Pulley, if by *steam* power.

"The Patent Single Small Cylinder Printing Machine. In this press the form of types is placed upon a flat bed, and the impression taken upon the paper by means of a cylinder, while the form is passing under it. The small size of the cylinder allows the machine to be constructed in a very compact manner, so as to shorten the distance which the bed travels, thereby considerably increasing the number of impressions in a given time, beyond the single *large* cylinder press.

"The machine is of convenient height for use. One person only is required to feed down the paper, whose position is but a step from the floor. It will give from 2,000 to 3,000 impressions per hour, with perfect safety to the machinery. The printed sheets are thrown out by a fly frame in a uniform pile. Register sufficiently accurate for newspaper and job work is obtained by the patent feed guides, which are attached to each press. When required, a registering or pointing apparatus is furnished, and the press may then be used advantageously for book work.



CARPENTER'S SHOP.

"This press is made in the same substantial manner as the *double* cylinder press described above, with buffers similarly arranged to prevent noise.

"When driven by *steam* power, No. 8 occupies 8 feet by 12 feet. If by *man* power, requiring fly wheel and stand, it occupies 8 feet by 16 feet.

"Each Machine is furnished with Roller Moulds, two sets of Roller Stocks, Blankets and Band; also, Fly Wheel and Stand, if to be driven by *hand* power; or Counter Shaft, two Hangers and Pulley if by *steam* power.

"The patent single large cylinder printing machine. This machine is particularly adapted to book and fine newspaper work. It has a perfect registering apparatus and sheet-flyer; also adjustable iron bearers, so that stereotype may be worked with the same facility and beauty as type forms. One boy is required to lay on the sheets, and the press may be driven by man or steam-power. With the same attendance, it will print twice as fast as any bed and platen machine, and equally as well in every respect; say from 1,000 to 2,000 impressions in an hour, according to the size of the press, and the quality of the work desired. Vulcanized India rubber impression-cloth for these presses is now furnished; and as it is not readily indented by the type, forms of different sizes may be worked without any change of blankets. Overlays are conveniently made on the rubber, and may be removed by a wet sponge. To prevent noise, buffers are applied as in the double cylinder machine."

An artist's drawing-room completes this department. And, in a separate building—to which no form of fire is ever admitted, unless it be in the chance visit of the watchman's lantern to the premises, which, like all the other parts of the establishment, are equally and agreeably tempered by warm air, and which, unlike all the other rooms, are bright, clean, lively-looking apartments, and exhale a delicious fragrance of fresh-cut wood and cedar-shavings, are the carpenter's-shops, in which every species of wooden work requisite to the printers', binders', and booksellers' trades is prepared, among which are included neatly finished pairs of type-cases, turned out at the rate of fifty pair every week, printer's desks, and all the other requisites of the printing office.

PATTERN ROOM.

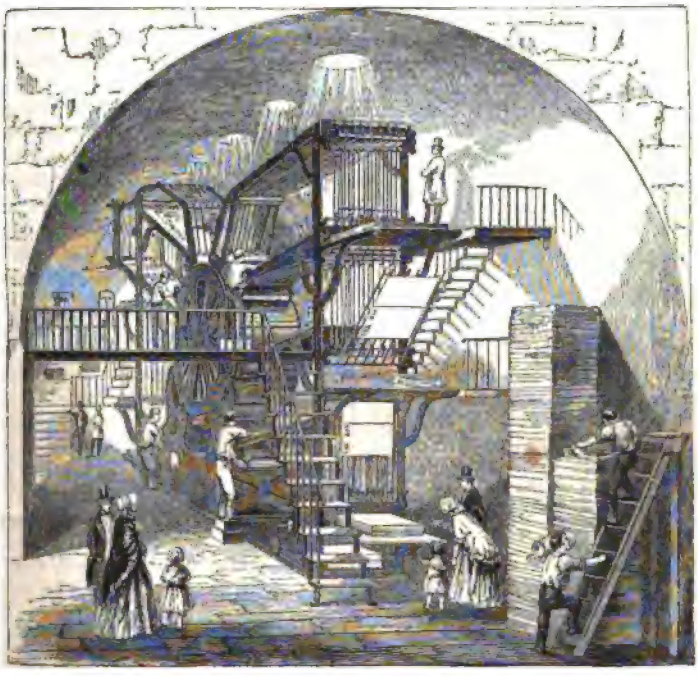
Here is also the pattern-room, where, by dint of self-acting drills, saws, planes, and the like, wooden patterns are manufactured from the neat and accurate designs of the drafting-rooms, of every portion of the machinery used, in accordance to and close imitation of which the castings, forgings, and finishing of all the work is accomplished to perfection.

With this department, the survey of the Broome street manufactories and saw-works is terminated. The Gold street establishment is principally applied to the storing and exhibition of all the various articles coming under the head of letter-press, compositors', warehouse, welting, and bookbinders'-tools departments—and here is kept ready, at a moment's notice, a large assortment of hand-presses, copying-presses, ruling, cutting, and piercing machines, in great variety and equal excellence, of all prices. In this building, moreover, are manufactured the beautiful and excellent vertical steam-engines from five horse-power, 6 inch cylinders, and 10 inch stroke, up to fifteen horse-power, 11 inch cylinders, and 22 inch stroke, the largest of which are in use in the Herald, Tribune, and Sun offices, for putting in motion the large fast printing machines, by which those largely circulated journals are thrown off daily in huge editions with unparalleled rapidity. Here also are built the portable steam-engines from 3 to 4 horse-power, with vertical tubular boilers; and the hydrostatic presses, for the finishing of printed sheets, which have come into so general and wide a field of operation within the last few years.

The following is a correct and beautifully finished representation of the great fast printing eight-cylinder machine in the vault of the Sun office in full operation; without which the end and object of this paper would be incomplete.

This immense printing machine is 33 feet long, 14 feet 8 inches high, and 6 feet wide. It has one large

central cylinder, on which the type is secured, and eight smaller cylinders arranged around it, at convenient distances. Eight persons supply the eight small cylinders with the sheets, and at each revolution of the large cylinder eight impressions are given off, the sheets being delivered in neat order by the machine itself. The limit to the speed is in the ability of the eight persons to supply the sheets. At the rate of 2,500 sheets to each, the press would give off the unparalled number of 20,000 printed impressions per hour. The press is used exclusively for newspapers, or similar printing.



LARGE FAST PRINTING PRESS.

The principles and operation of this wonderful invention are thus conclusively and laconically described in Messrs. Hoes catalogue mentioned above, which we annex, without alteration, for reasons heretofore assigned, and to which we can add nothing beyond the expression of our sincere and earnest admiration.

"A horizontal cylinder of about four and a half feet in diameter, is mounted on a shaft, with appropriate bearings; about one-fourth of the circumference of this cylinder constitutes the bed of the press, which is adapted to receive the form of types—the remainder is used as a cylindrical distributing table. The diameter of the cylinder is less than that of the form of types, in order that the distributing portion of it may pass the impression cylinders without touching. The ink is contained in a fountain placed beneath the large cylinder, from which it is taken by a ducter roller, and transferred by a vibrating, distributing roller to the cylindrical distributing table; the fountain roller receives a slow and continuous rotary motion, to carry up the ink from the fountain.

"The large cylinder being put in motion, the form of types thereon, is—in succession—carried to four or more corresponding, horizontal, impression cylinders, arranged at proper distances around it, to give the impression to four or more sheets, introduced one by each impression cylinder. The fly and feed-boards of two of the impression cylinders are similar to those on the well-known double cylinder press; on the other two, the sheet is fed in below and thrown out above. The sheets are taken directly from the feed-board, by iron fingers attached to each impression cylinder. Between each two of the impression cylinders there are two inking rollers, which vibrate on the distributing surface while taking a supply of ink, and—at the proper time—are caused to rise by a cam, so as to pass over the form, when they again fall to the distributing surface. Each page is locked up upon a detatched segment of the large cylinder, called by the compositors a "turtle," and this constitutes the bed and chase. The column rules run parallel with the shafts of the cylinder, and are consequently straight, while the head, advertising, and dash rules, are in the form of segments of a circle. A cross section of the column rules would present the form of a wedge, with the small end pointing to the centre of the cylinder, so as to bind the types near the top; for the types being parallel, instead of radiating from the centre, it is obvious that if the column rules were also parallel, they must stand apart at the top, no matter how tight they were

pressed together at the base; but with these wedge-shaped column rules, which are held down to the bed or "turtle," by tongues, projecting at intervals along their length, and sliding in rebated grooves cut crosswise in the face of the bed, the space in the grooves between the column rules, being filled with sliding blocks of metal, accurately fitted, the outer surface level with the surface of the bed, the ends next the column rules being cut away underneath to receive a projection on the sides of the tongues, and screws at the end and side of each page to lock them together, the types are as secure on this cylinder as they can be on the old flat bed.

"The cut represents a press with eight impression cylinders, capable of printing from 16,000 to 20,000 impressions per hour. Eight persons are required to feed in the sheets, which are thrown out and laid in heaps by self-acting flyers, as in our ordinary cylinder presses."

Two of these presses, of completest power and finish, have, we understand, been ordered for the printing of the Public Ledger of Philadelphia, a penny paper of the widest circulation, and of as efficient usefulness as any journal in the United States.

For the past three years the Messrs. Hoe & Co. have maintained, at their own expense, an evening school for the instruction of their apprentices and employees, in Mathematics, the Exact Sciences, Mechanical Drawing, the French and English Languages, etc. Every one of their many apprentices is required to give a punctual attendance at the school, which is also open to such adult members of the establishment as choose to attend. Two teachers, Messrs. O'Gorman and Dick, are regularly employed, and Prof. Hyatt has just closed the winter term with a course of lectures on Experimental Philosophy. They were attended by nearly all the workmen as well as the apprentices. We mention these facts because we consider them worthy of being imitated by other large employers of laboring men.

We have scarcely words in which to convey our respect and admiration for the genius, skill, enterprise, energy and perseverance by which those intelligent and able young men have attained to their present high and enviable position; and by which they have placed the American press—so far as the perfection of time-gaining, and labor-saving machinery, and the attainment of facility, precision, certainty and punctuality are concerned, far ahead of that of any other country in the world.

We regret that the conductors of some of the leading journals do not exert as beneficial a course in the employment of the highest grades of intellectual capacity in the preparation of their leaders, and as earnest a resolution to perfect the tone of their presses, by the suppression of all scandals, libels, falsehoods, and sophistries; by the dissemination of truths, whole truths, and nothing but truths; in the discouragement of all license and licentiousness; in the promotion and propagation of all humane charities, justice, benevolence, morality, and virtue, of art and science, literature and learning, as the Messrs. Hoe have displayed in the perfectionating the material portion of the department.

Then we should have a public press equal to the requirements, moral, intellectual and physical, and worthy of the name of a people, which is ever proud to array itself in the first rank of the human race, as regards general education, intellectual capacity, and the diffusion of knowledge among all classes; and which, beyond a doubt, does actually number more readers, in proportion to the amount of its population, than any other country in the universe.

To conclude: it has been said, that the greatest benefactor of the human race is he who causes two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before: but to our eyes, he seems a greater benefactor—inasmuch as the intellectual are loftier and nobler than the physical wants of man—who causes ten—we might better say ten thousand, good and wise books—ten thousand copies of the Holy Gospel to be circulated among the people, where but one was circulated before.

And, of a truth, we know none to whom the above high praise is more justly applicable than to the inventors and owners of the Fast Printing Power-Press. Fortune and Fame attend them.

OSCEOLA'S ADDRESS TO HIS WARRIORS.

BY WM. H. C. HOSMER.

Our women leave in fear
  Their lodges in the shade,
And the dread notes of fray go up
  From swamp and everglade.
From ancient coverts scared,
  Fly doe and bleating fawn,
While the pale robber beats his drum—
  On, to the conflict on!

Shall tomahawk and spear
  Be dark with peaceful rust,
While blood is on the funeral mound
  That holds ancestral dust?

No! fiercely from its sheath
  Let the keen knife be drawn,
And the dread rifle charged with death—
  On, to the conflict on!

The ground our fathers trod,
  Free as the wind, is ours;
And the red cloud of war shall soak
  The land with crimson showers.
Upon our tribe enslaved
  Bright morn shall never dawn,
While arm can strike and weapon pierce—
  On, to the conflict on!

THE MISERIES OF MUSIC.

BY CALEB CROTCHET.

I AM the victim of a fine ear. Talk of the miseries of the halt, the lame and the blind! Their condition is that of celestial beatitude as compared with mine; and as for the deaf and dumb, they must be the happiest mortals alive. They can neither inflict nor suffer the miseries of sound. Blessing and blessed, how shall I contrive to gain admission to their happy brotherhood?

Music has been the bane of my existence. My ear—the asinine organ that has since so extravagantly developed itself—was early noticed by a maiden aunt, and my first recollection is of her look of bland satisfaction as, with a shrill, little, piping, three-year-old voice, I edified an audience of spinsters, around a quilting-frame, with the strains of "Bonnie Doon." Heaven pardon my poor old aunt for the wickedness of thus early encouraging a passion that has led to so many sins of temper, and, perhaps, to so many unuttered, but deep felt outrages upon her memory!

I shall not go over the years of probation that elapsed from these first exhibitions of infantile vocalization, to the period of my perfect development as a young gentleman of acknowledged taste and talent, and my introduction, as a full-fledged connoisseur into the fashionable circles of ——.

My passion for music clung to me. I had become learned in the science. If I walked of a warm evening with a young lady, it was, as I expressed it in upstart pedantry, in an *andante movement*. Slow and fast both became decidedly low terms, and I could only condescend to say in place of them, *adagio* and *allegretto*. I had all the Italian musical terms, as contained in the elementary treatises, at my tongue's end, and, in a practical, common sense community, would have been written down the ass that I really was, for the ridiculous and constant use I made of them.

But in —— there was a fine field for my learned talk, and the obscurity and nonsense of my conver-

sation got me up a reputation for musical science which at first flattered me, and engendered a vanity for which I have since suffered severe retribution.

The nine days allowed for opening the eyes of young puppies having elapsed, mine were opened to a sense of my folly, and I by degrees broke myself of the habit I had adopted.

At the period of my entrée into the society of ——, music was the great and leading idea. A religious and moral cycle had succeeded to a dissipated and drinking cycle, and dancing, wine, etc., being excluded from the leading houses, music was the only resource. At once I became a lion.

"How beautifully Mr. Crotchet plays!" "Emma, my dear, come and look on; I want you to study Mr. Crotchet's exquisite touch!" "Oh, how sweet!" These and kindred sounds issued from the lips of the witches in curls, lace and artificials, who gathered around me as I sat at Mrs. Flambeau's piano, on the occasion of her first *soirée*. It was my debut, and is therefore memorable. I was playing a *sonata* of Beethoven's, which I soon found none of them comprehended. I thought of "pearls before swine," but went on, working out the mysteries and the meaning of the composition for my own gratification.

The witches, at the close, seemed rather weary, and could do little but simper and say "beautiful," but the chief of them, one Madame Hecate, to whom tradition attached French parentage and critical taste, approached me and said—

"Pray, Monsieur Crotchet, (she always spoke with a French accent to strangers) do you play the Battle of Prague?"

I can recollect nothing but an emphatic "No, madam"—a feeling as of a pail of iced water pouring down my back—a confused breaking up of the circle around the piano—a fruitless search for a glass of wine—a *prestissimo* movement to the entry—a successful search for my hat—a rush to the street, and as I shut the door, the martial strains of the Battle of Prague, drummed out by a more complaisant amateur than myself, for the benefit of Madame Hecate.

Oh, that Battle of Prague! Who shall ever pretend to give its official bulletin? Who shall describe the cries of the wounded and the groans of the dying, elicited from its auditors as it has been "fought o'er again" on countless pianos? Its victims are legion. Its progress is remorseless. It goes on and will go on to the end of time, murdering the peace of mind of every luckless owner of an ear such as mine. Its composer—if the writer of such a disturbing work can be called a composer—must have been possessed of an evil spirit from the fatal battlefield, condemned to roam this earth for the torment of the race, and seeking retribution for his own victimization by victimizing all that come after him.

My next essay of the musical life of the city, was at a *soirée* of Professor Millefiori, the fashionable Italian vocal teacher—a sort of compromise, in appearance, between a Paris *petit maître* and an American Figaro. His pupils were all to sing, and by the courtesy usually extended to amateurs, I was invited.

The first piece announced for the evening's entertainment was *Casta Diva*. Of course it was. Was there ever an amateur *soirée* that it was not the first piece?

At the appointed time, a young lady of sixteen summers, with very bare neck and arms, hair done up in curls and furbelows by a French *coiffeur*, hands in white kid gloves, a variety of her mother's jewels on head, hands and breast, a little pug of a nose beneath two very innocent-looking eyes, and, as was said, a splendid *soprano* voice, stood up by the professor's piano to personate the Druid priestess.

"*Ca-ha-ha-hasta Dee-e-evar*," she began, emphasizing each division of the words, and screaming them out as if she really thought she could make the *Casta Diva*—the moon—hear her vociferous appeal, and paying no regard to the fact that the chaste goddess was, at that particular time, enlightening the other side of the globe.

The whole of the *andante* was in this scream. which threw the audience into ecstasies. Then she began, "*Ah bello, a me ritorna*." How she dashed through it—leaping over bars with a racer's agility, plunging through barriers and ditches of sound—up hill and down hill—over ledger lines and under them—helter skelter—chromatics and ecstatics—flats and sharps—screech and scream—over and over—with face hideously distorted, the veins and muscles of her neck swelled to bursting, while Millefiori's hands kept thundering at the piano and urging her on to louder labors.

Shade of Bellini! was there not one of your chords to stop the throat uttering these musical blasphemies?

At last she ended, amid a tumult of applause, for which she gave one of Monsieur Petitpas' most graceful courtesies, bowing so as to show Monsieur Chevelure's handiwork upon her head-works in the most effective manner.

She was followed by a dozen or more of soprani, mezzo-soprani, contralti, baritoni and bassi, of whose performances I have but a dim, obscure recollection as of so many contests for the palm of superior noise; all of them being exhibited in the tremendous screaming and shouting pieces of the modern Italians.

This was my last amateur soirée—and let me whisper a warning word to the world that remains behind me—"Beware of amateur soirées!"

But my musical sufferings did not end here. The noises of the streets are agony to me. The oyster and the apple-men; the strawberry and the shad-women—what are they to me but so many liberated fiends, placed on earth to persecute the owners of ears! And as for the news-boys—but I will not recapitulate my sufferings from them.

I have for some time been engaged in projects for the correction of these street evils. I leave in my executor's hands the manuscript of the "Shad-woman's Complete Musical Instructor," "The Oysterman's Apollo," and "The News-Boys' Guide to Parnassus." In these I have arranged to the most beautiful melodies, the common cries of "Buy any Shad!" "Ho, fresh Oysters!" "Herald, Tri-

bune, Ledgee, Ledgee," "Evening Bulletin," and the other favorite appeals of these as yet unappeased street demons. A variety of melodies is given to each phrase, and beautiful variations are arranged in the "Guide to Parnassus," for extras, double-sheets, etc., with a special and elaborate composition arranged expressly for the familiar words, "Another Revolution in France!"

I shall not live to enjoy the fruits of my labors. But I shall die happy, since I have just learned that the Legislature is disposed to treat favorably my projected "Institution for the Musical Education of News Boys."

As yet I endure more than the torments of the rack, whenever I venture out of doors; and even within doors, it is scarcely better. When I come in, with ears aching from the hideous cries of the street, to pore over the score of a new opera just received from Italy, how am I to provide a remedy for my home miseries?

The "quiet street" which I selected for its retirement, is infested with organ-grinders, who reap a daily harvest among the infantile population for which quiet streets are remarkable. My landlady—worthy Mrs. Squall—has six little Squallets, who delight in hand-organs, and who interrupt my musical waking-dreams of the twilight hour, every day, with appeals for sixpence to give "the new organ-grinder, with his sweet little monkey."

Since I came into these quarters, a youth, with a pale face and a letter of introduction to recommend him to me, has established himself in the room above me. He has taken to flute-playing! His design is either suicide or murder; and unless the first soon takes place, and his brains are blown out through his instrument, I feel that murder will be the result, and myself the victim.

Across the way dwells a practitioner on the trombone, and twice a week a brass band meets in his room to practice, while again twice a week the choir of —— church assembles next door to me to renearse for their Sunday performances. Was any one ever plunged into such a combination of horrors?

I have heretofore refrained from giving up this lodging among the fiends, by the presence of Mrs. Squall's young niece, Rosalie ——. She is young and fresh, fair as a strain from *La Dame Blanche*, graceful as an air of Mozart, eloquent in speech as one of Mendelssohn's *Lieder Ohne Worte*, and symmetrical in figure as a *scena* from Rossini. She has brown hair, blue eyes, a knowledge of French and Italian, a smattering of the German language, and a thorough knowledge of German wools, $5000 a year, an amiable disposition, and, as I fancy, a decided penchant for me.

I was already nearly on my knees to her this morning, when she suggested that we should sing together, and herself selected the duet "*La ci darem la mano*," from Don Giovanni. Such a selection was divine, and I eagerly sought out the opera and began my part, feeling convinced that I should ratify the vows of the song in plain prose and good English as soon as it was over.

I held my breath as I waited for the first tones of what I felt must be an angel's voice, but what mortal agony could equal mine, when I found her pretensions to divinity all a sham? She sung a full semitone above the piano, and with a hard, rasping, metallic voice that grated like a file, and fairly set my teeth on edge.

"Oh! false, false, false Rosalie!"

It is possible that I did not finish the duet as I began it. I had lost all consciousness, except of the horror of my situation, and a sense of a heart crushed in its first and purest affections by a false voice—far worse to me than a false heart.

We parted; she to her worsted work and her $5000 a year, I to seek another refuge, or to pursue my hopeless pilgrimage over the world, in search of harmony—to mourn over my blighted hopes, and the perfidious voice of my Rosalie, and to sink at last into an untimely grave. Let my epitaph be, not "Died of a Broken Heart," as the world might construe the fact, but simply

"Died of a Discord!"

NOT DEAD.

And thou art gone, the meek flowers wave
In sadness o'er thine early grave;
The wild-bird comes with mellow song,
And balmy airs sweep lightly on;
O'er all the rank and nodding grass
The summer's shadows gently pass,
While children glad go softly by
With timid step and tearful eye.

Too well I know that thou art gone,
Thy brow is cold, thy cheek is wan;
Pale buds are in thy sunny hair,
Thy chill hands clasp a lily fair,
A shroud, with white and moveless fold,
Lies on thy heart so still and cold;
And yet not thus I think of thee—
Thou art not dead, beloved, to me.

'T was yesternight, when white-browed girls,
With star-like eyes and golden curls,
Came sadly in the twilight deep
And bent above thy grave to weep;
That I, too, came, with wild unrest,
With yearnings for the grave's sweet rest;
But peace and hope, and trust in Heaven,
Were to my sorrowing spirit given.

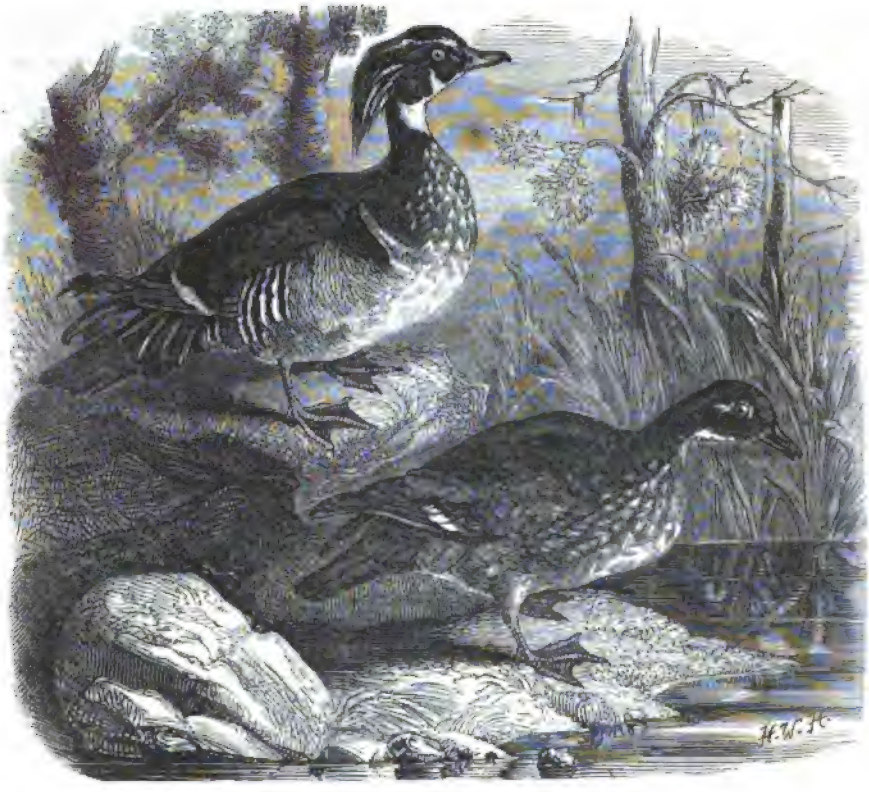
Not dead! in what a blessed trance
My spirit heard, through Heaven's expanse,
Those sweet words float; those words of life
That calmed the bootless, bitter strife.
Thine angel wings swept far away
The mists that veiled a brighter day;
And now Life's path in hope I tread,
Although its joyous light is fled.

L. L. M.

16

THE GAME OF THE MONTH.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "FRANK FORRESTER'S FIELD SPORTS," "FISH AND FISHING," ETC.



THE SUMMER DUCK, OR WOOD DUCK. (*Anas Sponsa.*)

This lovely species, the most beautiful of the whole Duck tribe, is peculiar to the continent and isles of America, being familiarly known through almost every portion of the United States, and according to Wilson common in Mexico and the West India islands. In Florida it is very abundant, as it is, more or less, on all the fresh waters so far north as the interior of the State of New York; in the colder regions, to the north-eastward, though not unknown, it is of less frequent occurrence than in more genial climates.

Its more correct title, "Summer Duck," is referable to the fact, that it is not, like most of the *Anatides* and *Fuligulæ*, fresh water and sea ducks, more or less a bird of passage, retiring to the fastnesses of the extreme north, for the purposes of nidification and rearing its young; but, wherever it abounds, is a permanent citizen of the land, raising its family in the very place where itself was born, and not generally, if undisturbed, moving very far from its native haunts. I think, however, that in the United States it is perhaps better known under its other appellation of Wood Duck; and I am not prepared to say, although the former is the specific name adopted by all naturalists, that the latter is not the better, as the more distinctive title, and applying to a more remarkable peculiarity of the bird. For it, alone, so far as I know, of the Duck family, is in the habit of perching and roosting on the upper branches of tall trees, near water-courses, and of making its nest in the holes and hollows of old trunks overhanging sequestered streams or woodland pools, often at a great height above the surface of the water.

The Summer Duck is the most gayly attired of the whole family; it has, moreover, a form of very unusual elegance, as compared with other ducks; and a facility of flight, and command of itself on the wing, most unlike to the ponderous, angular flapping of the rest of its tribe, wheeling with a rapidity and power of pinion, approaching in some degree to that

of the swallow, in and out among the branches of the gnarled and tortuous pin-oaks, whose shelter it especially affects.

From two very fine specimens, male and female, now before me, I take the following description.

Drake, in full summer plumage. Length from tip of bill to tip of tail, 21 inches. Length of wing, 9 inches. Bill, 1 1-5 inch. Tarsus, 1¼. Middle toe, 2 inches. Body long, delicately shaped, rounded. Head small, finely crested; neck rather long and slender. Eye large, with golden-yellow irides. Legs and feet orange-yellow, webs dusky, claws black. Plumage soft, compressed, blended. Bill orange-red at the base, yellow on the sides, with a black spot above the nostrils, extending nearly to the tip; nail recurved, black.

The colors are most vivid. The crown of the head, cheeks, side of the upper neck and crest changeable, varying in different lights, from bottle-green, through all hues of dark blue, bright azure, purple, with ruby and amethyst reflections, to jet black. From the upper corner of the upper mandible a narrow snow-white streak above the eye runs back, expanding somewhat, into the upper crest. A broader streak of the same extends backward below the eye, and forms several bright streaks in the lower part of the crest. Chin and fore throat snow-white, with a sort of double gorget, the upper extending upward a little posterior to the eye, and nearly reaching it, the lower almost encircling the neck at its narrowest part. The lower neck and upper breast are of the richest vinous red, interspersed in front with small arrow-headed spots of pure white. Lower breast white, spotted with paler vinous red; belly pure white. Scapulars, and lower hind neck, reddish brown, with green reflections. Back, tail-coverts and tail black, splendidly glossed with metallic lustre of rich blue-green and purple. Wing-coverts and primaries brown, glossed with blue and green, outer webs of the primaries silvery white; secondaries glossy blue-black. A broad crescent-shaped band of pure white in front of the wings, at the edge of the red breast-feathers, and behind this a broader margin of jet black. The sides of the body rich greenish yellow, most delicately penciled with narrow close waved lines of gray. On the flanks six distinct semi-lunated bands of white, anteriorly bordered with broad black origins, and tipped with black. The vent tawny white, the rump and under tail-coverts dark reddish purple.

The duck is smaller and duller in her general coloring, but still bears sufficient resemblance to the splendid drake to cause her at once to be recognized, by any moderately observant eye, as his mate.

Her bill is blackish brown, the irides of her eyes hazel brown, her feet dull dusky green. Crown of her head and hind neck dusky, faintly glossed with green, and with the rudiments of a crest; cheeks dusky brown. A white circle round the eye and longitudinal spot behind it. Chin and throat dingy white. Shoulders, back, scapulars, wing-coverts, rump and tail brown, more or less glossed with green, purple and dark crimson. Primaries black, with reflections of deep cerulean blue and violet; outer webs silvery white. Secondaries violet-blue and deep green, with black edges and a broad white margin, forming the speculum or beauty spot. Upper fore neck, breast, sides and flanks deep chestnut-brown, spotted in irregular lines with oval marks of faint tawny yellow; belly, vent and under tail-coverts white, flanks and thighs dull brown.

The young males of the first season are scarcely distinguishable from the ducks.

The Summer Duck breeds, in New York and New Jersey, according to the season, from early in April until late in May; in July the young birds are not much inferior in size to the parents, though not yet very strong on the wing. I well remember on one occasion, during the second week of that month, in the year 1836, while out woodcock shooting near Warwick, in Orange county, New York, with a steady brace of setters, how some mowers who were at work on the banks of the beautiful Wawayanda, hailed me, and, pointing to a patch of perhaps two acres of coarse, rushy grass, told me that six ducks had just gone down there. I called my dogs to heel, and walked very gingerly through the meadow, with my finger on the trigger, expecting the birds to rise very wild; but to my great surprise reached the end of the grass, on the rivulet's margin, without moving any thing.

The men still persisted that the birds were there: and so they were, sure enough; for on bidding my setters hold up I soon got six dead points in the grass, and not without some trouble kicked up the birds, so hard did they lay. It was a calm, bright summer's day, not a duck rose above ten feet from me, and I bagged them all. They proved to be the old duck and five young birds of that season, but in size the latter were quite equal to the mother bird.

I consider the Summer Duck at all times rather a less shy bird than its congeners, though it may be that this is owing to the woody covert which, unlike others of its tribe, it delights to frequent; and which perhaps acts in some degree as a screen to its pursuer; but except on one other occasion I never saw any thing like the tameness of that brood.

The other instance occurred nearly in the same place, and in the same month, I think, of the ensuing year. I was again out summer cock shooting, and was crossing a small, sluggish brook, of some twelve or fourteen feet over, with my gun under my arm, on a pile of old rails, which had been thrown into the channel by the haymakers, to make an extemporaneous bridge for the hay teams; when on a sudden, to my very great wonderment, and I must admit to my very considerable flusteration likewise, almost to the point of tumbling me into the mud, out got a couple of Wood Ducks from the rails, literally under my feet, with a prodigious bustle of wings and quacking. If I had not so nearly tumbled into the stream, ten to one I should have shot too quickly and missed them both; but the little effort to recover my footing gave me time to get cool again, and I bagged them both. One was again the old duck, the other a young drake of that season.

In the spring, the old duck selects her place in some snug, unsuspicious looking hole in some old tree near the water edge, where, if unmolested, she will breed many years in succession, carrying down her young when ready to fly, in her bill, and placing them in the water. The drake is very attentive to the female while she is laying, and yet more so while she is engaged in the duties of incubation; constantly wheeling about on the wing among the branches, near the nest on which she is sitting, and greeting her with a little undertoned murmur of affection, or perching on a bough of the same tree, as if to keep watch over her.

The following account of their habits is so true, and the anecdote illustrating them so pretty and pleasing, that I cannot refrain from quoting it, for the benefit of those of my readers who may not be so fortunate as to have cultivated a familiar friendship with the pages of that eloquent pioneer of the natural history of the woods and wilds and waters of America, the Scottish Wilson, who has done more for that science than any dead or living man, with the sole exception of his immortal successor, the great and good Audubon; and whose works will stand side by side with his, so long as truthfulness of details, correctness of classification, eloquence of style, and a pure taste and love for rural sounds and sights shall command a willing audience. Speaking of this bird he says—

"It is familiarly known in every quarter of the United States, from Florida to Lake Ontario, in the neighborhood of which latter place I have myself met with it in October. It rarely visits the sea-shore, or salt marshes, its favorite haunts being the solitary, deep, and muddy creeks, ponds and mill-dams of the interior, making its nest frequently in old hollow trees that overhang the water.

"The Summer Duck is equally well known in Mexico and many of the West India islands. During the whole of our winters they are occasionally seen in the states south of the Potomac. On the 10th of January I met with two on a creek near Petersburgh, in Virginia. In the more northern districts, however, they are migratory. In Pennsylvania the female usually begins to lay late in April, or early in May. Instances have been known where the nest was constructed of a few sticks laid in a fork of the branches; usually, however, the inside of a hollow tree is selected for this purpose. On the 18th of May I visited a tree containing the nest of a Summer Duck, on the banks of the Tuckahoe River, New Jersey. It was an old, grotesque white-oak, whose top had been torn off by a storm. It stood on the declivity of the bank, about twenty yards from the water. In this hollow and broken top, and about six feet down, on the soft, decayed wood, lay thirteen eggs, snugly covered with down, doubtless taken from the breast of the bird. These eggs were of an exact oval shape, less than those of a hen, the surface exceedingly fine grained, and of the highest polish, and slightly yellowish, greatly resembling old, polished ivory. The egg measured two inches and an eighth by one inch and a half. On breaking one of them, the young bird was found to be nearly hatched, but dead, as neither of the parents had been observed about the tree during the three or four days preceding, and were conjectured to have been shot.

"This tree had been occupied, probably by the same pair, for four successive years, in breeding time; the person who gave me the information, and whose house was within twenty or thirty yards of the tree, said that he had seen the female, the spring preceding, carry down thirteen young, one by one, in less than ten minutes. She caught them in her bill by the wing or back of the neck, and landed them safely at the foot of the tree, whence she afterward led them to the water. Under this same tree, at the time I visited it, a large sloop lay on the stocks, nearly finished; the deck was not more than twelve feet distant from the nest, yet notwithstanding the presence and noise of the workmen, the ducks would not abandon their old breeding place, but continued to pass out and in, as if no person had been near. The male usually perched on an adjoining limb, and kept watch while the female was laying, and also often while she was sitting. A tame goose had chosen a hollow space at the root of the same tree, to lay and hatch her young in.

"The Summer Duck seldom flies in flocks of more than three or four individuals together, and most commonly in pairs, or singly. The common note of the drake is *peet, peet;* but when, standing sentinel, he sees danger, he makes a noise not unlike the crowing of a young cock, *oe eek! oe eek!* Their food consists principally of acorns, seeds of the wild-oats, and insects."

Mr. Wilson states, as his opinion, that the flesh of this lovely little duck is inferior in excellence to that of the blue-winged teal. But therein I can by no means coincide with him, as I consider it, in the Atlantic states, inferior to no duck except the canvas-back, which is admitted *facile princeps* of all the duck tribe. The Summer Duck is in these districts probably the most graminivorous and granivorous of the family, not affecting fish, tadpoles, frogs or field-mice, all of which are swallowed with great alacrity and rejoicing by the mallards, pin-tails, and other haunters of fresh water streams and lakes.

On the great lakes of the west and north, where all the duck tribe feed to fattening on the wild-rice and wild-celery, *zizania aquatica* and *balisneria Americana*, no one species is better than another, all being admirable; but in the course of an autumn spent on the northern shores of Lake Huron and the rivers debouching into it, and thence north-westward to Lake Superior, I do not remember seeing any specimens of this beautiful bird, though I feel sure that it cannot but exist in those waters, which are in all respects so congenial to its habits.

Another peculiarity of this species, which I have repeatedly noticed, when it has not been disturbed by any sudden noise or the pursuit of dogs, is thus neatly touched upon by Mr. J. P. Giraud, Jr., the enthusiastic and accomplished ornithologist of Long Island, whose unpretending little volume should be the text book of every sportsman in the land who

has a taste for any thing beyond mere wanton slaughter.

"Often when following those beautiful and rapid streams that greatly embellish our country, in pursuit of the angler's beau ideal of sport, have I met with this gayly-attired duck. As if proud of its unrivaled beauty, it would slowly rise and perform a circuit in the air, seemingly to give the admiring beholder an opportunity of witnessing the gem of its tribe."

The Summer Duck is very easily domesticated, if the eggs be taken from the nest and hatched under a hen, and the young birds become perfectly tame, coming up to the house or the barn-yard to be fed, with even more regularity than the common domestic duck; nay, even the old birds, if taken by the net and wing-tipped, will soon become gentle and lose their natural shyness.

In the summer of 1843 I had the pleasure of seeing a large flock of these lovely wild fowl perfectly gentle, answering the call of their owner by their peculiar murmur of pleasure, and coming, as fast as they could swim or run, to be fed by his hand.

This was at the beautiful place of the Hon. Mahlon Dickinson, formerly a member of General Jackson's cabinet, not far from Morristown, in New Jersey, which is singularly adapted for the rearing and domesticating these *feræ naturâ;* since it has, immediately adjoining the trim and regular gardens, a long and large tract of beautiful wild shrubbery, full of rare evergreens, and interspersed with bright, cool springs and streamlets feeding many ponds and reservoirs, where they can feed and sport and breed, as undisturbed as in the actual wilderness; while, the adjacent country being all tame and highly cultivated, they have no inducement to stray from their abode.

Beside Summer Ducks, Mr. Dickinson had, at the period of my visit, Dusky Ducks, better known as Black Ducks, Green-winged Teal, Golden-eyes, and I think Widgeon; but the Summer Ducks were by far the tamest, as the Dusky Ducks were the wildest of the company. I should long ago have attempted to naturalize them on my own place, but that a large river, the Passaic, washing the lower end of my lawn and garden, from which it would not be possible to exclude them, I have felt that it is useless to attempt it, the rather that there is a large patch of wild-rice immediately adjoining me, which would tempt them to the water, whence they would drift away with the current or the tide, and be lost or shot in no time.

The best time for shooting and for eating these fowl is late in October, when the acorns and beech-mast, of both of which they are inordinately fond, are thick and ripe on the woodland banks of the streams and pools they love to frequent. And this reminds me of a little sketch, illustrative of their habits, taken down almost *verbatim*, from the lips of a right good fellow, and at that time a right good sportsman also; though now, alas! the untimely loss of the inestimable blessing of eyesight has robbed him, among other sources of enjoyment, of that favorite and innocent pastime—the forest chase:

"Are there many Wood Ducks about this season, Tom?" asked Forester, affecting to be perfectly careless and indifferent to all that had passed. "Did you kill these yourself?"

"There was a sight on them a piece back, but they 're gittin' scase—pretty scase now, I tell you. Yes, I shot these down by Aunt Sally's big spring-hole a Friday. I 'd been a lookin' round, you see, to find where the quail kept afore you came up here—for I 'd a been expectin' you a week and better—and I 'd got in quite late, toward sundown, with an outsidin' bevy, down by the cedar swamp, and druv them off into the big bog meadows, below Sugar-loaf, and I 'd killed quite a bunch on them—sixteen, I reckon, Archer; and there was n't but eighteen when I lit on 'em—and it was gittin' pretty well dark when I came to the big spring, and little Dash was worn dead out, and I was tired, and hot, and thunderin' thirsty, so I sets down aside the outlet where the spring water comes in good and cool, and I was mixin' up a nice, long drink in the big glass we hid last summer down in the mud-hole, with some *great* cider sperrits—when what should I hear all at once but whistle, whistlin' over head, the wings of a whole drove on 'em, so up I buckled the old gun; but they 'd plumped down into the crick fifteen rod off or better, down by the big pin oak, and there they sot, seven ducks and two big purple-headed drakes—beauties, I tell you. Well, boys, I upped gun and tuck sight stret away, but just as I was drawin', I kind o' thought I 'd got two little charges of number eight, and that to shoot at ducks at fifteen rod was n't nauthen. Well, then, I fell a thinkin', and then I sairched my pockets, and arter a piece found two green cartridges of number three, as Archer gave me in the spring, so I drawed out the small shot, and inned with these, and put fresh caps on to be sarten. But jest when I 'd got ready, the ducks had floated down with the stream, and dropped behind the pint—so I downed on my knees, and crawled, and Dash alongside on me, for all the world as if the darned dog knowed; well, I crawled quite a piece, till I 'd got under a bit of alder bush, and then I seen them—all in a lump like, except two—six ducks and a big drake—feedin', and stickin' down their heads into the weeds, and flutterin' up their hinder eends, and chatterin' and jokin'—I could have covered them all with a handkercher, exceptin' two, as I said afore, one duck and the little drake, and they was off a rod or better from the rest, at the two different sides of the stream—the big bunch warn't over ten rods off me, nor so far; so I tuck sight right at the big drake's neck. The water was quite clear and still, and seemed to have caught all the little light as was left by the sun, for the skies had got pretty dark, I tell you; and I could see his head quite clear agin the water—well, I draw'd trigger, and the hull charge ripped into 'em—and there was a scrabblin' and a squatterin' in the water now, I tell you—but not one on 'em riz—not the fust one of the hull bunch; but up jumped both the others, and I drawed on the drake—more by the whistlin' of his wings, than that I seen him—but I drawed stret,

Archer, any ways; and arter I 'd pulled half a moment I hard him plump down into the crick with a splash, and the water sparkled up like a fountain where he fell. So then I did n't wait to load, but ran along the bank as hard as I could strick it, and when I 'd got down to the spot, I tell you, little Dash had got two on 'em out afore I came, and was in with a third. Well, sich a cuttin' and a splashin' as there was you niver did see, none on you—I guess, for sartin—leastwise I niver did. I 'd killed, you see, the drake and two ducks, dead at the first fire, but three was only wounded, wing-tipped, and leg-broken, and I can't tell you what all. It was all of nine o'clock at night, and dark as all out doors, afore I gathered them three ducks, but I did gather 'em; Lord, boys, why I 'd stayed till mornin', but I 'd a got them, sarten. Well, the drake I killed flyin' I could n't find him that night, no how, for the stream swept him down, and I had n't got no guide to go by, so I let *him* go then, but I was up next mornin' bright and airly, and started up the stream clean from the bridge here, up through Garry's back-side, and my bog-hole, and so on along the meadows to Aunt Sally's run—and looked in every willow bush that dammed the waters back, like, and every bunch of weeds and brier-brake, all the way, and sure enough I found him, he 'd been killed dead, and floated down the crick, and then the stream had washed him up into a heap of broken sticks and briers, and when the waters fell, for there had been a little freshet, they left him there breast uppermost—and I *was* glad to find him—for I think, Archer, as that shot was the nicest, prettiest, etarnal, darndest, long, *good* shot, I iver did make, anyhow; and it was so dark I could n't see him."

Many of his friends and mine will recognize the character, to whom I allude, as he figures largely in the pages of "The Warwick Woodlands," from which the above extract is taken, of "My Shooting-box," and the other sporting scenes of Frank Forester, wherein nothing good or generous or kind is related of Tom Draw, that does not fall far short of the reality.

Before closing this article, I will correct an error into which I perceive I have inadvertently fallen in the first page of it, wherein I said that this duck, *alone of the family*, has the habit of perching, roosting, and nesting on trees.

I should have said *alone of the American family;* for I find a note by Mr. Brewer, the last editor of Wilson, annexed to his article on our bird, which I prefer to subjoin instead of merely making a verbal alteration, since I doubt not many others are in the same error, who will be glad to be corrected in detail. It appears, as will be seen below, that, although there are no European tree-ducks, nor any other American, there is a family of Asiatic and African congeners of our Summer Duck, for which an especial name has been proposed, though not as yet generally adopted. I might add that the present Latin name of our bird, *anas sponsa*, signifies, being interpreted, the *bride duck*, from the rare elegance of its form and beauty of its plumage—a pretty name for a pretty creature.

"These lovely ducks may be said to represent an incessorial form among the *anatidæ;* they build and perch on trees, and spend as much time on land as upon the waters; Dr. Richardson has given this group, containing few members, the title of *dendronessa* from their arboreal habits. Our present species is the only one belonging to America, where it ranges rather to the south than north; the others, I believe, are all confined to India. They are remarkable for the beauty and splendor of their plumage, its glossy, silky texture, and for the singular form of the scapulars, which, instead of an extreme development in length, receive it in the contrary proportion of breadth; and instead of lying flat, in some stand perpendicular to the back. They are all adorned with an ample crest, pendulous, and running down the back of the neck. They are easily domesticated, but I do not know that they have been yet of much utility in this state, being more kept on account of their beauty, and few have been introduced except to our menageries; with a little trouble at first, they might form a much more common ornament about our artificial pieces of water. It is the only form of a *Tree Duck* common to this continent; in other countries there are, however, two or three others of very great importance in the natural system, whose structure and habits have yet been almost entirely overlooked or lost sight of. These seem to range principally over India, and more sparingly in Africa; and the Summer Duck is the solitary instance, the United States the nearly extreme limit, of its own peculiarities in this division of the world."

With this note I close this paper, expressing only the hope that the bird will become more largely domesticated; as no more beautiful adornment can be conceived to the parks and shrubberies of gentlemen, such more especially as possess the advantages of small inland rivulets, or pieces of ornamental water, whether natural or artificial.

SONNET.

Oh! she was young, and beautiful, and good,
But called away, while Age toils faintly on:—
Gone to the voiceless land of shadows—gone
In the bright morning of her womanhood.
Cheered by the blue-bird's warble of delight,
Springtime, the tender childhood of the year,
With bursting bud and sprouting grass is here,
And Nature breathes of resurrection bright:
It seems unmeet that one so fair should die,
When sounds are heard so charming to the ear,
And sights beheld so pleasant to the eye:
Hush vain regrets! a land of fadeless bloom
Is now her home—its passage-way the tomb.

Wm. H. C. Hosmer.

THE PEDANT:

OR CHAPTERS FROM A LIFE SPENT PARTLY IN CAROLINA.

BY HENRY HOLM, ESQ.

PROEM.

I never had the least thought of writing any anecdotes of my youth till last summer, when I was in Holland, and met with your correspondent Mr. B—, at the Oude Doelen, in Amsterdam. As we were chatting over a bottle of Bordeaux wine, in a very dark, long, wainscotted dining-room—the weather being rainy—Professor Broeck, of Utrecht, came in, and being a monstrously inquisitive old man, extracted from me quite an account of my travels in America and my youthful studies.

"Why, Holm," said my American friend, "you ought to put this into a book."

At this, I was much taken aback; for bookish as I have been, I never in all my life put any thing into print, except—when a schoolmaster—a small edition of Greek epigrams from the Anthology, which I compiled from the Paris edition—and this was a failure. On recollection, I must add a Latin elegy, which my head boy made with my help on the death of Washington. It was printed at Richmond, and abounded in errors of the press, so that I was fain to suppress the edition, all but a few copies to patrons, which I corrected with a pen. But Mr. B. insisted I should jot down some of the events of my life, saying that, now in my old age, it would be a comfort to me; and that Lord Kaimes used to give this recipe to any of his friends who happened to be low-spirited—"Write a book." He added, that it was so uncommon for an American of the old school, and a Carolinian to boot, to have been several times in Europe, and then to nestle in his quondam home on the Roanoke; that, notwithstanding a certain long-windedness, no longer modish, he was sure my scraps would find readers, if among none else, yet among my old pupils, some of whom are in Congress, besides one in a foreign legation. I therefore rigged my little craft, put up a bit of sail, and with a smart whiff of a breeze got out of sounding ere I was aware. Here goes—therefore, and I commit myself to the good will of the friends aforesaid, praying that this may be gently received in quality both of preface and dedication. H. H.

CHAPTER I.

"Weigh anchor; spread thy sails; call every wind,
Eye thy great Pole-Star; make the land of life."
YOUNG.

The date of my birth is a secret. Time was when I used to laugh at people for being slow to tell their age; but sounder philosophy has shown me a certain wisdom in this reserve. Why should men so pry into the infirmities of their fellows? One may be gray and wrinkled without being octogenarian. Let it suffice to know that I was born a subject of George the Third, and in one of the greatest places on the noble river Roanoke, of which the name is derived from the small shell which the Indians employed as a currency. My father and mother were English, and came in middle life from the valley of the Trent, leaving their elder offspring settled in Warwickshire, where I have met their descendants.

My father was an Oxford man, bred to medicine, which, however, he never practiced in America. His plantation was great, if you count the number of acres, but meager enough in arable land.

I remember the spring seasons in that delicious climate, with a sort of fragrancy in the reminiscence. April was a month which resembled a Northern May; for the calycanthus was blooming in the swamps, the coral honeysuckle blushed in every thicket, and the sweet-briar perfumed the open places and old fields, without cultivation.

Southern boys grow up equestrians. How freshly do I recall the extempore races along the wide bottoms of the creeks—as we call such brooks in America—mounted on switch-tailed colts, rough and shaggy from want of grooming, and without shoes, hat or saddle, my competitors being the black Catos, Hectors, and Antonies of the plantation.

There was what was called an old-field school about a mile from the court-house, taught by a Scotchman—a Jacobite—who accompanied the famous and beautiful Flora McDonald to Carolina. His name was McLeod, and he used the Highland mull to such an extent, that we learned to call him Sneeshin Sawney. But, when he was sober—which occurred frequently before dinner—he was one of the best classical teachers I ever had. Greek was not his forte; but commend me to him for rattling off screeds of Virgil, Horace and Ovid, as well as whole pages of the historians and orators. He had a chest full of sundry modern Latin books, some of which he would chuckle over when mellow. One of his favorites was Buchanan's History. How he would roll in laughter over the description of the bagpipe in Buchanan's Latinity; and how he gloried in the oft-quoted phrase, the *ingenium perfervidum Scotovum*. He had a pocket copy of Vida, which—from bad company—was almost as sternutatory as his impalpable snuff. The most I learned of him was, a rude acquaintance with Latin, a little French—horribly mispronounced, and a few rules of Traill's Algebra. But, meanwhile I had enjoyed free pasture in a garret of books, belonging to my father. These were chiefly medical; and I sought out, with boyish zeal

and cunning, all the most piquant cuts of surgical operations, and came at length to fancy myself possessed of half the diseases in the old nosology. When I afterward visited Leyden, I recognized some of the ancient quartos of Van Swieten and Swammerdam, in the vast but musty library. By-the-bye, when you go thither, note well that the said library contains one of the best portraits of Grotius, and one of the most striking of Erasmus. The garret had also the Elegant Extracts, in three thick volumes, and odd ends of good English literature. Among apples, flax, and invalid saddles, I used to lie on the floor of this loft, and read till the sun went down. But sometimes I had to bestride my horse, and take letters to the post, at the court-house; and here I frequented the abode of a Mrs. Grieve, the widow of a Highland captain, who came over in the troubles of '45, and fell a victim to his insane fondness for the prince, having been shot in a duel with a young surgeon of Hanoverian sentiment.

Bless me! Do not think I was born at that time? Mrs. Grieve had been many years a widow. She liked me, and I liked Marion; and this was the reason of my being summarily shipped off to England, lest I should incur the burdens of matrimony. They say, I was what—in that part of the earth—is called a "likely" fellow; round-faced, hardy, broad-shouldered, and agile, but very shy, and full of *gaucherie*.

CHAPTER II.

"Male herbe croît plutost que bonne."
OLD FRENCH PROVERB.

Montaigne dwells with a chirping, senile complacency on the pains which his father took to make his childhood happy. Though, Arthur Holm, my honored parent took no pains at all about the matter, he so managed matters that his hopeful son—myself, Henry Holm, meaning—passed as delightful a boyhood and youth as ever the best son of the best gentleman of Perigord.

I will hang a veil over the infirmities of this loving old gentleman. His days and sometimes his nights were spent at the court-house—a term by which, in Carolina, the hamlet which contains the county tribunal is called—and those were days of high play and deep bowls, with a fiery dash of French brimstone, and sans-culotte theology.

The best and gentlest mother that man ever had was gone to her rest. "Mas' Harry"—my aforesaid self, meaning—was left to wander at his own sweet will, and wander he did, with a witness, in all the byways of such reading as half-a-dozen gentlemen's houses, and the parson's study, afforded.

What ensued? I was five and forty before I ever knew that I was a pedant. German was not yet a language in which Americans sought literary gratification; but my neighbor, Marion Grieve, and I turned over many a volume of French—half comprehended, and I boggled through an odd volume of Don Quixote in Spanish, and several plays of Calderon. Verses of course—as an unavoidable excretion of the youthful brain—proceeded from me in large amount; not such as now emulate the measures of Beppo or Oriana, but imitations of Darwin and Miss Seward.

For delightful boyhood, I maintain the world has no clime comparable to the old States of the South. Wide stretches of country, open forests for hounds, interminable meads in some parts, blooded horses at command, ambrosial mornings, evenings made vocal by the mocking-bird, young comrades in great array, open doors on every estate—we say nothing of the "domestic institution," and the conveniences of an ample retinue—develop any capacities for unstinted satisfaction, which a gay young master may possess. Something there may be of Horace's *sudavit et alsit*, but chiefly in hard riding after a fox, or keeping up with a coach, full of damsels, going far to an assembly at the next town.

Very different is this from the similar stage in the case of the English boy, which I have considered, and which also has its manly discipline; but is marked by long separations from home, direful fagging at public schools, and the restraints of a conventionalism, which is only not Chinese. In looking back, I am very sure it was good for me to be taken away early from scenes of so much indulgence; and I would, if I knew how, subject my boys to a collar somewhat stiffer than that in which I spent my adolescence. Say what you will, young blood needs the pressure of a stern discipline, to induce self-denial, the germ of all self-command; so I can rejoice in hardships now they are over. Yet, in those days, it was but hypocritically that I hummed over the *Olim meminisse juvabit*.

I am writing among the same spring zephyrs, and gorgeous vegetation of the South, spectacles on nose, and my feet in list slippers; but I can leap over a long intercalation, and live over again the hours of the eighteenth century. My departure had, however, the bitterness of an exile.

CHAPTER III.

The tear forgot as soon as shed. GRAY.

The vessel in which I sailed was a round-sterned bark, very black, and English built, with hogsheads of tobacco for Bristol. I was under the care of Mr. Moir, a clergyman from the south of Virginia, who was returning to get orders for his son from the Bishop of London. The son and his brother were twins, and were gay companions. We were out seven weeks, and were several times in great peril. But I forgot all when I saw England in mid May. The transition is peculiarly strong in contrasts for one who goes from a region not abounding in green-sward and roadside flowers, and equally destitute of the castle and the cottage. In June I heard a nightingale near Warwick castle, and took my first lesson in cricket on the green near Hampton Court; I dined at the Mitre, and shortly after looked at the Eton boys shooting their "four-oars" on the Thames. London was all mapped off in my head; and the impression had not been forestalled by a previous sight of Philadelphia, then our only great city. I was acquainted with Sir Roger de Coverley's haunts; I

knew where to go for the Boar's Head, which had not yet been thrust aside for a king's statue. The very names of the streets were redolent of memories; St. Swithin's Lane, Aldermanbury, the Minories. Billingsgate was in its full Aristophanic glory; not yet invaded by a lordly structure of brick market-houses. "O rare Ben Jonson!" how I gloated over thy memorial in the Poet's Corner! Though roses no longer bloom in the Temple Garden, yet I walked there as proud as if my veins carried the red and white of York and Lancaster. Methinks I was an antiquary before my time; but certain it is that I whiled away whole weeks in the odd, out-of-the-way corners of old London, and almost venerated Pie-corner, where the structures remain as of old, before the Great Fire stopped short at that bounding locality.

My quarters were at the Axe Inn, Aldermanbury. This is not very far from Christ-Church hospital; and the Blue-coat boys—whom I daily met, in their yellow nether-stocks, dark frocks, and clerical bands—carried me back to the times of old, and made me a frequent visitor of those antique and hospitably open cloisters.

My studies toward the Law, were to be under the guidance of a gentleman of Gray's Inn, long since dead; John Thweat, Esq.—His son is now a solicitor in chancery—He was a typical Englishman. In his wig—when he drove in a chaise, without hat, to Westminster Hall—his face was not unlike a boiled lobster, in a garnish of cauliflower. I soon found that my study was to be pen-work, and that my apprenticeship—if entered into—would be a slavish drawing of forms. My father was easier in his ways every year; so he assented to my spending a few months in travel. Do not imagine that I am going to record my journeys? These were the glorious old days of coaching. From the George Inn, opposite Addle street, Aldermanbury, I used to see forty coaches set out.

It was near my lodgings. The Hogarthian coachman was then not extinct. In my last visit, I detected one or two of the old sort, degenerated into omnibus-men. Hyde Park was not what it has since become, but it was a marvel, nevertheless; and I studied, with daily application, the heraldry of all the turn-outs, and the horsemanship of gentlemen in boots and small-clothes, who, to my American eyes, seemed sad riders, from the English trick of "rising to the trot."

But when summer was over, and the short days came on, and the shops had candles at noon, and the Strand and Holburn were dank and miry, and London smoke became a wetting nimbus, I gathered up my odds and ends, and make a dash over to Ireland. But this should be reserved for another chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

"That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a black-bird 't is to whistle."

BUTLER.

The sloop which conveyed me from Holy Island to Kingstown, on my way to Dublin, had on board a merry Irishman, to whom I found myself attracted, because he had been in America. He was further acquainted with the family into which my mother's brother had intermarried—the O'Mearas of Dundalk, of whom one, who was an officer in the garrison, was the object of my present visit.

Dennis was full of odd stories about Irish schoolmasters, fit successors of Swift's Tom Sheridan; and he informed me that Captain O'Meara had once been a classical tutor, and was still rather conceited in regard to his attainments. He was a companion of Doctor Barrett, of Trinity College, and, as Dennis affirmed, carried more book-learning under a red-coat than many a bishop under a black one. But the half had not been told me.

After seeing the sights of a very beautiful city, driving round Phœnix Park, surveying the Four Courts, and Cathedral, and the palaces, and lawns of Trinity College, I sat down to make myself at home at Captain O'Meara's. This was the less difficult, as the captain had four daughters, near enough in kindred and age to relieve me from my *mauvaise honte*, and Irish enough in complexion, mirth, and wit, to set my inexperienced brain in a very pleasurable whirl.

But the captain absorbed every thing to himself. When he discovered that I could comprehend a Latin saying, he gave up all other pursuits for that of riddling me with a fusilade of citations. I am sure such a character is unknown out of Ireland. Miss Mitford has given, in happy detail, the picture of one species in this genus, in her late work. We often meet with this sanguineous, overflowing, half-subtle, half-blundering, off-hand, good fellow, among unlettered Irishmen; but, in good truth, my Cousin O'Meara was a bit of a scholar, had taken prizes at college, was a correspondent of divers learned guilds, and had talked Latin, by the fortnight, with Sulpicians, who came over from France on church errands.

Imagine my gallant captain at his mahogany field of manœuvre, with forces of claret moving over the polished plane. Imagine him well-spread, rubicund, moist with the gentle drops of Bacchic dew, breathing heavily, gesturing vehemently, with fat, dimpled hand, and smiling as none but Hibernian lips and teeth can smile. Behold me in the costume of 1796, slender and brown, as becomes an American, unused to long potations, trembling lest I miss a meaning or violate a quantity, and anxiously waiting for the summons to follow the ladies to coffee.

"Cousin Henry," said my host, with all the rotundity of a dean, "you say you have not read Aulus Gellius. Ah! we shall turn him over to-morrow. Not to have read the Attic Nights is, *mon cher*, the next thing to being a child of darkness. Aulus, my dear fellow—let the bottle tend hitherward—was an Athenian by domiciliation; in this, like Pomponius, who, you know, was denominated Atticus. Aulus came to Athens, my very respected and regarded kinsman—fill your glass—for the purpose of hearing those great expounders, Taurus and Phavorinus; much as you, *mon cher*, have come to classic Dub-

lin, to hear—to hear—a-hem—to confabulate with your poor old kinsman." And here he looked down on the amplitude of his well-stretched waistcoat, and the unwrinkled surface of a plump, feminine hand. "Barrett and I have often kept it up—pray let me see the claret—hour after hour, as to the question whether Phavorinus was a Roman or a Greek. You remember what Aulus says—ah! no, you have yet to peruse him—you shall hear my *excursus* on the later schools of Athens. Their dissertatiuncles—allow the phrase—were conversational; *noctes coenaeque deorum.*"

Here my fidgets became marked, especially as the clear ringing of a girlish trio was heard above stairs.

"Do n't move—you know I am off duty—you do n't weary me—the claret is good. Did I ever tell you what happened on a Twelfth night at Lord Mountstewart's? My lord threw the key out of the window, and swore the party should not rise till a certain hogshead of claret was exhausted." Fidgets more alarming. "On that night I delivered the speech which is so like Ammianus."

In hopes of angering him, and so getting off, I ventured here on a citation of Gibbon, charging Ammian with bombast. But the smile only bespread his full-blown visage more benignly, as he continued—

"Nay, *mon cher*, Gibbon was incapable of measuring such dimensions of style as those of Ammianus Marcellinus. O, that we had his opening books! They are lost—unless Mai should turn them up in some Ambrosian palimpsest. Out of Dublin—the claret—there are not ten men who can taste the richness of Ammian. I will pronounce to you his description of one of Julian's battles."

Here a fit of irrepressible coughing took me to the window, and my diaphragm was so agitated, that the rehearsal was interrupted. Making my recovery as protracted as might be, I found my captain—still holding his glass, and still smiling—sunk into a sweet slumber, under cover of which, I slipped into the ladies' apartment.

"Ha!" cried Grace O'Meara, "papa has let you off well. You have scarcely heard him pronounce the second Philippic."

"No, no—that must still await me. But when did Irish officers become so enamoured of the ancients?"

"You must know, Cousin Harry," said Miss Barbara, "papa dreams of little else. He has tried to teach us all Latin; but we made game of the accidence so effectually, that he is willing now to compound for French and Italian."

Captain O'Meara, when claret was out of the question, was placid, sensible, and even dull. With a strong antipathy to the Saxon, he united an overweening regard for America, and drank Jefferson's health with religious veneration. On his horse, in the Park, he looked every inch the hero, like those handsome, pursy, red-coats one sees in gilt frames around the hall in Free-Mason's Tavern. His color was of the red, red rose, his teeth were ivory, and his voice was full and dulcet. Nothwitstanding his pedantry, he communicated to me some most valuable hints concerning my Greek and Latin reading, and explained to me many a hard place in Plautus and Lucretius; reading from tall octavos of the Bipont edition, in crimson uniform. But he suffered no man to dispute the preëminence of Trinity College, or the authenticity of the Celtic annals. Remembering my father as a doctor, he would not hear me explain that I was not intending to walk in his steps.

"You will," said he, "complete a course at Trinity—then, ho! for Leyden. There is the spot for the healing art. I know two Americans there; one of them fought O'Shaughnessy, our adjutant. Leyden, *mon cher*, is the modern Salerno. Never name Edinburgh—where the prelections—*horreseo referens*—are in English. Leyden is your place. Don't touch their gin—we call it Geneva, a corruption of the Dutch *gedever*, or juniper—stick to claret. You will find a *compotator*, that is, a bottle-companion, in Professor Van Valkenburg, in the street by the old Roman castle. Their anatomical preparations are alone worth a visit. And then the library"—

But I weary my readers with gossip of fifty odd years ago. My eyes grow dim. I must bid adieu to Dublin and the O'Meara's.

TO ADHEMAR.

BY E. ANNA LEWIS.

I THINK of thee till all is dim confusion,
And reason reels upon her fragile throne—
The past and present blend in strange illusion;
Thoughts, feelings, all commingle into one,
As streams and rills into the ocean run;
And my pale cheeks are drenched with a suffusion
Of drops upheaved from lava-founts of wo;

And while these burning tides my lids o'erflow,
Impassioned Fancy to thy presence hies,
And suns her in the radiance of thine eyes—
At the pure well-spring of thy bosom sips,
And feeds upon the nectar of thy lips;
Then back, with gathered sweets, returns to me,
As homeward comes at eve the honey-freighted bee.

MY FIRST SUNDAY IN MEXICO.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A VOLUNTEER OFFICER.

BY W. W. H. DAVIS.

I HAD reached the goal of my hopes and my ambition, and was comfortably quartered in the city of the Montezumas. There, in that proud and ancient capital, and surrounded with so many of the comforts and luxuries of life, I almost forgot the toils and sufferings of the march and the bivouac, and here, for awhile in comparative ease, "the pomp, pride and circumstance of glorious war," which is so fascinating to the untried soldier, seemed almost realized. The American army had occupied the city long enough to establish order, by a well-regulated and efficient military police, and the enemy having retired some distance, the officers and men began to extend their sphere of observation beyond the limits of the capital, when off duty, to the beautiful suburban towns and villages near by.

I spent my first Sunday in sight-seeing, in a visit to the somewhat celebrated city of Guadâlupé de Hidalgo, about four miles to the north of Mexico. It is situated at the foot of a rocky mount, called Tapeyac, in the midst of a romantic but not very fertile country, and is approached by one of the six causeways which lead out from the city. They are broad, straight, finely McAdamized, and planted on each side with shade-trees, and have been constructed through the waters of the lake at great expense. In point of size this place is not of much importance, and does not contain more than a thousand inhabitants all told. Besides the church erected there, dedicated to the patron saint of the country, and a few religious establishments, the buildings are of mud and reeds, inhabited by a miserable and filthy population. Here it was the "Virgin of Gaudalupé" is said to have made her miraculous appearance, and here, once every year, a great festival and celebration is held in honor of her, which is looked upon as one of the most important days in the church. The manner in which the "Virgin" made her first appearance is very remarkable, and the story, as related by one of the early bishops, seems quite as incomprehensible to us, who are without the pale of the church, as the myths which come down to us from pagan antiquity. But since the priesthood appear to put full faith in the *modus operandi* of her advent, the people of the country, as a matter of course, believe it.

The legend runs as follows: In the year 1531, an Indian, named Juan Diego, was passing by this mountain of Tapeyac, on his return home from the city, when the Most Holy Virgin appeared to him, and directed him to go back to the city and tell the bishop to come out there and worship her. The bishop refused to admit him into his presence, having no faith in the miracle. In passing by the same spot a few days afterward she appeared to him a second time, and told him to return to the bishop and say that, "I, Mary, the Mother of God, have sent you." Again the bishop refused to admit the Indian to his presence, being still incredulous, but required some token of the annunciation. The Virgin appeared to the Indian the third and last time, two days afterward, and ordered him to ascend the mountain and pluck roses therefrom and present them to the bishop as his credentials. Now, this mountain is a barren rock, without a particle of vegetation upon it. The Indian, however, went as he was directed, and there found flowers, which he threw into his *tilma*, a sort of apron worn by the inhabitants of the country. He returned to the city and was admitted into the presence of the bishop, but when he opened his *tilma*, instead of the roses which he had gathered and put into it, there appeared an image of the Holy Virgin, which is said to be preserved to this day in the church which bears her name. From the name of the town she was called the Virgin of Guadalupé, and has been made the patron saint of the country. This is the history they give of her appearance, and it is as bad as rank heresy for Catholics to disbelieve it. With them she is all important, and appears to have a powerful influence over all the affairs of life. With the great mass of the population she is the only identity in religious reverence, the alpha and omega, the beginning and the end of all their faith and worship. She is appealed to on every occasion, and her name is given to nearly half the females in the country; her image is hung up in every house, and even in the butcher-stalls and drinking-shops she occupies a conspicuous place, where her presence is supposed to preserve the meat sweet in the one, and to bring customers to the other.

On Sunday, the 12th of December, 1847, I rode out to Gaudalupé, to witness the ceremonies in honor of this saint. I mounted my horse at an early hour, and set out alone, but by the time I had reached the Garita and turned upon the causeway, I found myself in the midst of a crowd tending the same way. It was as pleasant and beautiful a morning as ever broke over that lovely valley, and every thing reminded me of spring time or early summer. The air had that balmy softness peculiar to the season of opening flowers, and the gentle zephyrs which came from the shining bosom of lake Tescoco, were loaded with a delightful odor. The trees and bushes and grass were dressed in their garb of living green, and the merry-hearted songsters were singing their sweetest melodies in honor of the opening day.

Such a delightful season in winter seemed like reversing the order of nature. The crowd which came pouring out of the city was immense, and as checkered in appearance as ever made pilgrimage to the shrine of a saint. From their appearance there were all sorts and conditions of persons, and every class of the proud capital was fully represented, ranging from the caballero to the lepero. Here might be seen an elegant carriage, drawn by sleek-looking mules, whose smiling inmates looked the very personification of luxury and ease—there came a rude, country cart, lined with raw hide and filled with the family of some poor ranchero, drawn by a raw-boned ox made fast by thongs around his horns—here ambled by a crowd of donkey cavalry, whose riders, with feet trailing on the ground, urged the animals forward in hot haste toward the scene of festivities—then thousands came on foot, some carrying children strapped to their backs, some bending under loads of nick-knacks for sale. Men, women and children, mules, donkeys and dogs, were all mingled together in one throng, and the noise of confused sounds reminded me somewhat of a modern Babel on a small scale. Among this mottled group were many American officers, in their neat uniforms and mounted on prancing steeds. On each side of the road, up to the very gates of Gaudalupé, booths were erected for the sale of cakes, drinks and sweatmeats, and where all kinds of buffoonery were being performed; gambling tables were numerous, loaded with shining coin, and here and there I noticed pits for cock-fighting, with anxious crowds assembled round to witness the cruel sport, and bets seemed running high on the favorite chickens. The whole assemblage seemed enjoying and amusing themselves to the utmost of their capacity in eating and drinking, gambling and dancing. The dancers were assembled under the shade of the wide-spreading trees, where, to the music of the harp and guitar, they performed their national dances with much spirit, dressed in the romantic costume of the country. Inside the inclosure where the sacred edifice stands, was a perfect jam of men, women and children, old and young, white, yellow and black, greasy and well-clad, who had come up here to do honor to the saint who rules over their destinies.

When I arrived at the gate leading into the inclosure where the performance was to take place, the procession of the Host was passing, and if it had not been a religious ceremony, I could not have prevented myself from laughing loud, the scene was so ludicrous and ridiculous. The image of the Virgin was borne aloft on a pole, followed by a number of priests in their stove-pipe hats and sacred vestments—then came a platoon of filthy-looking soldiers, with a band of music playing some national air, the whole brought up in the rear by a crowd of "red spirits and white, blue spirits and gray," shooting squibs and hallooing at the top of their voices. It reminded me much more of a Fourth of July celebration, or a militia training in a frontier settlement of the United States, than a religious festival. Dismounting, I gave my horse to a soldier standing near, to hold, while I went in and witnessed the performance. On entering, I found much difficulty in getting through the crowd, but by dint of a good deal of pushing and elbowing, and also rapping a few stubborn, greasy-looking fellows over the shins with my sabre, who were slow to make room, I at last reached the door of the sacred edifice. The crowd was as dense within as without, and it seemed wholly impossible to be able to enter; beside, an odor, not as pleasant as the otter of roses, arose from the assemblage. These considerations were sufficient to induce me to turn back and retrace my steps. This was no easy matter, as the crowd had closed up again immediately, and I found myself in as dense a throng as ever. However, return I must, and putting full faith in the old adage, "That where there is a will there is a way," I set about the matter in good earnest, and in a short time I found myself at the point from which I had started. I again mounted my horse, but was uncertain which way to turn. Just then, I was joined by two officers of my regiment, who proposed to ride round the base of the hill toward the left, and if possible, ascend it on horseback. We spurred our horses through the crowd, which opened to let us pass, and turning to the right, rode along the base until we had reached a point nearly opposite to the place from which we started. The hill of Tapeyac is some six or eight hundred feet in height, and is a mass of rocks of igneous origin, the surface being quite smooth and bare of vegetation. It rises up from the plain abruptly, and is steep in its most sloping part. We found the ascent much more difficult than we had anticipated, and it required a great deal of hard labor to get up it. We kept in the saddle for some distance, but at last were obliged to dismount and lead our horses up the steep slope. It was really painful to see the poor animals struggle up the smooth surface of the rock, and now and then it seemed almost impossible for them to keep their footing. Thus we labored upward, and at last stood upon the summit, when man and beast rested from their toil. And while we sat down, holding in our hands the reins of the faithful animals, we looked abroad upon the varied scene below us and enjoyed the beautiful prospect. It was really magnificent, and fully repaid us for the toil we had in ascending. The elevation of our position brought under our view the famous valley of Mexico for many miles in every direction. To the south lay the city, with the bright sun shining in gilded rays upon the steeples and cupolas of the cathedral and churches, giving them almost the appearance of burnished gold and silver. More distant, in the same direction, the two snow-capped mountains of Popocatapetl and Ixtaccihuatl loomed up in stern grandeur into the clear, blue sky, and stood out from all their fellows in beautiful relief. To the left, the eye swept over the sparkling surface of lake Pezcoca, which washes the eastern barrier that shuts in this fair Eden of the New World. Nearer, to the front and to the right, the eye rests upon a wide expanse of plain, variegated with cultivated fields, with their irrigating ditches, like threads of silver, meandering through

them. Here and there flocks and herds were grazing on the verdant pasture, or seeking the shade of the trees to shield them from the sun. Such, in a few words, is the nature of the beautiful landscape which opened to our view from the rocky summit where we were seated, and for the reader fully to appreciate it, he must be aware of the freshness and enchantment the balmy air and crystal skies of that clime lend to every scene. We enjoyed it to the utmost stretch of human capacity to enjoy the beauties of nature, and as we descended the rocky mount, so loth were we to have it shut from our sight, that we cast "many a longing, lingering look behind," ere we reached the level of the plain.

On nearly the highest point, on the spot where the Indian is said to have plucked the roses, a small church has been erected, which tradition says, sprung up out of the rock in a single night. It is a dark-looking stone building, built in the heavy Spanish style of two centuries ago. It is reached from below by a winding stairway, cut in the solid rock, considerably crumbled by time, and worn by the footsteps of the thousands who pass up to worship at the shrine of their favorite saint. We entered the sacred edifice, and found it thronged with devotees, mostly half-naked Indians, who had come from the mountains and valleys beyond, on this their annual pilgrimage to the Mecca of their spiritual hopes, and who, like the devout Moslem who yearly kneels at the tomb of his Prophet, having finished his mission, is ready to lie down and die. They jostled and pushed each other in their anxiety to approach the altar and touch the garments of the image of the Virgin, and deposit their offering of money in the dish ready to receive it. Parents, anxious that their little ones should behold the great saint, lifted them up over the head of the multitude, and at a given signal the whole assemblage prostrated themselves on the hard paved floor to receive the blessing of the good father who ministered there. The poor Indians gazed in mute astonishment at all they saw, but to them the riddle was not to be solved, they were taught to believe, not to inquire. When they had deposited their offerings, and received a blessing, they turned away to make room for others who were continually pressing on.

Turning away from this scene, we led our horses down the stone stairway into the inclosure below. The crowd was not so dense as before, and we new found no difficulty in making our way through. Giving our horses to a Mexican to hold, we entered the sacred edifice dedicated to the Virgin of Gaudalupé. The building was yet crowded with people, and the high dignitaries of the church were performing some solemn ceremony, commemorative of the occasion. In appearance this church is by far the most magnificent one I was in, in Mexico. It seemed almost one blaze of gold and silver in the bright sunlight which streamed through the windows, and played upon the rich decorations. The whole ceiling, and especially the dome, is painted in the most beautiful fresco, and so life-like are the images, that they appear almost to speak from the panels. Above the altar, at the east end of the church, in a frame-work of solid gold, is an image of the Virgin as large as life Her dress is spangled with precious stones, and inside the frame are strips of gold running the whole length, thickly studded with diamonds, pearls, and emeralds—golden rays issue from each side, and suspended above it is a silver dove as large as an eagle. The altar is of finely polished marble, and highly ornamented, and in front runs a railing of silver. On both sides of the middle aisle, extending from the altar to the choir, some sixty feet, is a railing covered with pure silver half an inch in thickness. In addition to these, there are many silver lamps suspended from the ceilings, silver candlesticks before and around the altar, and some of the sacred desks are beautifully wrought in the precious metals. The choir is made of a beautiful dark wood, richly carved and ornamented, and the ceiling is supported by several marble pillars, highly polished, and of great beauty. As we crossed the threshold, the rich, deep tone of the organ, accompanied by the sound of many voices chanting a song of praise, swelled beneath the lofty dome, and impressed the listeners with feelings of reverence and thanksgiving. The building was odorous with the perfume of the scattered incense which had a few minutes before been cast abroad over the worshipers, and numerous priests, in their rich robes, were ministering around the altar. The anxious gazing multitude, within the temple, seemed fully impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, and conducted themselves with much propriety. We remained there a short time, and then returned to the yard to look at one or two objects of interest before we rode back to the city. Not far from the church is a "holy well," over which a small chapel has been erected. The water is supposed to be sacred, and to have the power of healing wounds and preserving all who are touched by it. Crowds were gathered there, some dipping the tips of their fingers in, and crossing themselves, others appying a handful to the face, while some of the anxious mothers plunged their dirty children in, in order that the influence of the holy water might be sure to spread throughout the whole system, that is, if the dirt of the little urchins did not prevent it from penetrating. Being now tired of Gaudalupé, and the dirty crowd we met there, we rode out of the inclosure, and galloped down the causeway toward Mexico, where we arrived in time to dine.

Having indulged in a short siesta, I again mounted my horse toward evening, and in company with General C., rode to the Alemeda and Passeo Nuevo. The Alemeda is a public square, in the western part of the city, planted with trees and shrubbery, adorned with shady avenues, fountains and statuary, and beautifully laid out in walks and drives. It contains about ten acres, and is the most pleasant place of resort in or near the city. The shrubbery is kept neatly trimmed and attended with great care, and is odorous the live-long year with the perfume of opening flowers. The trees clothed in their perpetual green foliage are fairly alive with birds of bright

plumage and sweet song, which carol their morning and evening hymns free from harm. In the centre of the square is a large fountain, surmounted by the Goddess of Liberty, which spouts pure water high up in the air, and at its base crouch four lions, from whose mouths spout up smaller jets, A semicircular row of seats surrounds the fountain, and the surface of the space within is paved with large flat stones, laid in tasteful figures. From this point the paths and gravel-walks radiate in every direction, which are again met by others running from other centres, the point where they cross being adorned by smaller fountains. In pleasant weather hundreds of children assemble in this charming place in the afternoon, and amuse themselves with their innocent gambols in the shade of the wide-spreading trees. Hither the beauty and fashion of the capital, who seek pleasure on foot, resort toward evening, to promenade through the shady avenues. There the student carries his book, and, in some quiet secluded corner, apart from the fashionable world which rejoices around him, he sits alone and pursues his favorite study; and there also the lovers repair at the enchanting hour of eventide, and whisper anew their vows of faith and constancy. A numerous throng were gathered there, enjoying themselves in many ways, apparently unmindful that "grim visaged war" had erected his shrine in their beautiful city, and that foreign soldiery were overlooking them on the corner of every street. We rode through these shady avenues and then passed out at the south-west angle into Passeo Nuevo, with the crowd which moved that way. This is one of the fashionable and most frequented public drives of the city; it is a beautifully McAdamized road, half a mile in length, planted on each side with fine shade-trees, and adorned in the centre by a fountain, which spouts four jets of water. Seats are placed at intervals along each side of the drive, and opposite to the fountain, for the accommodation of foot people. Here all the world of Mexico may be seen toward evening, on a bright afternoon, in carriages and on horseback, and a lively, animated scene it presents. Rich equipages glitter in the declining sun, noble steeds, superbly caparisoned, and ridden by gay caballeros, proudly prance along, and beauty smiles upon every beholder. Everybody who can command any kind of a vehicle drives to the Passeo, and sometimes it is so much crowded, as to be quite difficult to drive or ride along it. The equipages which throng this path of fashion are various, and some of them are quite unique; and it is not uncommon to see the elegant turn-out of the English minister, side by side with a common country cart, lined with oxhide, and drawn by a poor old apology for a horse that would hardly dare to look a vulture in the face. Yet both parties are enjoying themselves in the fashionable world. The custom of this drive is somewhat peculiar, which all follow to the very letter of the law; it is to drive the full length twice, stop in the centre opposite the fountain to salute your friends, as they pass by, and then return home. To show our knowledge of the fashionable world, we conformed as nearly as possible to the ways of those who were initiated into the mysteries of the Passeo, and thereby, no doubt, passed for current coin. We spent one hour thus, in seeing and being seen, pleased with the animated scene we had witnessed, and then returned to our quarters. Thus I passed my first Sunday in the city of the Montezumas, and although not as religiously kept as would have been done at home, it had no evil effect upon the spiritual or moral man.

ENDYMION.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

WHAT time the stars first flocked into the blue
Behind young Hesper, shepherd of the eve,
Sleep bathed the fair boy's lids with charmed dew
Mid flowers that all day blossomed to receive
Endymion.

Lo, where he lay encircled in his dream!
The moss was glad to pillow his soft hair;
And toward him leaned the lily from the stream;
The hanging vine waved wooing in the air
Endymion.

The brook that erewhile won its easy way
O'errun with meadow grasses long and cool,
Now reeled into a fuller tide and lay
Caressing in its clear enamored pool
Endymion.

And all the sweet, delicious airs that fan
Enchanted gardens in their hour of bloom,
Blown through the soft invisible pipes of Pan,
Breathed mid their mingled music and perfume,
Endymion.

The silvery leaves that rustled in the light
Sent their winged shadows o'er his cheek entranced;
The constellations wandered down the night,
And whispered to the dew-drops where they danced
Endymion.

Lo! there he slept; and all his flock at will
Went, star-like, down the meadow's azure mist:—
What wonder that pale Dian, with a thrill,
Breathed on his lips her sudden love and kist
Endymion!

THE VINTAGE.

BY A. B. REACH.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

LET us to the joyous ingathering of the fruits of the earth—the great yearly festival and jubilee of the property and the labor of Medoc. October is the joyous "wine month." For weeks, every cloud in the sky has been watched—every cold night-breeze felt with nervous apprehension. Upon the last bright weeks in summer, the savor and the bouquet of the wine depend. Warmed by the blaze of an unclouded sun, fanned by the mild breezes of the west, and moistened by morning and evening dews, the grapes by slow degrees attain their perfect ripeness and their culminating point of flavor. Then the vintage implements begin to be sought out, cleaned, repaired, and scoured and sweetened with hot brandy. Coopers work as if their lives depended upon their industry; and all the anomalous tribe of lookers-out for chance jobs in town and country pack up their bag and baggage, and from scores of miles around pour in ragged regiments into Medoc.

There have long existed pleasing, and in some sort poetical, associations connected with the task of securing for human use the fruits of the earth; and to no species of crop do these picturesque associations apply with greater force than to the ingathering of the ancient harvest of the vine. From time immemorial, the season has typified epochs of plenty and mirthful-heartedness—of good fare and of good-will. The ancient types and figures descriptive of the vintage are still literally true. The march of agricultural improvement seems never to have set foot amid the vines. As it was with the patriarchs in the East, so it is with the modern children of men. The goaded ox still bears home the high-pressed grape-tub, and the feet of the trader are still red in the purple juice which maketh glad the heart of man. The scene is at once full of beauty, and of tender and even sacred associations. The songs of the vintagers frequently chorussed from one part of the field to the other, ring blithely into the bright summer air, pealing out above the rough jokes and hearty peals of laughter shouted hither and thither. All the green jungle is alive with the moving figures of men and women, stooping among the vines or bearing pails and basket-fulls of grapes out to the grass-grown cross-roads, along which the laboring oxen drag the rough vintage carts, groaning and cracking as they stagger along beneath their weight of purple tubs heaped high with the tumbling masses of luscious fruit. The congregation of every age and both sexes, and the careless variety of costume, add additional features of picturesqueness to the scene. The white-haired old man labors with shaking hands to fill the basket which his black-eyed imp of a grandchild carries rejoicingly away. Quaint broad-brimmed straw and felt hats—handkerchiefs twisted like turbans over straggling elf-locks—swarthy skins tanned to an olive-brown—black, flashing eyes—and hands and feet stained in the abounding juices of the precious fruit—all these southern peculiarities of costume and appearance supply the vintage with its pleasant characteristics. The clatter of tongues is incessant. A fire of jokes and jeers, of saucy questions, and more saucy retorts—of what, in fact, in the humble and unpoetic but expressive vernacular, is called "chaff"—is kept up with a vigor which seldom flags, except now and then, when the but-end of a song, or the twanging close of a chorus strikes the general fancy, and procures for the *morceau* a lusty *encore*. Meantime, the master wine-grower moves observingly from rank to rank. No neglected bunch of fruit escapes his watchful eye. No careless vintager shakes the precious berries rudely upon the soil, but he is promptly reminded of his slovenly work. Sometimes the tubs attract the careful superintendent. He turns up the clusters to ascertain that no leaves nor useless length of tendril are entombed in the juicy masses, and anon directs his steps to the pressing-trough, anxious to find that the lusty treaders are persevering manfully in their long-continued dance.

Thither we will follow. The wine-press, or *cuvier de pressoir*, consists, in the majority of cases, of a massive shallow tub, varying in size from four square feet to as many square yards. It is placed either upon wooden tressels or on a regularly built platform of mason-work under the huge rafters of a substantial out-house. Close to it stands a range of great butts, their number more or less, according to the size of the vineyard. The grapes are flung by tub and caskfulls into the cuvier. The treaders stamp diligently amid the masses, and the expressed juice pours plentifully out of a hole level with the bottom of the trough into a sieve of iron or wicker-work, which stops the passage of the skins, and from thence drains into tubs below. Suppose, at the moment of our arrival, the cuvier for a brief space empty. The treaders—big, perspiring men, in shirts and tucked-up trowsers—spattered to the eyes with splatches of purple juice, lean upon their wooden spades, and wipe their foreheads. But their respite is short. The creak of another cart-load of tubs is heard, and immediately the wagon is backed up to the broad, open window, or rather hole in the wall, above the trough. A minute suffices to wrench out tub after tub, and to tilt their already half-mashed clusters splash into the reeking *pressoir*. Then to work again. Jumping with a sort of spiteful cagerness into the mountain of yielding, quivering fruit, the treaders sink almost to the knees, stamping and jumping and rioting in the masses of grapes, as fountains

of juice spurt about their feet, and rush bubbling and gurgling away. Presently, having, as it were, drawn the first sweet blood of the new cargo, the eager tramping subsides into a sort of quiet, measured dance, which the treaders continue, while, with their wooden spades, they turn the pulpy remnants of the fruit hither and thither, so as to expose the half-squeezed berries in every possible way to the muscular action of the incessantly moving feet. All this time the juice is flowing in a continuous stream into the tubs beneath. When the jet begins to slacken, the heap is well tumbled with the wooden spades, and, as though a new force had been applied, the juice-jet immediately breaks out afresh. It takes, perhaps, half or three-quarters of an hour thoroughly to squeeze the contents of a good-sized cuvier, sufficiently manned. When at length, however, no further exertion appears to be attended with corresponding results, the tubfulls of expressed juice are carried by means of ladders to the edges of the vats, and their contents tilted in; while the men in the trough, setting-to with their spades, fling the masses of dripping grape-skins in along with the juice. The vats sufficiently full, the fermentation is allowed to commence In the great cellars in which the juice is stored, the listener at the door—he cannot brave the carbonic acid gas to enter further—may hear, solemnly echoing in the cool shade of the great darkened hall, the bubblings and seethings of the working liquid—the inarticulate accents and indistinct rumblings which proclaim that a great metempsychosis is taking place—that a natural substance is rising higher in the eternal scale of things, and that the contents of these great giants of vats are becoming changed from floods of mere mawkish, sweetish fluid to noble wine—to a liquid honored and esteemed in all ages—to a medicine exercising a strange and potent effect upon body and soul—great for good and evil. Is there not something fanciful and poetic in the notion of this change taking place mysteriously in the darkness, when all the doors are locked and barred—for the atmosphere about the vats is death—as if Nature would suffer no idle prying into her mystic operations, and as if the grand transmutation and projection from juice to wine had in it something of a secret and solemn and awful nature—fenced round, as it were, and protected from vulgar curiosity by the invisible halo of stifling gas? I saw the vats in the Château Margaux cellars the day after the grape-juice had been flung in. Fermentation had not as yet properly commenced, so access to the place was possible; still, however, there was a strong vinous smell loading the atmosphere, sharp and subtle in its influence on the nostrils; while, putting my ear, on the recommendation of my conductor, to the vats, I heard, deep down, perhaps eight feet down in the juice, a seething, gushing sound, as if currents and eddies were beginning to flow, in obedience to the influence of the working Spirit, and now and then a hiss and a low bubbling throb, as though of a pot about to boil. Within twenty-four hours, the cellar would be unapproachable.

Of course, it is quite foreign to my plan to enter upon any thing like a detailed account of wine-making. I may only add, that the refuse skins, stalks, and so forth, which settle into the bottom of the fermentation vats, are taken out again after the wine has been drawn off, and subjected to a new squeezing—in a press, however, and not by the foot—the products being a small quantity of fiery, ill-flavored wine, full of the bitter taste of the seeds and stalks of the grape, and possessing no aroma or bouquet. The Bordeaux press for this purpose is rather ingeniously constructed. It consists of a sort of a skeleton of a cask, strips of daylight shining through from top to bottom between the staves. In the centre works a strong perpendicular iron screw. The *rape*, as the refuse of the treading is called, is piled beneath it; the screw is manned capstan fashion, and the unhappy seeds, skins and stalks, undergo a most dismal squeezing. Nor do their trials end there. The wine-makers are terrible hands for getting at the very last get-at-able drop. To this end, somewhat on the principle of rinsing an exhausted spirit-bottle, so as, as it were, to catch the very flavor still clinging to the glass, they plunge the doubly-squeezed *rape* into water, let it lie there for a short time, and then attack it with the press again. The result is a horrible stuff called *piquette*, which, in a wine country, bears the same resemblance to wine as the very dirtiest, most wishy-washy, and most contemptible of swipes bears to honest porter or ale. Piquette, in fact, may be defined as the ghost of wine!—wine minus its bones, its flesh, and its soul! a liquid shadow!—a fluid nothing!—an utter negation of all comfortable things and associations! Nevertheless, however, the peasants swill it down in astounding quantities, and apparently with sufficient satisfaction.

And now a word as to wine-treading. The process is universal in France, with the exception of the cases of the sparkling wines of the Rhone and Champagne, the grapes for which are squeezed by mechanical means, not by the human foot. Now, very venerable and decidedly picturesque as is the process of wine-treading, it is unquestionably rather a filthy one; and the spectacle of great brown, horny feet, not a whit too clean, splashing and sprawling in the bubbling juice, conveys, at first sight, a qualmy species of feeling, which, however, seems only to be entertained by those to whom the sight is new. I looked dreadfully askance at the operation when I first came across it; and when I was invited—by a lady, too—to taste the juice, of which she caught up a glassfull, a certain uncomfortable feeling of the inward man warred terribly against politeness. But nobody around seemed to be in the least squeamish. Often and often did I see one of the heroes of the tub walk quietly over a dunghill, and then jump—barefooted, of course, as he was—into the juice; and even a vigilant proprietor, who was particularly careful that no bad grapes went into the tub, made no objection. When I asked why a press was not used, as more handy, cleaner, and more convenient, I was everywhere assured that all efforts had failed to construct a wine-press capable of performing the

work with the perfection attained by the action of the human foot. No mechanical squeezing, I was informed, would so nicely express that peculiar proportion of the whole moisture of the grape which forms the highest flavored wine. The manner in which the fruit was tossed about was pointed out to me, and I was asked to observe that the grapes were, as it were, squeezed in every possible fashion and from every possible side, worked and churned and mashed hither and thither by the ever-moving toes and muscles of the foot. As far as any impurity went, the argument was, that the fermentation flung, as scum, to the surface, every atom of foreign matter held in suspension in the wine, and that the liquid ultimately obtained was as exquisitely pure as if human flesh had never touched it.

In the collection of these and such like particulars, I sauntered for days among the vineyards around; and utterly unknown and unfriended as I was, I met everywhere the most cordial and pleasant receptions. I would lounge, for example, to the door of a wine-treading shed, to watch the movements of the people. Presently the proprietor, most likely attired in a broad-brimmed straw hat, a strange faded outer garment, half shooting-coat half dressing-gown, would come up courteously to the stranger, and learning that I was an English visitor to the vintage, would busy himself with the most graceful kindness, to make intelligible the *rationale* of all the operations. Often I was invited into the château or farm-house, as the case might be; a bottle of an old vintage produced and comfortably discussed in the coolness of the darkened, thinly-furnished room, with its old-fashioned walnut-tree escrutoires, and beauffets, its quaintly-panneled walls, and its polished floors, gleaming like mirrors, and slippery as ice. On these occasions, the conversation would often turn on the rejection, by England, of French wines—a sore point with the growers of all save the first-class vintages, and in which I had, as may be conceived, very little to say in defense either of our taste or our policy. In the evenings, which were getting chill and cold, I occasionally abandoned my room with illustrations from the *Tour de Nesle* for the general kitchen and parlor of Madame Cadillac, and, ensconcing myself in the chimney corner—a fine old-fashioned ingle, crackling and blazing with hard wood logs—listened to the chat of the people of the village; they were nearly all coopers and vine-dressers, who resorted there after the day's work was over to enjoy an exceedingly modest modicum of very thin wine. I never benefited very much, however, by these listenings. It was my bad luck to hear recounted neither tale nor legend—to pick up, at the hands of my *compotatores*, neither local trait nor anecdote. The conversation was as small as the wine. The gossip of the place—the prospects of the vintage—elaborate comparisons of it with other vintages—births, marriages, and deaths—a minute list of scandal, more or less intelligible when conveyed in hints and allusions—were the staple topics, mixed up, however, once or twice with general denunciations of the niggardly conduct of certain neighboring proprietors to their vintagers—giving them for breakfast nothing but coarse bread, lard, and not even piquette to wash it down with, and for dinner not much more tempting dishes.

In Medoc, there are two classes of vintagers—the fixed and the floating population; and the latter, which makes an annual inroad into the district, just as the Irish harvesters do into England and Scotland, comprising a goodly proportion of very dubious and suspicious-looking characters. The *gen-d'armerie* have a busy time of it when these gentry are collected in numbers in the district. Poultry disappear with the most miraculous promptitude; small linen articles hung out to dry have no more chance than if Falstaff's regiment were marching by; and garden-fruit and vegetables, of course, share the results produced by a rigid application of the maxim that *la propriété c'est le vol*. Where these people come from is a puzzle. There will be vagrants and strollers among them from all parts of France—from the Pyrenees and the Alps—from the pine-woods of the Landes and the moors of Brittany. They unite in bands of a dozen or a score men and women, appointing a chief, who bargains with the vine-proprietor for the services of the company, and keeps up some degree of order and subordination, principally by means of the unconstitutional application of a good thick stick. I frequently encountered these bands, making their way from one district to another, and better samples of the "dangerous classes" were never collected. They looked vicious and abandoned, as well as miserably poor. The women, in particular, were as brazen-faced a set of slatterns as could be conceived; and the majority of the men—tattered, strapping-looking fellows, with torn slouched-hats, and tremendous cudgels—were exactly the sort of persons a nervous gentleman would have scruples about meeting at dusk in a long lane. It is when thus on the tramp that the petty pilfering and picking and stealing, to which I have alluded, goes on. When actually at work, they have no time for picking up unconsidered trifles. Sometimes these people pass the night—all together, of course—in out-houses or barns, when the *chef* can strike a good bargain; at other times they bivouac on the lee-side of a wood or wall, in genuine gipsy fashion. You may often see their watch-fires glimmering in the night; and be sure, that where you do, there are twisted necks and vacant nests in many a neighboring hen-roost. One evening, I was sauntering along the beach at Paulliac—a little town on the river's bank, about a dozen of miles from the mouth of the Gironde, and holding precisely the same relation to Bordeaux as Gravesend does to London—when a band of vintagers, men, women, and children, came up. They were bound to some village on the opposite side of the Gironde, and wanted to get ferried across. A long parley accordingly ensued between the chief and a group of boatmen. The commander of the vintage forces offered four sous per head as the passage-money. The bargemen would hear of nothing under five; and, after a tremendous verbal battle, the vintagers announced that they were not

going to be cheated, and that if they could not cross the water, they would stay where they were. Accordingly, a bivouac was soon formed. Creeping under the lee of a row of casks, on the shingle of the bare beach, the women were placed leaning against the somewhat hard and large pillows in question; the children were nestled at their feet, and in their laps; and the men formed the outermost ranks. A supply of loaves was sent for and obtained. The chief tore the bread up into huge hunks, which he distributed to his dependents; and upon this supper the whole party went coolly to sleep—more coolly, indeed, than agreeably; for a keen north wind was whistling along the sedgy banks of the river, and the red blaze of high-piled fagots was streaming from the houses across the black, cold, turbid waters. At length, however, some arrangement was come to; for, on visiting the spot a couple of hours afterward, I found the party rather more comfortably ensconced under the ample sails of the barge which was to bear them the next morning to their destination.

The dinner-party formed every day, when the process of stripping the vines is going on, is, particularly in the cases in which the people are treated well by the proprietor, frequently a very pretty and very picturesque spectacle. It always takes place in the open air, amongst the bushes, or under some neighboring walnut-tree. Sometimes long tables are spread upon tressles; but in general no such formality is deemed requisite. The guests fling themselves in groups upon the ground—men and women picturesquely huddled together—the former bloused and bearded personages—the latter showy, in their bright short petticoats of home-spun and dyed cloth, with glaring handkerchiefs twisted like turbans round their heads—each man and woman with a deep plate in his or her lap. Then the people of the house bustle about, distributing huge brown loaves, which are torn asunder, and the fragments chucked from hand to hand. Next a vast cauldron of soup, smoking like a volcano, is painfully lifted out from the kitchen, and dealt about in mighty ladlefulls; while the founder of the feast takes care that the tough, thready *bouilli*—like lumps of boiled-down hemp—shall be fairly apportioned among his guests. *Piquette* is the general beverage. A barrel is set abroach, and every species of mug, glass, cup, and jug about the establishment is called to aid in its consumption. A short rest devoted to chatting, or very often sleeping in the shade, over, the signal is given, and the work recommences.

"You have seen our *salle à manger*," said one of my courteous entertainers—he of the broad-brimmed straw-hat, "and now you shall see our *chambre à coucher*." Accordingly, he led me to a barn close to his wine-cellars. The place was littered deep with clean, fresh straw. Here and there rolled-up blankets were laid against the wall; while all round, from nails stuck in between the bare bricks, hung by straps and strings the little bundles, knapsacks, and other baggage of the laborers. One one side, two or three swarthy young women were playfully pushing each other aside, so as to get a morsel of cracked mirror stuck against the wall—their long hair hanging down in black elf-locks, in the preliminary stage of its arrangement.

"That is the ladies' side," said my *cicerone*, pointing to the girls; "and that"—extending his other hand—"is the gentlemen's side."

"And so they all sleep here together?"

"Every night. I find shelter and straw; any other accommodation they must procure for themselves."

"Rather unruly, I should suppose?"

"Not a bit. They are too tired to do any thing but sleep. They go off, sir, like dormice."

"*Oh, sil plait à Mossieu!*" put in one of the damsels. "The chief of the band does the police." (*Fait la gen-d'armerie*)

"Certainly—certainly," said the proprietor, "the gentlemen lie here, with their heads to the walls; the ladies there; and the *chef de la bande* stretches himself all along between them."

"A sort of living frontier."

"Truly; and he allows no nonsense."

"*Il est meme éxcessivement severe*," interpolated the same young lady.

"He needs be," replied her employer. "He allows no loud speaking—no joking; and as there are no candles, no light, why they can do nothing better than go quietly to sleep, if it were only in self-defense."

One word more about the vintage. The reader will easily conceive that it is on the smaller properties, where the wine is intended, not so much for commerce as for household use, that the vintage partakes most of the festival nature. In the large and first-class vineyards the process goes on under rigid superintendence, and is, as much as possible, made a cold matter of business. He who wishes to see the vintages of books and poems—the laughing, joking, singing festivals amid the vines, which we are accustomed to consider the harvests of the grape—must betake him to the multitudinous patches of peasant property, in which neighbor helps neighbor to gather in the crop, and upon which whole families labor merrily together, as much for the amusement of the thing, and from good neighborly feeling, as in consideration of francs and sous. Here, of course, there is no tight discipline observed, nor is there any absolute necessity for that continuous, close scrutiny into the state of the grapes—all of them, hard or rotten, going slap-dash into the *cuvier*—which, in the case of the more precious vintages, forms no small check upon a general state of careless jollity. Every one eats as much fruit as he pleases, and rests when he is tired. On such occasions it is that you hear to the best advantage the joyous songs and choruses of the vintage—many of these last being very pretty bits of melody, generally sung by the women and girls, in shrill treble unison, and caught up and continued from one part of the field to another.

Yet, discipline and control it as you will, the vintage will ever be beautiful, picturesque, and full of association. The rude wains, creaking beneath the reeking tubs—the patient faces of the yoked oxen—

the half-naked, stalwort men, who toil to help the cart along the ruts and furrows of the way—the handkerchief-turbaned women, their gay red-and-blue dresses peeping from out the greenery of the leaves—the children dashing about as if the whole thing were a frolick, and the gray-headed old men tottering cheerfully a-down the lines of vines, with baskets and pails of gathered grapes to fill the yawning tubs—the whole picture is at once classic, venerable, and picturesque, not more by association than actuality.

A strange feature in the wine country is the wonderously capricious and fitful nature of the soil. A forenoon's walk will show you the earth altering in its surface qualities almost like the shifting hues of shot silk—gravel of a light color fading into gravel of a dark—sand blending with the mould, and bringing it now to a dusky yellow, now to an ashen gray—strata of chalky clay every now and then struggling into light only to melt away into beds of mere shingle—or bright, semi-transparent pebbles, indebted to the action of water for shape and hue. At two principal points these blending and shifting qualities of soil put forth their utmost powers—in the favored grounds of Margaux, and again, at a distance of about fifteen miles farther to the north, in the vineyards of Lafitte, Latour, and between these latter, in the sunny slopes of St. Jullien. And the strangest thing of all is, that the quality—the magic—of the ground changes, without, in all cases, a corresponding change in the surface strata. If a fanciful and willful fairy had flown over Medoc, flinging down here a blessing and there a curse upon the shifting shingle, the effect could not have been more oddly various. You can almost jump from a spot unknown to fame, to another clustered with the most precious vintage of Europe. Half-a-dozen furrows often make all the difference between vines producing a beverage which will be drunk in the halls and palaces of England and Russia, and vines yielding a harvest which will be consumed in the cabarets and estaminets of the neighborhood. It is to be observed, however, that the first-class wines belong almost entirely to the large proprietors. Amid a labyrinth of little patches, the property of the laboring peasants around, will be a spot appertaining to, and bearing the name of, some of the famous growths; while, conversely, inserted, as if by an accident, in the centre of a district of great name, and producing wine of great price, will be a perverse patch, yielding the most commonplace tipple, and worth not so many sous per yard as the surrounding earth is worth crowns.

How comes this? The peasants will tell you that it does n't come at all. That it is all cant and *blague* and puff on the part of the big proprietors, and that their wine is only more thought of because they have more capital to get it bragged about. Near Château Lafitte, on a burning afternoon, I took refuge beneath the emblematic bush; for the emblem which good wine is said not to require, is still, in the mid and southern districts of France, in universal use; in other words, I entered a village public-house.

Two old men, very much of the general type of the people of the country—that is, tall and spare, with intelligent and mildly-expressive faces and fine black eyes, were discussing together a sober bottle. One of them had lost an arm, and the other a leg. As I glanced at this peculiarity, the one-legged man caught my eye.

"Ah!" he said, "looking at our misfortunes; I left my leg on Waterloo."

"And I," chimed in his companion, "left my arm at Trafalgar."

"*Sacré!*" said the veteran of the land. "One of the cursed English bullets took me in the knee, and spoiled as tight a lancer as they had in the gallant 10th."

"And I," rejoined the other, "was at the fourth main-deck gun of the Pluton, when I was struck with the splinter while we were engaging the Mars. But we had our revenge. The Pluton shot the Mars' captain's head off!"—a fact which I afterward verified. Captain Duff, the officer alluded to, was thus killed upon his quarter-deck, and the same ball shattered two seamen almost to pieces.

"*Sacré!*" said the *ci-devant* lancer, "I 'd like to have a rap at the English again—I would—the English—*nom de tonnerre*—tell me—did n't they murder the emperor!"

A rising smile, which I could not help, stopped him. I had spoken so few words, that the fact that a son of *perfide Albion* was before them was only manifested by the expression of my face.

"*Tiens!*" continued the Waterloo man, "*You* are an Englishman."

The old sailor, who was evidently by no means so keen a hand as his comrade, nudged him; a hint, I suppose, in common phrase, to draw it mild; but the ex-lancer of the 10th was not to be put down.

"Well, and if you are, what then, eh? I say I would like to have another brush with you."

"No, no! We have had enough of brushes!" said the far more pacific man of the sea. "I think, *mon voisin*—that you and I have had quite enough of fighting."

"But they killed the emperor. *Sacré nom de tous les diables*—they killed the emperor."

My modest exculpation on behalf of Great Britain and Ireland was listened to with great impatience by the maimed lancer, and great attention by the maimed sailor, who kept up a running commentary:

"*Eh! eh! entendez cela.* Now, that 's quite different (to his friend) from what you tell us. Come—that 's another story altogether; and what I say is, that that 's reasonable."

But the lancer was not to be convinced—"*Sacré bleu!*—they killed the emperor."

All this, it is to be observed, passed without the slightest feeling of personal animosity. The lancer, who, I suspect, had passed the forenoon in the cabaret, every now and then shook hands with me magnanimously, as to show that his wrath was national—not individual; and when I proposed a bottle of rather better wine than they had been drinking neither soldier nor sailor had a word to say in objection.

The wine was brought, and very good it was, though not, of course, first-class claret.

"What do you think of that?" said the sailor.

"I wish I had as good every day in England," I replied.

"And why have n't you?" said the fierce lancer. "You might, if you chose. But you drink none of our wines."

I demurred to this proposition, but the Waterloo man was down on me in no time. "Yes, yes; the wines of the great houses—the great proprietors. *Sacré*—the *farceurs*—the *blageurs*—who puff their wines, and get them puffed, and great prices for them, when they 're not better than ours—the peasant's wines—when they 're grown in the same ground—ripened by the same sun! *Mille diables!* Look at that bottle!—taste it! My son-in-law grew it! My son-in-law sells it; I know all about it. You shall have that bottle for ten sous, and the Lafitte people and the Larose people would charge you ten francs for it; and it is as good for ten sous as theirs for ten francs. I tell you it grew side by side with their vines; but they have capital—they have power. They crack off their wines, and we—the poor people!—we, who trim and dig and work our little patches—no one knows any thing about us. Our wine—bah!—what is it? It has no name—no fame! Who will give us francs? No, no; sous for the poor man—francs for the rich. Copper for the little landlord; silver—silver and gold for the big landlord! As our curé said last Sunday: 'Unto him who has much, more shall be given.' *Sacré Dieu de dieux!*—Even the Bible goes against the poor!"

All this time, the old sailor was tugging his comrade's jacket, and uttering sundry deprecatory ejaculations against such unnecessary vehemence. The Trafalgar man was clearly a take-it-easy personage; not troubled by too much thinking, and by no means a professional grievance-monger. So he interposed to bring back the topic to a more soothing subject, and said that what he would like, would be to see lots of English ships coming up the Gironde with the good cottons and woollens and hardware we made in England, and taking back in exchange their cheap and wholesome wines—not only the great vintages (*crus*) for the great folk, but the common vintages for the common folk. "Indeed, I think," he concluded, "that sitting here drinking this good ten sous' wine with this English gentleman—who 's going to pay for it—is far better than fighting him and hacking him up, or his hacking us up, with swords and balls and so forth."

To this most sensible opinion we had all the pains in the world to get the doughty lancer to incline. He could n't see it at all. He would like to have another brush. He was n't half done for yet. It was all very well; but war was grand, and glory was grand. "*Vive la guerre!*" and "*Vive la gloire!*"

"But," said the sailor, "there is death in glory!"

"*Eh bien!*" shouted the warrior, with as perfect French sentiment as ever I heard, "*Vive la mort!*"

In the end, however, he was pleased to admit that, if we took the peasant wines, something might be made of us. The case was not utterly hopeless; and when I rose to go, he proposed a stirrup-cup—a *coup de l'étrier*—to the washing down of all unkindness; but, in the very act of swallowing it, he did n't exactly stop, but made a motion as if he would, and then slowly letting the last drop run over his lips, he put down the glass, and said, bitterly and coldly, "*Mais pourtant, vous avez tué l'Empereur!*"

I have introduced this episode principally for the purpose of showing the notions entertained by the small proprietary as to the boasted superiority of the large vineyards; but the plain truth is, that the great growers are perfectly in the right. I have stated that the quality of the soil throughout the grape country varies almost magically. Well, the good spots have been more or less known since Medoc was Medoc; and the larger and richer residents have got them, by inheritance, by marriage, and by purchase, almost entirely into their own hands. Next they greatly improved both the soil and the breed of plants. They studied and experimentalized until they found the most proper manures and the most promising cultures. They grafted and crossed the vine plants till they got the most admirably bearing bushes, and then, generation after generation, devoting all their attention to the quality of the wine, without regard to the quantity—scrupulously taking care that not a grape which is unripe or over-ripe finds its way into the tub.

LIGHT OF NATURE.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

How insufficient Nature's light to guide
  Our world's poor blinded, woful wanderers home!
  The wide spread universe—the azure dome—
The stars which in their golden chariots ride,
Divinity's design and work proclaim—
  But can no further go. It may emit
  A sad, a sickening note of wo; yet it,
When questioned of the "Great Restorer's" name,
Nor voice, nor answer e'er returns. 'T is here
  Thy helplessness, O Nature! lies—
  Speakest thou but of Him who built the skies;
"Things seen made not of things which do appear;"
No Sun of Righteousness is ever known from thee;
No vision and the people perish utterly.

THE MOTHER'S PROPHECY.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

CHAPTER I.

It was a cold, windy night in the winter of 179–. The tall pines that had climbed to the highest summits of the Green Mountains, bent beneath the rushing of the blast; and as the wind careered among their branches, gave out moans and shrieks that seemed in the darkness like the wailing of weird spirits. Ever and anon the air would be filled with tiny particles of ice and snow, and the cold, fitful gleaming of the moon, as it occasionally emerged from behind a cloud, only served to make the scene more desolate, as the tall, gaunt shadows were rendered distinctly visible.

But in the quiet little valley that lay nestling at the very foot of one of the tallest peaks, there were no traces of storm. The strife of the elements disturbed not its repose, for the encircling mountains bent over it lovingly, and with their giant arms seemed to ward off all dangers, and keep back all foes that might harass this—the pet lamb that rested in their embrace.

A single farm-house, rudely constructed of logs, stood beneath the shadow of forest-trees; and, indeed, but few of those ancient dwellers in the valley had as yet bowed their haughty heads at the stroke of the woodman's axe. Every thing around the little dwelling betokened that it was the abode of one of the hardy pioneers who had left the sunny banks of the Connecticut for a home amid the wilds of Vermont. But there was a ruddy light gleaming from the small window, that spoke invitingly of peace and comfort within; and occasionally the sound of woman's voice singing a low, soft lullaby fell dreamily upon the ear; or rather, might have done so, had there been an ear to listen.

In the principal apartment of the house—the one that served alike for kitchen and parlor, sat Andrew Gordon and his fair and gentle wife—Amy. A bright-eyed boy, apparently about four years old, played upon the nicely-sanded floor, and in the mother's arms lay a babe, very lovely, but very fragile, upon whose face the eyes of Amy Gordon dwelt with a long, yearning gaze. Few words were spoken by the little group. The husband and father sat gazing thoughtfully upon the glowing embers; the wife rocked the child that was cradled upon her breast; and little Frederick silently builded his "cob-house," stopping now and then to scan with a pleased eye the progress of his work, or uttering an exclamation of disappointment as the tottering fabric fell to the floor.

There was an air of refinement about the master and mistress of that little domicil, that contrasted somewhat strangely with their rude home and its appurtenances. The dress of the wife, although coarse and plain, was arranged so tastefully, so *genteely*, as the young ladies of the present day would say, that you would scarcely have noted its texture, or the absence of ornament. Her slight figure, and the faint color upon her cheek, spoke of a delicacy of constitution hardly suited for the hardships and trials of an emigrant's life; but the meek light within her eye, her calm, broad forehead, and the slight smile that lingered upon her lip, told that she possessed that truest of all strength—strength of mind and heart.

There was something in the face of Andrew Gordon that, to a close observer, was not exactly pleasing; and yet you could not have denied that it was a very handsome face—quite sufficiently so to warrant the unmistakable look of admiration that his wife occasionally cast upon it. Intellect was there—courage was there—firmness of purpose, and a resolute will; and there was a depth of affection in his eye whenever it dwelt upon the group around him that proved him the possessor of a kindly heart. Perhaps it was some early disappointment—some real or fancied wrong—some never-to-be-forgotten act of harshness or injustice on the part of another that, once in a while, cast such a shadow over his fine face, and gave such a bitter expression to his well formed mouth.

For half an hour they remained as we have pictured them above; and then the mother tenderly placed her little one upon the bed that stood in one corner of the room—cradles were a luxury unknown in those days—and glancing at the clock that pointed to the hour of eight, said,

"Come, Frederick, put away your cobs, dear. It is bed-time for little boys."

"Oh, I wish it would n't be eight o'clock so soon when I am making cob-houses," replied the child; "just wait one minute, mamma, until I make a chimney—then my house will be done. There, now—is n't it a nice one?" So saying, Freddy gave the finishing touch to his edifice—looked at it admiringly for a moment, then giving it a light pressure with his hand, his evening's work was demolished in an instant. Laughing heartily at the havoc he had made, he hastily gathered the cobs in a basket near him, and sprang to his mother's side.

Ah, Freddy, Freddy! how like you are to many a "child of larger growth," who toils, month after month, year after year, building a temple, it may be to love, or wealth, or fame; and then, when it is nearly or quite completed, by a single false step, or a single ill-regulated action, destroys the shrine he has been rearing with so much care and labor! But here the similitude ceases. You laugh and clap your hands in childish glee at the downfall of *your*

house, *he* sits down desolate and alone by the ruin he has made, and mourns over hopes and prospects buried beneath it.

Thoughts somewhat like these may have passed through the mind of Andrew Gordon, for there was a cloud upon his brow, as he watched his wife while she undressed the playful child, and smoothed his dark curls preparatory to the night's repose. Then kneeling by her side, and folding his little hands together, Frederick repeated after her a simple prayer—a child's prayer of love and faith, asking God's blessing upon those dearest to him—his father, mother, and little sister, and His care and protection through the night.

"Now I must kiss papa good-night," said the little boy; "and then, mamma, wont you please to sit by me, and tell me a pretty little story? I will shut my eyes up, and go right to sleep *so quick* if you will.

The good-night kisses were exchanged; Frederick soon nestled closely in his soft, warm pillow, and true to his promise, closed his eyes, while his mother, in a low, soothing voice, told him a story of the birds and lambs and flowers. Presently he was fast asleep, and pressing the tenderest of kisses upon his rosy cheek, Amy returned to her seat by the fireside.

"Dear little fellow! how sweetly he sleeps," said she, moving her chair as she spoke nearer to her husband. "I wonder what the future hath laid up in store for him," she continued, musingly, with her eyes fixed upon the bright blaze that went roaring and crackling up the broad chimney. "And yet if the book of fate were laid open before me, I should fear to turn to the page on which his destiny is inscribed."

"I hope, at any rate, that the word *wealth* is written there," said Andrew Gordon, speaking for the first time since he had taken his wonted seat by the fire that evening. "I am not a very great believer in books of fate or in irrevocable destiny. Man makes his own destiny, with some little help from others—and Frederick shall be a rich man before he dies, if my exertions are of any avail."

"He may be taken from us, even in childhood, Andrew;" and the mother's eye turned anxiously toward the little bed, as if the bare thought of death was enough to awaken her solicitude. "I would rather he would be *great* than *rich*—and *good* than either."

"He will be great if he is rich—that is, he will have influence, and be looked up to; and as for goodness—pshaw! who ever heard of a rich man's doing wrong?" he continued, with that bitter smile, of which we have before spoken, curling his thin lip. "If a man possesses wealth, he may oppress the poor, strip the widow and the fatherless of their last penny, cheat his neighbors, and rob his own brother—but it is all *right!*"

"Then may God grant that our boy may never be a rich man, Andrew," said his wife, solemnly. "But you speak too bitterly, dearest. Your own misfortunes have made you unreasonable upon this point." And Amy lifted, caressingly, the dark locks that fell over her husband's high forehead.

"Unreasonable, Amy! Have I not cause to speak bitterly? Have I not been defrauded of my just rights? Have I not been robbed—ay, literally *robbed* of the fortune my father left me when I was too young to know its value? Can I forget that one, one of my own kith and kin, too, lives in the dwelling of my forefathers, and calls their broad lands his, when he knows, and I know, and the world knows, that I am the rightful heir? Can I forget all this, and that I am *here?*" he added, glancing contemptuously round upon the rough walls of his cottage. "And you, too, Amy—you, who were born and reared in a home of luxury—you, whose presence would grace the proudest drawing-room in the land; you, whom I wooed and won before I dreamed that I was to tread a path like this; and yet, angel that you are, you who have never breathed a word of reproach, or a syllable of complaint, your home, too, is here in this rude cabin"—and the proud man bowed his head, and something that looked strangely like a tear, glittered a moment in the firelight.

"But you are here with me in this rude cabin as you call it, dearest, you and our little ones; and how many times must I tell you that I would rather be here, provided I am by your side, than to sit upon the throne of the Indies without you? I believe you say these things," she continued, playfully, kissing his flushed brow as she spoke, for she would fain have won him back to more cheerful thoughts, "I believe you say these things just for the sake of hearing me tell you over and over again how dearly I love you, and how happy I am with you. Is it not so, darling?"

But Andrew Gordon was not to be cheered even by the tender caresses of his wife. His mind would dwell upon themes, the contemplation of which was destroying his peace of mind, and fast changing his very nature.

"I tell you, Amy," he said, rising and pacing the apartment with a hurried step, "I tell you, Amy, I will be rich! and Frederick shall be as rich, ay, richer, than if his father had not been cheated out of his inheritance. They think," he added, with a flashing eye, "that they have trampled me in the very dust, but they cannot keep me there. I will be rich and influential; and as soon as Fred is old enough to learn the lesson, I will teach him how to make money, and how to keep it, too."

"No, no, Andrew—spare me that last blow, I implore you," said Amy, and tears were rapidly chasing each other down her pale cheeks. "If you will give up your whole mind and soul to the pursuit of wealth, as you have done for the last two years—if you will coin your very heart's blood for gold, and allow this feverish thirst for gain to become, as it were, the very essence of your being, spare me this last blow. Teach not this lesson to our child. Teach him to be prudent, industrious, economical as you will, and my example and teachings shall be added to your own; but impress not upon his young mind

the doctrine that the acquisition of wealth is the chief end of his existence, and its possession the chief source of man's enjoyment. Just as surely as you do is misery in store for him. A mother's heart is a prophetic heart, and I repeat it—just as surely as you do is misery in store for him and you; just so surely will his sun and yours set in darkness and in gloom. Oh, Andrew, Andrew! for your own sake—for my sake—for the sake of these precious ones," she added, drawing him to the couch where their children lay, "cease this struggle that is wearing your life away, and changing you so greatly, that at times I can scarcely recognize the Andrew Gordon of my early love."

The fire upon the hearth had burned low; but, at that moment, a broad, ruddy glow filled the room, and Andrew Gordon stood with his eyes fixed stedfastly upon his wife's face. Who can tell the emotions that swept over his soul during those few, brief moments? Good and evil spirits were striving for the mastery upon the arena of his heart, and his countenance worked strangely as one or the other prevailed. At last, he turned hastily away, and muttering—as if to himself—"But Frederick must be a rich man," he sought his pillow.

He had chosen his part!

CHAPTER II.

Years, many years had passed since the conversation narrated in the previous chapter, and Andrew Gordon was no longer the sole tenant of the sweetest valley that slept beneath the shadow of the Green Mountains. A small, but pleasant village had sprung up around the site of his old log-house; and, upon the very spot where that had once stood, arose an imposing brick mansion, that seemed to look haughtily down upon the humbler dwellings around it. A small church—of simple, yet tasteful architecture—lifted its spire a few paces farther on; two merchants—rivals, of course—display their gilded signs on either side of the street just below, and numerous little heads might have been seen peeping from the windows of the schoolhouse over the river.

Andrew Gordon was a rich man. He had added acre to acre, and farm to farm. The factory—whose machinery moved so steadily from morning till night; and the grist-mill—whose wheels whirled round so incessantly, belonged to him; and it was more than hinted, that one of the stores—although managed in the name of another—was, in reality, his property.

Yes, Andrew Gordon was a rich man; but was he satisfied? Was that craving thirst for the "gold that perisheth" quenched at last? Ah! no; it raged more fiercely than ever. Amy—his pure and gentle Amy, slept in the little church-yard, where the white tombstones contrasted so beautifully with the deep-green turf, and where the willow-trees made a cool, refreshing shade even at noon-day.

She had pleaded and reasoned with him in vain. Day by day he became more and more deeply engrossed in the pursuit of wealth. With a mind capable of the highest things—with an intellect that might have soared above the stars—with eloquence at his command, by which he might have swayed the hearts of men, and led them captive at his will, he yet preferred to hover near the earth, and offer up genius, talent, even love itself, upon the altar of mammon.

Had any one told him that he had almost ceased to love his wife, he would have spurned the idea, and have laid the "flattering unction to his soul," that he was indeed a pattern husband. Were not all his wife's wants most liberally supplied? Was not money ever at her command? In short, did he ever deny her any thing?

Yes, Andrew Gordon! You denied her what was of more worth to her than the gold and silver of Peru. You denied her a little of your precious time. So absorbed were you in your own pursuits, so fearful were you that every hour would not add something to your store, that you had no time to devote to her whose happiness was in your hands. You had no time for that sweet interchange of thought and feeling that she so valued; you had no time for those little attentions that woman so dearly prizes; you had no time for an occasional caress or word of endearment that would have cheered her in many a long, lonely hour, and the mere memory of which would have sustained her through suffering and through weariness. No, you had no time for trifles like these; and you could not remember—proud man that you were—that her nature was not like your nature, and that those things were as necessary to her existence as dew is to the drooping flower—as the warm sunlight to the ripening grain—as the draught of cool water to the pilgrim, fainting in the wilderness. You could not remember all this, and Amy pined day by day: her cheek grew pale and her step more languid. Do you say she should have had more strength of mind than to have been affected by such slight causes? I tell you she could not help it. Talk of strength of mind to a neglected wife! Woman's true strength lies in her affections; and if wounded there she will droop and wither, just as surely as does the vine, when rudely torn from the tree to which it clung. She may struggle against it long and, for a while, successfully; the eye of man may mark no change upon lip or brow; but—*it will come at last!*

Amy slept in the church-yard; and the daughter who was cradled on her breast that winter evening when we saw her last, slept beside her. Frederick alone was left to Andrew Gordon, and he loved him with all the love he had to spare from his coffers. Had the son learned the lesson that the father was to teach him? We shall see.

One evening, at the close of a long, bright summer day, about sixteen years from the date when our story commences, a young man—who appeared as if he might be just entering the fifth lustrum of his life—might have been seen loitering along by the banks of a stream that came laughing and leaping down the mountain side, at some distance from the dwelling of Andrew Gordon. He had a gun upon his shoulder,

but his game-bag was empty; and the pretty gray-squirrels hopped from tree to tree, rabbits stared curiously at him with their bright, saucy eyes, and even the wild partridge fluttered around him—unharmed, while he wandered on, wrapped in a somewhat moody reverie.

His thoughts seemed to be very variable—partly sad and partly glad; for, at one moment there would be a cloud upon his brow, a look of doubt and irresolution—and the next, a smile would break over his face, making it remarkably pleasing in its transient expression. His figure was tall and graceful; and his hair—that was black as night—fell over a forehead that would have been almost too white, had not the sun kissed it rather warmly.

It would have been difficult to have recognized in him our old friend Frederick Gordon, the hero of the cob-house—yet when that transient smile, of which we have before spoken, played over his features, the light in his dark eyes was the same as that which beamed there, when—pleading for a story—he sprung joyfully to his mother's side.

He sauntered along for an hour or two, deeply buried in thought. At length—

"She is very lovely," he murmured to himself, as if unconsciously. "She is, indeed, very lovely! What a pity it is that Dame Fortune has not added a few money bags to the list of her charms; for portionless as she is, she sorely tempts one to play the fool. I came very near committing myself last night at that boating party. What with the slow, dreamy motion of the boat, the moonlight sparkling on the waters, the heavy shadows on the opposite shore, in short, the exquisite beauty of the whole scene, combined with Lily's almost ethereal loveliness, all the romance of my nature—and I really believe I possess a tolerable share—was aroused, and I nearly lost sight of my fixed purpose to marry a rich wife, if any. Yet, after all, does she not possess the truest wealth?" he added, "and I am almost sure she loves me. Pshaw! I wonder what my good father would say to nonsense like this?" and again he became lost in thought.

For nearly an hour he remained sitting upon the stump of a large oak, that had—together with many others—fallen a victim to the progress of civilization, with his head resting upon his hand, and his eyes fixed on a vacancy.

Suddenly, he was startled by the report of a gun—a moment, and a faint scream fell upon his ear; there was the quick tread of bounding feet, the crashing of branches, and a large deer rushed franticly through the thicket, and paused a moment, panting and breathless, almost at his side. He had only time to perceive that it was terribly wounded, when the antlered head was raised for an instant, the quick ear caught the distant baying of the hounds, and the poor creature again dashed onward, with all the energy of despair.

Frederick Gordon immediately sprung toward the thicket from which the deer had emerged; and with much difficulty succeeded in making his way through the tangled underbrush and reaching the cleared space beyond. But what a sight there greeted his vision! A sight that blanched his cheek, and made him cling involuntarily for support to a wild vine, that drooped over him, and nearly impeded his progress. Lily Grey—the subject of his recent reverie, the being who had awakened the first thrill of love that he had ever known, for he did love her, in spite of himself—lay before him, with not the faintest shade of color upon cheek or lip, and the blood slowly oozing from a wound upon her temple.

For a moment, Frederick gazed upon her as if spell-bound; then stealing softly forward, as if she were sleeping, and he feared that he might waken her, he knelt upon the green sward by her side. At first, he had no thought but the dread one of death. She lay there so still, so pale, so like death, that the idea of attempting to revive her did not even occur to him; and, in truth, it would have been hard to have told whose cheek was the palest—his, or that of sweet Lily Grey.

But, presently he fancied that her lips quivered a little, a very little: and that there was the slightest perceptible tremor of the deeply-fringed eyelids. Perhaps it was nothing but the dancing shadow of the leaves that were frolicking in the sunlight above him; but it gave him hope, and with that came the effort to restore her. He bound up the wound upon her temple; he chafed her cold, moist hands, and raised her in his arms, and bore her out from the shadow of the trees, that the cool breeze might play upon her cheek.

A world of pure, warm emotions crept over his soul, as she lay there so quietly in his embrace; he forgot the lessons of worldly wisdom that had been impressed upon him from his very childhood; he forgot, for the moment, all save his love—love, whose very existence he had hardly admitted before; and when he saw by the slight flush that mounted to her brow, that consciousness was returning, he murmured—

"Lily dear—dearest Lily—thank God that you are safe!"

The young girl started wildly, and he gently laid her upon the grass again, speaking low, soothing words, such as a brother might breathe in the ear of a younger and beloved sister, until she opened her eyes, and raising her hands to her brow, said—

"Frederick—Mr. Gordon—where am I? How came I here?"

"That you can best tell yourself, Lily," replied Frederick guily, for he wished to dispel all her fears. "I found you here in the woods, like the 'faire ladyes' we read of in the old romances, pale and breathless, with the blood flowing from your temple; and, of course, as a good and loyal knight should do, I did my best to restore you—that is all."

"O, I remember now," was the answer. "I had been to see old Mrs. Forster, in the cottage yonder: she is very lame this week. It was very warm, and I sat down under the shade of that maple to rest myself. I suppose I must have fallen asleep, for I was suddenly aroused by the report of a gun. In an instant, I felt a sharp blow upon my temple—a large

deer went bounding past me; and I must have fainted, for I remember nothing more, until, until—"

Lily paused, and a burning blush overspread her neck and face, as she recalled the words that had greeted her ear as consciousness returned.

Frederick drew her more closely to him, as he said—

"Go on, Lily—or shall I finish the sentence for you? Until you heard words that must have convinced you—of what, indeed, you could not have been ignorant before—that Frederick Gordon loves you. Was not that what you would have said, Lily?"

There was no reply: but, although Lily's lip trembled, and her eyes were heavy with unshed tears, she did not shrink from his embrace, and Frederick Gordon felt that he was beloved.

"Forgive me, Lily, you are growing pale again—you are still weak. I should not have troubled you. Are you strong enough to walk home now, think you—dear one?"

"O, yes," replied Lily, rallying herself. "I am quite strong now. I imagine my temple must have been cut by a sharp stone thrown up by the hoof of the deer, as it rushed past me."

Few words were spoken by the young pair as they walked through the woods, in the dim twilight. Lily's home—at least, her home for the time being—was but a short distance off, and with a mute pressure of the hand they parted at the gate.

CHAPTER III.

That same evening there was a clear light gleaming from the window in Andrew Gordon's mansion, usually occupied by himself. He—its owner—sat there alone, with his folded hands lying upon the table, and his head resting upon them. At length, he arose, and an observer might have seen that there was a bright, red spot upon either cheek, while his brow was knit, and there was an unusual, almost an angry gleam in his eye. Stepping to the window, and shading his eyes with his hands, he looked out for a moment, and then raising the sash, he called to a man who stood in the yard:

"John, tell my son to come hither."

"Yes, sir," replied the man, and Mr. Gordon returned to his seat by the table.

A few moments had elapsed when Frederick entered. His father did not appear to notice his entrance, and, after pausing awhile, the young man asked—

"Did you send for me, sir?"

"Yes," was his father's answer, as he pushed a chair toward him with his foot, and motioned him to be seated. "I have a few things to say to you, sir: I happened to be an eye-witness of the love-scene that took place in the woods, down yonder, this evening. No, I was no spy or eaves-dropper," he continued, as the color flashed to Frederick's face, and he half-rose from his chair: "You may as well keep cool, young man. I was passing near there, just as the girl was coming to her senses, and I could not well avoid seeing and hearing what passed. You were so taken up with her, that you had no ears for any one besides, else you must have heard me. Permit me to congratulate you," he added, with a mocking smile, "upon enacting the lover most admirably. May I be allowed to inquire who was the fair damsel who played Juliet to your Romeo?"

"Lily Grey, sir," was the laconic reply.

"Lily Grey! And who, pray, is *she?*"

"She is a young lady from Massachusetts, I believe, who has been spending the last three months with Mr. and Mrs. Mason. I presume she is a niece of theirs, as she calls them uncle and aunt."

"Poor as a church mouse then, of course," said Mr. Gordon, quickly. "Frederick, do you love this girl?"

"Yes, sir."

"And have been foolish enough to tell her so, I conclude, as I had the pleasure of hearing the declaration a little while ago."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, sir, let me tell you, once for all, that this foolery must have an end. I can never receive Miss Lily Grey as my daughter-in-law."

"I have inherited so much of my father's meek and docile disposition," said the young man proudly, with an ironical smile curling his lip, "that I shall doubtless be lead as a lamb in this matter. Allow me to say, that in matrimonial affairs I intend to do as I choose."

Mr. Gordon must change his tactics. Frederick said rightly—he is too much like his father to be driven.

There was silence between the two for many minutes, but they sat looking in each other's eyes as if reading the soul there. Then Andrew Gordon rose, drew his chair nearer to his son's, and taking his hand kindly in his own, said—

"I wish you to do as you choose, Frederick—all I hope is that I may induce you to choose wisely. Listen to me for awhile, and see if I do not present this matter before you in a different aspect. I came here as you know, my son, when this valley was an unbroken wilderness, a poor man, poor through the fraud and injustice of others; and I at once resolved, more for your sake than my own, to be rich. I toiled early and late; I struggled, in the early part of my career, with hardships and difficulties. But at length I was successful. My resources are ample; *yours* I should have said, but I cannot consent that the wealth, to the accumulation of which I have devoted all the best years of my life, should go to enrich a beggar. With your talents, your fine person, your graceful and winning address, together with the fortune which I had intended to place in your hands upon your next birth-day, (to say nothing of your expectations at my decease,) with all these advantages, I say, you might select a wife from the highest and wealthiest family in the land. There is a young girl, the orphan daughter of one whom I knew in my boyhood, whom I selected years ago as my future daughter-in-law. Her fortune must be immense, and every advantage that wealth can give will be lavished upon her. She is—let me see—she is about fifteen now,

and is said to be very beautiful. There is a clause in her father's will, I am told, that will prevent her marrying before she is twenty-one. You have been long wishing to make the tour of Europe, and I was thinking, just previous to my unfortunate discovery this afternoon, that it would be well for you to start immediately, spend the next four years in traveling, and still have a year or two at your disposal, after your return, to secure you success with her. But of course it is useless to say any thing about it now, as you have made your own choice."

Mr. Gordon ceased, and for a long time Frederick sat silently revolving his father's words in his mind. He was not naturally the callous, cold-hearted being which the reader might judge him to be from the soliloquy we overheard in the woods. His noble and generous impulses had for many years given his father a deal of trouble, and even yet, as we have seen from his conduct this day, he occasionally acted without any regard to the "almighty dollar." But these instances had, of late, been rare. Andrew Gordon was gradually moulding him to his will, and even before receiving the summons to his presence this evening, the effect of the lessons that he had been taking through his whole life was resuming its sway, and Ambition or Avarice—call it by which ever name best pleases you, was beginning to struggle with Love.

"What is the name of the young lady of whom you were speaking, sir?" he finally asked.

"Elizabeth Munro," was the reply, and again there was a long pause.

"Let me retire now, if you please," said Frederick, rising; "I would fain think over this matter in my own room."

"Thank you—thank you, Frederick. That is spoken like my own son," was Mr. Gordon's answer, as he cordially shook his hand. "I have no fears that you will not gratify me, if you will but yield to the suggestions of your own good sense."

Frederick Gordon slept not that night. We will not attempt to follow the workings of his mind. Suffice it to say, that the next morning, with a pale cheek, but with a voice that did not falter, he signified to his father his readiness to adopt the plan proposed by him the previous evening.

"Then you must go at once, this very day," said Mr. Gordon; "there must be no time for foolish regrets and sentimental nonsense. The 'Virginia' sails for Europe upon the 20th of next month, and this—yes, this is the 17th. You have no time to lose—you must start for New York this evening, and you will then hardly have time to make the necessary preparations there." And he hurried away to expedite his son's departure.

CHAPTER IV.

We must now return to sweet Lily Grey, whom we left so unceremoniously at Mr. Mason's gate, after her adventure in the woods with Frederick Gordon. When she entered the house, she did not, as usual, repair immediately to the common parlor or sitting-room as it was called, but ascending the stairs she sought her own chamber. Hastily throwing off her bonnet, she approached the small mirror, and slowly removing the handkerchief which was fastened around her temples, endeavored to ascertain the extent of the injury she had received. She found that it was nothing but a tolerably deep incision, made, apparently, by a very sharp stone. The bleeding had ceased, and she soon succeeded in closing the wound by the help of some narrow strips of plaster.

She then seated herself by the low window, and tried to recall the events of the day. Dear Lily Grey! what a fount of deep, pure, exquisite, yet strange happiness had welled up in her young heart since she went forth that summer afternoon upon her errant of mercy to old Mrs. Forster's cottage! Yet bright tear-drops were continually sparkling in her beautiful eyes, and her hands trembled so that she could scarcely smooth the shining curls that fell without restraint upon her shoulders.

For a long time she sat there by the window; darkness came on, but she heeded it not; there was no darkness of the spirit there, and her heart was illumined in its innermost recesses by light from within, light that depended not upon outward objects—light clearer than that of the sun at noonday.

"Why, Lily dear!" exclaimed the cheerful voice of Mrs. Mason, "are you here? We thought you had not come in yet; and fearing you were lost or in some trouble or other, George started in pursuit of you some time ago. And now, while he is tramping through the woods in search of you, here you are, ensconced in your own little room safe as a saint in her niche. But bless me, child! why, what a wound upon your forehead," and dropping the bantering tone she had before used, and approaching quickly to Lily's side, the good lady asked seriously, "What *is* the matter, Lily? What has happened?"

"There is nothing of consequence the matter now," replied Lily, and she rapidly sketched the occurrences of the afternoon. She did not think it necessary to tell the whole story, and was thankful that the blush she felt rising to her very forehead, as she mentioned the name of Frederick Gordon, was concealed by the increasing darkness.

"Really, quite a romantic adventure you have had," said her aunt, as Lily concluded her little story. "I suppose that, as in duty bound, you intend falling in love with Mr. Gordon forthwith. I fancy your bright eyes had done some mischief in that quarter already; and now would n't it be funny if we should have a wedding here, eh Lily?" And thus she rattled on while they were descending the stairs, and proceeding to the parlor where tea was waiting, never once dreaming that there was any thing like truth in her playful jest. Had she done so she would have been very serious, for she well knew it was no light thing for a maiden to place that priceless treasure, her young heart's pure love, in another's keeping.

Lily escaped from the family circle soon after tea that evening, under plea of fatigue; and, in truth, she

felt the need of rest. She longed to be alone with her newly born happiness; to recall the looks and words that had so thrilled her heart. She was young, very young, almost a child in years; and she had not learned that the treasure she had found that day was one to be received with fear and trembling. She took the angel guest to her bosom, tearfully, it its true, but oh! most joyfully; and she lay down upon her couch that night to dream only of long, long days of bliss. She knew, indeed, that something of sorrow must fall to the lot of mortals; but would not even *that* be sweet if shared with *him?* With such thoughts as these she knelt to offer up her evening prayer, and to bless her Father in Heaven for the new well-spring of joy that had sprung up in her pathway.

How bright and beautiful was every thing in the outer world when Lily awoke next morning! There had been a shower during the night, and a thousand gems were sparkling upon every tree and shrub and flower. The mist was rolling up from the mountains, but it yet lay heavily above the bed of the river, marking its windings as far as the eye could reach. It seemed to Lily that earth was never so beautiful before; and there was melody in her young heart as she stood by the open window, listening to the trilling of the birds, the low murmur of the water-fall, and all the sweet sounds with which Nature welcomes the approach of the May god. When, her simple toilet completed, she descended to breakfast that morning, old Mr. and Mrs. Mason noted with surprise her unwonted loveliness. She was, indeed, as Frederick Gordon had said, very lovely at all times; but now her face was radiant with happiness—that most efficacious of all cosmetics—and her eyes beamed with added lustre. Perhaps, too, she might have arranged her dress with rather more care than usual; for in those primitive days it was not considered necessary to attend to the duties of the toilet half-a-dozen times a day, and Lily had whispered to herself, "Frederick will surely be here to-day."

But the morning passed and no Frederick appeared. Hour after hour of the afternoon rolled away, and still he came not. She listened, with a beating heart to every approaching footstep, and wondered what could keep him from her side. At length she heard in the distance the sound of approaching wheels. She looked from the window and saw Mr. Gordon's carriage slowly toiling up the hill, and, shrinking behind the curtain, she watched it as it drew nearer and nearer. There was a figure upon the back seat, closely muffled in a cloak, which did not seem to be particularly needed at that season of the year; and her heart told her that it was the figure of him for whom she had watched and waited through the day. But the noble steeds halted not; the carriage rolled slowly by, and the muffled figure drew the folds of the mantle still more closely about it, and shrank back still farther into its dark corner.

The young girl gazed upon the vehicle until it faded from her sight; then sinking back upon her seat she covered her face with her hands. When she removed them, although her cheek was pale as marble there was no other sign of suffering. She could not, even yet, doubt that the mystery would be explained—perhaps after all it was not Frederick, and with that thought her spirits returned.

Just at dusk Mr. Mason came in from the village, and turning to Lily, said—"Lily, why did you not tell us that Fred Gordon was to leave us to-day? Of course you knew, as you saw him yesterday?"

Lily was spared the necessity of replying, for her aunt immediately exclaimed—"Fred Gordon left us! where is he going, pray?"

"Why, he goes to-night," was the reply, "in their own carriage as far as P——, and from that place takes the stage to-morrow for New York. His father tells me that he is to sail for Europe in the 'Virginia' next month, and will probably remain four or five years."

Amid the hum of voices, the exclamations of surprise, the inquiries and surmises to which this intelligence gave rise—for be it remembered, a voyage to Europe was a much more formidable undertaking then than in these days of steamships—no one noticed Lily. It was as we have said just at dusk, and with a dread foreboding of she knew not what evil, she had glided to the farthest corner of the room, and remained there effectually concealed by the gathering shadows. When the words that to her seemed the death-knell of every hope were pronounced, she did not speak, she did not even sigh, but standing motionless for a moment, with her eyes fixed wildly upon the speaker, she threw up her white arms once, twice convulsively, and then sank slowly to the floor—breathless and inanimate. Poor, poor Lily Grey.

CHAPTER V.

It had been a gala day in New York—a day of feasting and rejoicing—a day of triumphal processions and martial pageantry—one of America's most honored sons, one whose days had been spent in the service of his country, and whose blood had flown more than once upon the battle-field, was the guest of the city, and its inhabitants laying aside for awhile their accustomed avocations, had assembled *en masse* to welcome him. The old Park theatre had been converted, for that one night, into a splendid ball-room, and as darkness came on, in hundreds of dressing-rooms, the young and the lovely, ay, and many who were neither, were decking themselves for the festive scene. At a later hour innumerable carriages were rolling through the streets, bearing their precious freight to the appointed place; and hosts of tiny, satin-slippered feet tripped lightly up the broad stone steps and were lost in the crowd within. It was a splendid pageant. There were dancing plumes and sparkling gems—flashing eyes and flower-wreathed curls—the waving of banners—and over all and surrounding all, a dazzling radiance, shed from the massive chandeliers that were suspended, at no distant intervals, from the lofty ceiling. Two young men—one of them, from his foreign dress and igno-

rance of those around him, evidently a stranger—were leaning against one of the large pillars, engaged in earnest conversation. They used their opera-glasses quite freely, and were apparently commenting on the beauties around them. At length their attention was drawn toward the door by the hum of voices and murmurs of admiration that greeted the entrance of a young lady, who appeared leaning on the arm of a fine-looking man, old enough to be her father. She was, indeed, surpassingly beautiful, but it was the swan-like grace and elegance of her movements, the soul that breathed from her features, the depth of feeling in her violet eyes, that involuntarily fixed the attention of the observer, and awoke in his breast an interest for which he could scarcely account. She was magnificently attired in a tunic dress of light-blue satin, with a rich embroidery of silver—and costly pearls were clasped about her throat, her rounded arms, and gleamed amid the heavy masses of her braided hair.

The young men did not speak until she had crossed the room and was hidden from their sight by the intervening crowd; then drawing a long breath, the stranger asked of his companion—"Frank, in the name of all that 's beautiful, who is that lovely creature?"

"That," said Frank Stanley, "that is Miss Munro, our belle and heiress."

"Miss Munro!" exclaimed the other, while his color was considerably heightened, "is that Miss Munro?"

"Why yes. What is there so surprising about it? Do you know her?"

"No," was the reply, "but I have often heard of her." Then after a pause, he added, "Can you present me?"

"Certainly, if you wish it," rejoined his friend, and they crossed the apartment.

"Miss Munro, permit me to present to you my friend, Mr. Gordon." There was a low bow on the part of the gentleman, a courteous salutation on that of the lady, and after a few commonplace remarks, Elizabeth Munro was led to the dance by Frederick Gordon.

"The handsomest couple in the room by all odds," said Frank Stanley. I should not wonder if that should be a match yet. Gordon is half in love already, and if he undertakes to win her and does not succeed, I do n't know who can." And with these words he turned away to join a group of friends who were chatting merrily at a little distance.

Arthur Talmadge, the young artist addressed, gazed upon the dancers sadly and earnestly for a few moments, and then murmuring—"Stanley is right—if he cannot win her who can?" he hurried from the ball-room. Nobly gifted, but poor and proud, he felt that he had nothing in common with that gay throng, and he bent his steps toward his own cheerless room.

And Frank Stanley and Arthur Talmadge were not the only ones who arrived at the same conclusion. One by one the admirers of Miss Munro—and their name was legion—dropped off until the field was left entirely to Frederick Gordon.

As may be supposed, he was not negligent in improving the advantage thus given him. Yet at the end of six months he felt no more secure of her favor than at the time of their first acquaintance. Her demeanor toward him was always courteous, and such as became a lady; she received his attentions frankly, but yet so calmly and quietly, that it was evident she felt none of the timidity of dawning love. Her cheek never brightened at his approach; her voice never faltered as she addressed him; her eye never wandered in search of him, neither did she repulse him, and so he hovered round her hoping that success would yet be his. She listened with a pleased ear to his glowing descriptions of other lands; her fine eyes were lit up with enthusiasm as he spoke of Italy, with her sunny skies, her gems of art, and her oppressed and degraded children; of Greece, with her temples, beautiful even in their decay; of Egypt, that land of fable and mystery, and of the East, thronging as it does with memories and associations that stir the heart to its innermost depths. He was a fine reader, his voice was deep and thrilling, and when he read or recited the finest passages from Shakspeare, Milton or Wordsworth,

> "Lending the rhyme of the poet
> The beauty of his voice,"

Her cheek would glow, and her heart beat quickly. But all this might be without one throb of love for him, and he felt it. He could but observe, too, that she carefully avoided every thing like intimacy, and there was no heart communion between them—she never spoke of themselves; there was interchange of thought, but none of feeling, and strive as he might, he could not lift the veil that seemed imperviously drawn between their souls.

And when Frederick Gordon became aware of this, a shadow deeper and darker than any that he had ever before known, rested upon his pathway. He had returned from Europe fully determined to woo and win her for the sake of her wealth. Love, or any congeniality of feeling that might exist between them was but a secondary consideration. When he saw her that night in the ball-room, more beautiful almost than his wildest dream of beauty, emphatically "the star of the goodly companie;" when he learned that the proudest in the land had sued humbly yet vainly for her favor, pride came to the aid of his mercenary motives, and he resolved to bear off triumphantly the prize for which so many were contending. But when he was thrown almost daily into her presence the atmosphere of purity and goodness which surrounded her, made him feel much as we may suppose a fallen spirit might feel in the presence of an angel of light. He could not meet the glance of her clear eyes, that glance so holy, so unworldly, without a pang of remorse for the unworthy incentives that had first led him to seek her. And he learned to love her deeply—devotedly. His heart thrilled at the sound of her voice, the lightest echo of her footsteps, the mere touch of her fair hand. He would have taken her to his bosom, and

called her his own sweet wife, with no other dowry than the love of her pure, trusting heart. Yes, at last even Frederick Gordon loved *disinterestedly*.

Alas, poor Lily Grey! While thy false lover was thus bowing at the shrine of another, did thy image never haunt him? Did no thought of thee ever awaken a sigh or a regret? Did he never drop a tear over thy memory?

In the large and elegant drawing-room of one of the most splendid mansions in Waverley Place, a fair girl had just listened to an impassioned declaration of love from one who stood before her, waiting breathlessly the faintest motion of her lips. But the lady spoke not; her rapidly varying color was the only evidence that she had even heard the eloquent words that had just fallen upon her ear. The young man spoke again, and this time his voice was more low and tremulous than before, for his heart was heavy with doubt and apprehension.

"Elizabeth—Miss Munro—this suspense is very, very terrible—will you not speak to me?"

A strange expression, like a sudden spasm of pain, passed over the face of the lady for a moment, and then she replied, calmly—"Did I hear you aright, Mr. Gordon? Did I understand you to say that you had never breathed words of love in the ear of another?"

The eyes of Elizabeth Munro were bent upon those of Frederick Gordon with a steady, searching gaze, and his own drooped before them. At length he said, falteringly—"Yes—no—that is, I was young—it was nothing more than a passing fancy—a mere flirtation with a pretty girl I met in the country."

The red blood mounted to the lady's brow, and her eye flashed as she took a small shell-comb from her hair, and the long, brown curls that it had confined fell over her neck and shoulders. Then pushing back the ringlets from her forehead, and placing her finger upon a small scar upon her temple, she said slowly—"Frederick Gordon—do you know me now?"

The young man had not moved since he had last spoken, but remained with his eyes fixed upon the carpet. At the lady's words, however, he looked up suddenly, and brow, check and lip grew white—white as those of the dead. Then covering his face with his hand, as if to shut out some hateful vision, he exclaimed—"Lily Grey—Lily Grey—have you come even here to torment me?"

"She is even here," was the quiet reply, "and I presume it is unnecessary for me to say that the man whose pretended love for Lily Grey was a 'passing fancy,' a 'mere flirtation'—the man who for the sake of paltry gold so cruelly deserted the young being he had won, without a farewell word or line, can never claim the hand of Elizabeth Munro. Nay, hear me, Mr. Gordon," she added, as he would have interrupted her, "entreaties are useless, I can never be your wife, but I wish to explain some things which are probably mysteries to you. My name is Elizabeth Grey Munro. My father always called me his Lily, and by that pet name, too, I was called by Mr. and Mrs. Mason. When I went into the country to visit them it was a childish freak of mine to be called by my middle name, and be known as simple Lily Grey, rather than as the heiress Elizabeth Munro. Had you called to see me before your sudden departure, all would have been explained; but you chose to do otherwise, and of course I could put but one construction upon your conduct—that you were merely trifling with one whom you supposed your inferior in point of wealth, and that, finding you had gone rather farther than you intended, you wished to get rid of the affair as speedily as possible. I do not hesitate now to say that I once loved you, Frederick Gordon, as you did not deserve to be loved, but that passed—passed with the knowledge of your unworthiness. When we met in the ball-room I saw at once that you did not recognize me—five years had changed the young and timid girl who blushed at your approach into the woman, calm and self-possessed as yourself. You were blinded, too, by the fashion and glitter around me, and, in short, you looked not for Lily Grey in Elizabeth Munro."

"Oh, Lily, forgive, forgive," implored Frederick, throwing himself at her feet. "For sweet mercy's sake forgive and love me again as in other days, I have erred deeply—deeply—but I have repented also."

Tears rolled down the fair girl's cheeks as she replied, at the same time kindly extending her hand, "I do, I do forgive, for the sake of the love I once bore you—but that love I can never give you again. The chord is broken and will never vibrate more.

The young man rose and gazed wildly upon her face, but he read nothing there to give him hope, and clasping her hand for an instant, he rushed from her presence.

. . . . . .

Reader, upon one of those beautiful islands that, not far from Mackinaw, lie on the breast of Lake Huron, like the purest of emeralds in a setting of silver, there is a little, picturesque village where the magnificent steamers, that plow the lakes from Buffalo to Chicago, stop to take in wood and water. But a short distance from the village, and yet half-concealed by overshadowing trees, there stands a plain but strongly built house. There is nothing peculiar in its general appearance, and you would pass it almost unheeded, unless you chanced to perceive that the windows of the chamber in the south-east corner of the building were guarded by strong iron bars. If you looked yet more closely, you would see the form of a man, still in the prime of life, with fetters upon his wrists, his hair closely shaven, and the wild gleam of the maniac in his eye, pacing the apartment, or gazing between the bars upon the broad expanse of waters. That face, once seen, will haunt you forever! In the yard, slowly walking back and forth, with his white hair streaming in the wind and his hands folded behind him, is often seen an old man, whose bowed form and trembling limbs speak of suffering even more plainly than of age. Anguish and remorse are stamped in legible characters upon his brow, and as he moves to and fro, the words come forth slowly and mournfully from his

white lips—"Oh, Amy, Amy, thy prophecy is fulfilled!"

. . . . . .

One more scene—a more cheerful one we trust—and our story is ended. In a small, pleasant room, furnished with exquisite taste, half-buried in the crimson cushions of a luxurious chair, sat a young mother, and upon her lap lay her first born, a fair and delicate babe, whose tiny face seemed the miniature of the one that bent over it, save that the little rings that lay upon its forehead were of a darker hue. Very lovely was that young mother—more lovely than in the brightest days of her girlish beauty, as she reclined there in the simple, yet tasteful robe of a convalescent, her pale cheek half-shaded by the rich, brown curls that escaped from beneath her cap. Her eyes wandered often from the face of her babe to the door, and at length a glad smile sprang to her parted lips as she heard the sound of footsteps in the hall. The door opened, and a fine-looking man, whose intellectual face bore the unmistakable seal of genius, entered, and exclaiming joyously—"What—you here, Elizabeth? I have no words to tell you how glad I am to see you in our little sanctum again, my own sweet wife." He bent to kiss the lips that were raised lovingly to his. "And our precious little daughter, too—she is six weeks old to-day, is she not?"

"Yes, Arthur—and it is about time she had a name, I think. What shall we call her?"

The young husband paused for a moment, and tears gathered in his proud, dark eyes as he replied—"Let her name be Lily Grey, dearest. Had you never borne that name perhaps I could not call you *mine* now." And Arthur Talmadge—no longer poor and unappreciated, toiling for his daily bread—but Arthur Talmadge, the courted and honored artist, whose fame was in all the land, pressed his wife fondly to his bosom!

"SETTLING TO A JEMIMA."

SUGGESTED BY "MY NOVEL."

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

Yet it was with a deep groan that I settled myself to a—Jemima. *Letter from Riccobocca to Lord L'Estrange.*

"And how do you like 'My Novel,' Frank?"

It was a very natural question under the circumstances. We had just finished two excellent cigars. St. Julian had an exquisite choice in the article, which I could fully appreciate. The fire was shining glowing red through the polished bars of the grate—the curtains were down, and the gas lighted. The library-table was strewn with papers, and new publications, and among the rest "Blackwood," in its unpretending brown cover, laid half open, and the paper-cutter thrust between the leaves. That knife was a great favorite with my friend, who had brought it from Switzerland. The blade was of burnished silver, the handle the delicate foot of a chamois, preserved most perfectly. *I* might have hunted from Paris to Berne without lighting upon it; but these things always seemed to fall in the way of St. Julian, as if by the magnetic attraction of his refined taste.

The library could scarcely have been dignified by that title. It was a small room, suited to my friend's not over ample means, and fitted up with more of the bachelor air than the lounging-rooms of most Benedicts contrive to retain. Book-cases and tables of black walnut, the books being more valuable as rare editions, than from the extent of the collection, a few excellent engravings, and one beautiful head in oil, completed the appointments. We had dined, and nuts and wine were on the table before us. Mrs. St. Julian had absented herself on the plea of nursery engagements, possibly she thought we might like to chat without even her gentle restraint, of our old bachelor days. Considerate woman! Would that more of my married friends had possessed themselves of such a household treasure!

"How do I like Bulwer's last? Just the question you asked years ago, St. Julian, in the days of Pelham and Earnest Maltravers, when maiden aunts held up their hands in pious horror at the mere mention of his name, and young ladies doted on the "dear wicked books," just because they were proscribed."

"Exactly," nodded St. Julian, knocking the silvery ashes from the tip of his Figaro.

"Bulwer is older now—and so are we, eh! and may be said to have sown the wild oats of authorship. I was bored to death by Harold."

"And so was I. When I saw the announcement on the cover that Bulwer was about to take leave of fiction, I thought it was quite time."

"Harold being 'the last of the Saxons,' a new era commenced. The Caxton's took me by surprise—at first I did not like it. The opening chapter was a cross of Tristrim Shandy and 'The Doctor'—the coarseness of the one, and metaphysics of the other being a little tempered—'weakened,' I called it, and threw the book aside. I heard everybody talking of it, and wondered how they could praise such trash."

"Trash! the Caxton's trash!"

"Hold—I read it afterward; it was the only thing I could find on the counter of a country bookseller to solace and support me through a long journey, otherwise, I candidly confess, I should not have

chosen it. You know the route, the winter of my Floridian jaunt. Shut up in the cars passing through those North Carolina pine-lands, without interest or variety, with not a soul that I knew, or any physiognomy that I liked well enough to make acquaintance with—how I blessed the dogged obstinacy that had hitherto made it a sealed book to me. I read till the twilight deepened, and then I borrowed the conductor's lantern, and read again."

"And liked it as much as I do, no doubt."

"More than I can tell you. You know I never was given to enthusiastic criticism. It was so new, so varied—the sentiment more than the incident, I mean, When 'Alice' was written, I should not have fancied the Caxton's. I could not have understood the author's reasonings—for you know it is, after all, more a philosophy than a romance."

"Sound philosophy, too—nothing harsh or cynical in it, as one might naturally have expected from the domestic life of the author."

"And that is the charm of 'My Novel,' it is the same subject continued; a homily against worldliness and selfishness, in the most charming guise, example as well as precept—and that so naturally drawn. Who does not pity Audley Egerton—giving life and soul to political ambition, or despise his sycophant Leslie, with his scheming, plotting brain."

"Outwitted at last, of course. 'Honesty the best policy,' is the burden of the tale. Yet I pity Randall more than his dupe, your namesake, Frank; the one has *mens conscia recti* to support him in all his difficulties. I can fancy Leslie's situation exactly. Ambitious by descent, as it were, and for the honor of his ancestors, as well as for personal ease and distinction, stung by the destitution and utter neglect of his home, refined in taste, one scarcely wonders that he becomes unscrupulous of means to the end."

"And there is Frank, as you say, so honest and honorable, so generous—I have heard many objections to the possibility of his attractions to the brilliant Marchesa. But I can understand that, too. The world-wearied woman, longing for the honorable, generous love, for the repose of just such a heart, won most of all by the *genuineness* of the proffered love, accustomed as she had been so long to constant but unmeaning adulation."

"Yes, I don't think it at all unnatural; there is another thing some might think inconsistent, the union of the accomplished and elegant Riccobocca and his Jemima."

"I confess, *I* cannot quite understand that. There is the same doctrine in the Caxtons—Mrs. Caxton, you know; and yet Pissistratus found sympathy in a mind attuned to his own; and L'Estrange must have his Violante, after all. In this, I think, our author contradicts himself a little."

"I do not think so," St. Julian said, more warmly. "Bulwer's theory seems to me, that in the close friendship of domestic life, some natures need restraint, some repose, while others, on the contrary, would be ruined without stimulus. Harley's was one of these—Riccobocca, on the contrary, *needed* his Jemima."

"I see the theory, and I see it carried out in daily life. For my part, if ever I marry"—and here I involuntarily touched the rapidly thinning locks on my temples—"if ever I marry, it must be a brilliant, cultivated woman, one that would command general admiration—I hate your jealous, selfish men—one that would force me to keep up to her mark. I must confess, I wonder at half the marriages now-a-days—men of talent united to women who do not look as if they had ever opened a book in their lives, or would have the courage to criticise it if they had—good enough—amiable enough—but lacking spirit—originality."

Here I paused in my energetic disclaimer—it was getting a little awkward; our acquaintances had often remarked the same of St. Julian, and he must know it; indeed, I had often wondered at his choice mentally; I found his eyes fixed on mine, as I faltered, with a peculiar, penetrating expression, and I fancied I saw his color heighten.

He was the first to relieve the embarrassing silence; with one of his own fine smiles he said,

"Yes, just such a wife would suit you—I know it, and you have not found her. I thought so once of myself. I am wiser now. Acknowledge"—and here the smile came and went again—"that you were thinking of my Minny that moment. Come, tell the truth, Frank—you wont offend me by doing so, I assure you."

"Well, on oath then, I was; though I never should have said so if you had not asked me. Even intimate friendship has no right to touch on such points. Every one must decide for themselves, is my theory; and no one has a right to question the choice. I confess, I have often thought I should like to know all about it though—how, with all your fire and imagination, you could have been content with simple amiability."

"Minny has more than that," St. Julian said, warmly. "She has great depth of feeling, cultivation, and correct judgment. I grant she is not what the world calls brilliant—a brilliant woman never would have suited me for a wife."

"Your opinion has changed since our college days," I could not help saying.

"Many of my opinions," said Frank. "But in this I was aided by one of the most brilliant women I have ever met."

"She rejected you, I suppose, and taught you wisdom through wounded self-love."

"No—yes—if it can be called rejection when I never offered any thing but admiration. But you shall hear all about it, if you would like it."

"Of all things."

"Well, then, you must not interrupt me, or ever mention it again. I believe it is a little pride in the support of my theory that urges me to the confession. Sometimes I like to bring her before me, however—but I always turn to the thought of Minny with *such* satisfaction."

I believed him as he said it. His face was lighted by an honest heart; I did not believe Mrs. St. Julian herself would have been wounded—tenacious

as all women are of predecessors—could she have heard the conclusion.

"Beatrice—that was her name," said St. Julian, stretching his slippered feet more comfortably toward the fire; "and I always thought no other would have suited her. She came to pass the winter in St. Louis, the first year I commenced practice there. Such an arrival, of course, made some stir in our circle; society was not as good, or as large there then as it is now. She was a widow—don't look alarmed, Frank, you never would have believed she had been married, but for a certain ease and assured manner, not the bold, pushing way, assigned to widows generally—and vulgarly, too, let me say. They told me she was about twenty-four, with a small but comfortable income, and had married a man she could not love. He proved to be dishonorable in business transactions, though a man of fascinating manner and cultivated mind. I know a dozen such men, and could see that while she had gained much intellectually by the association, her heart must have been starved.

"I remember distinctly the first time I saw her. Anthon, my partner, visited her, and from him I had taken a dislike to her. I fancied she was in the old style, a cautious, calculating coquette, expecting general homage. I was determined she should receive none from me.

"So I rather avoided her—and we met quite by accident at the house of a mutual acquaintance. The introduction startled me—she was so unlike what I imagined—a small, coquettish figure, and face marked by vivacity; on the contrary, she was tall and stately, a superb head, well set, curved red lips, a fine quivering nostril, excuse the expression, and eyes—that haunted me for years. Those are her eyes"—and he pointed to the picture I had before remarked over the mantle—"except that no painter could ever give their changeful, thrilling light. The picture is an Italian head—I saw it in Florence, and could not resist the purchase.

"She was quiet, and rather reserved in manner. Afterward her face changed when the conversation turned upon something that interested her. I controverted some opinion she had advanced. I was a little piqued at her total neglect of me, when I had expected a display of attractions for my benefit. I shall never forget the first brilliant flash of those eyes, as they turned full upon me.

"'You have thought much upon this subject, then,' she said, quietly, but I fancied with a covert sarcasm.

"My comment must have betrayed my utter ignorance of the matter—but I had not expected such quick detection. I spoke at random, as I often did in those days, more to draw her attention upon myself than for any interest I had in the conversation. But I rallied, and tried to sustain my ground with all the sophistry I could command; the rest listened, and I saw all my powers of argument and wit called forth by her close and simple reasoning. She was naturally sarcastic. I saw she controlled the spirit in a measure, still her repartee humbled me not a little; pride as well as vanity was roused at the encounter. Yet she held out her hand to me in parting, with a beautiful smile, intended to be conciliating, I saw, as she said,

"'When we meet again, I hope we shall agree more readily.'

"Anthon had often asked me to call with him at her house, for she had decided to remain with us, and her late husband's aunt superintended her household. After this encounter, I was more determined than ever not to go, but an indescribable fascination impelled me. Her face haunted me—in business, in leisure; her eyes rose up before me; I found myself trying to recall the tones of her voice. I wished so much to hear her sing—I had been told she was an accomplished musician—I was sure she must sing enchantingly. Even in conversation, her low, clear voice thrilled you.

"She welcomed me pleasantly; almost with marked warmth, at least Anthon thought so, and rallied me afterward upon my conquest. She proposed music herself in the pauses of conversation, and sung—not with any apparent desire to win admiration, but because it was a pleasure to herself, and to us. At least, I was obliged to confess this to myself, and I felt my prejudice giving way, with every bar of her delicious music. Perhaps she counted on the power the harp possessed of old to exorcise evil spirits.

"I could but think of Lady Geraldine—the poem had just appeared then, and had been the subject of our discussion.

'Ah! to see or hear her singing, scarce I know which is divinest.
For her looks sing too—she modulates her gestures on the tune,
And her mouth stirs with the song-like song: And where the notes are finest—
'Tis the eyes that shoot out oreal light, and seem to swell them on.'

"I could go on with the next stanza," St. Julian added, taking up the volume he had referred to again.

'Then we talked—O, how we talked! Her voice so cadenced in the talking,
Made another singing of the soul—a music without bars.'

"And so for many and many an evening, for there never was moth more fascinated than I became, and yet she had never shown me any decided preference. She was a great favorite in society, and always surrounded by admirers. I wondered she could have endured half their fulsome flatteries. I used to turn from the circle in perfect disgust, mentally accusing her of coquetry and vanity. Yet, after all, it was perhaps but jealousy in me.

"So the winter passed—meeting her constantly, and we became what is called good friends.

"Sometimes she claimed my services as her escort in walks or rides. I was only too glad to be near her. I knew that those around her did not understand her as I did. That she often turned from them all to her books and music for companionship. The pride and ambition of my nature found a response in hers—the vague dissatisfaction with tame reality—the thirst for change and variety—the search for sympathy with these wild visions—all that made up my inner life.

"Every one passes through this mood in early life. With some, it is scarcely more than depression or dissatisfaction; with me, it had long been a wild unrest. This was often her mood—I was sure of it when the chords of her music deepened, or that tremulous quivering of the lip, betrayed the inward strife.

"Once we were riding—the active exercise suited her spirit, she needed the rapid excitement of a bounding steed. So we came dashing homeward, our horses covered with mud and foam, for she was more than usually self-absorbed, and seemed to forget how rapidly we rode. It was a dreary November afternoon, the sky closed in with chill, gray clouds, the fading sunlight sickly and uncertain. We were passing a recent clearing for a new bye-road to some little town. Many noble trees lay felled beside our path, and, at a little distance, we noticed a flickering flame. Some freak had prompted the woodman to fire a tall ash, that stood relieved in graceful outline. One half of the trunk was completely consumed, the fire burning upward steadily from the roots, had hollowed out a channel for itself, and, while the tree stood up bare and tall, was eating out its very heart and life. It startled me for a moment; but Beatrice reined in her horse suddenly, and pointing to it with her riding-whip, said—

"'There—do you know what that is? Have you ever felt it?'

"Her tone—her glance conveyed all her meaning. I, too, had thought the emblem truthful. I was sure now that I understood her. But we neither of us spoke again until we reached home.

"Yet I would not tell her that I loved her—I had no right to think it was returned. Sometimes I thought so, when she turned to me with more than her usual confidence, or welcomed me with one of her loving smiles. I would have given worlds for the power to ask her, but something always repelled me. So I thought of her alone—I sought her society day after day, and from the very intensity of my feelings came a coldness and reserve that I did not feel.

"One night, she had been asked in a small circle of intimate friends to read 'Lady Geraldine,' aloud. Miss Barret then was almost an unknown name, even in literary circles, and Beatrice was her warm admirer. Already familiar with every line of the poem, it received new grace and power from her lips. It suited her spirit, and her presence. She lost herself in the heroine, and I hung near her, carried away by the poet's expression of all I felt for the beautiful creature before me.

"I suppose 'my heart was in my eyes.' Once, she looked up; and, for an instant, her glance met my own.

"Here is the passage—

'But at last there came a pause. I stood all vibrating with thunder,
Which my soul had used. The silence drew her face up like a cloud.
Could you guess what word she uttered? She looked up, as if in wonder,
With tears beaded on her lashes, and said—'Bertram!' it was all.'

"Yes—that instant glance 'was all;' and yet it thrilled me with love and hope. Its yearning—almost agonized—tenderness, I cannot describe to you. I never saw such a glance from woman before or since."

St. Julian rose, and began pacing the carpet before me, as he spoke, more rapidly.

"Yet, that very night, we spoke coldly and proudly to each other. She, perhaps—well I cannot tell for what reason; but it stung me, and I answered bitterly and hastily, and said to myself I would never see her again.

"We did not meet again for more than a year, strange as it seems, moving in the same small orbit. I passed her now and then with a beating heart, as I recognized her face or form upon the side-walk: she—with the same calm smile of recognition; I—with a cold and hasty bow. I grew almost to hate her—yet I could not: in the depth of my heart, I yearned to speak to her again; though I called her selfish and a coquette, most of all, in memory of that look.

"But, at last, we met; as unexpectedly as at first, and in the same house. There was every thing to remind me of the past. She was unchanged, save a softened manner, and that her dark dress was relieved by crimson ornaments, which suited her wonderfully well.

"She came toward me with extended hand, and as if we had just met from a journey.

"'Will you come and see me?' she said: 'we shall find a great deal to talk about, and I have some new songs I am sure you will like:' and I was surprised into acquiescence. All that evening I watched her—as she moved, the centre of admiration, when she smiled, or spoke; she was so very, very beautiful!—the eloquent color, the constant play of features. Once, I *fancied* her eyes turned toward me, with something of that remembered glance.

"I went home like one in a delirium; all my love rushed back—the stronger, that the current had been so long checked. I murmured her name—with the fondest intonations—the silence echoed 'Beatrice! Beatrice! My arms seemed to clasp her to my heart! I seemed to shower kisses on those loving eyes! It was a mad, intoxicating dream!

"Every fibre of my frame thrilled to the welcoming pressure of her hand. She was alone, in the little winter parlor I remembered so well. A warm, crimson carpet muffled the tread, the glass doors of the conservatory stood slightly ajar, filling the atmosphere with the odorous breath of the heliotrope and sweet-scented daphne. Crimson curtains fell in heavy folds to the floor, her piano and harp stood in the accustomed places, the fire burned low, and wax lights, in massive silver candlesticks, stood at one end of the room. It was all so familiar, the gleaming of the single bust in the corner, upon its marble pedestal, the Magdalen, her favorite picture—which I wondered at at first—hung near it, and there was her own portrait, faithful to the life, with *those eyes* looking down upon me. Perhaps she thought me sad, for she proposed music, and I leaned on the mantle and listened. At first it was a gay song; but that

was not suited to her mood, and gradually she glided into those mournful strains of Schubert and Mendelssohn, which she knew to be my favorites of old.

"When she ceased—the last chords of voice and instrument still vibrating in the silence—she rose, and came slowly toward me. It was in my heart to tell her all; but she said—

"'You have often told me I was unlike other women. It is a dangerous compliment. No woman can be happy who is unlike her sex: I have come to that conclusion at last. But, to show you that you were not mistaken in the past, I am going to tell you something about myself.'

"Here she held out her hand to me—oh! how impressive that touch, yet how kind!—and raised her eyes to mine, with a calm, searching look as a sister might have done.

"'I understood you when we first met. We were so much alike—skeptic perhaps in heart and creed. Restless, wandering, seeking rest and finding none. It was not strange that I turned toward you—that I thought I loved you—close sympathy was the element of love I longed for. I was unhappy away from you; your words, and tone, and glance had more power over me than you ever dreamed of. I longed sometimes—in my loneliness and solitude—to hear you tell me that my love was returned, to feel your arm about me, your kiss upon my forehead, your eyes fixed on mine—as once I saw them—above all, to hear your voice murmur Beatrice, dearest! all wild passionate words—that my heart yearned for. Had you sought me then, I, no doubt, should now have been your wife!'

"Beatrice, my wife! My head swam, she must have seen my frame tremble with the thought.

"'But we were separated,' she said, still calmly; I wondered at her calmness, when I was so shaken, 'and since then I am changed. Life has assumed a different hue: I am calmer'—yes, I could see that and almost curse her calmness—'I can be thankful that you did not ask me to be your wife; we shall both be happier; and, as friends, we may still be of much use to each other.'

"'Last night was the test of all my resolutions—at first, when I met your hand, your glance, they wavered: the old time rose before me—the old yearning for sympathy with my mad moods; but I fortified them by new purposes, and I was thankful for the trial. Shall we be friends?'

"'But why, O, why, Beatrice,' I said for the first time—'why not more?'

"'Because our natures are *too much* alike. Both too impulsive—too sensitive—too imaginative. Life, and its trials, and associations are real. I need something to oppose the blast—we should both bend one way. The fire that raged so fiercely could but soon die out, or consume all that fed it. Do you not see this?'

"Yes, I knew, she was true, she was right; I have felt it a hundred times since, but then I only felt all I had lost—all I was so near possessing—that all hope was past. I knew it by her tone, her manner, the gentle pressure of her hand. I knew her self-control must be the effect of an irrevocable judgment—it was a mood foreign to her, and could not be long sustained.

"What more wild words I said, I can easily imagine, and her flushed cheek told me the struggle that they caused within; but I had no right thus to act upon her generous confession, and at length I listened to her gentle reasoning.

"'If I ever marry,' she said, 'it must be one whose judgment is not controlled by his feelings, who can understand, yet not share, in these wild moods you would only encourage. It must be strength of will and tenderness combined that can control me. You need repose as much as I. We are friends you know—I read your heart better than you can yourself—your wife must also be firm and gentle. I should in the end only make you miserable.'"

"Well," I said, as St. Julian paused in apparent forgetfulness of my presence.

"Well, as you say—I did not cease to hope from her impulsive moods until I knew that she was to be married. When she found it was so, she avoided me; it *was* base to presume on her generous frankness."

"So she is married?"

"To a man others say the very reverse of herself—but I understand it, and believe her to be happy—and I took her advice, at length, and sought out a Jemima! no, my Minny is more like Mrs. Caxton of the two, and is far too good a wife for me Beatrice would have made me miserable, I believe."

I smiled as he settled himself complacently in the lounging chair from which he had risen, and returned to a quiet contemplation of the fire, the very picture of the contented husband, after all that utterance of enthusiastic feeling—but when Mrs. St. Julian came quietly into the room, a few moments after, with her pretty basket of needle-work, and her cheerful, household face, I could not but think that my friend was right after all in his choice, and that I, too, after a few more hesitating years, might be glad to find myself settled to *such* a Jemima.

SNOW FLAKES.

BY MRS. L. G. ABELL.

They fall, as one by one they come
A silent gift of starry light,
Concealing every spot and stain
With robe of purest white—

As Charity, with words of peace,
Her downy mantle covers o'er
The little faults of those we love—
So fall the snow flakes evermore.

A LIFE OF VICISSITUDES.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

(*Concluded from page* 618.)

THE DREAMS FULFILLED.

I slept not one wink that night. I can compare the state of my mind to nothing but a still, deep piece of water, suddenly stirred by a strong wind. Thought was a confused mass of waves, flowing one into the other, and hurrying away into some new form, ere they could be measured or defined. Toward morning, however, one of the memories the most prominent became that of the surprise which had been shown by the Count and Countess De Salins at my having seen and conversed with the Marquis de Carcassonne. I dwelt upon it. I pondered. I scrutinized it. "The murderer of my father!" I thought; "how did he murder him? Was it in a duel: by an act which good Father Bonneville, with his strong principles, might look upon as murder? No—there must have been something more. What the count had said in regard to the other's guilt showed that it was by no common occurrence my father fell. There must have been something more; and what that was I determined to ascertain. Not that I thought of taking vengeance on the pitiful dying worm I had seen—he was not worthy of it. The extinction of his few short hours of life would offer but poor satisfaction. "Better leave him in the hand of God, I thought, who knows all and sees all, and is just as well as merciful." Nevertheless, I was determined to know how my father fell, and that without any long delay. I knew that where there is a strong will, means are rarely wanting to accomplish even the most improbable ends: but, after long meditation, I saw but one way of arriving at my object: I will go to the old man," I thought, "and drive him to tell me all. I will strengthen my mind, and harden my heart, and compel him to divulge the dark secret within his breast."

Such was my first resolution, and it was that to which I recurred; but, in the mean time, another plan suggested itself, which I tried, but which failed. I thought that, very probably, the Count de Salins himself would give me information; and as the mind—especially of youth—is always fond of accomplishing more than one object at a time, I resolved to go down the very next day, and pass an hour or two with Mariette, at the same time I sought the information I required. There was one thing, however, which embarrassed me a good deal—not that it presented itself to my mind in any definite shape; but it had crossed my thoughts like a vague, unpleasant shadow more than once during the night. I do not know that I can very well explain myself distinctly—that I can make any one else, even those for whom these pages are written, and who understand me best, comprehend fully the state of my mind at that moment. I should perhaps have said, in common parlance, the state of my heart, but mind had something to do with it likewise. Let me try, however.

The Mariette of the past, the Mariette of the present, seemed to me, as it were, two beings in one. The long interval which had occurred between our parting and meeting again, rendered them, as it were, distinct—a child and a woman. But yet that interval had been bridged over by constant remembrance. I had never forgotten her. I had never ceased to think of her. She had taken such a hold of my young affections, that nothing had ever been able to remove them from her, and thin, filmy lines of thought had been carried backward and forward, between the past and the present, like the threads of a spider's web. When we had been boy and girl, I had often looked forward to the period when we should be man and woman, and I had again and again fancied that Mariette would be my wife—my own for ever. Now we were man and woman, the process was reversed; and fancy ran back to childhood. I saw in her the sister of my early days, my dearly loved play-fellow and plaything. I began to think, indeed, that I loved her better now—not that the least particle of the former love was lost: it was the foundation of all, but another love was being built up upon it. I did not know, indeed, how far that edifice was completed. I would not examine, I would not inquire, I would not scan my own heart and its feelings, although I was conscious that all the thought and anxiety I had lately bestowed upon her could hardly arise without deeper feelings than those of boyhood, or exist without increasing them. I must not say that I *resolved* or that I *intended* any thing; for where Mariette was concerned, I did not pause to resolve or to intend. All I desired or looked for was, to make her happy by any means, to remove her for ever from poverty, and to share with her all I had to share. But there was one difficulty, and it was this: I knew not how to explain to her the source of my present affluence—to tell her, or her father, or her mother, that even for a short few days I had been wedded to another. In my present feelings toward her, it seemed as if I had been unfaithful to her—as if I had robbed her of a part of the affection which was her due, in giving any share of my love to poor Louise.

If I felt so, what—I asked myself, might she not

feel? How might she bear the thought of being the second in my love? I knew well myself that she was not the second. That she was the first, the best beloved; but could I persuade her of that? And even if I did—would she not think my conduct the more base and wrong in having wedded another? If—by any chance—such early visions as I had indulged, had produced in her the same sort of indefinite impression—that we were bound to each other from very childhood—from which I could not divest my own mind, what would she think of my having forgot the bond, for even so short a period?

I did not know woman's heart. I was not aware of how much less selfish, how much less exacting is woman's love.

But let me go on with my story. These thoughts embarrassed me as I walked along toward her father's cottage. That my previous marriage must be told, sooner or later, I well knew; but how to do it puzzled me, and the probable effect alarmed me.

As I was thus meditating, just at the turn of the lane from Lee, I came suddenly full upon Westover. He was on foot, and gazing very thoughtfully down upon the ground. I will not pause to dwell upon my feelings; for though they were bitter and bad, ungenerous and unkind, they were very transitory. So deep was his revery that he did not see me till we were close together, but then he held out his hand frankly, and I am afraid I gave mine very coldly, hardly pausing in my walk.

"Why, De Lacy!" he exclaimed, "you seem in great haste?"

"I have found out the friends I have been so long seeking, Captain Westover," I answered, "and am now going to see them."

"Captain Westover!" he replied. "Well: so you have found them out; and, therefore, I have had my trouble for nothing."

His tone, more than his words, made me feel a little ashamed.

"What trouble do you allude to?" I asked.

"Two journeys to Lewisham," he answered, laughing. "A long conversation with an old woman in a chandler's shop, and the cross-examination of a tax-gatherer."

"Indeed!" I said. "And why did you take all this trouble?"

"Merely to ascertain," replied Westover, "if the lady of the rose cottage, with the beautiful eyes, was in reality your long-lost love, Mariette de Salins. My chandleress could only inform me on Saturday, that it was a French gentleman who inhabited the cottage, with his wife and daughter: that they called him the count; but count or no count, he taught French for two shillings a lesson. The tax-gatherer, she said, could tell me more about them: but the tax-gatherer happened to be absent, dunning some poor devils, I dare say, and so I came down again to day, and discovered that it is, indeed, a Count de Salins who lives there with his wife and daughter, though how that can be, I cannot make out, for you told me that the count was dead. However, I was just now coming up to tell you what I have found out, and to force a piece of advice upon you."

I was now heartily ashamed of the feelings with which I had met him, but I explained that I had been deceived with regard to the death of Monsieur de Salins, and then asked in our old friendly tone, what was the advice he intended to give me.

He put his arm through mine, and walked on with me.

"The fact is, De Lacy," he said, in a meditative way, "you are furiously in love, my dear fellow—far enough gone to be as jealous as a spaniel-dog. Now do not suppose that I am angry with this—for it is very natural; nor even that I should be so, if I found out that, in your innermost thoughts, you fancied just now that I came down here upon some blackguard errand—for there are so many of us in London who care not, so long as they hold their honor fair toward men, how dishonorably they act toward women, that such a supposition might be very natural, too. I see the suspicions have vanished, however, and so now to business. Let me, however, premise one thing. It is perfectly unnatural, and out of the ordinary course of events, that one young man should take a strong and affectionate interest in another, and endeavor to serve him upon perfectly unselfish principles. This postulate is granted. As in what I am going to say, I wish to serve you, I must either be an unnatural monster of generosity, or I must have some selfish motive. That is a fair inference, I think? Well, then, I admit the selfish motives. I do wish to serve you upon principles purely personal. My motives I cannot tell you at present, but I will tell you before I return to my regiment—perhaps, at the very last minute. All this I have said, to convince you of my sincerity, in order that you may take my advice as that of a sincere friend. Now, this love of yours will hurry you on very rapidly, and, without a little prudence, we shall have nothing but marryings and givings in marriage. My advice is, be discreet and patient. Make love as much as ever you like, but do not marry in a great hurry. If you do, you may injure yourself irreparably. Things are, I trust, looking fair for you. You are young, and your fair lady must be a good deal younger. You can both afford to wait a little, and it will be much better for you to do so."

"Very good advice, Westover," I replied; "but could you follow it yourself in my case?"

"I have waited two years myself," he answered, and shall probably have to wait two years more, exactly upon the same principles—but without half the strong motives which should induce you to wait, if you knew all."

I paused for an instant, looking down thoughtfully and somewhat bitterly.

"I do not know all, Westover," I replied, "but I am determined that I soon will. You, indeed, seem to know more of me than I do myself; at least, if I may judge from your words at present, and I do not see why a stranger should have such information when it is denied to me."

"No stranger," replied Westover, shaking my

hand, as we were now near the cottage door, "but however that may be, De Lacy, take my advice: be patient—be prudent; engage yourself by any ties you like; but do not hurry your marriage, at least, till I am able to speak further, and to tell you more—and now, good bye; come and see me in London; tomorrow, if you can, but chme and see me often; for I do not feel very sure whether it is the living or the dead part of my regiment I am going to join in a few weeks."

I paused for a few moments before I went up to the house; but, on knocking at the door, I was told by the little servant-girl that the count had got his class with him. I then asked for Madame de Salins. She was out, the girl said, but *Miss* de Salins was at home. O, how horrible that frightful epithet of Miss struck me, when applied to my Mariette. I asked to see her, however, and was shown into a little room just opposite that in which I had been the day before. Mariette was sitting reading, and bright and beautiful she looked in her homely attire. She was evidently very glad to see me; and I was glad to see she was a little agitated, too; for she had been so much calmer than I was at our first meeting, that I had teazed myself with the thought ever since of her loving me less than I loved her. She told me that her father would not be free for two or three hours, but that her mother would soon be back, and would be very glad to see me. I said I would wait to see Madame de Salins, though I feared I could not remain till her father was at liberty. O, how artful I had become! By this manœuvre I gained nearly an hour of sweet conversation with Mariette, a short interview with Madame de Salins, and a good excuse for coming again on the following day.

I do not remember distinctly one word of the conversation between Mariette and myself; but I do know that, to me, it was very delightful: that we dwelt much upon former times, every thought of which was full of young affection; that Mariette had forgot nothing any more than myself, and that the memories of those days seemed as dear to her as they were to me. We carried our minds so completely back to the past: we plunged into childhood again so deeply, that I almost expected she would come and sit down upon my knee, and put her arms round my neck, and coax me to give her some trifle, or to gather her some flower beyond her reach.

Then again, we talked of our wanderings and all the vicissitudes we had seen; and, once or twice, we came very near the subject of my journey to Hamburgh. When we did so, I fancied that I could see a peculiarly grave and almost sorrowful expression come into her beautiful eyes, and I remarked that she seemed quite as willing to turn the conversation in another direction as myself. However, nothing painful of any kind occurred in that short interview—short, O, how short it seemed, and how very speedy the return of Madame de Salins.

When she did come, she was very, very happy to see me. Time had made no difference in her feelings toward me. I was still to her the boy she had known and loved in France and Germany; and I felt, between Mariette and her mother, at least, there would be no need of ceremony: that with or without excuse, I should always be to them a welcome guest—nay, not a guest, a friend, a son, a brother. With Monsieur de Salins, however, it might be different, and, therefore, to make sure of another day, I forced myself to depart before he appeared.

On the following day I was there half an hour earlier than that at which I knew he would be free from his class, and that half-hour was spent with Mariette and Madame de Salins as happily as it could be.

My interview with Monsieur de Salins was not quite so satisfactory. He was as kind indeed as I could expect, and spoke of, what he called, my services to his wife and daughter with more gratitude than any little thing I had done for them could deserve. But in regard to that which was nominally the principal object of my visit, he maintained a reserve which I could not vanquish. He made use of no evasions, used no subterfuges, but met my inquiries at once with a refusal to comply. I referred to what he had said regarding the Marquis de Carcassonne, and pointed out to him that his words were calculated to excite surprise and curiosity, even if I had not previously received intimatioes which had equally astonished me.

"I was incautious," replied Monsieur de Salins; "but it will be better for you, my young friend, to wait for further explanations till the time when they can be given to you by persons much better qualified to enter into all the details than I am. In fact, I deeply regret that I came near so painful a subject at all, and beg you to pardon my having done so, when taken by surprise."

I could gain no further information from him; but I lingered yet for an hour or two in conversation with himself, Mariette, and her mother, walked with them in the little garden behind the cottage, talked of shrubs and flowers, and every thing the furthest removed from the subjects which really occupied my mind, and at length returned home, resolving to visit London, and see the Marquis de Carcassonne the next day.

I made the attempt accordingly, but was disappointed. I saw the old French apothecary in his shop, and learned from him that his lodger was out. The man seemed to have no recollection of me, and was somewhat more civil than at our previous meeting. His answer to my question was prompt and unhesitating, and I judged that he was not deceiving me. I was therefore obliged, unwillingly, to wait for another opportunity, and turned my steps toward the lodging of Westover, in Brook street. It was one of those days, however, when every one is out, and merely leaving my card, I returned to Blackheath, having accomplished nothing.

My next task was to get the Count de Salins to bring Mariette and her mother to spend a day at our cottage; and I quietly prompted Father Bonneville to ask the whole party, in his own name, for the Monday following, when the count's class did not meet.

Etiquette, and ceremonies, and conventionalities,

were very much laid aside at this time amongst the poor French emigrants. We had so much need of all the comforts and sympathies of social life, such scanty means of keeping up the stately reserves which had previously existed in France—covering, it must be confessed, a multitude of glaring vices—that we were glad to seize upon any occasion of enjoying a little friendly intercourse in a land where we were generally poor, and strangers, and by the great mass of the vulgar utterly despised.

The invitation was accepted frankly, and I set to work to devise how the day might be made to pass pleasantly for all parties. I had a very beautiful garden, now rich in flowers, and a gate at the back opened into some pleasant fields. There was nothing very striking in the scenery around, but there was a soft rural beauty rarely to be met with, so near a great capital. I planned walks in directions which we were not destined to take. I decorated our two sitting-rooms with nosegays of the flowers which Mariette had loved in childhood. I laid her little book of reading-lessons on the table, and a withered violet beside it, which she had given to me in its beauty, and which I had kept ever after between the leaves of the book. I arranged every thing, in short, as far as possible, to carry her mind back to the past, and, in my own eagerness, I felt very much like a child again myself.

One thing, however, I avoided. Neither in the dinner I had ordered, nor in any of the arrangements did I suffer any thing like great expense, or an attempt at display, to appear. Every thing was simple, though every thing was comfortable and good. As I went about early in the morning, busying myself with a thousand trifles, I could see Father Bonneville's eyes following me, while a quiet smile played about his lips. I saw that he comprehended, in some degree at least, what was going on in my heart, and that he did not even care to conceal his amusement at the eagerness which, if he had ever known, he knew no longer.

The morning was as bright and beautiful as could be. Nature seemed to smile upon me. There might be a few clouds, but they were only such as fancy sometimes brings over a happy heart. There had been a light shower, indeed, in the night, but it had only sufficed to lay the dust and soften the ground, and render the rich unequalled verdure of England the more brilliant.

Our friends were to come to breakfast, and they appeared punctually at the hour. O, how warmly did I welcome them, and how happy did Mariette's presence make me there. The very memory of that day is so sweet that I could dwell—even now—upon all the details with childish fondness. Fancy one of your own dreams of early delight, and spread it through a bright, glorious summer-day, and you will comprehend the passing of the next twelve hours te me.

But I must pass over much of what we did. Monsieur de Salins was suffering a good deal—as I found was still frequently the case—from the effect of his old wounds; but he sat out in the garden with Father Bonneville, while I, and Madame de Salins and Mariette, wandered about amongst the shrubs and flowers. Dinner had been ordered early, that we might not lose the cool of the evening for any ramble we might choose to take, and I suggested two or three little expeditions, all of which were determined upon in turn, but ultimately abandoned To my surprise, however, I found, at length, that Mariette—though residing so long in the neighborhood—had never visited a spot celebrated in history, and exquisitely beautiful in itself, but which has long since lost one of its best charms from the multitudes which throng thither on a summer's day. I speak of Greenwich park. Madame de Salins said that she had often thought of going thither with her daughter, but it was too far from their house for them to walk, and they could not afford a carriage. I pressed them both to go that evening; they were a mile nearer: we had but to cross the heath—and then I proposed to send for the pony-phaeton, and drive them over. That Madame de Salins would not hear of, and she feared the fatigue of a walk. Mariette looked a little disappointed, perhaps; and her father—who watched every look of his child's face with earnest affection—exclaimed:

"You two go, my children. Never mind us, we will enjoy ourselves here—there can be no objection, I suppose?" he added, turning to his wife.

"Oh! none," replied Madame de Salins, at once. "She is as safe with Louis as with a brother."

It is but fair that fortune—who so often amuses herself with putting out of joint our best devised schemes—should, at rare intervals, make us compensation thus, by bringing about, through little accidents, that which we desire, but dare not hope for.

With Mariette's arm drawn through mine, we set out upon our walk across the heath. I fancied that I felt a tremor in her hand, and I was glad of it—although, after all, I am not sure that it did not increase my own. It seemed as if the crisis of my fate was approaching, and I knew—I felt now, for the first time, what it is to love passionately, earnestly. When I remembered my sensations in all the events which occurred at my marriage with poor Louise—deep, strong, earnest as they were—my anxiety to spare her any pain—my ardent longing to give her any happiness—the tender, heartfelt desire to save, to cherish and to comfort her—and compared them, by one of those brief, rapid, but comprehensive glances of the mind, with all I experienced at present, I comprehended, at once, that I had never really loved till now, and that, whatever she might think, I could give to Mariette the first true offering of my heart. I had never known what it was to feel the sort of trepidation that now seized upon me. It was like a gambler's last throw. Every thing seemed staked—hope, happiness, life itself, upon the decision of that hour. Wait? That was impossible. In the fiery eagerness that possessed my heart—in the passionate desire to know my fate, I would sooner have plunged into the sea, than wait till the dawn of another day.

There are certainly means of communication be-

tween heart and heart—call them by what name you will—sympathies—instincts, any thing you please—which go far beyond words—run before them—indicate without audible sounds, or tangible signs, or even looks, that which is passing within one bosom to another in harmony with itself. I had said nothing that I know of to make Mariette believe I loved her. My conduct toward her had been unchanged since first we met. I had been afraid to display, in any way, the feelings that were busy at my heart. But, yet I am right certain that ere we passed the garden-gate, she was conscious that her fate and mine depended on the words to be spoken during that walk. Yes, yes, yes, dear girl! Her hand trembled as it rested on my arm, and she kept a little farther from me than our early affection might have justified, as if there were some awe within her bosom at the decision which was to bring us so close to one another.

For a quarter of a mile we did not say a word; and then I began any how—sure to bring the conversation round, before I had done, to the one sole subject of my thoughts. I believe I talked great nonsense. I felt it at the time. I almost feared she would think I had drank too much wine; for I could not keep my ideas fixed upon that of which I was speaking. I soon found that utterly indifferent subjects would not do. I knew the worst part of the task that was before me, and I determined to approach it at once. Yet I did not succeed in my first attempt. I thought if I spoke of her father's situation, of my anxious, longing desire that he and his should share in all I possessed, and if I tried to enlist her on my side in persuading him to yield any pride and prejudice which opposed my schemes, that it would naturally lead her to some inquiry as to the source of the means I possessed. I was mistaken, however. This sort of abstract consideration seemed completely to restore her calmness. She raised her beautiful eyes to mine, and said, "I need not tell you, Louis, that if it depended upon me, there would need not another word. I could be content to be dependent on your kindness—ay, and feel a sister's claim to it likewise—without doubt or hesitation or shame; and I believe my mother, too, would have few scruples. But I know my father; and I am certain he would rather dig as a common gardener than be indebted for assistance to any one."

She asked no questions. It seemed enough for her that I had the means of aiding her father, and that her father would not accept my aid. I saw that I must try another course, and I changed the subject somewhat abruptly. I began to talk to her of my wanderings through Switzerland, of my sports in the mountains, of the battle of Zurich, of the danger of Father Bonneville, of my being trodden down by the Austrian soldiers, and lying for long weeks in the hospital. She grew deeply interested in the details. Her color came and went. Her eyes were now raised up and sparkling, and now cast down and swimming in tears. I told her of my journey to the north, of my seeking employment in vain, of my begging my way to the gates of Hamburgh. Her hand trembled again upon my arm, and her steps wavered.

We were now within the gates of the park, and entering a long, solitary chestnut walk, near the top of the steep hill, and I felt that with the agitation which pervaded my whole frame, and her shaking limbs, we could not go much further. There was a bench near, beneath the wide spreading branches of one of the old trees, and I said, "Come, let us sit down here, dear Mariette, and I will tell you the rest."

"Will you, Louis—will you?" she asked, with an earnestness I shall never forget.

My spirit rose and strengthened itself with the deep sense of what I owed to her, to myself, and to the dead. "I will, Mariette," I answered, "I will tell you every thing—every thought, every feeling, as if I were reading out of the book where they are all recorded."

She bent down her head very low, and, seated beside her, I went on. My conscience tells me that I concealed nothing, that I laid my whole heart before her. But that which seemed to strike her most, was the gentle, tender love of poor Louise.

When I ended the tale with the dear girl's death, she seemed to have forgotten herself altogether, and gazing up in my face, with the look of a pitying angel, she said, "Poor, poor Louise! How you must have loved her!"

The blood rushed up into my cheeks, and I bent down my face as if to avoid her gaze, murmuring what was perhaps too true, "Not as much as she deserved!"

Mariette started, and I added rapidly, "Do not mistake me, dear girl, I loved her well, very well—I never loved but one better. But I loved her not with that passionate earnestness—with that deep, intense, all absorbing affection which such devotion as hers well merited. I could have seen Louise wedded to another without despair, or agony, or death. I bore her father's rejection of me with easy, patient fortitude; and I could have put my hand to any act that would have made her happy. Oh, Mariette, let poets, and fiction-writers say what they will, to render mortal love as intense as it may be, there must be a grain of mortal selfishness in it. Passion must be blended with affection; and I have learned—learned from another, that in true love there can be no happiness, no peace, no tranquillity, no life without the loved one."

She shook like an aspen; but her lips murmured, "From whom?"

"You," I answered.

"Oh, Louis, Louis," she said, "are we not both wronging her who is gone?"

"Both!" that word was sufficient; but I would not hurt her feelings by catching at it as eagerly as my heart prompted. I took her hand gently, and quietly in mine, and said in a low tone, "No, Mariette—no, dearest girl. I can never wrong her by telling you the truth. I have concealed nothing from you, my Mariette—I have not concealed from you my deep affection for her, my tenderness—my care of her—

my bitter sorrow for her death. Why should I conceal any thing else from you?—why should I not tell the truth in all as well as in a part? Why should I hide from you, that though for a few short days I have been the husband of another, that though she had my esteem, my strong regard, my tenderest pity, my warm affection in a certain sense, I have never truly, really loved but you, from boyhood up to manhood—from my earliest memories to this present hour? Why should I not say to you, that I have always thought of you, dreamed of you, looked for you, longed for you? Believe me, dear Mariette, believe me! If you do not, how can I prove it to you?"

She laid her hand gently upon mine, and looking up at me with a spring-day face, with bright tears and saddened smiles, she said, "The book and the violet—do not, do not, dear Louis, think me so selfish as to be jealous in the least degree of your love for poor Louise. We will often talk of her, and when we are very, very happy ourselves, as I am sure we shall be, we will think of her, and mourning for her sad and early fate, will feel our spirits chastened, and not drain the cup of happiness too eagerly."

I would have given worlds to have been in some dim, secluded place, where I might have thrown my arms around her, and pressed her to my heart, and told her all I felt; but I dared do no more than clasp her hand in mine in mute confirmation of the pledge her words implied. She was mine: I was hers forever. But we were very silent for nearly a quarter of an hour, and then, with our senses somewhat more collected, and our hearts more still, we began to speak of all that was to follow. I told her that on the ensuing day I should tell her father what had passed between us, and I asked, somewhat anxiously, if she thought his consent would be easily obtained.

She entertained not a doubt, she said; but yet the very suggestion seemed to startle her, and more than once, as we walked homeward, she fell into a fit of musing.

THE CONSENT.

When I went on the following day, not without some trepidation, I must own, to the little cottage inhabited by the Count de Salins, the servant girl informed me that he was far from well. It was said in a tone of denial; but I begged her to tell him that I was there, and wished much to speak with him for a few minutes. I was immediately admitted, and found him seated in his robe de chambre by a fire, though it was summer time. There were strong traces of suffering in his face, but he welcomed me kindly, saying, that the denial he directed the servant to give was not intended for me. Not knowing what effect the communication I had to make might have upon him, I hesitated whether to say all I had intended; but he led the way to it in some degree himself, saying, "I have sent dear Mariette out with her mother; for she seemed dull and not quite well, and I am not very cheerful company to-day."

"Perhaps I can account, Monsieur de Salins," I replied, "for Mariette's being a little thoughtful;" and without giving myself time to pause or hesitate, I went on and told him all at once, adding, as I saw he was a good deal agitated, "I would not have intruded this subject upon you to-day, but that I promised Mariette last night I would not lose a moment in making you acquainted with every thing that had been said between us."

For three or four minutes he sat gazing steadfastly and sternly into the fire. Then starting up, he walked several times backward and forward in the room, gnawing his lip, and gazing, as it were, at vacancy.

I was sadly alarmed; for I evidently saw that Mariette had been mistaken in counting upon his ready consent, and I feared the result of the struggle which was evidently going on within him. His silence lasted so long as to be quite terrible to me, and I watched him with an expression of eager apprehension, which he saw at once as soon as he turned his eyes upon me. When he did so, he advanced directly to me, took my hand, and wrung it hard.

"I feel like a scoundrel," he said, to my great surprise, "I feel like a scoundrel. But never mind, Monsieur de Lacy, never mind. She shall be yours, if you will answer me one or two questions sincerely, and as I could wish. I feel like a scoundrel, but those feelings shall not weigh with me."

"I will answer any questions, Monsieur de Salins," I replied, "without the slightest reserve."

"'T was but a day or two ago," said Monsieur de Salins, "that you wished and proposed to share your fortune with us. I readily understood your feelings, and comprehended how the generosity of youth should wish, at any worldly sacrifice, to save from poverty and distress the friends and companions of childhood. Now, you tell me you love my daughter, and propose to marry her. Tell me, Count de Lacy—before God and your conscience—are not the motives of your first proposal mingling with your second?—in a word," he continued, vehemently, "is not charity—charity, I say, at the bottom of the desire you now express?" and his eye ran haggardly over the scanty furniture of his little room.

"Charity! Monsieur de Salins," I exclaimed. "Charity, between me and Mariette! Is there any thing I have on earth that is not hers? Oh, no, no; for heaven's sake, do not entertain for one moment such very painful thoughts. Believe me," I added, "that I am moved by one feeling alone—the deepest, strongest affection; the warmest, the most passionate love toward that dear girl, who, as you say, was the friend and companion of my childhood; whom I loved then, and only love better, more warmly now. Surely, Monsieur de Salins, you forget what Mariette is, to suppose for an instant that I could seek her with any feeling but one."

A faint smile came upon his lip. "She is, indeed, very beautiful, and very sweet," he said, "but Father Bonneville tells me, Monsieur de Lacy, "that you have been married before."

"True," I answered; "and yet I have never loved any one as I love Mariette."

"Then she shall be yours," he said, thoughtfully, "then she shall be yours."

But I saw that there was still a reluctance, and I said, "Listen to me for five minutes, and clear away all doubts, regarding my former marriage, from your mind."

He seated himself again in the chair before the fire, and I related to him succinctly, and simply, all that had occurred at the time of my marriage with poor Louise. He listened attentively, and drew a deep sigh when I had done, repeating the words, "She shall be yours," but adding, "notwithstanding every foolish prejudice."

"I do not understand you," I said, "although I am quite sure that no prejudice will weigh with the accuse himself at any moment of feeling like a scoun- Count de Salins Nor do I comprehend how he could drel."

"My young friend," he said, slowly and impressively, "I look upon every man as a scoundrel, who does not act upon the principles he professes—upon the principles he knows to be just—I mean, of course, when he has time for deliberation; for every man, in human weakness, may commit in a moment of passion, acts which his heart disavows, and which his conscience afterward condemns. But the man who hesitates to do what he knows to be right, from any motives which he cannot justify, feels like a scoundrel, and such was my case just now. I believed you to be well fitted to make Mariette happy. I felt that I ought to give my consent; and yet, there was in my breast a struggle in which I could hardly conquer. Old prejudices, absurd habitual feelings rose up against my reason and my sense of justice, and they nearly overcame me."

"But why?" I asked, in a sorrowful tone. "Is there any thing I have ever done—is there any act in my whole life, that should exclude me from your good opinion?"

"None, none," he said, warmly. "Do not ask me for explanations; for all I can reply, is, that there is a history attached to your family, regarding which you have been brought up in ignorance, both for your own happiness, and the happiness of others. You will learn it some day; but not from me. However, Monsieur de Lacy, the struggle is at an end; Mariette shall be yours; but not just yet. She is very young, and it will be better to wait awhile. I feel my health failing me, it is true, and I have lately been very anxious for her mother and herself. She must be yours before I die, and then such anxiety will be at an end; but I hope to linger on yet some time longer."

"Let me ask one question, Monsieur de Salins," I said. "Has the history attached to my family, which you mention, any reference to that Marquis de Carcassonne, whom I saw in London?"

He bowed his head quietly, and setting my teeth hard, I said, in a resolute tone, "That shall be explained, if he and I live many days longer. The blood that flows in my veins, Monsieur de Salins—every feeling that animates my heart, tells me that I have nothing to fear from opening out all the acts of my father's life to the eyes of the whole world. I will endure this mystery no longer. If my father has been wronged—murdered, as I am told, it is for his son to do him right. If he has been traduced, it is for his son to justify his memory."

"I cannot deny it," said Monsieur de Salins, "and I think they have acted wrong, and are acting wrong toward you. They think they are doing it for your good, I dare say—they think it is for your interests—for your future pecuniary advantage; but there is nothing should be so dear to any one, as the memory of a parent, except, indeed, it be his own unspotted name. You have enough. I do not covet more for Mariette than I am told you possess. Strange as it may seem, I have learned from poverty, to value wealth less than I used to do—but here comes my wife," he added, laying his hand kindly on my arm, "and our Mariette. I know their steps upon the little path. Oh, what music it is, the step of the loved, to the ear of sorrow and sickness!"

It was music to my ear, too; and the moment after, Mariette and her mother were in the room.

The instant she saw me, the dear girl's cheek flushed, and then turned pale, but she was not kept in suspense; for her father immediately threw his arm around her, and drawing her gently toward me, put her hand in mine.

"Bless them, my dear wife," he said, turning to Madame de Salins, "bless them; for they are united."

Madame de Salins embraced us both with eager joy, and then threw her arms round her husband's neck, saying, "This is all I have most desired, my husband; for I am sure Louis will be to her, all you have been to me."

THE DROP OF GALL.

Having told Father Bonneville that I should spend two or three days in London, and directed my portmanteau to be sent to a small but comfortable hotel at the end of Brooke street, I rode straight to a livery stable, near Charing Cross, where I was accustomed to put up my horse, and left him there. I then walked on along Pall Mall, meditating my future course, with more calmness and consideration than I had hitherto given to the subject. In regard to one point, my heart was now at rest. Mariette was found—was to be mine, and I had but one great object for thought and endeavor. I had not reached the end of St. James's street, when I saw before me, a tall, fine, stately figure, which seemed somewhat familiar to me, walking slowly, and deliberately onward, and I turned my head to look at the face as I passed.

"Good morning, Monsieur de Lacy," said the Earl of N——, in a frank and easy tone. Whither away so fast, this morning?"

I paused, and took the two fingers he extended to me, saying, "I am going to Brooke street, my lord."

"Ah, to see Charles," he answered; "well, I will walk with you part of the way," and he put his arm through mine, leaning on me somewhat heavily.

I did not wish my thoughts interrupted, and would have gladly got rid of him, had he been any other man; but there were various vague feel-

ings in my bosom, which made that old nobleman's society not unpleasant to me, even then; and at his slow pace we proceeded. He was silent for a moment, and then, looking round toward me, he said, "Why you are as tall as I am, Monsieur de Lacy."

"As nearly the same height, I suppose, as possible," I answered. "I had thought your lordship the taller man, from your carrying yourself so upright, I imagine."

"And from my white hair, perhaps," replied the old nobleman. "When we see mountains capped with snow, we are often inclined to think them higher than they are. But how is this, Monsieur de Lacy, Charles tells me you are a Protestant?"

"I am so, my lord," I replied, "and have been so for some years."

"Keep to that, keep to that," rejoined the Earl, with an approving nod of the head. "You will find it better for your temporal and your eternal interests."

"There is no chance, I believe, of my changing any more, my lord," I answered, "as my conversion from the church of Rome, was the work of patient examination and sincere conviction, I am not likely to re-tread my steps."

"I am glad to hear it, I am very glad to hear it," he answered, and then seemed as if he were about to say something more, but stopped short, and turned the conversation to other subjects.

"Have you heard," he asked, "that your king, Louis the Eighteenth, is now in England? Our wise governors have refused to recognize him under that title. They wish to leave themselves a loop-hole for recognizing the usurper, and so make him call himself the Count de Lille. They will soon find the folly of such feeble and wavering policy. It is my maxim, when I draw the sword, to throw away the scabbard; but, heaven help us, we are sadly ruled."

I inquired where the king had taken up his residence, and then said, that I should certainly go down and pay my respects to him.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the earl, with some signs of surprise. "Are you sure of a good reception? Consult Charles—you had better consult Charles. He is a very good counsellor in all such circumstances. Withdrawing as much as I can from public life, I am not the best authority in matters of this kind—and now I must leave you—good bye. Tell Charles to let me know how he is."

Thus saying, he turned into one of the club houses in St. James's street, and I walked on.

When I had reached the end of Brook street, and was approaching the door of the hotel, I saw two persons coming toward me, who attracted my attention by the loudness and vivacity with which they were talking French. One was a tall, thin, elderly man, dressed in black, with black silk stockings, and knee breeches. He was very well dressed: but had more the air of a dancing-master than a gentleman.

The other was a little old woman, brisk and active in all her movements, and jabbering away to her companion in her native tongue, with vast volubility. The face was very peculiar, and had it been possible for me to conceive, that a silk gown would ever cover the back, or a velvet bonnet ornament the head of my old friend Jeanette, I should have claimed acquaintance with her at once. She recognized me better, notwithstanding all the changes that had come over my personal appearance, since we parted in Switzerland.

"Bon Dieu!" she cried, stopping in the midst of the pavement, somewhat to the surprise and admiration of the passengers. "Is it possible?—yes—it must be. My dear Louis, do you not recollect Jeanette?"

"Very well, indeed, Jeanette," I replied, taking both her hands; but the good old woman was in a state of ecstasy that defied all restraint. She cried, she laughed, and I verily believe she would have danced, too, in the middle of Brooke street, had I not held her tight by both the hands, while her companion endeavored to soothe her, by repeating a dozen times, "Mais, Jeanette, mais Mademoiselle!" There was something so indescribably ludicrous in her expression of satisfaction, that I believe that I should soon have laughed too, as well as the passengers; and as my only resource, I took her and her companion into the hotel, to which I had written to have rooms prepared for me. When she was safely seated there, and somewhat quieted, she told me in a very mysterious manner, that she had just been talking about me to "somebody," but somebody had never told her that I was in England. Her words, and more still, her mysterious manner, raised expectations which were not fulfilled. After a good deal of pressing, I obtained from her the fact that this somebody of whom she spoke was no other than Charles Westover; and I found that the man who accompanied her was an old valet de chambre of the Earl of N——. This was not altogether satisfactory to me; but yet it was another link in the evidence, showing—to my mind beyond a doubt—that there was some connection between my own fate and the earl's family.

I soon sent away the valet de chambre, telling him that I would take care Jeanette should return in safety; and I felt half inclined to go with her, and demand explanations of the earl himself. A very brief reflection, however, determined me to forbear; but I questioned Jeanette closely concerning my own history and that of my family. She was very unwilling to speak, evaded my questions, gave me ambiguous replies, and when pressed very hard, sought woman's usual refuge with tears, sobbing forth, "I must not break my vow, my dear boy. I must not break my vow."

I could not bring myself to ask her more; but I turned to another point, saying, "Well, Jeanette, if you are bound by a vow not to speak on those subjects, tell me at least, do you know any thing of the Marquis de Carcassonne?"

The poor woman's face assumed an expression of horror not easily to be forgotten. "Know him!" she exclaimed, "know that terrible man! Oh, yes, Louis, I know him too well. He ruined as happy a

family as ever lived, and destroyed as noble a gentleman as was in all the world."

Her words seemed to change my blood to fire; but I asked as coolly as I could, "Can you tell me how it was done, Jeneatte?"

"Oh no," she answered. "I was but a poor, ignorant servant, and did not hear any of his ways and arts, at least to understand them. All I know is, what it came to. I can't tell you any more; but he is a dreadful man. It makes me tremble even to think of him."

"Then I will go to him, and wring it from his heart," I answered, fiercely; "for know the whole, and expose the whole, I will."

"Oh don't go near him, Louis; don't go near him," she cried, almost in a scream; joining her hands together as if she were praying to a saint. "He is the destruction of every one who approaches him, and he will find means to destroy you, too."

"I have seen him once," I answered, "since I have been in England, and I will most certainly go to him again, Jeanette, and force him to confess all he has done. I have no fear of him," I added, almost with a scoff, remembering the miserable object I had seen in Swallow street. He cannot harm me, Jeanette."

"Stay, stay, Louis," she said, eagerly. "Good Father Noailles tells me he is sick, and that he must die—perhaps we could find a way without your going near him. He will be terribly afraid of death when it comes close to him. All the frightful things he has done will rise up before his eyes, when he feels that he is going to answer for them. He has sent for Father Noailles twice already, and the good man says that his mind is in a perilous state—let me try, Louis; let me try. Perhaps I can manage it."

"Whatever you do, you must do quickly, Jeanette," I answered; "for I can and will bear this suspense no longer."

"Well, well, I will go this moment," she said; "but where can I find you, Louis, to tell you what I have done?"

"Here, for the next three days," I replied, "and after that at Blackheath. I will give you the address."

I wrote it down for her, and then ordered a hackney coach to be called; but she did not direct it to drive to the house of the Earl of N——, which was in Berkeley Square, but to a small street in Soho.

After she was gone, I paused again to think for a short time, and I resolved, notwithstanding the hopes she held out, to see the Marquis de Carcassonne myself. There was more than one piece of information to be obtained from him, and I fancied that I could wring out of him the whole of that history which I was so anxious to learn. It would be better in the first place, I thought, to see Westover; and I hurried away to his rooms, which were somewhat farther up the street.

I found him lying on a sofa, reading; and my errand was soon told. "I come to you for advice, Westover," I said, "advice such as none but a friend—a sincere friend, can give." I then went on to tell him the state of cruel anxiety and agitation I was in, and expressed my intention of seeing the Marquis de Carcassonne myself. I mentioned my meeting with Jeanette, too, and that I found she had been talking with him of me and mine.

He heard the first part of what I said, gravely, and somewhat gloomily, but smiled when I mentioned Jeanette, and replied frankly, "I sent for her for the very purpose, De Lacy. It would not do for me, you know, to hold long conferences with pretty young maid-servants in my grandfather's house, and so I thought it better to have her here. So she told you nothing?"

"Nothing," I replied; "she asserted that she was under a vow of secrecy."

"That is very likely," he said; "but as to this Marquis de Carcassonne, I think you had better trust him to her. I see very well what she intends to do. She will go to the old priest Noailles, and get him to work upon the scoundrel's mind, under the fear of death and judgment. Such men almost always become cowards at the brink of the grave; and old Noalles is his confessor, I suppose. If he confesses all, Noailles, well prompted, may, perhaps, refuse him absolution, unless he does justice, however tardy, and thus we may get at the truth at length. It is no bad scheme of the old lady.

"Then do you not know the truth, yourself?" I asked in some surprise.

He shook his head, answering, "I have moral conviction, De Lacy, but no proof, and therefore cannot say I know the truth."

"I will go to him myself," I said, after thinking for a minute or two.

"Well, I do not see that it can do any harm," replied Westover, thoughtfully; "but you had better go to him after dark, or probably you will not see him. Men suspect that both he and his apothecary carry on the lucrative occupation of spies, or at least that of conveying information and gold to France, where both are somewhat scarce just now. Then there is another thing, De Lacy. I ask you as a personal favor, if you can contrive to make this obdurate man speak, to let me know all that he has said before you communicate it to any one else—I bind you by no other engagement. Will you promise me this?"

"Willingly," I answered; "as soon as I know the truth, I shall be glad that all the world knows it also."

"That as we shall judge hereafter," said Westover, with a significant smile, "and now will you stay and dine with me. We have time for a ride, or a walk, before the dinner hour."

I declined, however, for I felt myself in no state of mind to enjoy society, and returning to the hotel, I sat there in uneasy pondering, till the sky began to turn gray. I then walked out and passed down Swallow street; but it was not yet dark enough for my purpose. I proceeded therefore to the end of the street, took a turn through those long forgotten alleys which led to St. James's market, and walked back again, while a dingy man, with a red-flaming and stench-emitting link, ran up and down a ladder at

every lamp-post before me, lighting the dim lamps, which were the only illumination of London before the modern improvement of gas. Just as I approached the door of the apothecary, I saw that worthy gentleman issue forth, with coat tightly buttoned up, and hat pressed down upon his brows, and not wishing to call him back to his shop, I passed by a few steps and then returned. When I entered I found no one but a small servant boy or apprentice at the counter, and simply saying, I wished to speak to Monsieur de Carcassonne, I approached the foot of the stairs by which I had mounted before. The boy seemed to hesitate as to whether he should try to stop me or not; but at length when I had the door leading to the staircase in my hand, he said, "You 'd better take a light," and handed me a lamp. As I mounted the steps, in a foul, close atmosphere, which below, had the odor of drugs, and above, that of confined and deteriorated air, I heard a frequent, rattling cough, sounding from the upper rooms, and I judged by the peculiar noise it made, that the life of the cougher was not worth many day's purchase. I knocked at the door of the Marquis de Carcassonne, as a mere matter of ceremony, but without waiting, opened it and went in. I found him seated in nearly the same position as when I previously saw him, before the fire of his little stove grate; but though the room smelt of food there was no cooking going on.

He was greatly altered. His face was white and blue, and become exceedingly thin and meagre: His whole person shrunk, and his eyes full of a vivacious anxiety which I have often since remarked in the last stages of organic diseases. He had got a newspaper in his hand, which in the true French spirit he was reading eagerly, by the light of a single, sweaty, tallow candle, that required incessant snuffing; but he instantly raised his eyes above the edge of the paper, looking toward the door, with a somewhat perturbed expression of countenance. At first he gazed at me without the slightest trace of recognition on his face, but I was not in a frame of mind to be abashed or daunted by the look of any man. There was a stern, earnest determination in my heart, which could meet a sneer, or an insult, or a threat, with equal indifference.

He rose up from his chair, with habitual politeness, went through the customary bow with the customary grace, and then sank down again into his seat, unable to stand long upon his feet. I walked calmly and deliberately up to the side of the table, and without being invited, seated myself exactly before him.

I must not stay to scrutinize my feelings at that moment. It is enough to say that they were sufficiently fiendish. There he sat, the murderer of my father, the persecutor of my race—a worm—a snake—which wanted but one crush of my heel, as it seemed to me, to lie a mass of rotting corruption before me. Pity! I could feel no pity at that moment. All human charities seemed extinguished within me, and although I would not have injured the frail body for the world, yet I felt if I could have got at his spirit I would have torn it to pieces.

He looked at me in surprise and dismay, as in dull silence I drew a chair to the table and sat down, gazing fixedly at him, as if I would have looked into his very soul. He said not a word, and after a pause, I asked, "Do you know me, Marquis de Carcassonne?"

"No," he said, in the shrill treble of age, and with a look of fear and agitation, shrinking back in his chair as far as he could. "No. The dead do not come back here below—That is a superstition—No, I do not know you, though you are like—very like."

"I am Louis De Lacy," I said, sternly.

"Ah!" he cried "ah!" and he put out his hand as if to push me off from him.

I could see him shiver and quake, and I went on repeating the same words: "I am Louis De Lacy, the son of him you murdered. He is before you in my person. He speaks to you by my voice. He demands that you do justice to his memory, even now, when you are trembling on the brink of that grave beyond which you will soon meet face to face. Answer me, Marquis de Carcassonne. Will you at length tell the truth? Will you do justice to the dead? Will you make the only atonement you can make to the murdered, before God puts his seal upon your obduracy, and you go to judgment for your crimes unconfessed and unrepented of?"

The old man quivered in every limb and his face was as pale as death; but he answered not a word, and I went on with a hardness of heart for which I have hardly forgiven myself yet. "You were once wealthy," I said, "and you are now poor. You were once the inhabitant of gilded halls, and soft, luxurious apartments: You are now in a miserable garret, wretched, and dark, and gloomy. Your crimes have led not to greater wealth and opulence; not to comfort and indulgence; not to the objects of ambition and desire; but to penury, distress, and want. There is a further step before you—a deep abyss, into which you seem inclined to plunge. The grave is a colder dwelling than this, the tribunal of an all-seeing God more terrible than any you can appeal to here, the hell which you have dug for yourself, more agonizing than even your conscience at this moment."

The very vehemence with which I spoke seemed to frustrate my own purpose, and to rouse in his decaying frame, and sinking mind, a spirit of resistance which had formerly been strong within him. He grasped the arm of his chair. He sat upright. He moved his jaw almost convulsively, and then said, with serpent bitterness, "So, so—son of a traitor. You would have me lie, would you, to recover for you your father's estates,-to clear your name from the infamy that hangs upon it, and shall hang upon it to all eternity. You would have me unsay all I have said, recant all I have sworn? But mark me, boy, I will put upon record before I die the confirmation of every charge against your treacherous father. I will leave it more deeply branded on his name than ever, that he deceived his king, betrayed his country, renounced his honor, falsified his word, and sold himself to the enemy, and his name shall stand in the annals of the world, as the blackest of traitors, and the

basest of men—Ha, ha! What are your threats now, fool?"

I started up, and it was with great pain I kept my hands from him; but I mastered my first rash impulse, and I said, "Then I summon you to meet him whom you have belied and murdered, whom you still, unrepenting, and unatoning, calumniate and accuse, before the throne of Almighty God, and to answer, where falsehood is vain and cunning is of no resource, where the truth is written on tables of light, and falsehood is blotted out in everlasting darkness, where hell and eternal damnation await remorseless crime, for every word you have uttered this night! As your heart judges you, so feel, and so act. Die in peace and calm assurance, or in horror, and terror, and despair."

He shrank back, and back, and back, into his chair, and at the last words, he pressed his trembling hands upon his eyes, as if he would have shut out the fearful images I had presented to him. His face grew livid, and his whole frame heaved, as if the torture of the eternal flame had already seized upon him.

I know not whether I should have said more or not; but a moment after I had ceased speaking, and while I still stood gazing at him, writhing before me, the door opened and a venerable looking old man, dressed in black, entered the room. He gazed an instant in surprise, at the pale and trembling wretch, and at me; and then he asked in a stern and solemn tone, "Who are you?—What have you done, young man?"

"I am Louis de Lacy," I answered coldly. "That is the Marquis de Carcassonne, the murderer of my father. What I have done is what, if you are a priest, you should do—made a dark criminal tremble, before the way to atonement, and the gates of mercy are shut against him forever;" and without waiting for any further question, I hurried away from the room, down the dark staircase, and out into the crowded street.

LIGHT FROM THE PAST.

My thoughts were in such a state of tumult and confusion, that I cannot say I considered any thing for many minutes after I quitted the den of that old snake; but I took my way, at once, toward Westover's lodgings, and told him all that had occurred.

"You had better have left it to Jeanette, I believe," he replied, with that mixture of worldly knowledge and pure, high feeling which I had often remarked in him. "You do not know how often, De Lacy, things can be accomplished by inferior agents and dirty tools, which all the skill and vigor of the clear-headed and high-minded are unable to effect. You see, this good woman, and this good priest, would have no scruple whatever in employing means which you would not condescend to use. I trust you have not done much mischief—perhaps some good; but at all events, now take my advice and leave the matter in the hands of Jeanette and her revered coadjutor."

"There is no hope; there is no chance," I said. "The man is as hard as the nether mill-stone."

"We cannot tell what may be done," replied Westover. "At all events one thing is very clear—you can do nothing; so if I were you, I would take myself out of town, and not fret my spirit with thinking of it any more. By the way, how go on your affairs with the beauty amongst the roses?"

"As well as I could wish," I replied, with a smile, for he dexterously enough brought up happier images before my eyes. "She is to be mine, but not just yet. However, I forgot to tell you, Westover, that I met your grandfather to-day, and he walked up St. James's street with me."

"Ha! indeed!" said Westover, with a look of pleased surprise. "What did he say? How did he act?"

"Very kindly," I answered.

"Walked up St. James's street with you?" repeated Westover. I nodded my head, and he asked, "Did he invite you to his house?"

"No," I replied, nor gave any hint of such an intention."

A shade came over my friend's face again, and he inquired, "What did he say?"

"Nothing very particular," I answered. "He told me that his majesty, my king, had arrived at Yarmouth, and advised me to consult you as to whether I should go to pay my respects to him."

"By all means," replied Westover, eagerly, "by all means. Lose not a moment. Be one of the first. Let us set off by the stage to-morrow morning."

"Do you propose to go with me, then?" I asked.

"Oh yes, I had better," he replied, "I can introduce you to the king. I saw him some time ago in Livonia, and dined with him twice."

"Perhaps that may obviate your grandfather's objections," I said; "for he seemed to doubt whether I should be well received."

"I think you will," replied Westover, musing. "I think you will. I remember some conversation with the king, which makes me judge so. He can have had no reason to change his opinion since; but at all events I will see him first and ascertain."

He spoke very thoughtfully, and gave no explanation of the strange fact, that he should have had a conversation, referring to myself, with Louis the Eighteenth, before he ever saw me. But during the last two or three months, one circumstance after another, fact following fact, incident coming after incident, had accumulated a mass of little proofs which brought conviction to my mind, that there was some strong, though secret bond between Westover's family and myself. However, I agreed to his proposal at once. He sent a servant to take places in the coach for the following day, and ere another night fell we were in Yarmouth.

We found that the king, with his small suite, was lodging in the same hotel with ourselves, and Westover at once sent to request an interview on the following morning, which was immediately promised, with a very courteous message in reply.

At the hour appointed he went, and I remained with some impatience, thinking him very long. Not more than half an hour, however, passed in reality, before he returned, saying, "Quick, De Lacy, his

majesty will see you at once. Go to him, go to him. He is prepared for you."

I went away accordingly, leaving him there, as he did not seem inclined to accompany me, and was introduced by a mere servant who was stationed at the door, into the poor, small drawing-room of the inn, which had been assigned to the French prince. I found an ordinary looking man, somewhat inclined to corpulence—though he was not so fat as he afterward became—standing near a table. His manners, however, if not his appearance, at once displayed the prince. He took one step forward, as if to meet me, and held out his hand to me, saying, "Monsieur De Lacy, I am very happy to see you. It is most grateful to me to receive such kind visits from my countrymen and fellows in misfortune. The attachment of some of the noblest hearts of France, is no slight compensation for all the ills I have suffered."

I bent my head to his hand and kissed it, saying, "I trust, sire, that you never will find any of my name, or race, without that warm attachment which I am sure your majesty deserves."

I had no intention whatsoever in this reply, of leading up to any thing; but the king seemed to think I had some particular allusion, and answered at once. "I am sure of it, Monsieur De Lacy. I always was quite sure of it. In your poor father's case I never entertained a doubt. I was certain all through—to the very end, and am now—that he was the victim of a foul conspiracy. Kings can but act, you know, according to the lights that are permitted them, and I mean not to throw the slightest blame upon my poor brother. He acted by the advice of ministers whom he loved and respected. The judgment of a regularly constituted court had been pronounced, and he cannot be censured for having suffered it to be carried into execution, contrary to all the impulses of his own heart. I could not have done so; for I was fully convinced of your father's innocence; but his judgment was misled by a very artful knave."

I was greatly agitated, but I replied, "I am so little aware, sire, of my father's fate and history, that I hardly comprehend your majesty's meaning. With the mistaken motive of sparing me pain, I believe, I have been kept in ignorance of what I know must be a very sorrowful history."

"Your friends were wrong, Monsieur De Lacy. Very wrong, I think," replied the king. "It is but right and necessary that you should know the whole; for the vindication of your father's name may be a task which you have still to fulfill. Pray sit down, and I will give you a brief account of the matter—Only let me hint, in the first place, that, for the present, you must drop the title of majesty with me. I am here only the Count de Lille."

"I, at least, can never forget that you are a king, and my king," I replied.

"Spoken like your father's son," said Louis, seating himself, and pointing to a chair, and he then proceeded thus: "Your father, Monsieur De Lacy, was a very gallant and distinguished officer, of an Irish family long settled in France. He was employed in England, for some time, in a diplomatic capacity; and a few years after, was appointed to a command in one of our East Indian possessions War had by this time broken out between France and England, and the great preponderance of the latter country in the East, rendered the maintenance of our territories there very difficult. The derangement of the finances, and the daily increasing embarrassments of the government, prevented our commanding officers, in distant parts of the world, from receiving sufficient support. Your father was besieged by the English, in a fortress, naturally very strong, but ill-furnished with provisions, ammunition, or men. He made, what was considered by all at the time, a very gallant defense, but in the end, was forced to surrender the place upon an honorable capitulation. On his return to France, he was well received; but his friends, rather than himself, sought for some distinguishing mark of his sovereign's favor and approval, and demanded for him a high office at the court, which I happened to know, was an object of eager ambition to a personage called the Marquis de Carcassonne—indeed, he applied to me for my interest in the matter, which I refused. Your father would certainly have obtained it; but there began to be spread rumors about the court, which soon assumed consistence and a very formidable aspect, to which various circumstances, and especially the fact of your father having married an English lady, gave undue weight. It was said that he had sold the fortress to the English; that he had surrendered long before it was necessary; that he had not obtained so favorable a capitulation as he might have done. The charges in the end became so distinct, that your father himself, demanded to be tried. He was accordingly, what we call, put in accusation, and the cause was heard. One little incident I must not forget. This Marquis de Carcassonne said, in the hearing of several persons who were sure to repeat his words, that it mattered not what was the result of the trial, as your father was sure to be pardoned, even if he were condemned. This observation was reported to the king, who said, with some warmth, that nothing should induce him to interfere with the sentence of the court, whatever it might be. At the trial, overpowering evidence, as it seemed to me, was brought forward to show the state of the fortress, and the utter impossibility of defending it longer than had been done; but on the other hand, to the surprise of every one, two letters were produced, purporting to be part of the correspondence between your father and the English general. Your father loudly declared that they were forgeries; but then came forward the Marquis de Carcassonne, who had had some correspondence with your father when in India, and swore distinctly that the letter purporting to be the prisoner's, was verily in his handwriting. Many doubted—few believed, this assertion. Various differences were pointed out between your father's hand and that in which the letter was written, and your father might probably have escaped. But two circumstances combined to destroy him. Public clamor was, at that time, raised to the highest pitch, in regard to the loss of our possessions in India; it was necessary that there should be some victim to

atone for the faults of a feeble and inefficient ministry, and at the same time, a man was brought forward to account for the discovery of these letters, by swearing that he had found them in your father's own cabinet. He was a mean apothecary of Paris, who was accustomed to go a good deal to the house, in attendance upon the servants. But he acknowledged the base act of having privately read and possessed himself of these documents. The man had been born upon the estates of the Marquis de Carcassonne, and brought up by his father. This rendered his evidence suspicious, at least to me; but it weighed with the judges, and the result was that your father was condemned. I need not dwell upon all the horrible events that followed. Suffice it to say, that a man as brave and honorable, I believe, as ever lived, was executed unjustly, that a stain was cast upon a high and distinguished name, and that the whole of the fine estates of the family were confiscated."

I need hardly say with what emotion I listened to this detail, and I remained for several moments in silence, with my head bent down, and full of indignation and grief which I could not venture to express. The king saw how greatly I was affected, and very kindly strove to soothe me. "If it will be any comfort to you, Monsieur De Lacy," he said, "I give you the most solemn assurance, that I never for a moment believed your father guilty, and that should fortune ever restore us to our own country, I shall take the necessary steps for having your father's sentence reversed, and his memory justified. I am not singular in my opinions upon this subject; for when the people recovered their senses, after your father's death, the indignation excited against his accusers was so great, that the apothecary who had produced the letters was forced to quit France."

"Was his name Giraud, sire?" I asked.

The king bowed his head, and went on, "Perhaps if he is still living," he said, "the man might be induced to tell the truth. Monsieur de Carcassonne is still living, I know, but he also found it convenient to travel, and never obtained the post for which he played so deep a game. I am inclined to think the forgery was his; for I know that he forged the letters of a woman, and we therefore may well suppose he would not scruple to forge the letters of a man."

In the midst of all the many thoughts to which this account gave rise, one idea presented itself prominently to my mind. The king had mentioned that my mother was an English-woman. Might he not tell me who she was. But just as I was about to put the question, three other French gentlemen were introduced, and I was obliged to refrain for the time, although I determined to seek another opportunity of making the inquiry. I retired then with an expression of my gratitude, and rejoined Westover in our little sitting-room.

He inquired eagerly into the particulars of my interview with the king, and I related to him the whole.

"Is that all," he said. "Did he tell you nothing more?"

"Nothing, Westover," I answered, "but we were interrupted before my audience was fairly at an end. He told me," I added, somewhat emphatically, "who my father was, and what was his unhappy fate. He did not tell me who my mother was, but that I will soon know, Westover."

My friend mused in silence for some minutes, and then said, "Let us first see what can be made of this Marquis de Carcassonne. I have great hopes in the skill and policy of your good old Jeanette, and the priest. If we could but get the old reprobate to die a little faster, the whole thing might be settled very soon."

"He looked very much like a dying man when I left him," I replied.

"Nay, that would be too quick," said Westover. "We must leave them time to work upon him. Don't you go near him again, De Lacy, for fear you should blow the candle out when you most need the light. And now, let us go and take a sail upon the sea, and then away to London by the early coach to-morrow."

I followed his guidance, with the full and strong conviction that he wished me well, and at an early hour on the following day, we were once more rolling on our way toward the capital. We arrived after dark, and Westover went to dine with me at my hotel. The people of the house, with the usual care and promptitude of hotel keepers, suffered the dinner to be placed upon the table, and half-eaten, before they informed me that that the old French lady whom I had seen on the day of my arrival, had been three times there to inquire for me.

"News, news, certainly," cried Westover. "Bring me a sheet of paper, waiter. We will soon have Jeanette with us; and writing a hurried note to the good old dame, he sent it off by a porter to his grandfather's house. An hour, however, elapsed without any intelligence, and then the same waiter appeared, saying, with a half-suppressed grin, "She is here again, sir, asking if you have returned."

"Show her in," I said impatiently; "show her in directly."

The man retired with some surprise, I believe, at my anxiety to see an ugly old woman, and certainly he did not hurry himself, for full five minutes passed before Jeanette was in the room, and the eagerness of her face showed when she entered that the delay had not been on her part.

THE CONFESSION.

"Get your hat, get your hat, Louis," exclaimed Jeanette, rubbing her little hands, "and come away directly, or it will be too late. He will tell all, he will tell all; but he has been in a dying state since this morning. His speech seems failing, so make haste, make haste—he will tell all as soon as he sees you, he says, if you will but forgive him."

I darted to the sideboard and took my hat. Westover started up at the same moment, exclaiming in French, "May I go with you?"

"Yes, yes," cried Jeanette. "Come with him, come with him; the more the better; every one is a witness, and that is something."

We darted down the stairs and away. How we got through the streets, I do not know, but we all hurried separately through the crowds, running against half a dozen people, and getting hearty benedictions for our pains. I arrived first at the apothecary's shop, and saw at a glance as I entered, the villain himself deliberately packing up something at the counter. He looked at me with a cold, sneering expression, but said nothing, and without asking any questions I ran up the stairs at once, to the miserable room of the Marquis de Carcassonne. I opened the door unceremoniously, and went in. The sight was one full of awful solemnity—at least to me, who had never seen any one die, except by a sudden and violent death, or by a gentle, yet quick transition from the life of this world to the life of another.

On the wretched pallet bed, without a rag of curtain round it, lay the ghastly figure of the dying man. All living color had passed from his face; the swollen, bloated appearance, too, was gone. The features were sharpened and pinched; the eyes sunk; the temples collapsed; the white hair, wild and ragged. One ashy hand was stretched over the bedclothes, holding a crucifix which lay upon his breast, and his eyes, which seemed glassy and almost immovable, were directed to the symbol of salvation.

On the table stood a large wax-taper, and between the table and the bed stood the old priest, Father Noailles, who had come in at the end of my last interview with the Marquis. His head was slightly bent, as if watching the face of the dying man, while a younger man, with a white robe on, stood at the other side of the bed, holding a small, chased silver vessel in his hands.

There was a dead silence in the room when I entered; but at the sound of my steps the priest turned round, and exclaimed, as soon as he saw me, "He is here, he is here! Henri de Carcassonne, he has come to you at length!"

The eyes of the dying man turned faint and feebly toward me, and the priest advanced a step, and grasped my hand with a tight and eager pressure.

"Forgive him," he said; "tell him you forgive him!—if you be a man, if you be a Christian—tell him you forgive him!"

I paused with my eyes fixed upon the face of the Marquis, and some feeling of compassion entered into my heart. But I could not speak the words he wanted to draw from me—I could not pronounce forgiveness to the murderer of my father. I remained silent, while the priest repeated, more than once, "Forgive him, oh forgive him, and let him part in peace!" I heard the steps of Westover and Jeanette approaching, and I said, at length, "Has he done justice to my father's memory? Will he—can he now do justice to it?"

The priest drew back from me and let go my hand. "Young man," he said, in a solemn and reproving tone, "make no bargain with God! Trifle not with the command of your Saviour. It is Christ who bids you to forgive, if you would be forgiven, to love your enemies, to pray for those who hate you. Forgive him! On your soul's salvation, I call upon you to pronounce your forgiveness of that wretched, dying old man while the words can still reach his ear, and console him at this last, dark, terrible moment—forgive him, I say!"

"Speak, De Lacy, speak," said the voice of Westover, "for God's sake tell him you forgive him!"

At the same moment, the hand of the dying man made a feeble movement on the cross as if he would have raised it, and an expression of imploring anxiety came into his fading eyes that touched me. I took a step forward to the side of the bed, and said, "Marquis de Carcassonne, I do forgive you, and I pray that God Almighty, for his Son's sake, may forgive you also!"

The light of joy and relief came for an instant into the old man's eyes, but faded away instantly; and I thought that he was a corpse.

"Stand back!" said Father Noailles, with inconceivable energy, and placing himself right before the dying man, and clasping his hands together, he swung them up and down as if he had a censer in them—whether it was to rouse his attention or not, I cannot tell—and then he exclaimed aloud, "If any fiend prevents your utterance, I command him hence in the name of the Blessed Trinity—of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

"Henri de Carcassonne, I adjure you, as you hope for pardon and life eternal, answer me before these present—Is all you have told me concerning the death of the Count de Lacy true?—and do you fully and freely consent to my making it public, without any reservation on the plea of confession? If so, say yes, or die in your sins!"

There was something inexpressibly grand and awful in his look, his tone, his manner; but something more awful was to come.

As we may suppose one would rise from the dead, the Marquis de Carcassonne suddenly raised himself in the bed, and in a clear, distinct tone replied—"It is true, so help me God—I do consent."

The last word rattled in his throat. The effort was over. It was the flash of the expiring lamp, and the words were hardly uttered, when he fell over on his side with a ghastly swimming of his eyes.

"It is done!" said Father Noailles, solemnly, and raising the poor wretch's head he put it on the pillow. There was now a fixed stare, a meaningless, vacant look in those glassy orbs, the moment before turned upon the confessor, which showed that "it was done" indeed. The next instant the jaw dropped, and we stood in silence round a corpse.

I thanked God at that moment, that I had pronounced the words of forgiveness; and I stood by with Westover and Jeanette, while Father Noailles, and the young man who was with him, sprinkled some holy water on the dead man's face, and performed one or two little offices according to the customs of France and the Roman Catholic church. I would not have interrupted by a word for the world; but when the priest had done, and turned toward us with a deep sigh, I advanced and took his hand, saying, "I thank you, sir, most sincerely, for having led

me to cast away the evil passion in my heart, and show some charity at last—I rejoice that I have done it, whatever be the confession that this man has made."

"We must forgive, Monsieur de Lacy," replied Father Noailles, mildly, "or how can we expect Christ to mediate for us. I have now to tell you, that this poor man acknowledged to me this morning, that your father had been accused unjustly, that the letters which had been brought forward at his trial were indeed forged, as many suspected, and that the count died an innocent and injured man. I took his words down, and he signed them as best he could, giving me full permission to place the statement in your hands. There was no one present but ourselves, however, and a confessor must be very cautious. It was therefore absolutely necessary that I should obtain his consent to the publication of the statement in the presence of witnesses. Here it is. It is brief, but sufficient for all purposes. He was not in a state to give full details, but there is no point unnoticed which can tend to clear the memory of your father."

"Join me at my lodgings in half an hour," said Westover, quietly speaking over my shoulder. "I have business which calls me away just now."

I simply nodded assent; for my whole thoughts were occupied for a time with the subject before me, and turning to the priest I said, "I presume, Monsieur de Noailles, that this precious document will be made over to me?"

"Beyond all doubt, Monsieur de Lacey," he said, "to you it properly belongs, but I must request you to allow me to take an attested copy of it, and must beg all here present to join in a certificate that this unhappy man authorized me fully to make the statement public."

"That we will all willingly do," I replied. "Perhaps you had better draw up the paper you require, yourself."

That he declined to do, however, and with a pen and ink and paper, which had remained upon the table since the morning, I quickly wrote an attestation of the fact that Henri, Marquis de Carcassonne, had, in the presence of the subscribers, fully authorized the Reverend Pere Noailles to make known and publish all the facts which he had stated on his deathbed, in regard to the trial and execution of the late Count Louis de Lacy, as matters communicated to him, freely, and for the relief of his conscience, and not in the form of penitential confession, or under the seal of secrecy.

"I undertake," I said, when I had signed the paper myself, and Jeanette and the young assistant had signed it also, "that Captain Westover, who has been obliged to leave us on business, shall put his name to it likewise. Now, Monsieur de Noailles, will you permit me to look at that paper? We will make a copy of it immediately; but, of course, my anxiety to see the contents is great."

The old man placed the paper in my hands, and seated at the table beside him, I read as follows:

"I, Henri Marquis de Carcassonne, do hereby acknowledge and certify, that by various false and iniquitous charges, set on foot for objects and motives of my own, I did, many years ago, to wit in the year of our Lord 178–, cause and procure Louis, Count de Lacy, to be brought to trial for treason and dereliction of duty in the government of the possessions of the French crown in the East Indies: that I have every reason to believe the said Count de Lacy to have been totally and entirely innocent of the crimes thus laid to his charge, and, moreover, that two letters produced in court at the trial of the said count, and purporting to be parts of a correspondence between himself and Sir E. C—— were, to my certain knowledge, and with my cognizance, forged; not by myself, but a certain Giraud, apothecary to the household of the said count, for the purpose of procuring his condemnation; and that I prompted and encouraged the said Giraud to counterfeit the count's hand, and forge the above mentioned documents, inasmuch as I found that the charges could not be sustained without them, and I feared the vengeance of the said Count de Lacy, if acquitted, on account of certain previous passages between us. I bitterly regret and repent of the crime I thus committed in procuring the death of an innocent man; and now finding that it pleases God to take me from this world, and that I have not many hours to live, I make this acknowledgment and confession solely to do justice to the memory of the said Count de Lacy, and to make atonement, as far as is in my power, for the evil and misery I have brought upon him and his family, trusting that God will accept my tardy repentance, through the merits of my Saviour Christ, I have hereunto, in my perfect senses, and with full knowledge and recollection of all the facts, set my hand, in witness of the truth of all the particulars contained herein, the above having been previously read over by me, in presence of the Reverend Pere de Noailles, having been taken down by him from my own lips."

It seemed as if a mountain had been removed from my breast. I thought not of any advantages which might result to myself. I carried not my thoughts at all into the future. My father's memory was cleared. His honor, his fair name was reëstablished. No crime now blackened the annals of my race, and when I turned and looked at the corpse of his murderer, I said with a free heart, and a sincere spirit, "May God forgive you, unhappy man."

Poor Jeanette, who was by my side, and had been weeping a good deal during all these transactions, took me by the hand, saying, joyfully—

"All will go well now, Louis—all will go well. More depends upon that paper than you know. Keep it safe, keep it safe, and all will go well."

It was necessary, however, in the first instance, to give a copy to Monsieur de Noailles, and when that was done, some further conversation ensued between us, in regard to the funeral of the Marquis de Carcassonne. I found that he had few, if any, friends in London; for long previous to his illness, he had been suspected by the principal emigrants in England of being a spy in the pay of the existing French government.

"I shall be willing to bear the expense," I said; "if I can get any one to superintend the management."

"From what I know," replied Monsieur de Noailles, "I think that both the expense and trouble should fall upon the man below stairs. I have reason to believe that, for the last year, during which the Marquis has been in feeble health, Giraud has both ill-treated and plundered him, to a very great extent. The man is a hardened sinner, a scoffer, and an atheist; but the facts revealed in that document may, perhaps, frighten him into doing what is right, and I see no reason why you should be called upon, Monsieur de Lacy, to pay for that which he himself, I 'm sure, is bound to do."

I agreed perfectly in this view of the case; but we found ourselves deceived.

On descending to the shop, there was nobody in it but the boy whom I had seen there once before. He told us that Monsieur Giraud had called an hackney-coach, and had gone away in it, with three trunks. He never returned, and I conclude that, alarmed at the revelations likely to be made by the Marquis de Carcassonne in his dying moments, he fled from England, and died somewhere in obscurity. The boy told us that, before he went, he had cursed the old fool up stairs, and had said, that as he seemed determined to die with a cow's tail in his hand, he should absent himself for a day or two, as he did not like such mummeries.

This afforded sufficient indication of his intention to induce me to request Monsieur de Noailles to make all the arrangements of the funeral in my name, and after having obtained his promise to that effect, and given him my address at Blackheath, I took my departure.

Jeanette went upon her way to Berkeley square, while I hurried on toward the lodgings of Westover, the hour of meeting which he had named having long passed.

I found a chariot, with flaming lamps, at his door, and was admitted immediately by a servant in livery, who seemed to be waiting in the hall; but before I could mount the stair-case, I was met by Westover himself, coming down with his hat on.

"Come with me, Louis," he said; "come with me. Thank God for this night's work."

"Where are you going to take me?" I asked.

"Never mind at present," he answered, "to a house where you have never been."

My heart beat with very strange sensations; but I followed him to the carriage, and got in with him. When the door was closed, the servant touched his hat, inquiringly, and Westover said, "home."

It was the only word he spoke during the drive, which was short enough.

At length, the carriage drew up at the door of a large house, a thundering knock resounded through the square, and we both got out and entered a hall, in which several powdered servants were standing. Westover passed them all, without a word, and I followed. We went up a magnificent stair-case, lined with old portraits, till my companion paused suddenly, laying his hand upon the lock of a door upon the first floor.

"Go in, Louis," he said, in a low voice, "go in."

"Will you not come in to introduce me?" I said.

"Not for the world," he answered, "go in, Louis," and he opened the door for me to pass.

The next moment, I found myself in a large drawing-room but faintly lighted; but there was a smaller one beyond, with a better light, and seated on a sofa there, I beheld a lady, with her handkerchief lying on the table beside her, and her eyes buried in her hands. The opening door made her look up, and I saw the beautiful but faded face of Lady Catharine covered with tears. The moment she beheld me, she sprang up from the sofa, ran forward, cast her arms round my neck, and I heard the words—"My son, my son!"

THE COLOPHON.

I must not pause to describe emotions, nor can I indeed narrate regularly, or distinctly, all that occurred during the next half hour. I had found a parent —a mother. O, how dear, how charming that name Those who have gone on from childhood to manhood under a loved mother's eye, and have only parted with her at the threshold of that gate which we must all pass, can form no idea of the sensations experienced by one who has never known a mother's care, when he hears the very word mentioned—the longing, the yearning, the never-to-be satisfied desire to see the face, to hear the voice, to press the lips of her who gave us birth.

I had found a mother, and I sat beside her, with her hand clasped in mine, her head leaning on my shoulder, her eyes turned toward my face, speaking short words of love, often silent, but with a silence full of affection. For that half-hour there were no explanations, no connected conversation. All was wild and strong emotion, the first overflowings of love between parent and child, after a separation of twenty years.

We might have gone on much longer in the same way, but then there came a light knock at the door. It opened, and Westover's voice said—

"May I come in?"

"O, yes, come in, come in, Charles," said my mother. "Come in, my second son; my noble, my generous boy. I should not be half-happy if you did not share in the joy you have aided to bring about."

Westover entered, and sat down by us, saying—with a smile, while he shook me warmly by the hand—

"Now, Louis, you know all."

"No, no, he does not," said my mother, "he knows nothing, Charles, but that his father's name is clear, and that he has found his mother. I must tell him, as best I can, but I am afraid I shall be very confused."

"I will help you, dear aunt," said Westover. "It is right that he should know how it is he has been so long deprived of a mother's care, and I am sure that in explaining, you will explain all, gently."

"Fear not, Charles, fear not, said Lady Catharine.

"Though I have undergone much that was hard to bear, yet all is forgiven now in the joy of recovering my son—let me see how I can best tell my story—I must begin far back."

"Some seven or eight and twenty years ago, I was a gay, wild girl, Louis, in the fashionable world of London. I had a fond and affectionate mother, who spoiled me, perhaps. A sister, next in age to myself, and a dear brother—Charles Westover's father. There was a younger sister, too. All these were gay, light hearted, and easy in disposition, like myself; but my father was made of somewhat sterner materials. You have seen him—you know him—and I need say little more; except, that then he was moving a good deal in political life, and he had found it perhaps necessary to adopt a rigidity of principle, and a stern inflexibility of resolution, which has always kept his name high and pure in the world, but has not made one unfortunate child very happy.

"About that time, my mother died, and I was left much to my own guidance, as the eldest of the family, and I met in society a young French nobleman, the Count de Lacy, who was then Secretary of Legation here. He was wealthy, had served in the army with distinction, and my father was fond of him, often invited him to this house, and I have sat with him here, where now we sit, a hundred times, receiving feelings which I little knew were creeping into my breast. At length, he told me he loved me, and he very soon found out that I loved him. He expressed fears, however, that our affection would meet with opposition on my father's part, and assured me that he would not have ventured to breathe his love, till he had made more progress in the earl's regard, if he had not been suddenly recalled to France, as well as the ambassador. It was necessary, however, that my father should be immediately informed of our wishes, and De Lacy went to him for that purpose. He received a peremptory, and immediate refusal. My father said that he esteemed and liked the Count de Lacy, but that his daughter should never marry a foreigner, and a Roman Catholic.

"We both knew that my father's resolutions were unchangeable, and those resolutions were expressed very harshly to me, who had never been accustomed to hear an unkind word from any one. They engendered feelings which they ought not to have produced—feelings almost of anger—something more than disappointment—a spirit of resistance. I felt that I could never love any one but De Lacy—that I should be miserable when he was gone—that I could only be happy as his wife. We found means to see each other. Our first object was only to say farewell, but in a moment of rash passion, he asked me to fly with him, and I fled. In every thing, he behaved with the utmost tenderness, delicacy, and honor. We reached Paris—unpursued, as I afterward found—and were immediately married by good Father Bonneville, who had been the chaplain to the embassy, and then by a Protestant clergyman.

"I wrote to my father immediately, begging forgiveness; but my letter was returned unopened, and I found that my father had given strict orders in his family, that my name should be never mentioned to him—that if ever I was inquired for by others, the reply should be simply, that I was abroad, and that no notice whatsoever should be taken in public, or in private, of my being the wife of the Count de Lacy. One is soon forgotten in a great world like this, Louis. There was some little rumor and gossiping when I first went away, but my father's perfect calmness and reserve, his appearance of utter indifference and easy bearing, soon quelled all idle talk, and, except by my brother and my sisters, I was soon lost to remembrance. I had three children, of whom you were the second, Louis. My other lost darlings were girls. One died in the East, where De Lacy was appointed to a high command. The other died a day before her father—

She put her hand over her eyes, and paused for several moments; but then resuming her discourse, she said—

"I cannot dwell upon that terrible time. My senses left me for several weeks, and when I awoke to a consciousness of my situation, I found myself a widow, nearly penniless, stripped of all the fine estates which my husband had possessed, with one dear boy, between four and five years old, fatherless, and marked out by the terrible curse of a black stain upon his father's name.

"Rank, station, fortune, love, hope, were all gone. The world seemed a blank void to me, and the waking from that frenzied sleep, like the recovery of a half-drowned man, was far more terrible than the death-like state which had preceded. I found, however, that besides good Father Bonneville, who had flown to me immediately, there was an English gentleman in the house, and as soon as I could bear it, I was told that he had been sent to me with a message from my father. When I could see him, I found that he was a stiff, dry, old man, but not altogether unkind, and he did not venture to give me the message he was charged to deliver for two or three days. He then, however, told me that he had a proposal to make to me, which had been reduced to writing, in my father's own hand. It was this—"

She paused again, unable to proceed, and Westover interposed, saying—

"Let me tell him, my dear aunt?"

"The case was this, Louis, my grandfather had watched anxiously the proceedings against your father, and when he found him condemned and executed, his whole estates confiscated, and his very name attainted, he sent over to offer my Aunt Catharine a refuge in her former home—but it was only for herself," he added, in a slow and sorrowful tone. "He exacted that you should be left behind in France—that she should resume her maiden name—that you should be brought up in utter ignorance of your connection with his family, and, as far as possible, in ignorance also of your father's history."

"It was a hard measure," I said, somewhat bitterly, but Westover went on.

"On these conditions, he promised to provide for you amply—to pay for your support and education, during youth, and to settle a sufficient property upon

you at his death. The reason he assigned for these harsh measures—as you will call them—was, that his name had come down unstained for many generations, and that he would never admit or acknowledge any connection with a family, which had the taint of treason upon it."

"At first," said my mother, taking up the tale again, "I rejected the proposal with horror, and declared that nothing would induce me to part with my child; but the good gentleman who had been sent to me, urged strongly, that by my presence and persuasions, I might induce my father to mitigate somewhat of his severity. He did not know his inflexible nature; and before I yielded, I attempted by letter to move my father. I represented humbly that, although condemned by a corrupt court, my poor husband was certainly innocent—that I knew every thing that had passed between him and the British officers—that the letters produced were forgeries—and that the time would come, when De Lacy's name would stand out pure and clear. All I could obtain was contained in the following words of his reply: 'If the time should ever come which you anticipate, and when your late husband's character shall be fully justified, I will acknowledge you as his wife with pride, and receive your son as one of my own race. But till that time, I will never see him. You must never meet him voluntarily; and I beg it to be remembered, that if by a want of good faith, or even an indiscretion upon your part, he is made acquainted with his connection with myself, or is brought to England, under any false expectations from me, I will immediately stop the allowance that I propose to make him, and strike his name out of my will.'

"At first this seemed to me but little gained, but both the English gentleman, who had remained with me, and Father Bonneville, thought that it was much. They represented to me that opinion was already changing in France with regard to my husband's case, that multitudes asserted his innocence and deplored his fate; and that the time must soon come, when he would be fully justified. My own hopes and convictions seconded their arguments, and I resolved, at length, to submit. Beggary and starvation were before me, Louis, not only for myself, but for you. I was bribed, in short, by the hope of your happiness, to sacrifice all a mother's affections and enjoyments. Father Bonneville undertook the task of educating you; my maid Jeanette agreed to go with him to his little cure, and watch over you as a mother; and with a bitterness worse than that of death, I parted from you, and returned to England. Father Bonneville and Jeanette both solemnly bound themselves to the secrecy required—and well did they keep their word. God's will brought you to England, no act of mine; and by a blessed chance you became acquainted with your dear Cousin Charles, who has been to me in my long widowhood and privation, the greatest comfort and consolation.

"But how did you know Charles," I inquired, "so much of my fate and history, if the subject was forbidden in your grandfather's house."

"The prohibition was not well kept toward me at all events," replied Westover; "my father told me the whole story long ago. My Aunt Maude, whom you have seen, talked of it frequently. My grandfather himself, even, of late years—when he found out that I knew it—mentioned the matter once or twice himself. I am a great favorite of his, and when I discovered that you were in England, and perceived what sort of a person you were, I used to dash at the subject with him often; for with these stern old gentlemen, Louis, there is nothing like a little careless, rattling independence. Never do any thing that is wrong toward them—never be insolent or impertinent, but go gayly on your own way, and they learn very soon to take it as a matter of course. Every one helped me, too, I must say; for we would have done any thing in the world to comfort dear Aunt Kate. It was with this purpose that I persuaded her to go down to Blackheath on the day of the review, not intending that she should know who you were till afterward, but just that she might see you, and learn that she had seen her son; but I even persuaded the earl himself to come meet you at dinner; and he was very much pleased with you there, especially when he found that you were perfectly ignorant of your own history. The fact of your having become a Protestant, increased his good feeling toward you, and he began to take a good deal of interest in you, so that I doubt not in the least, we should have got round his lordship in the end, even if we had not obtained this important proof of your father's innocence. As soon as he heard the facts, however, and I assured him that there could be no possible doubt, he consented at once to my bringing you here, said that his objections were at an end, that the conditions were fulfilled, and he was quite ready to acknowledge you as his grandson. In fact, Louis, he only wished for a good excuse to abandon his stern determination—and he caught at it eagerly enough."

"Shall I not see him?" I asked.

"Not to-night, I think," replied Westover. "He was obliged to go to the House, he said, and was gone before you arrived. The fact is, he hates what he calls scenes, and fearing there might be one here, he went away. Take my advice, therefore, and when you see him to-morrow, just shake him by the hand, as quietly as if you had been his grandson all your life, and had just come back from Buxton. He will then take the initiative himself, and make all the arrangements that are necessary."

"But your father, Westover," I said.

"Alas! we have lost him," replied my mother, "but we have no second title in our family, Louis, and therefore Charles is merely Captain Westover; but you have some explanations to give, I think he told me."

"They will be better given to-morrow, dear aunt," said Westover. "Let us finish one volume of the book first. Jeanette has just been telling me, Louis, that you have got the precious document signed by the Marquis de Carcassonne's own hand—show it to her, show it to her—it will do her good to see it." My mother read it with eyes blinded by tears, and

then pressed it to her lips. "Thank God, thank God!" she said. "I cannot help sometimes thinking, Louis, that the dead can see us, and if so, it must give even greater joy to the spirit of your father in glory, to see his name thus justified by the efforts of his son."

I disclaimed much of the credit she attributed to me, and acknowledged that the principal honor was due to good Jeanette.

Jeanette was then called in and embraced us all round, kissed Charles Westover on each side of the face, and me twice on each side, called him an *excellent garçon*, and me her *chèr Louis*, and then danced for a minute for very joy, and then ran out of the room to weep, from the same cause.

We protracted our sitting till nearly midnight, and I retired with a heart lightened of its heaviest load. The next morning, I went, as had been arranged by Westover, to call upon my grandfather at his breakfast hour. I found him alone—for my mother had not come down to breakfast for years—but he received me very kindly, gave me his whole hand, and made me sit down to breakfast with him. For the first five minutes he called me Monsieur de Lacy, but it very soon got to Louis, and he talked of the news of the day, and of Charles Westover, and of the state of his health, and of his own anxiety to prevent him from joining his regiment again, while that ball was in his chest.

I followed his lead, and replied, "I dare say, sir, you might find a means, if you wished it."

He shook his head, saying, "I don't think it. Boys and girls are all obstinate—what means?"

"If you were to persuade some fair lady to ask him, sir," I said, "he would never refuse her."

"Ha—what do you mean, Miss ——?"

"I really do not know who the lady is," I answered; "but I dare say your lordship is well aware."

"Oh yes, I know quite well. He has been engaged to Miss —— two years; I wonder why they have not married before now."

"I really cannot tell," I answered; "but perhaps they do not know that you would approve—or Westover may think that he has not sufficient to keep his position as your grandson."

"Ay, that old uncle of his, Westover," he said, "left his fortune charged with such a jointure that nothing will come in from that till the old lady dies—"

He thought for a moment, and then added, "But all that will be speedily arranged. Why did he not speak to me about it himself?"

"I only speak myself by guess, my lord," I answered, "and am conscious I am taking an unwarrantable liberty in mentioning the subject to you at all."

"Not at all, not at all," said the earl, "I 'm obliged to you; but I cannot be expected to think of all these things for everybody. He only told me that he intended to marry Miss ——; and I said, very well, I had no objection; for she is a very good girl, and of a very old family, though poor, desperate poor. Go and tell him, Louis, that if he likes to stay here and marry, I will make every arrangement to render him comfotrable. Do n't let fortune stand in the way a moment. He shall be put at ease."

I had a great inclination to say a good word for myself; but I forbore, and as I rose to go, the earl asked, in an ordinary tone, "Have you seen your mother this morning?"

I replied as nearly as I could in the same manner, that I had not yet; and he rejoined, "Well, go and see her before you go to Charles. You will find her in her dressing-room—you know where it is."

I had not the most distant idea; but I did not tell him so, and merely bade him good morning.

Thus ended my first interview with the Earl of N—— as his acknowledged grandson.

Very few words more will suffice to close my little history. Charles Westover was delighted with the news I brought him, and readily agreed to retire upon half pay, and to remain in England. He insisted upon knowing how it had been brought about that I was sent with this message to him, and I gave him, half jestingly, half seriously, an account of my interview with the earl.

"I understand you, Louis, I understand you," he said, wringing my hand hard, "and I thank you from my very heart. Nothing on earth would have induced me to ask the earl for a penny. My mother's jointure, of course, diminishes greatly the income that descended to me from my father, and perhaps some youthful imprudences may have diminished it still more; but the earl, I dare say, did not think of either. Now all will go well; for there is not a more generous man living, when he acts spontaneously. And so you really did not speak one word about your own engagement? Well, that must be managed for you."

"No, no," I replied, "I will do it myself. I begin to understand his character, I think, and trust I can manage it."

However, when I came to talk with my mother on the subject, she was terrified at the very idea—a Frenchwoman—a Roman Catholic—the daughter of a poor emigrant—she thought it would drive the earl mad.

I went down to see Mariette, nevertheless, that same day, rejoiced the heart of the Count de Salins with the news of my father's complete exculpation, and returned the next morning to London, taking Father Bonneville with me; but I took especial care not to say one word to any one, of there being even a chance that the earl would disapprove of my choice. Some five or six days after, the earl wrote me a note to come with Westover and breakfast with him. We found him in the best humor; for some changes had taken place in the ministry which satisfied him, and toward the close of breakfast, a servant announced that Mr. Holland was in the library.

"I will be with him directly," said the earl; and when he had finished his cup of coffee, and read a paragraph in the newspaper, to show that he was in no hurry, he rose, saying, "Now, young men, come with me."

We followed him to the library, where we found a tall, thin lawyer, with a shaggy head of hair, and

two parchments spread out upon the table. A few words passed between the earl and his man of business, and then the former took up a pen, and signed the parchment at a spot pointed out.

"This, Charles," he said, turning to my cousin, "is a deed settling the sum of five thousand per annum upon you, till my death puts you in possession of the family estates."

"This, Louis," he continued, turning to me with the pen still in his hand, "is a deed, settling two thousand per annum upon you for life, and you will find yourself further remembered in my will."

He stooped to sign the parchment, but I laid my hand upon it saying, boldly, but in a commonplace tone, "Stop, my lord, if you please."

"Why?" he exclaimed, looking up.

"First," I answered, "because it is quite honor, and pleasure enough for me to be your acknowledged grandson; and secondly, because I think it right to inform you, before you do what I could in no degree expect, that I am about to be married. The engagement was formed before I had the slightest idea that I was in any way related to you, otherwise I should certainly have consulted you before I entered into it."

I could see by Westover's face that he thought I was going wrong, but I was not. The old man laughed, and said, "Well, boy, I have no objection to your marrying."

"And any one I like?" I asked.

"And any one you like," he answered. "I do not carry my superintendence beyond one generation. That is more than enough for any one."

"Then, my dear and noble lord," I replied, "let me add, that the one I like, is I am sure, one you will like, too, for she is as generous and as noble-minded as yourself—noble, by birth and by character—a lady in every respect—and well fitted to be admitted into your family."

"A French-woman!" he said—"a French-woman?"

I think it was a sort of instinct dictated my reply, "One of my own countrywomen, my lord," I answered, "the companion of my childhood, the friend of my youth. I know that you judge it best for every one to marry one of his own country—she is the daughter of the Comte de Salins, and a nobler or a purer name is not to be found for five hundred years—is not to be found in the pages of French history."

"Well, well," said the old earl, "I shall be very happy to see her; "and he signed the parchment, adding, "Bring her here, my good boy, bring her here. You will soon know if I like her. If I do I shall kiss her, and don't you be jealous; if I do not I shall give her three fingers, and call her Mademoiselle;" and he laughed gayly.

Two days afterward, my mother and I brought up Mariette to visit the old earl. She was looking exquisitely lovely, her eyes full of the light of hope and happiness, her face glowing with sweet emotions, and her frame tremulous with feelings which added grace to all her graces. She leaned upon my mother's arm, as we entered the room where the old earl received us, and I could perceive as he gazed at her, that he was surprised and struck with her extraordinary beauty. It was impossible to look upon that face and form and not be captivated. He rose from his chair at once, advanced and took her in his arms, and kissing her with more tenderness than I ever saw him display, he said, "Welcome, welcome, my dear child. If Louis does not make you a good husband, I will strike him out of my will, so see that you keep him in order."

Westover and I were married on the same day. I have no reason to doubt that he was happy, and of my own fate I am very sure.

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By a decree of the Cour de Cassation in the first year of the reign of Louis XVIII., by the grace of God King of France, the sentence passed upon Louis, Comte de Lacy, was, after a great many *vus*, and *interrogés* broken, and annulled, the memory of the said count *rehabilitee*, and his family, restored to all their estates and honors. Nevertheless, we find a Count and Countess De Lacy still living in England in 1830, and there are strong and cogent reasons to believe that the very numerous family bearing that name, had by some means or another, sprung up around them.

MY FOREFATHERS.

BY J. HUNT, JR.

When soft falls the moonlight, and tranquil the hour,
Which holds by a spell the dear scenes of the Past,
How touchingly tender that mystical power
Which throws o'er existence its love to the last.
On the wings of Remembrance, forgetting, forgot
Are the dreams of the Present, as onward we fly,
To place our affections on that hallowed spot
Where the bones of our forefathers mouldering lie.

Deep, pure, in the bosom's bright innermost shrine,
Are treasured the loves we inherit in Youth;
E'en Age, with its weakness, serves but to refine
Our early impressions of Virtue and Truth.
Those silent Instructors—God grant them a Rest
In mansions prepared for the holy in heart—
For oft do they come from the Land of the Blest,
And to us their kindly monitions impart.

CLEOPATRA.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, TRANSLATOR OF THE PROMETHEUS AND AGAMEMNON OF ÆSCHYLUS, ETC ETC.

Deliberatâ morte ferveior
Lævis liburnis scilicet invideus
Prevata deduci superbo,
Non humilis mulier, triumpho. HORACE, *Lib. I. Ode 37.*

AWAY! away! I would not live,
Proud arbiter of life and death,
Although the proffered boon of breath,
Which fain thou wouldst, but canst not, give,
Were Immortality.
Though all, that poets love to dream,
Of bright and beautiful were blent
To flow in one delicious stream,
Till time itself were spent;
Though glories, such as never met
In mortal monarch's coronet,
Were poured in one unclouded blaze
On Cleopatra's deathless days,
I would not bear the wretched strife,
The feverish agony of life,
The little aims, the ends yet less,
The hopes bud-blighted ere they bloom,
The joys that end in bitterness,
The race that rests but in the tomb,
These, these, not death, are misery.
Nay! tell not me of pomp or pleasure,
Of empire, or renown, or treasure,
Of friendship's faith or love's devotion—
Things treacherous as the wind-rocked ocean—
For I have proved them all.
Away! If there be aught to bless
In rapture's goblet, I have drained
That draught misnamed of happiness,
Till not a lurking drop remained
Of honey-mantled gall.
Oh! who would live, that once hath seen
The Lamia Pleasure's mask removed;
That once hath learned how false the sheen
Of all he erst so madly loved?
And I have seen, have learned, the whole;
Till, for the passions fierce and wild
That torrent-like defied control,
A wretched apathy of soul,
Exhausted rapture's gloomy child,
Hath crept into my very blood,
Chilling the tides that wont to flow
Like lava in their scorching flood—
An apathy more dull than care,
More sad than pain, more still than wo—
Twin sister to despair.
And thinkest thou I would stoop to live
On mercy such as Rome might give—
Or what is Rome, and what am I,
That I should bend a servile knee,
The free-born daughter of the free,
To her, whose victor lords have thrown
Their sceptre-swords before my throne,
And lost their empires at my frown?
Or deemest thou, impotent and base,
That I, of eldest earthly race,
Will thread in slow procession pace
Rome's proud triumphal way—
A crownless queen, a shameless slave,
Beside thy golden chariot's nave,
With fettered hands supine to crave
Plebeian pity—Roman ruth—
And with unroyal tears, forsooth!
"To make a Roman Holyday?"
An emperor thou! and I—no more!
My foot is on life's latest shore.
Away! even now I die.
I feel it coursing through my veins,
The peace that soon shall still my pains,
And calm my ceaseless wo.
Away, proud chief! I would not yield
My empire for the conquered world
O'er which thine eagle wing is furled—
My empire in the grave.
Hades shall rise my steps to greet,
Ancestral kings my advent meet,
Sesostris, of the man-drawn car,
And Rhamses, thunderbolt of war,
Amenophis, of giant frame,
And Tathrak, of immortal name.
The mighty Ptolemies shall rise
With greeting in their glorious eyes,
And cry from lips no longer dumb—
"Hail, sister queen, for thou hast come
Right royally thy feres among.
Our thousand thrones have tarried long,
Till thou shouldst mount thine own.
Last, loveliest, frailest of our line,
By this immortal death of thine
Thou hast outdared all daring—thou
Art first among us. Lo! we bow—
We kneel—before thee! Sister queen,
The end of fortune here is seen,
Ascend thy fated throne."
And now my woman-heart is steeled;
Call forth the bravest of the brave,
Your reapers of the crimson field,
To whom the battle-cry is breath,
To look upon a woman's death.
I have outlived my love, my power,
My country's freedom, people's name,
My flush of youth, my beauty's flower,
But not, oh not! my thirst of fame.
The Pyramids before me lie,
Piercing the deep Egyptian sky,
Memorials of the nameless dead,
To build whose glory thousands bled—
And I, the latest of their race,
A captive in their dwelling place,
Die, yet survive them all.
I tell thee, when no trophies shine
Upon the proud Capitoline,
When Julius' fame is all forgot,
Even where his honored relics rot,
Ages shall sing my fall.
Proud Roman, thou hast won. But I,
More gladly than thou winnest, die.
Away! when crowns were on my brow,
And nations did my rising greet,
And Cæsar groveled at my feet,
I lived not—never lived till now.

REMINISCENCE.

Not every man, I believe, takes the trouble to look back occasionally to his very earliest recollections, recalling what he may, with a view to learn how much of his character was formed by the trivial incidents of his spring-time, how much, and what, is of later origin. It would surprise one to see accurately the proportion of his habit of thought, his sensibility, his ideas of right and wrong, his reverence and his affections, how much of the underlying sympathies and poetry of his nature is associated with this early period.

Some book I was reading, or some friend I was talking with the other day, suggested the matter and left me in a revery of reminiscence.

There came back to me the memory of pleasant dreams which I was perplexed to divorce from dream-like reality, of presents and promises, of nursery tales and melodies, of first disappointments, punishments, and altercations, of all the scenery between babyhood and boyhood, and of the constant wonder amid which my mind wrought its first essays.

The quiet village street between my father's house and place of business, was the only one I was in the custom of seeing, and at such times generally in charge of an attendant, unless, with soiled face and apron full of toys, I adventured alone to run the hazard of the occasional carriages, and finally to be found asleep beside the fence and carried home to my anxious mother. When taken to another street, I seemed to pass to another realm. I roamed admiringly through the *terra incognita;* "the Bank," with its brick walls and slated roof, I believed the castle of Giant Despair; the huge, white, fast-closed meeting-house seemed like a desolate prison; the drivers shouted to their teams in unknown tongues; the confectioners' windows recognized me with smiles of dazzling invitation, and sometimes a benign old man would pat my head and ask me how old I was. The bustle and business, the shops and sign-boards, all I saw and met were wondrous discoveries, identified with histories of men and things which I had spelled out from my story-books, or had heard my father read at morning-prayer.

Once or twice I wandered off there alone. But to turn the corner of Mill street was like rounding the Cape of Storms. Men in a hurry tumbled over me, rude boys threatened to swallow me, dirty-faced and ragged children of my own age eyed me in mute surprise, that almost equaled mine, or with precocious malignity and a jealousy that, I trust, did not ripen in them, plucked my clothes or my hair, or threw mud on me. And one boy—and a twinge of my sometime indignation now comes across me—I remember took away the ten-cent piece which hung on a red ribbon around my neck, and spent it for India crackers.

There was a stump fence opposite our house, where I sometimes stood for long together, looking at the great, spangling roots and dead fibres twisted in fantastic shapes, to conjure up dragons, hydras, and all grotesque and horrible creations. And the old swamp of rank, slim hemlocks, that I used to shudder at passing, with their gnarled, naked trunks, dry limbs and mossy beards. And the tangled, dark thickets and unpathed woods with cawing rooks; these all filled my mind with shapeless shadows of strange myths. How I remember the first time I clambered up the hill and looked out upon the miles of forest, like a great, green, waving ocean, while the winds strode over it, as then my heart knew its first unutterable grasping, and swelled with vague emotions that I could not fit with words.

My reverence was sincere for "big boys twelve years old," of intrepid courage, who talked slightingly of the maternal authority, owned jack-knives, and emulated the "mouth-filling oaths" of larger men. I considered it great condescension in them to let me go with them after their cows, or when they made journeys to the pine groves after "sliver," or the alder swamps for whistles. These were the delightful music of this period, and from such excursions I returned inflated with the consciousness of travel, my torn shoes and clayey garments telling how dear I paid for the instrument in whose possession I exulted as those whom Jubal taught erewhile. Particularly I remember my paragon of chivalry, and the Mr. Great Heart of my erudition—Bill Thayer. How I hung upon his words of daring; how I admired the gasconade with which he threatened the "Shad-Laners," between whom and the urchins at our end of the town fierce feud existed; and how he fell from the pinnacle of my veneration when I saw him return vanquished and limping from a foray upon the Shad-Lane district.

There were two or three places about the premises which I used to love to steal into and ransack. One of these was the garret of the house. We went up through a trap-door into a space just under the roof, its bare rafters within my touch at the sides, and through which the chimneys passed. Here were white hats and faded or unfashionable garments. Here were boxes with bedding in them; barrels of feathers, both boxes and barrels of old pamphlets and newspapers—behind a chimney leaned an old "king's arms" musket, which at length familiarity encouraged me to lay hands upon, and near it hung a cartridge-box, a knapsack, and a bayonet in its sheath. These told me all sorts of tales. I shuddered and dropped the steel when I thought of its purpose and what might have been its deeds, and of all the Bible stories of Goliah with his sword and spear, and Samson slaying Philistines. I inquired strangely of myself what war was, and the mystery of conflict and enmity enveloped my young thought, as it has many an older. To tumble those old books

and papers was delightful. Sometimes a rare waif came to hand, a print or a toy-book, or something equally valuable.

Thus do I rummage the neglected attics of my own memory; thus trace the concretion of that character which I must bear forever, and the gradual development of my reason and volition in the sunlight of home and innocence.

"God help thee, Elia," said Charles Lamb, "how art thou changed!" B. B.

TO THE PICTURE OF MY CHILD.*

BY META LANDER.

Oh! is it not a dream, my child?
Is not my yearning heart beguiled?
And have not then my longings wild
Disturbed my wildered brain?
Ah, no! the wish that night and day
Hath never, never passed away—
It stirred me not in vain.

Full many a dreary month has passed,
Since o'er me swept that chilling blast,
When on thee, child, I looked my last.
Oh! since that mournful hour,
How have I longed for some charmed art
To trace thine image from my heart
With thy rich beauty's dower.

I see thee once again, my dove!
Thy face all radiant with love—
Thy parted rose-bud lips—they *move*—
Oh! will they *never speak?*
I list in vain, my warbling bird;
There gushes forth no loving word,
And tears steal down my cheek.

Thou puttest up thy mouth to kiss;
My heart is thrilled with wildest bliss—
And yet—and yet—*something* I miss—
Thought's ever changeful play—
The variant, passing moods of life—
Its lights and shades in pleasant strife—
A dash of Sorrow's spray.

I look upon thy morning face,
Enrapt with its sun-lighted grace—
But seek in vain the faintest trace
Of some o'ershadowing cloud.
Alas! dear child! *it is not thou*—
Sunshine laughed never on thy brow
When grief did mine enshroud.

I miss thy winsome tenderness—
Thy music-tones, so charmed to bless;
I miss thy soothing, fond caress—
Thy sweet lips on mine own.
Carrie, my child! *thou* wouldst not be
Thus mute in my keen agony.
Again I am alone!

Then hide that face from out my sight!
Its radiant smile and eyes of light
But mock me in my sorrow's night—
I cannot bid it stay.
Too like it is, sweet one, to thee—
And oh! I cannot bear to see
That smile's unbroken ray.

But hush, my heart! And would I, then,
Make thee a child of grief again,
And shroud thy boundless, starry ken
In Time's bewildering night.
Ah, no! I would rejoice that now
Ray ever round thy cherub-brow
Beams of celestial light.

Freed from the cankering cares of life,
Its tears—its bitterness—its strife—
From all the ills with which is rife
This changing, mortal coil;
Oh! sweet forever be thy rest
In that Elysium of the blest—
Fair Eden's genial soil.

How could I bear that thou shouldst weep?
That the sad angel, Grief, should keep
The key to thy dear heart, or sweep
O'er thee her storm-clouds wild?
Oh! let me weep my tears alone!
Ne'er shall thy lips breathe sorrow's moan,
My own, my angel child!

Then while my aching heart is riven,
I lift it weeping up to heaven,
Exulting that to thee is given
Eternal sunlight sweet!
A sunlight imaged on thy brow,
Which doth not mock my misery now,
As thy love-glance I meet.

I look into thy moonlit eyes,
Wherein thy soul clear mirrored lies,
As heaven looks through the star-lit skies,
The wintry night to bless.
In their deep light is earnest thought—
Visions with inward beauty fraught
No language can express.

I gaze upon thy forehead fair,
Shadowed by thy brown, clustering hair,
And joy that is not written there
One line of grief or pain.
From that clear brow there beams a smile,
Which sweetly utters all the while
Mother, we meet again!

Oh! blest forever be that art
Which hath reversed the words—*to part*,
And back unto my yearning heart
My darling child hath given.
Around that face, in radiance bright,
Circleth an aureole of light—
Adumbrant sweet of heaven.

* By the poet-painter, T. Buchanan Read.

PAQUETA.

BY H. DIDIMUS.

CHAPTER I.

"PAQUETA, Paqueteta, Paquete," I called, throwing the Italian and English diminutives together to express more strongly the smallness, and, I may add, prettiness, of the little being whom I knew was listening for my voice. Paqueta sprang into the room with a shower of laughter, and rolled at my feet, and took them in her hands, and embraced them, and said that she was, indeed, very happy. Paqueta was one of those "pets" to be found in every creole family of Louisiana; and which seem to be as necessary to the completeness of the establishment, as was the fool among the nobler of our ancestors, some three centuries past. The pet is ever a slave, a little slave, sometimes full-blooded and jetty black, and sometimes so near upon white, as to puzzle the eye to find a trace of the African sun in its complexion. It is adopted from chance, or whim, and grows daily into the affections, until it becomes the most indulged, pampered, spoiled, cared-for, and idolized thing about the house. With the widest liberty, its chains hang in the air, or are made of those roses which the good people of Geneva put into Jean Jaque's hands when they raised a monument to his Emile. Paqueta was a quateronne—a light quateronne, of exquisite features, and most fragile make; and, at the time of which I write, had eight years—eight years of happiness to her; for she knew not of her condition, knew not of any thing, save petting, from her birth to that hour. Thus it is that liberty is a breath, an airy something to be talked of, rather than enjoyed. What liberty have the poor? Are they not bound to labor, to a toil which is ceaseless, by the will of God, even to the grave! And what liberty have the rich? A change of place, and their own wills. Better it were that their own wills were bound about with clamps of iron three-fold deep. Paqueta was born upon the feast of Easter, and thence took her name—for the French call Easter-day "Paque;" and a paque it was, or a festival it was, from her birth unto her death. Her hair was long and straight, and black as night; while her eyes, ox-eyes, too, were deeply blue; as if nature, knowing her mixed race, were willing to carry out the mixture by a strange compound of opposing colors. Nothing could be more delicate and tapering than her fingers; and her tiny feet were a joy to the sight. And there she lay, rolling at my feet, and looking up archly, and laughing—for she knew what was to come next; so I put out my hand, and commenced the daily lesson, counting upon the digits.

"*Un, deux, trois, quatre, cinq.*" I had undertaken to teach Paqueta to count five—and a mighty task it was; for she was a very little witch, and knew me better than I knew myself, and feared lest, the lesson ended, she might lose her interest to be whistled down the wind. Oh, nature, nature! thou knowest full well what thou art about; and dost put into our breasts, even in the beginning, the ways and means of winning all our desires.

"*Un, deux, trois, quatre, cinq.*" Paqueta crooked her little fingers, and commenced; "*Un, deux, quatre—non, ce n'est pas juste; un, quatre, cinq*"—and then, with a fillip upon her ear, the one hundred and ninety-ninth, she sprang away, and shouted, and laughed, and crept back again, and rolled at my feet, and took them in her hands, and said that indeed she must learn, and thought that she should do so, if she could but try again. And thus we went on, from day to day, Paqueta's little head refusing to hold more than three numerals at once, and even those three not in the right relative position. And when Paqueta became weary of her counting, and I became weary of the fillip, she would steal up behind my chair, and comb out my hair—which I then wore foolishly long, having enough of it—and fumble in my pockets for paper, and roll my locks up tightly to the skin, saying that they must curl, and that, as I was a good man, I must buy her, and she would be my nice little barber forever. Buy her! And so she knew that she was a thing of barter—a thing to be bought and sold! And what if she did know it—was she the less happy for her knowledge—and was she other than we all are, in this broad world? Who buys the maid, trained to all luxury, sighing for position! And who buys the youth, in science well instructed, ambitious of a name! The poor are bought daily, under every sum that civilization acknowledges; and the rich, when in want of other purchasers, sell themselves to their own vices. Small difference is it, whether the price be pounds, shillings, and pence, or a promise of ease, or power, or bread, or pleasures, forbidden in this life, to be accounted for in the next. So Paqueta was not so unfortunate, after all.

Paqueta loved dress above all things, and had the taste to wear it—the French part of her composition—and when, on a gala day, she appeared tricked out with ribbons, her joy ran over, and sparkled in her eyes, and lighted up her face, and babbled from her tongue, and played in her feet, so airily, that she seemed to tread upon nothing. She loved admiration, too; and no punishment could be devised, for any of her faults, so effective as the forbidding her to appear before the company which visited her mistress' house. She took to music from nature, for she was born amid the sound of bells; and at the Opera,

where she held her mistress' handkerchief, or arranged her mistress' train, kept time with her head, and with her hands, and with her whole body—certainly Paqueta was not unhappy. I much doubt whether she ever saw a more miserable hour than that to which I once subjected her, in an honest attempt to teach her English. She began with a right good will, for she knew that the lesson was to be a long one, and would not be got over with the counting of five; but the guttural and teeth sounds so grated upon her ear, that, like the whetting of a saw, they made her sick, and I gave up my project—the more readily, since we all know that one language is enough for anybody; and more than enough for most of us.

Next to dress, in a woman, comes religion; and since nature is ever true, and ever holds to her first types, Paqueta was religious all over. She kept the fast-days every one, eat no meat upon a Friday, and with the coming of the Sabbath, and on most week days, walked at her mistress' side to matins. If she came away with little knowledge, she came away with much wisdom; for true wisdom is a getter of happiness, and her happiness flowed from her religion as one of its main sources. She ever wore about her neck, hanging to a narrow ribbon, a small medal of the size, if you are a lady, of your thumb nail; it was of bronze, and bore upon one side an impress of the cross, and upon the other a raised figure of the Virgin. One day I took it between my fingers, and asked her what it was; she said it was her God, and began with much earnestness to tell me how it came into her possession. She said that it had been given to her a long time before, so long before that her little memory could not run back to the precise year, and month, and day, by the good Father Joseph, who told her that if she kept it safely she should never die. Never die; *pauvre petite!* What could Paqueta know of death, except as a place where there was no dressing, no eating and no drinking, no counting of five, and, more than all, no petting? Yet the good father had spoken to her of death, and had told her further, that if she did but pray to her God morning and night, she would in return, receive whatever she asked.

"And did the good father tell you what to ask for, Paqueta?"

"*Oui, monsieur;* he said that I must ask for health, and nothing more, for every thing else I could get myself."

A right good father, and a right sensible father was Joseph, according to my thinking; for the little Paqueta throve well under his instructions. Every morning and every night she took the medal from her neck, and placed it upon her bed and knelt before it and asked for health, and rose with the consciousness of possessing what she asked for. Her religion was a reality, and if it went not far, it at least went some way; and there was an earnestness about it which sometimes made me wish it my own. I have many neighbors, and perhaps you are slightly acquainted with others, who would show another and a better face with one half of Paqueta's faith.

CHAPTER II.

Little Paqueta, nice Paqueta, sweet Paqueta, slave Paqueta, my pen runs riot when speaking of Paqueta, heaven bless her soul. Thus Paqueta lived, and breathed, and was happy during two whole years under my eyes, when a great change came over her life, and she put off the bonds of servitude never to resume them more. Her mistress, who had wealth, and who, with all of her sex among the creole French of Louisiana, looked forward to a translation to Paris with much of the expectation that fills the breast of a devotee who travels toward a "city out of sight," removed to La Belle France. As the law then stood, it was the practice of those who went abroad to add a favorite slave to their train, as a readier and earlier means of manumission than the statute gave. All who touched la belle France returned free; so Paqueta's mistress, knowing full well that her little maid-in-waiting, whom she had spoilt, and whom every body had spoilt, was too white for servitude, was too white for any thing except one long Easter-day, as the pagans kept it, put her among her baggage. I saw Paqueta on shipboard, and there, standing upon the deck which was to take her forever from the clime of which she was a most true child, the wind whistling through her hair, and her tongue garrulous of the joy which childhood ever finds in all things new. I gave her my last lesson.

"Paqueta," said I, "never trouble yourself about counting five; if you should ever arrive at the counting of a hundred, you would be none the better for it; but remember always the good Father Joseph's gift and his instructions—good bye."

And again the little slave-girl, so happy and so beautiful, rolled at my feet, and took them in her hands, and looked up, and was silent; for the long lesson of two years was ended, and was to be washed out by the wetting of a passing sorrow which I saw hanging upon her eyelids.

Ten years had rolled away since Paqueta's emigration, and in the course of them I had grown more than ten years older under this hot, quick-racing sun. I had forgotten the long-haired, blue-eyed, Easter-born quateronne, with her mistress, and ten thousand other things beside, when, one long vacation, having nothing else to do, and having just got through a dull history of Paris in twelve big volumes, I resolved to see that great heart of the world. It was in King Philippe's day, when the Parisians enjoyed more rational liberty than they ever enjoyed before, or will ever enjoy again, except they very much mend their ways. Now any thing may take place in Paris, as we know very well; and one who has lived there a long time must have long since ceased wondering. Paris is the mother of civilization, and civilization is a Proteus which turns itself inside-out, and upside-down, every day throughout the week. Paris is a citizen of the world, and has the good and the bad qualities of all the earth beside; so that no one, wherever born, is at a loss in its streets, but at once feels at home, and leaving it, leaves it with regret. Paris, therefore, is as infinite in its incident as the

earth is; and although it might be hard to find, elsewhere in Europe, the manners of two widely-separated people in close and harmonious juxtaposition, yet, in Paris, you tread upon the four continents every step you take. In Paris man's intellect is stretched to the utmost, the best fencer takes the prize, the hardest fends off, and no false coin passes for true metal; real merit is recognized, and mind, polished, sharp, ready for effective use, is the only nobility which ranks one higher than another. Therefore, sir, you need not open your eyes very wide when I tell you of Paqueta's transformation in Paris.

I had been in the city a whole month, running about in every quarter to see the world of art collected within its walls—and twelve months, and twice twelve months would not have been sufficient for the Louvre alone—when, one early eve, the light yet hanging upon the house-tops and dropping down upon the passengers below, I discovered in the Champs Elysées, moving in a direction opposite to my own, a gentleman and lady whose manner, whose comeliness, whose air of full content, strongly fixed my attention. As we drew near to each other, I saw that the lady was possessed of a rare beauty, and as Frenchwomen are proverbially plain, and as her complexion was of the deeper olive, I at once said that she was from the Peninsula, perhaps Cadiz, of whose excellence in that way we have all read so much.

The lady and her companion were engaged in earnest conversation, when, just as we were about to cross, her eye caught mine; she hesitated, stopped, moved on, hesitated, stopped again, and then, her whole face lighting up with a burst of joy, sprang forward, and seizing both my hands in hers—

"Ah, have you forgotten me!" she exclaimed; "mon cher ami, mon ancien ami; have you forgotten Paqueta—little Paqueta, who would not count five!"

All of Paqueta, as I had taken leave of her upon the ship's deck, came back to me in a moment, and I wondered that I had not recognized her, enlarged as she was, with the same beauty, the same heart, the same child-character, raised and instructed to fill another and higher condition in life. She was so warm, so truthful, so full of recollections of the early years which she still loved, that I half feared she might again roll at my feet, and take them in her hands, and say, "*non, ce n'est pas juste; un, trois, quatre*"—and I told her so.

"And now, you must know my husband, my Charles," said she, turning to her companion who stood making big eyes at the scene which was enacted before him. Charles received me with the polished courtesy of a Frenchman, asked for my address, gave me his own, and said that his wife received her friends every Thursday. We parted; Paqueta, a being of impulse, all the girl again, laughing until her eyes ran over at my perplexity, which I could not wholly conceal, and I promising that she should see me on the morrow, although Thursday was yet two days off.

On ascending to my rooms, at the head of four flights of French stairs, dark, odorous, and which comfort never visited but to die, I opened my note book, and commenced the journal of the day. I am now writing from it, and the page is marked with a flourish, a sort of out-breaking animal spirits, to show that it commemorates one of the happiest incidents of my life. "Charles R——; so; I have heard of that name before. He is something already, and is young enough to become in the end a great deal more. Charles R——; he must be a feuilletonist or a politician, an attaché to some one of the innumerable parties with which this miserable country is cursed; for these are the only names that get over to the other side of the water. Very well, he has won Paqueta—and she was worth the winning. Into what a noble woman the little minx has grown! And who can discover a trace of her former servitude about her! I hope he knows her beginning; and certainly Paqueta is too honest to have concealed her life; how does an extreme civilization civilize away our prejudices: and, after all, condition is but one of the positive laws of men."

On the morrow I called upon Paqueta, and found her living, with some elegance, upon a second floor, or "flat," as we call it in Edinbro'. To those who have been in Paris, or to those who have read Parisian books, or books written elsewhere of Parisian life, it is not necessary to say what a "second floor" is; and all others may as well remain as they are. She received me with her whole heart, with no show of her changed condition—which was to me like the sudden shifting of a scene in some melo-dramatic piece upon the stage—and sat me down, and at once commenced talking of Louisiana, and of her early life, and of its happiness, and sighed that it could not have so remained forever. She then told me of her history since her coming into France; how that her mistress, who was without children, after settling down in Paris treated her more as a favorite daughter than otherwise; how that she had masters given her, who taught her ten thousand things beside the counting of five; how that her mistress had died two years before, bequeathing her thirty thousand francs; and how Charles once met her, and loved her, and they were married. And thus she ran on for one full hour, her eyes sparkling with delight, the same Paqueta with whom I had trifled away many a pleasant minute ten years before. *Cœlum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currant.* While we conversed, her husband entered, and took my hand with much cordiality, and welcomed me, saying that his wife had told him of her having known me in America.

"And did you tell him what a hard master I was?"

"Ah, I remember the fillips perfectly well, and sometimes think I feel them burning upon my ears even now," said Paqueta.

"And the little medal, your god; with the good Father Joseph's advice?"

Paqueta's face, for the first time, looked troubled; the sunlight left it; and I felt sorry that I had asked the question.

"Charles made me lay the medal aside the second

day after our marriage; and as to praying for health, or aught else, Paris knows nothing of that."

Charles laughed, and said "that he had been long since convinced that a priesthood was incompatible with Liberty."

Charles R. was, as I had supposed, connected with the "press," a socialist, a believer in the perfectability of men—of Frenchmen at least—and, in theory, an organizer of Labor. At that time the "press" had no great liberty in France; but it had to the full as much as it deserved, whatever the interested, or those who know nothing of the matter, may say to the contrary. The French "press," when it has had its way, has done little else than to overturn a government, without the power or the knowledge to set up another in its place. It is not best that children, or the unskillful, should be entrusted with edge-tools; and a people is to be educated, through long centuries, to a fitness for the enjoyment of civil liberty, as man is educated, through long years, to a fitness for becoming his own master. Such has been the pupilage of our ancestry; but such has not been the pupilage of the ancestry of the French. In France liberty is anarchy; and so it is upon the Continent, in Germany, in Italy, and the Peninsula; and he who thinks it is to be made otherwise in a day, might as well pour the contents of a library at a fool's feet, and bid him rise learned. But Charles R. and his friends, among whom was Louis Blanc—who looked like a boy, as a boy indeed he was, who had achieved something beyond his years—and Ledru Rollin—the future leader of the Mountain, which he had neither the ability to protect, nor the courage to fall with—and Proudhon—the plausible corrupter of youth, who endeavored to persuade France that "property is theft"—thought much and talked much of the liberty of the "press," until in the end they got it, and made such use of it as we all know. *A bas la presse.* I heard that cry once, and thought it the most conservative and the best for France.

Such was the atmosphere which Paqueta now breathed, and I sometimes thought that, for her soul's health, it was no better than the servitude from which she had escaped. I saw her often during another month that I remained in Paris, and more than once with a deal of company at her rooms. She had grown to her husband's intellect, conversed freely upon the lightest and gravest topics, and performed the duties of a hostess with an ease and propriety which flowed directly from her native good taste; it is so with French blood every where, and however small may be the proportion to the whole mass Her husband was a brilliant feuilletonist; I had read something of his pen before seeing France; but he found more excellence in his wife than his imagination ever limned; and, as a proof of it, he himself told me that his friends said his articles had more heart in them since his marriage.

CHAPTER III.

When Louis Philippe fled, Charles R. harangued the people. He would have thrown the red flag of the old republic to the breeze, and have followed it to the world's end. The French have grown no wiser since Robespierre's day; and in Robespierre's day they sat around Plutarch's Lives, and modeled government upon the anecdotal garrulity of an old gentleman who lived some two thousand years ago. But Charles found that his friends were in the Provisional Government—one of whom he hoped soon to see stealing all power from his associates—so he acquiesced in Lamartine's well-turned sentences, and consented that the tricolor and a poet should be uppermost for a time. Charles entered the National Assembly, as a member from the department of the Seine, and took his seat with the Mountain; that great party, whose history is more terrible than that of any body of men, either of ancient or of modern days, which has come down to us.

"The Mountain!" exclaimed Charles R., at a *conversazione* which I attended at his rooms; "how often do my thoughts run back to its great leader. Extremely beautiful, extremely touching, too, are the chapters which Michelet devotes to the history of the Purcelle. She, who had been taught neither to read nor to write, but who had learned all her mother knew of sacred things, left her sewing, and her spinning, and went forth to give courage to men; to give a king to her country; to turn back the tide of conquest; to smite victorious armies with ceaseless rout and ruin, urged, sustained, by that certain knowledge of being called, which God gives to all the chiefest instruments of his dispensations—by the certain knowledge, too, of the quick coming of a martyr's death. There was another, of a sterner sex, appointed unto times more trying, who equally saved France, when three-fifths of France were traitors unto France; who alone, of all the faithful, never for a moment despaired of the Republic; who assumed nothing, claimed nothing, asked for nothing for himself, but all for his country; whose will, of a wonderful energy, scattered the victorious arms, not of one nation, but of combined Europe; who, from afar off, retired, sitting in his narrow chamber over the cabinet-maker's shop, blasted with the breath of his nostrils the well-concerted plans, the strength of despotism, and delivered over France, his great mother, into the hands of those who came after him, triumphant, uncontaminated by the tread of a single foreign foe. He, too, had the certain knowledge of being called and appointed to a purpose; and the certain knowledge of the quick coming of death; for he often spoke of it as a fit crowning of a great labor. Robespierre a coward! He who spoke daily, as of old the Athenian spoke, at the gage of life! Death was at all times treading hard upon his footsteps; and did he shun it in that last hour when he put aside the proclamation which was to give him the victory? Many have been the martyrs for opinion's sake. To die by the axe, all are equal to; to die by fire, most are equal to; but to die misrepresented and misunderstood, cheated of fair fame, with another's crime fastened upon us—to die taken in the toils of an enemy, who usurps our purposes, and gives to history a lie growing with each new teller of the story—this is terrible. Pardon me; I could not but say thus

much. I judge men by their acts and words, and my opinion hangs not upon another's conclusions. I believe I have read all that has been most ably written about the revolution; in all, the acts are the same, and the words are the same, but the arrangement of the acts, and the voice given to the words, change with each several narrator. Neither Thiers, nor Allison, nor Miguet, nor Lamartine, shall speak for me; the prejudices of the Englishman, and the prejudices of the Frenchman color their vision—I am answerable for my own. When will History listen to the defense which has not yet been heard!"

With such sentiments, it was not difficult to foresee what would be Charles' policy in the Assembly. When news of the Revolution of February came, I thought at once of my friend, and expected to find him an actor amid the events then transpiring. I watched, and saw him step forth among the foremost. I listened—even at this distance—and was pleased to hear his voice among the ablest in debate.

"Who knows," said I, "what Paqueta—who rolled at my feet, and wished to be my little barber forever—may become with a people who have been democratic in their belief, and monarchical in their sentiments, since eighty-nine? One has as much right to expect sudden promotion in France, as in the East; and a slave may yet sit upon the throne of the Capets."

Paqueta was equal to either fortune; or to a better, as her true story—now drawing to its close—will tell you.

We all know the weak and vacillating policy of the Mountain during the earlier stages of the later Republic—if that may be said to have had any stage at all, which was born to die so soon. Violent—without strength; headstrong—without wisdom; it moved—under the leadership of Rollin—straight onward to an utter ruin. It had committed itself from the beginning, to all the impracticabilities of the modern French mind. The *ouvrier* Albert was the type of its philosophy. Ignorant, stolid: it thought that the poor were the only class in society to be cared for; and that true government consisted in setting on foot, and in keeping up an endless and inextinguishable warfare between the beggars and the rich. The organization of labor, forsooth! Labor organizes itself; and is best protected when the magistrate lets it alone. Charles might have done better had he but followed his own counsels; and I believe he would have done so, had he not entered upon his public life swayed by private friendships and predilections. Certainly, he who reads the history of his hero aright, will find no such half-measures, no such ideas of one side alone, in his speculations. But the Mountain walked upon ashes; and the fatal day came in that sweet month of June, which God made for love, and its fruition; but which a son of the Republic—stern and honest, yet weak as the rest, blind to the future, and driven by a necessity, much of his own making—has marked with blood in his country's calendar. I was thinking of Paqueta, and what her part might be in her husband's ambitions, when the reverberations of the fusilade of Paris, the cries of the massacred of the 25th, smote upon my ears, here, three thousand miles from the scene of that tragedy. Thus fell the Mountain: and with the Mountain, and through the Mountain fell the Republic; for the Republic died with the coming in of the Dictatorship, and the Mountain rested and must ever rest upon the shoulders of the poor.

As the smoke cleared away, amid the quietude of death, I looked around for my friend; and I found him listed among those who—on either side—had fought for a phantom, even unto the bitter end. Charles R——, laid down his life at the barricades, a shame to that leader who now eats of foreign bread.

CHAPTER IV.

In the summer of '49, an old acquaintance of mine, who had grown fat upon the Black Letter of the Profession; who, for twenty years, had hardly seen the outside of our parish; and whom I had supposed a fixture, so fixed, as no allurements of travel could draw beyond the limit of his daily rounds about the courts, came to my rooms, with wonder in his eyes, to tell me that he was about to leave for Europe; to visit England, and France, and Germany, and Italy, and the Levant, and the Holy Land, and heaven knew what horrid places beside; and, as it might be that he should never get back, he had called to bid me good-bye. I congratulated him on his new-born propensity to rove, and said to myself, now here is an opportunity for learning something of Paqueta, of whom I have dreamed so much since Charles' sad fate. So, I related her story; and when my friend became interested in it—for he had a bit of romance beneath his Law—I asked him to call upon her in Paris, giving him her residence, with a letter addressed to "Madame Charles R——, Née Paqueta." He put the letter in his pocket, saying, that really—after what he had heard—he should himself like to to know what had become of the fair widow of the Deputy; then, charging him, in case of her removal from the hotel in which I had found her, to inquire for her of the wife of the commissaire, we joined hands and parted.

My fortunate brother went abroad, and saw a part of the countries he had enumerated, and returned with this tale of the message I had confided to him—mournful indeed, but which caused me to love Paqueta more and more. He said that, on arriving in Paris, he soon found out the street, and the number of the hotel I had given him, and put my letter into the commissaire's hands. The old servant read the address, shrugged his shoulders, crossed himself, and was silent.

"Is Madame at home?"

"*Non*, Monsieur; she is dead!"

The wife of the commissaire, who stood near by, within the corridor, hearing the question, came forward and asked, whom Monsieur would be pleased to see?

"Madame Charles R——."

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the little woman, also

crossing herself, and beginning to cry—"Madame is with the virgin in heaven; and is happier now than she ever was with us; though Jean, my good man, knows she was then the sweetest and happiest angel alive. Did you know her, Monsieur?"

My friend gave the kind woman my name, and said I had heard of the Deputy's death, and he had called, at my request, to learn something of his widow.

"Eh, I remember him very well. He loved Madame a great deal, and Madame loved him; I think he was her godfather. He was here in good King Philippe's time. *Mon Dieu, mon Dieu!* we were well enough under good King Philippe, but now it is *à bas* this and *à bas* that, and *vive* this and *vive* that, and we shall never have done until we have cut every body's throat. *A bas les émeutes*, say I; poor Monsieur Charles and Madame were killed in an *émeute*." And then, amid many crosses and many sobs, she told how Paqueta had died.

"On the morning of the 25th of June, 1848, only four short months after Lamartine had proclaimed the Republic, with liberty, equality and fraternity as its watch-words—when the fight raged hottest at the Clos St. Lazare, Paqueta called to her the wife of the commissaire. 'You,' said she, 'were born in Paris, and know all its streets and blind, crooked ways; be quick, put on that dress, and go with me.' 'I thought my good lady mad,' said the commissaire's wife, 'for she stood before me habited in male attire, with a gentleman's hat upon her head, and the dress she offered me was like her own. But she looked so firm, and so fearful, too, and her words were so hoarse and had such a command in them, that I obeyed without knowing why. 'Now, no one will know us,' said Madame; 'do you hear that terrible cannon! For two days it has boomed in my ears, and in all that time Charles has not been with me. My God! my God! they are slaughtering the people in the streets, and he is in the battle!' What could I do? The little creature, so soft, so pretty, so mild, so loving to all about her, looked like a giant, and I hastened after her, afraid to cry out, afraid to say any thing, as she rushed ever forward in search of her husband. Where the noise was greatest, where the shout was loudest, she ran to catch it, crying, 'Come, quickly, quickly.' Oh, monsieur, the poor people! Oh, monsieur, the blood, the dying, and the dead! And Madame heeding nothing of all that, but still crying, 'Come, quickly, quickly.' *Mon Dieu, Monsieur, à bas les émeutes!* The strife grew nearer every step we made, the combatants fleeing and pursuing, grew thicker, and when we entered the Clos St. Lazare, we saw the roar of the battle. 'Ah, there is Monsieur Charles!' said I. Madame sprang from me at the word, and was soon at his side fighting with the rest; *oui*, monsieur, fighting with a musket which she snatched from a falling soldier's grasp. Monsieur, *quel horreur!* I could neither fly nor go forward, but stood where I was, and watched the war, until I saw Charles go down—and then Madame, *comme un tigre*, sprang upon the *ouvrier* who struck him, and was avenged, and sank not to rise any more. Oh, monsieur, *quel horreur!*"

When the fight was ended, and the smoke had cleared off, and quietude had returned with death, the good wife of the commissaire reclaimed Paqueta's body. There was no hurt upon it, she said; and about her neck she found, fastened by a little black ribbon, a very small bronze medal, which she had never seen her wear before. And now she rests, side and side with the one she loved so much, in the bosom of the Pere la Chaise.

Of all who fell upon that terrible day, Paqueta was among the noblest. She fought on neither side; knew nothing of liberty, of despotism, of forms of government; knew only her love, and the man who kept it, her life and—her death. Generous Paqueta, noble Paqueta, brave Paqueta, my pen shall ever run riot when speaking of thee—Heaven bless thy soul.

RECOLLECTIONS.

BY MISS MATTIE GRIFFITH.

The twilight now is blushing o'er the earth—
The west is glowing like a garden, rich
With summer's many-tinted blooms; the flowers
Of earth hold up their fairy cups to catch
The softly falling dew-drops; the bright stars
Are set like glorious diamonds on the dark
Blue drapery of the halls of heaven; the pale,
Sweet moon, like some young angel of the air,
Floats from the east upon her silver wing;
Eve's golden clouds hang low—and thin, white mists
Rise silently and beautifully up
Through the calm atmosphere. Serenity
And loveliness and beauty are abroad
O'er the whole world of Nature.

At this hour,
When all the dark, wild passions of the breast
Are hushed and quelled by Nature's spell of power,
When every wayward feeling is rebuked
And chastened by the blended influence
Of earth and heaven, I've stolen forth alone
Beneath the blue and glorious sky, to hold
Communion with the golden hours now gone
Into the past eternity.

My heart
Is very soft to-night, and joys long past
Shine through the silver mists of memory,
Like sweet stars of the soul. My brow is flushed,
My bosom throbs, and blessèd tears well up

From my heart's unsealed fountain, as I see,
Through the pale shadows of the years, the home
Where first I felt the sweet, bewildering bliss
Of new existence. Softly, through the deep
Green foliage of the grove, the beautiful
White cottage peeps with its thick-blooming vines,
And in the distance the still church-yard, where
Repose the cold, unthrobbing hearts of those
I loved in childhood, lifts its marble shafts
Beneath the drooping willows. I behold
The shaded paths where my young footsteps strayed
To gather wild flowers at the morning tide,
And for a few brief moments once again
I seem to wander through the dear old wood.
The birds sing round me, the dark forest pines,
Stirred by the breeze, make music like the low,
Faint murmurs of the sea, my playmates shout
Beside me, and my mother's music call
Of gentle love is in my ear.

Oh, there,
In that sweet home, I cherished fairy dreams
Of happiness, and all my being wore
A glow of deep, ideal loveliness.
My vanished childhood rises to my view
In pale and melancholy beauty. Life
Since then hath been but desolate. Alas!
What heart-chords have been broken, what bright dreams
Been shadowed by the hue of grief. No more
The Egeria of my spirit-worship haunts
The grove and wood. No charm can woo her back,
She will not hear my call, she answers not
The witching spell of fancy. It is not
That Nature has grown old. Her skies are still
As blue, her trees as green, her dews as soft,
Her flowers as sweet, her clouds as beautiful,
Her birds, her waves, her winds as musical
As when I was a child—Alas! the change
Is in my heart.

Oh, blessed memories
Of home! ye are the worshiped household gods
Upon my spirit's altar. Vanished years!
Ye are the dew-drops that my spirit's flowers
Enfold within their petals. Years have passed
Since that all-mournful day when, with a sad
And breaking heart, and streaming eyes, I left
The scenes of childhood, and went forth to find
A home amid the stranger-crowds, where I
Have learned to wear the mask that others wear,
To smile while agony is in my soul,
Yet at an hour like this, when Nature glows
With deepest loveliness, when earth and heaven
Unite to woo my heart from its retreat
Of gloom and sorrow, I can wander back
To quench my faint and sinking spirit's thirst
At young life's gushing fountains, and forget
That I am not once more a happy child.

THE BOY AFAR UNTO HIS SISTER.

BY LILIAN MAY.

There are hearts in Northland valleys
Throbbing, beating wild for me,
And their soul-love yearneth ever
For a far-off one to see;
And the heart-strings of a sister
Harpeth all their melody,
Wild, sweet lays, for her lone brother,
In her joyness and her glee.

Oh, the ties which bind me to her
Keep aglow my ardent heart,
Thrilling it with pure emotion—
May it nevermore depart;
Oh, I love her ever dearly,
Sister kind she 's been to me—
All her words are golden music
To my heart-hopes minstrelsy.

Through the mellow sunlight glim'ring,
Glinting down upon the stream,
Voices sweet of love-tones falleth,
On my gorgeous, bright day-dream,
And I fancy forms of beauty
Linger then anear my side—
'Mid them all I see my sister
Through the misty visions glide.

In her love, and in her beauty,
Softly, slowly doth she glide,
O'er the pathway of my day-dream,
As a moon-beam on the tide;
And she whispers close beside me,
Meekly soft, and kindly low,
Words, that kindle up my heart-hopes,
Which no other one may know.

When the fairies from the Southland
Bring from far the meek-eyed flowers—
Undine trippeth o'er the waters,
In the rosy June-day hours—
As I watch her mellow glances
Lighting up the fitful stream,
I shall tell *her* all the haloes
Of a youthful poet's dream;

And I 'll gather on the lea-land,
By the hill-side, in the grove,
Gems she 'll prize far more than jewels,
The bright flowers which *I* love,
With the dew-drops heavy-laden,
Sparkling in the red dawn light,
As the molten glory beameth
O'er the ebon wand of night.

Oh, my heart throbs wildly ever,
In its loneliness and wo,
And I long me for the summer,
When the Southland breezes blow;
Gladly, quickly, then I 'll hasten,
In the bright mid-summer day,
To my love-light Northland sister,
In my childhood's home away.

BLIND ROSA.

BY HENRIK CONSCIENCE. TRANSLATED BY MARY HOWITT.

On a splendid summer day in 1846, the diligence was rolling along the great highway from Antwerp to Turnhout at the regular hour. The horses trotted, the wheels rattled, the carriage creaked, the driver clucked incessantly with his tongue in order to quicken the speed of his cattle, dogs barked in the distance, birds soared up from the fields high into the air, the shadow sped alongside of the diligence, and danced along with its peculiar motion amongst the trees and bushes.

Suddenly the conductor pulled up not far from a solitary inn. He leaped down from his seat, opened the door of the diligence without saying a word, slapped down the step, and put out his hand to a traveler, who, with a knapsack in his hand, descended to the road. In the same silence the conductor again put up the step, closed the door, sprung again into his seat, and whistled gently to intimate to the horses that they must move. The horses trotted on; the heavy vehicle pursued its monotonous career.

In the mean time the traveler had entered the inn, and seated himself at a table with a glass of ale before him. He was a man of more than ordinary size, and appeared to be about fifty. You might at the same time have supposed him to be sixty, if his vigorous carriage, his quick glance, and a certain youthful smile about his lips, had not testified that his soul and senses were much younger than his appearance. His hair was gray, his forehead and cheeks covered with wrinkles, and his complexion bore the stamp of early age which excessive exertion and long-continued care impress on the countenance. Yet, at the same time, his breast heaved with vigor, he bore his head upright, and his eyes still gleamed with the fire of manhood. By his dress you would take him for a wealthy citizen; it had nothing peculiar, except that the frock-coat buttoned to the throat, and the large meerschaum pipe which hung at his breast, bespoke a Flemish or a German officer.

The people of the house, having attended to his demands, again returned to their occupations, without taking further notice of him. He saw the two daughters go to and fro, the father renew the fire with wood and turf, and the mother fill the kettle with water; but not one of them addressed to him a single word, though his eyes followed earnestly every member of the family, and although in his frendly glance might have been read the question—"Do you not recognize me?"

At this moment his attention was caught by the striking of a clock which hung upon the wall. As if the sound had painfully affected him, an expression of disagreeable surprise appeared in his countenance, and chased the smile from his lips. He stood up and contemplated the unlucky clock while it went sounding stroke after stroke, to the number of nine. The mother observed the singular emotion of the stranger, and placed herself in wonder at his side; she, too, looked at the clock, as if to discover what he found so remarkable in it.

"The clock has a pleasant sound—has it not?" said she. "It has now gone for twenty years without the hand of the clockmaker touching it."

"Twenty years!" sighed the traveler. "And where, then, is the clock which hung there before? What has become of the image of the Virgin which stood here upon the mantlepiece. They are both probably broken and gone."

The woman looked in astonishment at the stranger, and replied:—"The figure of the Virgin, Zanna broke as she played with it as a child. But it was really so pitiful, that the priest himself had advised us to buy another. Here stands the new one, and it is much handsomer."

The traveler shook his head dissentingly. "And the clock," continued the hostess, "you will soon hear. The wretched old thing is always too late, and has hung from time immemorial in the lumber-room. There! now it is just beginning to buzz."

And, in truth, there came from the adjoining room a peculiar, croaking noise. It was like the hoarse note of a bird which slowly wheezed out "Cuckoo! cuckoo!" But this extraordinary sound called into the traveler's countenance a beaming smile; accompanied by the hostess, he hastened into the lumber-room, and there, with glistening eyes, gazed on the old clock, which still had not got to the end of its "Cuckoo! cuckoo!"

Both daughters approached the stranger with curiosity, and stared with wonder at him, their large eyes turning from him to their mother full of inquiry. The looks of the damsels awoke the stranger to consciousness, and he returned to the room, followed by the three women. His heart clearly felt very happy, for his features glowed with so attractive an expression of pleasure and good-will, and his eyes bedewed with tears glanced so brightly, that the two young girls with evident sympathy approached him. He seized their hands and said:—

"You think my conduct strange, eh, children? You cannot conceive why the voice of the old cuckoo delights me so much. Ah! I too have been a child, and at that time, my father, when he had done his work, used to come and drink here his glass of ale. When I had behaved well, I was allowed to accompany him. For whole hours have I stood and waited for the cuckoo opening its little door; I have danced and leaped to the measure of her song, and admired in my childish simplicity the poor bird as a masterpiece. And the sacred image of the Virgin, which one of you has broken, I loved it for its beautiful blue mantle, and because the little Jesus-child

stretched its arms toward me, and smiled as I smiled. Now is the child—myself—almost sixty years old, with gray hair and furrowed countenance. Four-and-thirty years have I passed in the steppes of Russia, and yet I remember the sacred image of Mary, and the cuckoo, as if I had only been brought hither by my father yesterday."

"You are from our village, then?" said Zanna.

"Yes, certainly," answered the stranger, with a joyous precipitance. But this announcement had not the anticipated effect; the girls only smiled familiarly; that was all; the intelligence seemed to give them neither pleasure nor pain. The traveler turned to the mother:—

"Well," said he, "what is become of Baes Joostens?"

"You mean Baas Jan," answered the hostess; "he died about twenty years ago."

"And his wife, the good, stout Petronella?"

"Dead too," was the answer.

"Dead! dead!" sighed the stranger; "and the young herdsman, Andries, who made such handsome baskets?"

"Also dead," replied the hostess.

The traveler dropped his head and gave himself up to gloomy thoughts. In the meantime the hostess went out into the barn to relate to her husband what had passed with the unknown guest. The host entered the room carelessly, and awoke by his noisy wooden shoes the stranger out of his reverie. He sprung up, and with an exclamation of delight, rushed with outstretched arms toward the host, who coldly took his hand, and almost with indifference looked at him.

"Don't you either know me again, Peter Joostens?" cried the stranger, quite confounded.

"No, I do not recollect ever to have seen you," replied the host.

"No! Don't you know who it was that ventured his life under the ice to rescue you from an otherwise inevitable death?"

The host shrugged his shoulders. Deeply wounded, the traveler continued, almost moved to tears:—

"Have you actually forgotten the youth who defended you against your bigger comrades, and supplied you with so many birds'-eggs, that you might make a beautiful garland for the may-pole? He who taught you to make so many pipes of reeds, and who so often took you with him when he went with the tile-burner's cart to market?"

"Something of the kind floats dimly in my memory," answered the host; "my late father used to tell me that when I was about six years old I was very near perishing under the ice; but that tall Jan drew me out, and that he went away with the rest in the emperor's time to serve for cannon fodder. Who knows now where his bones lie in unconsecrated earth? God be merciful to his poor soul!"

"Ah! now at length you know me!" exclaimed the stranger, joyously; "I am tall Jan, or rather, Jan Slaets."

As he did not receive an immediate answer, he added, in surprise:—

"You recollect the good shot at the bird-shooting, who for four miles round was reckoned the best sportsman, who every time carried off the prize, and who was envied by the young men because the girls showed him the preference? I am he, Jan Slaets of the hill."

"Very possibly," said the host, incredulously; "at the same time, do not take it amiss, my good sir, if I do not remember you. Our village has no longer a bird-shooting; the shooting-ground is converted into private property, and for a year past has been unoccupied, owing to the death of the possessor."

Deterred by the cold reception of the host, the traveler gave up the attempt to make himself known; but as he prepared to go further, he said, calmly:—

"In the village here there live a good many of my friends who cannot have forgotten me. You, Peter Joostens, were very young at that time. I am persuaded that the brick-maker, Paul, will rush to my arms the moment that he sees me. Does he yet live in the clay dale?"

"The brick-yard became, many years ago, a prey to the flames; the clay-field is cultivated, and bears now the finest hay. The meadow now belongs to the rich Mr. Tirt."

"And what has become of Paul?"

"After their misfortunes, the whole family went away. . . I do not know certainly, perhaps he, too, is dead. But I observe that you talk of our grandfathers' time, and it will be difficult to get answers to all your questions unless you go to the grave-digger. He can reckon up for you on his fingers what has happened for a hundred years past, or more."

"I can believe that; Peter Jan must have reached his ninetieth year."

"Peter Jan? That is not the name of the grave-digger; his name is Lauw Stevens."

A glad smile illumined the countenance of the traveler.

"God be praised," he exclaimed, "that he has at least left one of my comrades still in life!"

"Indeed! was Lauw your friend, sir?"

"Not exactly my friend," replied the traveler, shaking his head: "we were always at loggerheads. Once, in the heat of our strife, I flung him from the little bridge into the brook, so that he ran great risk of drowning; but above thirty years are flown since then. Lauw will be glad to see me again. Give me now your hand, good Joostens; I shall often come to drink a glass of ale with you here."

He paid, took his knapsack under his arm, and went out. Behind the inn he took his way through a young pine-wood. His interview with the host, although not very animating, had, nevertheless infused comfort into the heart of the traveler. Memories from his childhood transported him; memories at every step crowded upon him, and gave him new life. True, the young wood could say nothing to him; in its place stood formerly a tall pine-wood, whose trees had concealed so many birds'-nests, under whose shade the refreshing bilberries had ripened. It had fared with the wood as with

the inhabitants of the village—the old trees had fallen, or were cut down, and a new generation, who were strange and indifferent to him, had taken their places. But the songs of the birds which resounded on all sides were still the same; the wind murmured complainingly as before through the branches; the cricket sang as it used to do, and the fresh aroma of the wood still filled the air. All objects had changed, but the work of eternal nature had continued in its principal features the same. Thoughts like these arose in the traveler's soul, and now glad and inspirited he continued his way without looking up from the ground till he came out of the wood.

Here opened before his eyes the wide extent of fields and meadows, amongst which the brook's silvery thread coursed playfully its way. In the background, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, the pointed spire of the church lifted aloft its gilded vane, which gleamed in the sunshine like a morning-star; and still beyond it the windmill whirled its red wings.

Overcome by an unspeakable emotion, the traveler stood still—his eyes filled with tears, he let his knapsack fall, and stretched out his arms, while his countenance glowed with love and rapture. At the same moment the bells rang for Angelus. The traveler fell on his knees, sunk his head deep upon his bosom, and continued thus for a considerable time, immovable though trembling. A prayer streamed up from his heart and lips; this was evident as he cast his eyes full of inward thankfulness toward heaven, and lifted his clasped hands to God. He then took up again his knapsack, and said, with his gaze riveted on the church-tower—"Thou at least hast not become changed, thou little church, in which I was baptized, in which I celebrated my first communion, in which all looked to me so wonderful and so holy. Yes, I shall see them again, the Sacred Virgin in her garments of gold, and her silver diadem; St. Anthony with the little friendly swine; St. Ursula and the devil with the red tongue, of which I so often dreamed! and the organ, upon which the sexton played so beautifully, while we sung with all our hearts—

'Ave Maria
Gratia plena.' "

The last words the traveler sung aloud, while a tear trickled down his cheek. Silent and dreaming he went on till he came to a little bridge, which led over a brook into a meadow. There his countenance brightened, and he said with emotion—"Here I first pressed Rosa's hand! Here our eyes confessed for the first time that there is a happiness on earth which seizes irresistibly our hearts, and opens heaven to the young! As now, so then shone the yellow iris flower in the sunshine; the frogs croaked, full of the enjoyment of life, and the larks sang above our heads."

He went over the bridge and said aloud to himself—"The frogs which witnessed our love are dead; the flowers are dead; the larks are dead! Their children now greet the old man, who like a spectre returns home from the past times. And Rosa, my beloved Rosa! livest thou still? Perhaps....probably married and surrounded by children. Those who stay at home forget so soon the unhappy brother who wanders over distant lands in sorrow and care."....His lips moved as if he were smiling:—"Poor pilgrim!" he sighed, "there wells up again in my heart the old jealousy, as if my heart yet remained in its first spring. The time of love is long gone by!....But so be it; if she only knows me, and remembers our former relation, I shall not repent the long journey of eighteen hundred miles, and will then willingly lie down in my grave, and sleep by the side of my ancestors and friends!"

A little farther, and near the village, he went into a public-house, on whose sign there was a plough, and bade the hostess bring him a glass of ale. In the corner by the fire sat a very old man, who stared into the fire as immovably as a stone. Before the hostess had returned from the cellar, the traveler had recognized the old man. He drew his chair close to him, seized his hand, and said gladly—

"Thank God, who has let us live so long, Baes Joos! We yet remain from the good old time. Don't you know me again? No! The audacious lad that so often crept through your hedge, and stole your apples before they were ripe?"

"Six-and-ninety years muttered the old man, without moving.

"Very likely, but tell me, Baes Joos, is the wainwright's Rosa living yet?"

"Six-and-ninety years!" repeated the old man with a hollow voice.

The hostess came with the ale, and said—"He is blind and deaf, sir, don't give yourself the trouble to talk with him; he cannot understand you."

"Blind and deaf," exclaimed the stranger, disconcerted. "What irrepairable devastations time commits in the space of thirty years! I walk here in the midst of the ruins of a whole race of men."

"You were asking after the wainwright's Rosa?" continued the hostess; "our wainwright has four daughters, but amongst them is no Rosa. The eldest is called Lisbeth, and is married to the footman; the second is named Goude, and makes caps; the third is Nell; and the youngest, Anna: the poor thing is short-sighted."

"I am not speaking of these people," exclaimed the stranger, with impatience; "I mean the family of Kobe Meulinck."

"Ah, they are all dead long ago, dear sir!" was the hostess's reply.

Deeply agitated, the traveler paid for his ale, and left the public-house with a feverish impetuosity. Out of doors he pressed his hand upon his eyes, and exclaimed in despair:—"God! even she! my poor Rosa—dead! Always, always the inevitable word—dead! dead! Then shall no one on earth recognize me! Not one kind eye shall greet me!"

With a staggering step, as if he were drunk, he plunged into the wood, and pressed his throbbing head against a tree, that he thus might by degrees recover himself. He then directed his course toward the village. His way led him across the solitary church-yard, where he remained standing with

bare head at the foot of a crucifix, and said:—"Here, before the image of the Crucified One, Rosa gave me her word that she would remain true to me, and wait for my return. Sorrow overwhelmed us; upon this bench fell our tears; in deep grief she received the gold cross, my dearly purchased pledge of love. Poor beloved one! Perhaps now I stand by thy grave!"

With this sorrowful observation he sank motionless upon the bench, where he long continued sitting, as if unconscious. His eye wandered over the churchyard, and the small mounds of earth which covered the freshest graves. It grieved him to see how many of the wooden crosses were fallen with age, without the hand of a child troubling itself to raise again these memorials in a father's or a mother's place of rest. His parents, too, slept here under the earth, but who could show him the spot which their graves occupied?

In this manner he sat long, sunk in gloomy reverie; the unfathomable eternity weighed heavily on his soul, when a human step awoke him out of his dreams It was the old grave-digger, who, with his spade on his shoulder, came along by the churchyard wall. Misery and indigence might be read in his whole exterior: his back was bent, and through his constant labor with the spade had become crooked; his hair was white, and wrinkles ploughed his brow; though strength and spirit still spoke in his eye.

The traveler recognized at the first glance Lauw—his rival, and would have willingly sprung toward him; but the bitterly disappointed hopes which he had already experienced held him back, and inspired him with a resolve to say nothing, but to see whether Lauw would know him again.

The grave-digger remained standing some paces from him, contemplated him awhile with common curiosity, and then began to mark out a long square with his spade, and to prepare a new grave. From time to time, however, he continued to cast stolen glances at the man who sat before him on the bench, and a secret melancholy joy gleamed in his eyes. The traveler, who deceived himself as to the expression in the grave-digger's countenance, felt his heart begin to beat, and expected that Lauw would come forward and name his name.

But the grave-digger still continued to look him sharply in the face, and then put his hand into his coat-pocket. He drew out a little old book, bound in dirty parchment, to which was attached a strap with a lead pencil. He turned round and appeared to write something in the book.

This action, accompanied by a triumphant glance, astonished the stranger so much that he stood up, advanced to the grave-digger, and asked him in surprise, "What do you write in your book?"

"That is my affair," answered Lauw Stevens; "for a confounded long time there has stood a vacant place in my list: I make a cross by your name."

"You know me, then?" exclaimed the traveler, with the liveliest joy.

"Know you?" answered the grave-digger, jeeringly; "that I cannot exactly say; I only remember, as if it were yesterday, that a jealous fellow flung me into the brook, and nearly drowned me, because the wainwright's Rosa loved me. Since that time many an Easter taper has burnt—"

"*You!* did wainwright's Rosa love?" said the stranger, interrupting him; "that is not true, let me tell you."

"You know that well enough, you jealous fool. Did not she wear for a whole year the blessed ring of silver that I brought with me from Scherpenheuvel, till you yourself took the ring by force, and cast it into the brook?"

The traveler's countenance brightened into a melancholy smile.

"Lauw! Lauw! the recollection of the old times makes children of us again. Believe me, Rosa never loved you as you fancy. She took your ring out of friendship, and because it had been blessed. In my youth I was rude and harsh, and did not always act in the best manner toward my comrades; but should not the four-and-thirty years which have operated so annihilatingly on men and things, have calmed down our evil passions? Shall I, in the only man who has recollected me, find an irreconcilable enemy? Come, give me your hand; let us be friends; I will make you comfortable for your whole life."

But the grave-digger drew angrily his hand back, and answered in a caustic tone—

"It is too late to forget. You have embittered my life, and there passes no day but I think of you Is that, think you, to bless your name? You, who contributed so much to my misfortune, may easily guess."

The traveler struck his trembling hands together, and lifting his eyes toward heaven, exclaimed—

"God! hatred alone recognizes me! hate only never forgets!"

"You have done well," continued the grave-digger, "to come back to rest amongst your departed ancestors. I have kept a good grave for you. When the headstrong long Jan lies under the earth, the rain will wash misery from his corpse."

The traveler trembled in every limb at this rude jest. Anger and displeasure kindled in his eyes. But this hasty emotion quickly vanished; dejection and pity took their place.

"You refuse," he said, "to extend your hand to a brother who returns after four-and-thirty years; the first greeting which you give to an old comrade is bitter mockery? That is not well of you, Lauw. But let it be so; we will speak no more of this. Tell me only where my late parents are laid."

"That I don't know," said the grave-digger; "it is full five-and-twenty years since, and since that time the same spot has certainly been thrice used for new graves."

These words made the traveler so sorrowful, that his head sunk on his bosom, and with an immovable look he continued lost in his melancholy thoughts.

The grave-digger proceeded with his labor, but he also seemed to linger over it, as if a gloomy thought had taken possession of him. He saw the deep suffering of the traveler, and was terrified at that thirst of revenge which had caused him thus to torture a

fellow-mortal. This change of mood showed itself even upon his countenance; the bitter mockery disappeared frow his lips, he contemplated for a moment with increasing sympathy his afflicted comrade, advanced slowly toward him, seized his hand, and said in a low, but still heart-touching voice—

"Jan, my dear friend, pardon me what I have said and done. I have behaved cruelly and wickedly to thee; but thou must remember, Jan, that I have suffered so much through thee."

"Lauw!" exclaimed the stranger with emotion, and shaking his hand, "that was the violence of our youth. See how little I thought of thy enmity, for I felt myself infinitely happy when I heard thee name my name. And for that I am grateful to thee, though thy bitterness has gone to my heart. But tell me, Lauw, where is Rosa buried? She will rejoice in heaven, when she sees us thus as reconciled brothers stand upon her last resting-place."

"How?—Rosa buried!" exclaimed the grave-digger. "Would to God that she were buried, poor thing!"

"What meanest thou?" cried the traveler: "does Rosa yet live?"

"Yes, she lives," was the answer, "if that terrible fate that she has to endure can be called life."

"Thou terrifiest me. For God's sake tell me what calamity has happened to her?"

"She is blind."

"Blind? Rosa blind! Without eyes to see me? Wo, wo is me!"

Overwhelmed by anguish, he advanced with uncertain steps to the bench, and sunk down upon it. The grave-digger placed himself before him, and said—

"For ten years has she been blind—and begs her daily bread. I give her, every week, two stivers: and, when we bake, we always remember her with a little cake."

The traveler sprung up, shook powerfully the grave-digger's hand and said—

"A thousand thanks! God bless thee for thy love to Rosa! I pledge myself in his name to reward thee for it. I am rich, very rich. By evening we will see one another again. But tell me now, at once, where Rosa is to be found: every moment is to me a hundred years of suffering."

With these words, he drew the grave-digger along with him, and directed his steps toward the churchyard gate. Arrived there, the grave-digger pointed with his finger, and said—

"See there, by the side of the wood, there rises a smoke from a low chimney. That is the house of besom-binder Nelis Oom: she lives there."

Without waiting for further explanation, the traveler hastened through the village toward the indicated spot. He was soon at the dwelling. It was a low hut, built of willow-wands and clay, but on the outside neatly white-washed. Some paces from the door, four little children were playing and amusing themselves, in the bright sunshine, with planting in circles blue corn-flowers and red poppies. They were bare-foot and half-naked: the eldest, a boy of about six years old, had nothing whatever on but a linen shirt. While his little brother and sisters looked at the stranger with fear and shyness, the boy let his eyes rest steadily on the unknown one, full of curiosity and wonder.

The stranger smiled at the children, but advanced without delay into the hut, in one corner of which a man was busy making besoms, while a womon sat with her spinning-wheel by the hearth. These people could not be more than thirty years of age, and at the first glance might be perceived their contentment with their lot. For the rest, all around them looked as clean as country life within such narrow space will allow. The stranger's entrance obviously surprised them, although they received him with kindness and offered him their services. They were clearly of opinion that he wanted to inquire his way, for the husband put himself in readiness to go and show it him. But he asked with evident emotion whether Rosa lived there: and the husband and wife cast astonished looks at each other, and could scarcely find words to answer him.

"Yes, good sir," said the man at length: "Rosa lives here; but at present she is gone out a-begging. Do you wish to speak with her?"

"God! God!" exclaimed the traveler. "Cannot you quickly find her?"

"That would be difficult to do, sir: she has gone out with Trientje, to make her round for the week; but we expect her in an hour's time, she never stays out."

"Can I wait for her here, good friends?"

Scarcely had he uttered the words, before the man hastened into the next room, and fetched thence an easy-chair, which—although of rude workmanship—appeared more inviting than the still ruder chairs which stood in the outer room. Not satisfied with this, the wife took out of a chest a white cushion, which she laid in the chair, and requested the stranger to sit down. He was astonished at the simple but well-meant attention, and returned the cushion with many thanks. He then sat down in silence, and let his eyes glance round the room, as if to discover something which might speak of Rosa. As his head was thus turned aside, he felt a small hand gently thrust into his, and his fingers stroked. He looked round curiously to discover who bestowed on him this mark of friendliness, and he met the blue eyes of the boy, who—with heavenly innocence—looked up to him, as if he had been his father or brother.

"Come here, Peterken," said the mother; "thou shouldst not be so forward, dear child."

But Peterken did not seem to hear this warning, and continued to hold the hand of the stranger, and look at him. The stranger found the friendship of the child unaccountable, and said—

"Dear child, thy blue eyes penetrate deep into my soul. As thou art so friendly, I will give thee something."

He put his hand into his pocket, and took out a little purse, with silver clasp and pearls, that changed color in the light, and gave it to him, after he had

dropped into it some pieces of money. The boy gazed on the purse with great delight, but did not let go the stranger's hand. The mother approached, and desired the child to go away.

"Peterken," said she, "thou wilt not be rude: thank the gentleman, and kiss his hand."

The boy kissed his hand, stooped his head toward him, and said—in a clear voice—

"Many thanks, tall Jan."

A clap of thunder could not have so startled the traveler as his own name thus pronounced by the innocent child. Tears started involuntarily from his eyes: he lifted the boy upon his knee, and now gazed deeply into his face.

"So, dost thou know me, thou blessed angel! me, whom thou never saw'st before! Who taught thee my name?"

"Blind Rosa," was the answer.

"But how is it possible that thou hast known me? It must be God himself who has enlightened thy childish mind."

"O, I know you very well," said Peterken. "When I lead Rosa about to beg, she always talks of you. She says that you are tall, and have dark, fiery eyes; and that you will come back again, and bring us all such beautiful things. And so I was not afraid of you, good sir; for Rosa had bade me to love you, and you are to give me a bow and arrow."

The child's simple confidence made the traveler perfectly happy. He kissed him hastily, and with tenderness, and said in a solemn tone—

"Father—mother—this child is rich! I will bring him up and educate him, and richly endow him. It shall be a blessing to him to have recognized me!"

Joy and amazement overwhelmed the parents. The man stammered forth—

"Ah! you are too good. We, ourselves, thought that we knew you, but we were not so certain of it, because Rosa told us that you were not so rich a gentleman."

"And you, too, knew me, my good people!" exclaimed the traveler. "I find myself amongst friends. Here I have relations and a family . . . while hitherto I have only found death and forgetfulness!"

The wife pointed to a smoky image of the Virgin, which stood upon the chimney-piece, and said—

"Here, every Saturday evening, burns a light for the return of Jan Slaets, or for the repose of his soul!"

The traveler directed his eyes in devotion toward heaven, and with a voice full of emotion, said—

"Thanks be to thee, O God, rich in love, that thou hast made affection more powerful than hate! My enemy has shut my name within his heart, with the dark feeling of his spite; but my friend has lived in memory of me, has inspired all around her with her love, has kept me here present, and made me the favorite of this child, while eighteen hundred miles separated me from her. O God be praised, I am rewarded to the full."

A long silence followed before Jan Slaets could subdue his emotion, which inspired the people of the house with respect. The husband returned to his work; but held himself ready to hasten to the service of his guest. He, with little Peterken still upon his knee, asked quite calmly—

"Good mother, has Rosa lived long with you?"

The wife—as if preparing herself for a long explanation—took her wheel, set it by his side, and began—

"I will tell you, good sir, how it has gone on. You should know that when the old Meulinck died, he divided his property amongst his children. Rosa, whom nothing in the world could induce to marry—I need not tell you the reason—gave her share wholly up to her brother; and only asked, in return, to live with him during her life-time. At the same time, she employed herself in making ornamental articles, and by this means acquired a great deal of money. There was no need to leave this to her brother, and she employed all her gains in doing good. She attended the sick, and paid for a doctor when it was necessary. She had always a pleasant word to encourage the suffering, and some delicacy to offer the sickly. We had scarcely been married six months, when my husband came home one day dreadfully ill of inflammation on the lungs: the cough which you now hear is the consequence of it. We have to thank our merciful God and the good Rosa, that our poor Nelis is not now lying in the church-yard. If you could have but seen, dear sir, what she wholly and solely out of love did for us! She brought us additional bed-clothes; for it was cold, and we were wretchedly poor. She sent for two physicians from the next parish, and had them to consult with the doctor here on my husband's condition. She watched by him; alleviated his sufferings and my trouble by her affectionate conversation, and she paid all that was necessary for food and medicine; for Rosa was esteemed by everybody, and when she requested the ladies of the estate, or the peasantry, to assist the poor, she was never refused. Six whole weeks was our Nelis confined to his bed, and Rosa protected and assisted us, till he—by degrees—could resume his work again."

"How I long to see the poor blind one!" sighed the traveler.

The husband raised his head from his work: tears glanced in his eyes, and he said with emotion—

"If my blood could give her her sight again, I would freely spend the last drop of it."

This exclamation powerfully affected Jan Slaets: the wife observed it, and with her hand gave a sign to her husband to be silent. She then continued—

"Three months after, God gave us a child—the same that sits upon your knee. Rosa, who bore it to the font, desired that it might be christened Johan, but Peter, my husband's brother, who was godfather—a good man, but somewhat self-willed—insisted that it should be called Peter, after him. After a long discussion, the boy received the name of Johan Peter. We call him Peterken, after his godfather—who still insists on its being so, and who would be

angry if it were otherwise; but Rosa will not hear him called so: she calls him constantly Janneken. The boy is proud of it, and knows that she calls him Jannekin because it is your name, good sir."

The traveler pressed the boy with transport to his breast, and kissed him passionately. With silent admiration he gazed into the boy's friendly eyes, and his heart was deeply moved. The wife went on—

"Rosa's brother had engaged with people in Antwerp, to collect provisions in the country round, and ship them to England. Trade was to make him rich it was said, for every week he sent two carts to Antwerp. In the beginning, all went well; but a bankrupt in Antwerp reduced all the gain to nothing, for poor Tirt Meulinck, who was bound for him; scarcely could he pay half his debts. Through grief on this account he is dead. God be merciful to his soul!

"Rosa, after this, lived at Nand Flinck's, the shopkeeper, in a little room. The same year, the son Karl—who had been away as a recruit—came home with bad eyes, and—fourteen days after—the poor young man became blind. Rosa, who was sorry for him, and only listened to her own heart's suggestions, attended him during his illness, and led him by the hand, in order to amuse him a little. Alas! she herself took the same complaint, and from that time she has never seen the light of day. Nand Flinck is dead, and his children are scattered about. Blind Karl lives at a farm-house near Lierre. Then came Rosa to live with us, and we told her how gladly we saw her with us, and how willingly we would work all our lives for her. She accepted our invitation. Six years are now flown, and God knows that she has never received from us a cross word: for she is herself all affection and kindness. If it be a question of doing something for her, the children are ready to fight which shall get to do it first."

"And yet she begs," said the traveler.

"Yes, good sir," said the wife, with a certain pride; "but that is her own fault. Do not imagine that we have forgotten what Rosa has done for us: and had we suffered hunger, and must have taken the yoke upon us, we would never have obliged her to beg. What think you then of us? Six months we kept her back from it; but beyond that point we could not prevail. As our family was increasing, Rosa, the good soul, thought she would become a burden to us, and wished on the contrary to help us. It was impossible to hinder her from it: she became sick of sorrow. When we saw that—after the half-year—we gave way to her desire. For a poor blind person it is, nevertheless, no shame. At the same time, though we are poor, we do not make a gain of what she earns by begging. She will, ever and anon, compel us to take part with her; we cannot always be at strife with her, poor thing! but we give it her double back again. Without her knowing it, she is better clad than we are, and the food we set before her is better than our own. There always stands at the fire a separate little pan for her. See here: to her potatoes, she has a couple of eggs and melted butter. Of the remainder of her gains, I believe, from what I can learn by her words, that she is laying up a little hoard till our children are grown up. Her love deserves our gratitude, but we cannot oppose her will."

The traveler had listened in silence to the whole relation, but a happy smile upon his lips, and a mild lustre in his moistened eye, showed how much his heart was moved. The wife had ceased to speak, and occupied herself again with her wheel. The traveler remained awhile sunk in deep thought, when, setting the boy hastily down, he advanced toward the husband, and said in a commanding tone:

"Have done with your work."

The besom-maker did not comprehend his meaning, and was startled at his unusual tone.

"Give over your work, and give me your hand, farmer Nelis."

"Farmer?" said the besom-maker, astonished.

"Yes," exclaimed the traveler; "fling the besoms out of the door; I will give you a farm, four milch cows, a calf, two horses, and all that is necessary for housekeeping. You do not believe me," continued he, and showed the besom-maker a handful of money. "I tell you the truth, I could at once give you the necessary sum; but I respect and esteem you too much to offer you money. But I will make you the proprietor of a farm, and protect your children both before and after my death."

The good people looked at each other with the tears streaming from their eyes, and did not seem rightly to comprehend what was passing. While the traveler was about to make them fresh promises, Peterken pulled him by the hand as if he had something to communicate."

"What wilt thou, dear child?"

"Herr Jan," answered the boy, "see, the peasants are coming home from the field; I know now where I shall find Rosa. Shall I run and tell her that you are come?"

The traveler seized Peterken's hand, and drew him with impatience toward the door, as he said, "Come, come, lead me to her!" And while he made his adieu to the people of the house with his hand, he followed the child, who went with rapid pace through the midst of the village. So soon as they came to the first house, the people ran in wonder from shop and yard to look after them, as if they were something extraordinary. And truly, they presented a singular spectacle; the child with his little shirt and bare feet, who laughing and playful skipped along holding by the hand of the unknown one. The astonished people could not comprehend what the rich gentleman, who at least seemed to be a baron, had to do with the besom-binder's Peterken. Their astonishment still increased as they saw the stranger stoop down and kiss the child. The only thought which occurred to some of them, and over which they now gossiped at every door, was that the rich gentleman had purchased the child of his parents to bring him up as his own son. People from the city who have no child of their own are often wont to do so; and the besom-maker's Peterken was the handsomest child in the village, with his large, blue eyes

and his light, curly hair. At the same time it was extraordinary that the rich gentleman took the child with him in his bare shirt.

The traveler strode rapidly forward. The whole village seemed to him to be magically illuminated; the leafy trees shone in their clear verdure, the low huts smiled at him, the birds sung with a transporting harmony, the air was filled with a balsamic odor and the warmth of life.

He had turned his attention from the child to enjoy this new happiness. During this time, he had fixed his eye on the distance to transpierce the dark wood which, at the other end of the village, seemed to close up the way.

Hastily, the child pulled him by the hand with all his power, and cried:

"See there!—there comes Rosa with our Trientje!"

And actually there came forward, by a house upon a great by-road, an elderly blind woman led by a child of five years old.

Instead of rapidly accompanying the child the traveler remained standing, and contemplated with pain and sorrow the poor blind one, who, at a distance, approached with unsteady steps. Was that his Rosa, the handsome, amiable girl, whose image still lived so young and fresh in his heart? But this contemplation lasted only a moment: he drew the child along with him, and hastened toward his friend. When he had arrived at about fifty paces from her, he could no longer command himself, but cried out in the highest transport—"Rosa! Rosa!"

The instant that this sound reached the blind one's ear, she drew her arm from that of her leader, and began to tremble as if she were seized with a fit of the ague. She extended her arms, and with the cry —"Jan! Oh, Jan!" sprang forward to meet him. At the same time she drew up a ribbon which hung round her neck, and exhibited with an agitated mien a golden cross.

The next instant she fell into Jan Slaets's arms, who, amid unintelligible words, attempted to kiss her. But the blind one prevented him gently with her hands, and as this wounded his feelings, she seized his hand and said:

"Oh, Jan! Jan! I swoon with delight . . . but I am bound by an oath . . . come with me . . . we will go together to the church-yard.

Jan Slaets did not comprehend Rosa's meaning, but in the tone of her voice lay something so solemn, and at the same time sacred, that without opposition he complied with the wish of his friend. Without taking heed of the people of the village who surrounded them, he led her to the church-yard. Here she directed her course to the seat beside the cross, and obliged him to kneel by her side while she said—

"Pray with me; I have vowed it to God."

She, at the same time, elevated her clasped hands, breathed forth a warm prayer, and then flinging her arms round her friend's neck, she kissed him, and sank exhausted but smiling on his breast.

During this time, Peterken skipped about amongst the villagers, who stood in wonder about, clapping his hands, and crying one time after another, "That is tall Jan! That is tall Jan!"

On a fine autumn day of the year 1846, the diligence rolled along the great highway from Antwerp to Turnhout, at the regular hour. In haste the conductor drew up not far from a solitary inn, and opened the door of the carriage. Two young travelers sprang laughing and exulting out upon the road, and stretched their arms like escaped birds who again in full freedom try their wings. They gazed around them on the trees, in the beautiful blue autumn air, with a joy which we experience when we have left the city, and with every breath can enjoy free nature. At the same instant, the younger traveler turned his eyes upon the fields, and exclaimed with transport—"Listen! listen!"

And in truth, there came through the wood the indistinct tones of a distant music. The air was quick and lively, you might almost fancy that you heard the accompanying dance. While the younger one in silence pointed with his finger, his companion said in an almost ironical tone:

"In the shade of the lindens, to the trumpet's joyous note,
In the dance a gay crowd doth exultingly float;
And amid all the throng, like ocean waves flying,
There is no one who thinketh of suffering and dying."

"Come, come, dear Jan, do n't rejoice thyself so beforehand. Probably, they are celebrating the election of a new burgomaster."

"Nay, nay, that is no official joy. Let us too go there and see the peasant girls dance—that is so charming."

"Let us first drink a glass of ale with Peter Joostens, and ask him what is going on in the village."

"And give ourselves up to the unexpected jollification, eh? So be it."

The two travelers entered the inn, and thought they should die of laughter the moment they put their heads into the room. Peter Joostens stood erect and stiff beside the fire. His long, blue, holyday coat hung in rich folds almost down to his heels. He greeted the well-known guests with a heavy smile, in which a certain feeling of shame manifested itself, and he dared not move himself, for at every motion his stiff shirt collar cut his ears.

At the entry of the travelers, he exclaimed with impatience, but without turning his head—"Zanna! Zanna! hasten thee: I hear the music, and I have already told thee that we shall come too late."

Zanna came running in with a basket full of flowers. She looked so charming with her crimped lace cap, her woollen gown, her rose-colored boddice, the large, golden heart at her breast, and her ear-rings. Her face was flushed with the bloom of the most joyous anticipation, and resembled a rose which opens its closed bud.

"A beautiful peony which blows on a fine summer day," observed the younger companion.

Zanna had fetched the two desired glasses of ale, and now hastened out of the door with her flowers, singing and laughing. Still more impatiently shouted Peter Joostens with all his might:

"Lisbeth! if thou dost not come directly, I will go away without thee, as sure as I stand here."

An old clock which hung by the wall pointed at the same instant to nine, and struck with a hoarse tone, "Cuckoo! cuckoo!"

"What wretched taste is that!" said one of the travelers; "have you sold the handsome clock, and hung this up to plague yourselves the whole year through with its death-note?"

"Yes, yes," said the host, smiling; "make yourself merry, at your pleasure, over this bird; it brings me in yearly fifty Dutch guilders—a good crop that needs no tillage."

Four cannon shots were heard at the same moment.

"O heavens!" shrieked Peter Joostens; "the feast has begun. The women take my life with their hunting here and there."

"But, Peter Joostens," asked one of the travelers, "what is this that is going on in the village? Is it the wake?—that would be odd on a Thursday—or is the king coming to the village?"

"It is a very extraordinary thing," replied the host; "it is an unheard-of thing. If you knew the story, you might fill a whole book with it, without any invention. And the old cuckoo here has its place in Blind Rosa's story."

"Blind Rosa!" said the younger traveler, astonished; "what a charming title! That would make a fine counterpart to 'The Sick Youth.'"

"Nay, that wont do," said the elder; "if we go out together to collect material for stories, we must honorably divide the spoil."

"Well, we can hereafter draw lots for it," said the younger, half regretfully.

"In the meantime," observed the elder, "we actually know nothing. Pull down your detestable shirt collar from your ears, Peter Joostens, and begin and regularly tell us all; and for your reward you shall have a book as soon as it is printed."

"Now I have no time for it," answered the host; "I hear my wife coming down stairs; but come along with us to the village, and on the way I will tell you why the cannon are fired and the music plays."

The hostess entered the room, and dazzled the travelers' eyes by her dress, so did it blaze in all the colors of the rainbow. She rushed up to her husband, pulled up his shirt collar again higher than ever, took his arm, and issued out of doors with him. The two travelers accompanied them, and Peter Joostens related on the way to his attentive hearers the whole story of Tall Jan and Blind Rosa; and though he had almost talked himself out of breath, he became besieged with all sorts of questions.

They learned of him, however, that Herr Slaets bought of him the old cuckoo clock, that it might hang in its former place in the inn; that tall Jan had been four-and-thirty years in Russia, and in the fur trade had become a very rich man. That he had bought an estate, and meant to live upon it with Blind Rosa and the besom-maker Nelis's family, whose children he had already adopted. That he had given the grave-digger a considerable sum of money; and, finally, that this evening there was to be held a grand folks-feast on the estate, for which occasion a whole calf was to be roasted, and two whole copper-fulls of rice furmety to be boiled.

Peter Joostens ceased as they came behind a house upon a great by-road. And now the travelers listened no longer, for they were resolved to be present, and see all the gayety which offered itself to their gaze.

All the houses in the village were adorned with green boughs, bound together with garlands of white and many-colored flowers, and between these, over the heads of the spectators, hung every where festoons, with small lamps and with large red letters. Here and there stood a stately May-pole, with hundreds of little flags glittering with tinsel, and adorned with garlands of bird's-eggs and pieces of glass. Along the sides of the way the boys and girls had laid wreaths of flowers upon silver-white sand, and bound them together at regular distances, showing the alternating initials J. and R. for Jan and Rosa, the invention of the schoolmaster.

Amongst all this ornament thronged a swarm of spectators from the neighboring villages to witness this extraordinary wedding. The young travelers went from one group to another, and listened to what the people said. But before the procession, which came over the fields, arrived at the village, they hastened to the church, and placed themselves in front of it on a mound, so that they might overlook the whole.

They beheld the procession with a feeling almost bordering on veneration . . . and it really was so beautiful and touching that the heart of the younger one beat with poetic rapture. More than sixty young girls from five to ten years of age, came clad in white, and with childhood's enchanting smile, like little bright clouds floating through the azure heaven. Upon their free locks, hanging around their fresh countenances, rested garlands of monthly roses, which seemed to contend in beauty with the vermeil lips of the children.

"It is like a saga of Andersen's," said the younger of the companions; "the sylphs have quitted the bosoms of the flowers. Innocence and simplicity, youth and joy . . . what an enchanting picture!"

"Ah, ah!" said the other, "there come the peonies! and Zanna Joostens goes first."

But the younger one was too much affected to notice this unpoetic speech. He gazed with delight on the taller maidens, who in full splendor, beaming with life and health, followed the lesser ones. What a train of full-grown young women in snow-white lace caps! How their blushes added to the sweetness of their countenances! How enchanting was the modest smile about their lips, resembling the gentle curling of the waters which the zephyr on a summer's evening produces on the surface of an inland lake.

Ah! there comes Blind Rosa with Herr Slaets, her bridegroom! How happy she must be! She has suffered so much! She has been reduced even to

the beggar's staff. For four-and-thirty years she has succored and nourished her soul with a hope that she herself regarded as vain . . . and now he is there, the friend of her childhood, of her youth. Led by his hand, she now approaches the altar of that God who has heard her prayers. Now shall the vow made by the cross in the church-yard be accomplished, and she shall become Jan Slaet's wife. On her breast glitters the simple gold cross which Tall Jan gave her. Now she listens to the joyful congratulations, to the song and music which celebrate his return. She trembles with emotion, and presses his arm closer to her side, as if she doubted whether her happiness was real.

After them came Nelis with his wife and his children; they are all clad as wealthy peasantry. The parents go forward with bowed heads, and wipe the tears of wonder and thankfulness from their eyes, so often as they look upon their blind benefactress. Peterken bears his head proudly erect, and shakes his light locks, which play about his neck. He leads his sister by the hand.

But what troop is that? The remnant of the camp which the power of time has laid waste. About twenty men followed the children of Nelis. They really present a singular spectacle; they are all gray-haired men or bald. Most of them support themselves on their staves; two go on crutches, one is blind and deaf, and all are so worn out and exhausted by long years of weary labor, that one might imagine that death had by force brought them again from their graves.

Lauw Stevens went first, and stooped so that his hands nearly touched the ground; blind Baes from Plogen supported himself on the miller's grandfather. These old men constituted the remains of the generation which lived when tall Jan flourished in the village, and by his youthful courage always asserted for himself the first place. After them came the people of the village, men and women, who were invited to the wedding.

The train entered the church . . . the organ was heard accompanying the solemn hymn. The younger traveler drew his companion aside in the church-yard. He stooped down, turned round, and presented to the other his closed hand, out of which the ends of two bents of grass protruded.

"In such haste? why so?" asked the other.

"Proceed," said the younger; "the subject pleases me, and I would willingly know whether it will fall to me or not."

The elder one drew a bent; the younger let his fall upon the ground, and sighed, "I have lost!"

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This is the reason, good reader, why the elder of the travelers has told you the story of Blind Rosa. It is a pity; for otherwise you would have read in beautiful poetry, what you have now read in prose. But fortune another time may be more auspicious to you.

I DREAM OF ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL.

BY MISS M. E. ALLISON.

I DREAM of all things beautiful—
The glad, bright stars above,
As one by one they deck the heavens,
Like angel-smiles of love;
Of moonbeams as they softly rest
Upon the quiet lake,
And from its darkened brow the gloom
Of falling shadows take.

I dream of all things beautiful—
The blush of op'ning flowers,
When first their petals bright unclose
In spring-time's leafy bowers;
Of dew-drops when they silently
At evening's twilight close,
Stoop down and kiss the leaflets fair
Of sweet unfolding rose.

I dream of all things beautiful—
The brooklet on its way,
As sparkling bright it sings of joy
The live-long summer day;
Of shady woods where glad, free winds
Are whisp'ring softly now,
Where many birdlings, blithe and gay,
Sing sweet from ev'ry bough.

I dream of all things beautiful—
The shell of ocean's caves,
That softly parts its rosy lips
And drinks the dewy waves;
Of emerald isles that glisten
Like gems upon the deep,
Where whispering winds their music
Untiring vigils keep.

I dream of all things beautiful—
A home beyond the seas,
Where flowers ever waft their scents
Upon the sleepy breeze;
Of summers lovely and undying,
Bright skies of cloudless blue,
Where nature smiles forever bright,
In robes of loveliest hue.

I dream of all things beautiful—
Sweet music soft and low,
When wakened 'neath a skillful touch,
Its gentle numbers flow;
Of low, sweet words, when angels near
Are whisp'ring sweet of Heaven,
Where contrite hearts shall find their chains
Of sin and darkness riven.

ANECDOTES OF OSTRICHES.

"Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the peacocks, or wings and feathers unto the ostrich?
"Which leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in the dust?
"And forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or that the wilde beast may break them.
"She is hardened against her young ones as though they were not hers; her labour is in vain, without fear.
"Because God hath depriveth her of wisdom, neither hath he imparted to her understanding."

FIELD'S BIBLE, 1653.

THE alleged stupidity of the ostrich and indifference to its young, is, perhaps, the very oldest popular error in existence, and it is principally founded on the above passages in Job. It appears, however, that these passages are open to a different interpretation to that put upon them in the authorized versions of the Old Testament. The word which has been translated "leaveth" her eggs, in the sense of abandoning them, signifies in the original "deposits," and *tekhammem* signifies actively that she heateth them, namely, by incubation, which is, indeed, the fact. In the sixteenth verse, the bird is said to be "hardened against her young ones as though they were not hers;" and the same want of affection is alluded to in the third verse of the fourth chapter of Lamentations, "the daughter of my people is become cruel, like the ostriches in the wilderness;" but, in fact, the idea is altogether erroneous. Recent observations show that no bird has a greater affection for its young than the ostrich, that the eggs are carefully watched and tended, and when the offspring have chipped their shells, and for some days are unable to run, they are regularly supplied with grass and water by the old birds, who are eager to defend them from harm. Thunberg especially mentions that he once rode past a place where a female was sitting on her nest, when the bird sprang up, and pursued him, evidently with a view of preventing his noticing her eggs or young. Every time he turned his horse toward her, she retreated ten or twelve paces, but as soon as he rode on again, she pursued him, till he had gone a considerable distance from the place where he started her.

The idea of the stupidity of the ostrich seems to have been universally entertained, being taken for granted without investigation. Job, as we have seen, alludes to it; and Pliny, writing from common report, says, "A wonder this is in their nature, that whatsoever they eat—and great devourers they be of all things without difference or choice, they concoct and digest it. But the veriest fools they be of all others; for as high as the rest of their body is, yet if they thrust their head and neck once into any shrub or bush, and get it hidden, they think then they are safe enough, and that no man seeth them." Many a pretty nursery tale has been written from this, and many a wise saw founded on it; and yet the hiding of the head is, after all, a mere myth. Sparrman, when in South Africa, expressly inquired in those parts where ostriches most abound, and "never once heard mention made of the ostrich hiding its head when it finds it cannot make its escape." The truth is, the ostrich does nothing of the sort; he tries to escape as well as he can, and continues his efforts, till knocked on the head by the hunter, or driven by him, as we shall presently see, to a place where he may be captured.

Conflicting accounts have been published respecting the whole process of breeding and incubation of the ostrich. Ælian states that as many as eighty eggs have been found in one nest,* fifty or sixty have been certainly discovered, and the question has been whether these are the produce of one female or many?

The balance of opinion inclines to the belief that one male ostrich attaches himself to three or four females, and that all these deposit their eggs in one nest. This, according to Burckhardt, who carefully investigated the subject, is commonly made at the foot of some isolated hill, by the simple process of scratching a hole in the sand; the eggs are then placed close together, half buried in the sand, and a narrow trench is drawn round this to carry off any water. During the extreme heat of the day, the parent birds are instinctively aware that the warmth of the sun renders their attention unnecessary; but as soon as the shades of evening fall they each take their turn upon the nest. The cockbird, however, sits during the night, and Lichtenstein says that great numbers of the smaller beasts of prey, as jackals and wild cats, who will run any risk to procure the eggs, are found crushed to death around the nests; for the male rushes on them, and tramples them with his powerful feet until life is extinct.

The nests are never completely deserted, and the parent birds relieve each other in keeping watch on the summit of the neighboring hill. When the Arabs descry an ostrich thus engaged, they conclude that some eggs must be near; and on their approach, the old birds retire, although it is not uncommon, especially in South Africa, for them to show fight. Having discovered the nest, the Arabs dig a hole in the ground near it, in which they place a loaded gun, having a long burning match fastened to the touchhole; the gun is pointed toward the nest, and is carefully covered over with sand and stones. The birds after a time return and resume their places on the eggs; the gun in due time explodes, and next morning the Arab is rewarded by finding one or perhaps both of the ostriches dead. This is the common mode of killing them practiced in the deserts of Northern Arabia.

It is said that some addled eggs are generally found outside the nest, and that the flies bred by their decomposition, furnish the callow young with food.

* Ælian. Hist. Animal. lib. xiv. c. 7.

Such may be the case, and if so, it affords a striking illustration of that happy adaptation of means to ends visible throughout the whole economy of nature; but probably the primary reason for these being ejected from the nest is, that more eggs are laid than can be conveniently covered by the bird when sitting, and that she therefore instinctively throws out the surplus; thus at once getting rid of a useless superabundance, and providing a magazine of food for her future tender young.

Various are the purposes to which ostrich's eggs are applied:—first, they are in great favor as a culinary luxury, and are much sought after by the captains of merchant vessels touching at the African ports, being purchased by them of the slave herdsmen, whose perquisites they generally are, for about sixpence each. A good sized egg weighs eleven ounces, is near seven inches in depth, and holds five pints and a quarter; consequently it is considered to afford a meal which will perfectly satisfy four hungry white men, or eight of the more moderate blacks. The yelk is very rich and luscious, and makes a most enviable omelette, but gourmands agree that the native mode of cooking them is perfect. The Hottentots bury the eggs in hot ashes, and through a small hole in the upper end, the contents are continually stirred until they acquire a certain consistence, which the sable cooks know by experience indicates the right moment for removing them from the ashes to the sackcloth, which covers the traveler's primitive table. They are then eaten with biscuit, and washed down with copious draughts of corn brandy.

The eggs are frequently found to contain small oval pebble-like bodies, about the size of a marrowfat pea, of a pale yellow color, and exceedingly hard. Barrow found as many as twelve in one egg: and they are converted into buttons by the dandified Hottentots, and perhaps also the Boers.

The porce'ain character of the shell and its shape, well adapt it for cups, and such vessels are frequently elegantly mounted in silver, and sometimes in chased gold. The ancient Egyptians used them in their places of worship, and, together with the plumes, insisted on their forming part of the tribute paid by conquered countries where ostriches abounded. They were probably suspended in the temples, as they still are in the Coptic churches, the Copts regarding them as emblems of watchfulness.

When the allied sovereigns were in London, in the days when the Prince Regent was in full possession of his powers of entertainment, and we may add of appetite, a marvelous and unaccountable evaporation of oil took place nightly in the murky lamps, which then served to make darkness visible. In vain were the lamps replenished—they *would* go out, and the glass receptacles were invariably found empty. The contractor was in despair; the churchwardens took the matter up, and the minds of the parishioners were as gloomy as their streets. One night, however, the mystery was unexpectedly cleared up. A worthy old watchman, or "Charley," as the class was familiarly called, comfortably wrapped in his sixteen-caped great coat, feeling himself tired with his exertions in informing the sleeping world that it was "past ten o'clock and a cloudy night," sat down on a step in the shade to take five-and-twenty winks, but just as he was composing his thoughts previous to dropping off, he was startled by seeing a strangely dressed, bearded figure approach a lamp, and after a hasty look round, actively swarm up the post, take out the lamp, snuff the wick with his fingers, and drink the oil! Here was a discovery! Away posted the guardian of the night and reported what he had seen, but the inspector roundly told him that he must have been either drunk or asleep, for he shrewdly remarked, "'Taint likely that them beggars of furriners would go a-drinking ile when they could get brown stout or Tipper Hale." Notwithstanding the utter improbability of the thing, a watch was set, and, sure enough, it turned out that the mysterious strangers were the Cossacks, who nightly indulged in deep libations of train-oil at the parish expense.

A not less puzzling disappearance of oil took place some years ago from the lamps in a certain Eastern church, and so pertinaciously did the lamps go out, that the priests felt a supernatural influence, and apprehending something terrible, gave orders for a general penance and scourging of backs. The minds as well as the backs of the obedient congregation were, however, infinitely relieved by the accidental discovery (by a dyspeptic priest who could not sleep through heartburn) that the extinguishing of the lamps was attributable to natural and not, as feared, to supernatural causes. A colony of rats had taken up their quarters in the church, and following the example of the gallant Captain Dalgetty, looked at once to the procuring of "provend." An enterprising member of one of the foraging parties scrambling down a rope by which one of the lamps was suspended, was fortunate enough to hit upon some uncommonly nice oil. The news of this glorious discovery spread, and all the rats chorussed,

"Black rats and white, brown rats and gray
Scramble down the lamp-rope, ye that scramble may."

Accordingly, the colony flocked to these oleaginous mines with as much eagerness as another description of colonists are now flocking to mines of gold. The result has been described, but in the end the rats were no match for the priests, who, as soon as the rogues were found out, lighted upon the expedient of passing each of the ropes through an ostrich egg. A most effectual and tantalizing barrier was now opposed to the predatory excursions of our furry friends. In vain they sniffed and squeaked; each, as he attempted "to round the cape," slid off the smooth egg and was smashed on the stones beneath.

The ostrich is a very prudent, wary bird, for which reason the quaggas generally attach themselves instinctively to a troop of these birds, trusting implicitly to their caution for the discovery of danger. This alliance was remarked by Xenophon, who says, "the country was a plain throughout, as even as the sea, and full of wormwood. Of wild creatures the most numerous were wild asses, (quaggas,) and not a

few ostriches, besides bustards and roe-deer, (gazelles,) which our horsemen sometimes chased!"*

This bird was not sacred among the ancient Egyptians, but there is reason to believe that it was so with the Assyrians. It has not only been found as an ornament on the robes of figures in the most ancient edifices at Nimroud, but it was frequently introduced on Babylonian and Assyrian cylinders, always accompanied by the emblematical flower. The Romans appear to have regarded it as a delicacy, for Apicius left a receipt for a particular sauce for dressing it; and it is recorded of Heliogabalus, that he had the brains of six hundred of these birds served up as a dish at one of his feasts. But in trencher feats the pseudo-emperor Formius far outdid either, as it is related by Vopiscus, that he devoured a whole ostrich to his own share at a single sitting.

It was broadly asserted by Aristotle, that the ostrich was partly bird and partly quadruped; and by Pliny, that it might almost be said to belong to the class of beasts; ridiculous as such assertions might be supposed, they were not altogether without foundation according to the knowledge of the times. The common name by which the ostrich was designated by the Greeks and Romans, and also by the nations of the East, was the *camel bird*. Indeed, the total want of feathers on its long and very powerful legs, and the division of the feet into two toes only, connected at their base by a membrane, are very similar to the legs and long, divided hoof of the camel: nor does the resemblance cease here, for there is another singularity in their external conformation, which affords a still more remarkable coincidence. Both camel and ostrich are furnished with hard, callous protruberances on the chest, and on the posterior part of the abdomen, on which they support themselves when at rest, and they both lie down in the same manner, by first bending their knees, then applying the anterior callosity, and lastly the posterior, to the ground. When to this we add the patience of thirst of both, and their inhabiting the same arid deserts, the two may well be compared with each other.

The ostrich is altogether destitute of the power of flight, and accordingly the wings are reduced to a very low state of development, merely sufficient, in fact, to aid it when running at speed. The sharp keel of the breast-bone, which, in birds of rapid flight, affords an extensive surface for the attachment of the muscles moving the wings, is not required, and the surface of the bone is therefore flat, like that of a quadruped, but the muscles of the legs are of extraordinary magnitude.

The family of birds, of which the ostrich forms the leading type, is remarkable for the wide dispersion of its various members: the ostrich itself spreads over nearly the whole of the burning deserts of Africa—the Cassowary represents it amid the luxuriant vegetation of the Indian Archipelago. The Dinornis—chief of birds—formerly towered among the ferns of New Zealand, where the small Apteryx now holds its place; and the huge Æpyornis strode along the forest of Madagascar. The Emu is confined to the great Australian continent, and the Rhea to the southern extremity of the western hemisphere; whilst nearer home we find the class represented by the Bustard, which—until within a few years—still lingered upon the least frequented downs and plains of England.

With the Arabs of the desert, the chase of the ostrich is the most attractive, and eagerly sought, of the many aristocratic diversions in which they indulge; and we are indebted to General Daumas for a highly interesting account of their proceedings. The first point attended to, is a special preparation of their horses. Seven or eight days before the intended hunt, they are entirely deprived of straw and grass, and fed on barley only. They are only allowed to drink once a-day, and that at sunset—the time when the water begins to freshen: at that time also they are washed. They take long, daily exercises, and are occasionally galloped; at which time care is taken that the harness is right, and suited to the chase of the ostrich. "After seven or eight days," says the Arab, "the stomach of the horse disappears, while the chest, the breast, and the croup remain in flesh: the animal is then fit to endure fatigue." They call this training *techaha*. The harness used for the purpose in question is lighter than ordinary, especially the stirrups and saddle, and the martingale is removed. The bridle, too, undergoes many metamorphoses: the mountings and the ear-flaps are taken away, as too heavy. The bit is made of a camel-rope, without a throat band, and the frontlet is also of cord, and the reins—though strong—are very light. The period most favorable for ostrich hunting is that of the great heat: the higher the temperature, the less is the ostrich able to defend himself. The Arabs describe the precise time as that, when a man stands upright, his shadow has the length only of the sole of his foot.

Each horseman is accompanied by a servant called *zemmal*, mounted on a camel, carrying four goat-skins filled with water, barley for the horse, wheat-flour for the rider, some dates, a kettle to cook the food, and every thing which can possibly be required for the repair of the harness. The horseman contents himself with a linen vest and trousers, and covers his neck and ears with a light material called *havuli*, tied with a strip of camel's hide: his feet are protected with sandals, and his legs with light gaiters called *trabag*. He is armed with neither gun nor pistol, his only weapon being a wild olive or tamarind stick, five or six feet long, with a heavy knob at one end.

Before starting, the hunters ascertain where a large number of ostriches are to be found. These birds are generally met with in places where there is much grass, and where rain has recently fallen. The Arabs say, that where the ostrich sees the light shine, and barley getting ready, wherever it may be, thither she runs, regardless of distance, and ten days march is nothing to her; and it has passed into a proverb in the desert, that a man skillful in the care of flocks, and in finding pasturage, that he

* Xenophon, Anabasis, lib. 1, c. 5.

is like the ostrich, where he sees the light, there he goes.

The hunters start in the morning. After one or two days' journey, when they have arrived near the spot pointed out, and they begin to perceive traces of their game, they halt and camp. The next day, two intelligent slaves, almost entirely stripped, are sent to reconnoitre; they each carry a goat-skin at their side, and a little bread: they walk until they meet with the ostriches, which are generally found in elevated places. As soon as the game is in view, one lies down to watch, the other returns to convey the information. The ostriches are found in troops, comprising sometimes as many as sixty; but at the pairing time, they are more scattered, three or four couple only remaining together.

The horsemen, guided by the scout, travel gently toward the birds: the nearer they approach the spot the greater is their caution, and when they reach the last ridge which conceals them from the sight of their game, they dismount, and two creep forward to ascertain if they are still there. Should such be the case, a moderate quantity of water is given to the horses, the baggage is left, and each man mounts, carrying at his side a *chebouta*, or goat-skin. The servants and camels follow the track of the horsemen, carrying with them only a little corn and water.

The exact position of the horses being known, the plans are arranged: the horsemen divide and form a circle round the game at such a distance as not to be seen. The servants wait where the horsemen have separated, and as soon as they see them at their posts, they walk right before them: the ostriches fly, but are met by the hunters, who do nothing at first but drive them back into the circle; thus their strength is exhausted by being made to continually run round in the ring. At the first signs of fatigue in the birds, the horsemen dash in—presently the flock separates; the exhausted birds are seen to open their wings—which is a sign of great exhaustion—the horsemen, certain of their prey, now repress their horses: each hunter selects his ostrich, runs it down, and finishes it by a blow on the head with the stick above mentioned. The moment the bird falls, the man jumps off his horse, and cuts her throat, taking care to hold the neck at such a distance from the body, as not to soil the plumage of the wings. The male bird, whilst dying, utters loud moans, but the female dies in silence.

When the ostrich is on the point of being overtaken by the hunter, she is so fatigued that—if he does not wish to kill her—she can easily be driven with the stick to the neighborhood of the camels. Immediately after the birds have been bled to death, they are carefully skinned, so that the feathers may not be injured, and the skin is then stretched upon a tree, or on a horse, and salt rubbed well into it. A fire is lit, and the fat of the birds is boiled for a long time in kettles; when very liquid, it is poured into a sort of bottle, made of the skin of the thigh and leg down to the foot, strongly fastened at the bottom; the fat of one bird is usually sufficient to fill two of these legs—it is said that in any other vessel the fat would spoil. When, however, the bird is breeding, she is extremely lean, and is then hunted only for the sake of her feathers. After these arrangements are completed, the flesh is eaten by the hunters, who season it well with pepper and flour.

Whilst these proceedings are in progress, the horses are carefully tended, watered, and fed with corn, and the party remain quiet during forty-eight hours, to give their animals rest; after that, they either return to their encampment, or embark in new enterprises.

The fat of the ostrich is used in the preparation of the favorite dish *kouskousson*, and is often eaten with bread. It is also used medicinally. In cases of fever, for instance, the Arabs make a paste with it and bread-crumb, which is given to the patient, who must not drink any thing during the whole day. In rheumatism, and in renal diseases, the painful parts are rubbed with the grease until it disappears. The patient then lies down in the scorching sand, his head being carefully covered, and a profuse perspiration ensuing. the cure is often complete. In bilious attacks, the fat is melted, salted, and taken in draughts, with powerful effect, the patient even becoming extremely thin. The Arab doctors say, "the patient parts with every thing in his body that is bad, gains a frame of iron, and acquires excellent eyesight."

Ostrich fat is sold in the markets, and in the tents of the great a store is kept to give away to the poor—in value, one pot of this fat is equivalent to three pots of butter. The feathers of the ostrich are sold at the *ksours*, at Tougartet: at the time of the purchase of grain, the ostrich-skins are bought, that of a male selling for four or five *douros*, that of a female from eight to fourteen shillings. Formerly, the only use made in the Sahara of the plumes was to decorate the tops of tents.

To the Arab, the chase of the ostrich has a double attraction—pleasure and profit: the price obtained for the skins well compensates for the expenses. Not only do the rich enjoy the pursuit, but the poor, who know how to set about it, are permitted to participate in it also. The usual plan is, for a poor Arab to arrange with one who is opulent for the loan of his camel, horse harness, and two-thirds of all the necessary provisions. The borrower furnishes himself the remaining third, and the produce of the chase is divided in the same proportions.

The use of ostrich-fat in medicine dates back to a very remote period: and Pliny relates that, on a certain occasion, when Cato—surnamed Uticensis—was accused of selling poison, because "he held cantharides at three-score sesterces a pound, at the same time ostrich-grease was sold for eighty sesterces the pound; and, in truth, it is much better for any use it shall be put unto than goose-grease."

In the quaint account of "The World encompassed by Sir Francis Drake," there is a curious description of the mode of hunting ostriches, as practiced in those days at the Cape. The history is written by "Mr. Francis Fletcher, preacher in this employment," and he thus begins:

"Ever since Almighty God commanded Adam to subdue the earth, there hath not wanted in all ages some heroic spirits, which—in obedience to that high mandate—either from manifest reason alluring them, or by some secret instinct enforcing them thereunto, have expended their wealth, employed their times, and adventured their persons to find out the true circuit of the world." The worthy chaplain being safely arrived at the Cape, goes on to say, "In this place, the people being removed up into the country, belike for fear of our coming, we found near unto the rocks, in houses made for that purpose, great store of ostriches, at least to the number of fifty, with much other fowl; some dried, and some in drying, for their provision, as it seemed, to carry with them to the place of their dwellings. The ostriches legs were in bigness equal to reasonable legs of mutton: they cannot fly at all; but they run so swiftly, and take so long strides, that it is not possible for a man in running by any means to take them, neither yet to come so nigh them as to have any shot at them with bow or piece. Whereof our men had often proof on other parts of that coast, for all the country is full of them. We found there the tools or instruments which the people use in taking them. Amongst other means which they use in betraying of these ostriches, they have a great and large plume of feathers, orderly compact together upon the end of a staff; in the fore-part bearing the likeness of the head, neck, and bulk of an ostrich, and in the hinder part spreading itself out very large, sufficient being holden before him to hide the most part of the body of a man. With this it seemeth they stalk, driving them into some strait or neck of land close to the sea-side; where—spreading long and strong nets, with their dogs, which they have in readiness at all times—they overthrow them, and make a common quarry."

The ostrich, like many other of the feathered tribe, has a great deal of self-conceit. On fine sunny days, a tame bird may be seen strutting backward and forward with great majesty, fanning itself with its quivering, expanded wings, and at every turn seeming to admire its grace, and the elegance of its shadow. Dr. Shaw says that, though these birds appear tame and tractable to persons well-known to them, they are often very fierce and violent toward strangers, whom they would not only endeavor to push down by running furiously against them, but they would peck at them with their beaks, and strike with their feet; and so violent is the blow that can be given, that the Doctor saw a person whose abdomen had been ripped completely open by a stroke from the claw of an ostrich.

The cry of the ostrich has been compared to the voice of a lion; but when fighting they sometimes make a fierce, angry, and hissing noise, with their throats inflated, and their mouths open. Dr. Shaw often heard them groan, as if in the greatest agonies, a peculiarity alluded to in Micah, i. 8., where it is said, "I will make a mourning like the *jaanah* (ostrich);" though the word has been improperly translated *owl*.

A remarkable illustration of the strength of the ostrich is afforded by an incident mentioned by Adanson, which took place during his residence at Podor, a French factory on the southern bank of the river Niger. "Two ostriches, which had been about two years in the factory, and although young, were nearly of their full size, were so tame that two little blacks mounted both together on the back of the largest. No sooner did he feel their weight, than he began to run as fast as possible, and carried them several times round the village, as it was impossible to stop him otherwise than by obstructing his passage. This sight pleased me so much, that I ordered it to be repeated, and to try their strength, directed a full grown negro to mount the smallest, and two others the largest. This burden did not seem at all disproportioned to their strength. At first, they went a tolerably sharp trot, but when they became heated a little, they expanded their wings, as though to catch the wind, and moved with such fleetness, that they scarcely seemed to touch the ground. Most people have, one time or another, seen a partridge run, and consequently must know that there is no man whatever able to keep up with it; and it is easy to imagine that if this bird had a longer step, its speed would be considerably augmented. The ostrich moves like the partridge, with this advantage; and I am satisfied that those I am speaking of, would have distanced the fleetest race-horses that were ever bred in England. It is true, they would not hold out so long as a horse, but they would undoubtedly be able to go over the space in less time. I have frequently beheld this sight, which is capable of giving one an idea of the prodigious strength of an ostrich, and of showing what use it might be of, had we but the method of breaking and managing it, as we do a horse."

We are much mistaken if there was not an exhibition of ostrich races in a circus at Paris about two years ago; the birds being ridden by boys, who managed their feathered steeds with great dexterity.

To have the stomach of an ostrich has become proverbial, and with good reason; for this bird stands enviably forward in respect to its wonderful powers of digestion, which are scarcely inferior to its voracity. Its natural food consists entirely of vegetable substances, especially grain; and the ostrich is a most destructive enemy to the crops of the African farmers. But its sense of taste is so obtuse, that scraps of leather, old nails, bits of tin, buttons, keys, coins, and pebbles, are devoured with equal relish; in fact, nothing comes amiss. But in this it doubtless follows an instinct, for these hard bodies assist, like the gravel in the crops of our domestic poultry, in grinding down and preparing for digestion its ordinary food. Its fondness for iron was well-known to our forefathers, and we find Shakspeare makes *Jack Cade* say to *Iden*, in the "Second Part of Henry VI."

"But I 'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin."

An earlier writer, John Skelton, who was poet laureate to Henry the Seventh, alludes to an idea then prevalent, that the ostrich swallowed iron for the same purpose that ices are taken in these degene-

rate days. The lines are taken from his poem "The Boke of Phyllyp Sparowe,"

> "The estryge that wyll eate
> An horshowe so great
> In the stede of meate,
> Such feruent heat
> His stomake doth freat,
> He can not well fly
> Nor synge tumbly."

But there was another and far less selfish reason ascribed for the partiality of these birds to iron—a reason so philanthropic, indeed, that it puts mankind to the blush; for there are few, indeed, who would convert their interiors into a marine-store shop for the benefit of their fellow creatures. In a singular book by Thomas Scott, published in 1616, a merchant meets with an ostrich in the desert, in the act of swallowing a heavy meal of iron, and gazing on him with astonishment, inquires,

> "'What nourishment can from these mettals grow?'
> The ostrich answers: 'Sir, I do not eate
> This iron, as you think I do, for meate;
> I only keep it, lay it up in store,
> To helpe my needy friends the friendlesse poore,
> I often meete (as farre and neere I goe)
> Many a foundred horse that wants a shoe,
> Serving a master that is monylesse,
> Such I relieve and helpe in their distresse.'"
>
> *Philomythie, etc.*

There was found by Cuvier, in the stomach of an ostrich that died at Paris, nearly a pound weight of stones, bits of iron and copper, and pieces of money worn down by constant attrition against each other, as well as by the action of the stomach itself. In the stomach of one of these birds which belonged to the Menagerie of George the Fourth, there were contained some pieces of wood of considerable size, several large nails, and a hen's egg entire and uninjured, perhaps taken as a delicacy from its appetite becoming capricious. In the stomach of another, beside several large cabbage-stalks, there were masses of bricks of the size of a man's fist. Sparrman relates that he saw ostriches at the Cape so tame that they went loose to and from the farm, but they were so voracious as to swallow chickens whole, and trample hens to death, that they might tear them in pieces afterward and devour them; and one great barrel of a bird was obliged to be killed on account of an awkward habit he had acquired of trampling sheep to death. But perhaps the most striking proof of the prowess of an ostrich in the eating way, is that afforded by Dr. Shaw, who saw one swallow bullet after bullet as fast as they were pitched, scorching hot from the mould.

In a very amusing article in the eighty-eighth number of "Household Words," there are mentioned some of the "wonderful swallows" of an ostrich, which was not long since in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park. A carpenter was one day at work in a stable, the side of which was open to a corner of the cage of the ostrich. A pretty nursery maid chanced to pass that way, and the carpenter having engaged her in conversation, ceased his work for a while, and stood smiling and chatting with his hands behind him, in which he held a gimlet which he had been using. His back was toward the cage. The ostrich observed the gimlet, saw that it was nice, and darting forth his head and long neck between the bars, snapped it out of the carpenter's hands. The man turned hastily round, but before he could make an effort to regain his gimlet, the ostrich gave a toss with his head, the gimlet disappeared, his neck made a stiff arch for a moment, and the gimlet was safely down.

But the performances of the bird were not to cease with this feat; his reputation was to have other facts to rest upon. Not long after, he saw a young gentleman standing near his cage, displaying to a friend a knife which he had just purchased—it was a many-bladed knife. Directly the ostrich caught sight of this, he knew that it must be very good indeed. Watching his opportunity, he made a sudden dart upon it, and caught it in his beak. The gentleman made a rush at the bars of the cage, but the ostrich, taking a long stride back, stood out of reach with an insolent straddle in the middle of his cage, and with one jerk of his neck bolted the delicious curiosity.

The keepers watched the bird, and examined his cage very narrowly for a long time; but no traces of his preposterous fancies were ever restored to sight, neither did the ostrich appear in any degree incommoded.

Three months after these performances, the ostrich, from some unknown cause or other, got into a bad state of mind with the bars of his cage, and in a contest which ensued, he broke his back. His death speedily followed, and a *post mortem* examination was speedily made, but no trace whatever either of the gimlet or the many-bladed knife, was discovered in any part of his wonderful interior.

One of the predecessors of this bird at the Gardens had the ill-luck to suffer from his taste for such delicacies as gimlets and many-bladed knives, for he had such difficulty in bolting something of the sort, that his neck never recovered the unnatural curve it then acquired. His lady mate regarding this as an outward and visible sign of effeminacy unworthy of an ostrich, never ceased from that moment to show her contempt by teasing and worrying him in every possible way, and this system of hen-pecking persecution was carried to such an extent, that it was found necessary to separate the pair, without consulting the authorities of Doctors' Commons.

Far different was the behavior of a gallant male in the Jardin des Plantes. He with his spouse had long lived in connubial felicity, when, unfortunately, the skylight over their heads having been broken, a triangular piece of glass fell, and was instantly snapped up by the female, who regarded it as an acceptable offering. Soon after she was taken ill, and died in great agony. Her body being opened, the throat and stomach were found dreadfully lacerated by the sharp corners of the glass. But now comes the pathetic portion of the tale. From the moment that he found himself bereft of his mate, the survivor had no rest. Day and night the poor bird was incessantly searching for her, and gradually wasted away. He was removed from the spot, in the hope that in new scenes his grief would be forgotten; but no! the

arrow had entered into his soul; his fruitless, unavailing search after his lost one still continued, so long as strength enabled him to pursue it, and then, literally constant unto death, he laid himself down and died.

The feathers of the ostrich, which play such an important part in adorning the persons of the living, and decorating the funereal processions of the dead, are distinguished in the trade of the *plumassier* by several qualities; those of the male are the whitest and most beautiful, and the feathers of the back, and above the wings, hold the first place; next those of the wings, and lastly those of the tail. The down, varying in length from four to fourteen inches, is merely the feathers of the other parts of the body, and is black in the males, gray in the females. The finest white feathers of the female have always their ends a little grayish, which lessens their lustre and lowers their price. The feathers are imported from Algiers, Tunis, Alexandria, Madagascar, and Senegal; the first obtaining the highest price, the last the lowest.

The first thing is to scour the feathers, which is done by tying them in bundles, and rubbing them well with the hand in a lather of soap and water, after which they are rinsed in clean hot water. They are then bleached by washing first with Spanish white, then are passed quickly through a weak solution of indigo, and the process is completed by exposing them to the fumes of sulphur, after which they are hung upon cords to dry. As much of the beauty of ostrich feathers depends upon their graceful pliability, they generally require to be scraped with glass, to render them pliant; and the curly form so admired, is given by drawing the edge of a blunt knife over the filaments. They are then dyed. The process of dying black needs no preparation; but for receiving the other colors it is necessary that they should be bleached by exposure to the sun and dew; and a bleaching ground presents a very singular appearance, seeming for all the world as if it was bearing a luxuriant crop of feathers, ready to be mown; for each feather is stuck singly in the grass, and left for fifteen days, after which it is ready to receive the most delicate shades of pink or other color.

By the natives the feathers are little used; but a curious statement is made by Captain Lyons, to the effect that at all the towns of Sockna, Hoon, and Wadan, it is customary to keep ostriches tame in stables, and to take three cuttings of their feathers every two years; and he adds, that the greater part of the fine feathers sent to Europe are from tame birds; as the plumage of the wild is generally so ragged and torn, that not above half a dozen perfect white feathers can be found in each. We have not been able, however, to verify this assertion.

To all Englishmen the triad of ostrich feathers has a peculiar charm as the especial crest of the Prince of Wales. Romantic is the history connected with this well-known badge, which in its adoption was sorely stained with blood; for at the battle of Cressy no quarter was given, and nearly forty thousand good men and true, of the best blood of France, then yielded up their lives. But of all the sad incidents that occurred that day, there was none more touching than that which marked the closing scene of the life of the brave old King of Bohemia, whose crest was the ostrich plume. Barnes, in his "History of Edward the Third," thus describes it:—"And first the Marquis Charles, Elect Emperor, resisted the Prince with great courage, but his banner was beaten to the ground, his men slain miserably about him, and himself wounded in three places of his body; wherefore, though not without much difficulty, he turned his horse and rode out of the field, having cast away his coat armor that he might not be known. The meanwhile his father, John, King of Bohemia, who was son to the noble Emperor, Henry of Luxemburgh, although he was nearly blind with age, when he understood how the day was like to go, asked his captains what had become of the Lord Charles his son? They told him that they knew not, but that they supposed him somewhere in the heat of action. Then the good old King, resolving by no means to disgrace his former victories and cancel the glory of his youth by a degenerous old age, said unto them, 'Gentlemen, you are my men, my companions and friends in this expedition. I only now desire this last piece of service from you—that you would bring me forward so near to these Englishmen, that I may deal among them one good stroke with my sword.' They all said they would obey him to the death; and lest by any extremity they should be separated from him, they all with one consent tied the reins of their horses one to another, and so attended their royal master into battle. There this valiant old hero had his desire, and came boldly up to the Prince of Wales, and gave more than one, or four or five good strokes, and fought courageously, as also did all his lords and others about him. But they engaged themselves so far that there they were all slain, and the next day found dead about the body of their king, and their horses' bridles tied together.

"Then were the arms of that noble king (being the ostrich feathers, with the motto 'Ich Dien,' signifying 'I serve,') taken and won by the Prince of Wales, in whose memory they have ever since been called the Prince's Arms."

It appears, however, that the same device had been previously worn by a former sovereign, "For," says Guillim, in his "Display of Heraldry," "the ostrich feathers in plume were sometimes also the device of King Stephen, who gave them with this word, 'Vi nulla Invertitui ordo: *No force alters their fashion;*' alluding to the fold and fall of the feather; which howsoever the wind may shake it cannot disorder it; as likewise is the condition of kings and kingdoms well established."

The death of the blind old King of Bohemia recalls to mind an incident which occurred at the battle of Waterloo, and which displays, in a remarkable degree, chivalric bearing. During the heat and fury of the fight, a very distinguished British cavalry officer, who had lost his right arm in one of the Penin-

sular actions, led on a dragoon regiment to the charge. In the *melée* which followed, he found himself opposed to a powerful French officer, who raised his sword to hew him down; but suddenly perceiving the helplessness of his antagonist, who made shift to manage his sword with his left hand, holding the bridle between his teeth—the gallant Frenchman suddenly paused, brought his sword to the "salute," bowed, and galloped on to meet some foe more worthy of his prowess. The English officer, who survived the battle, made great exertions to discover who the French officer was, but was never able to obtain the slightest clue: probably a sabre or a bullet, less merciful than he, had stretched him on the field.

The great swiftness of the ostrich depends not merely upon the length and strength of its legs, or the aid it receives from its plumed wings, but we must take into consideration, in addition, the fact that its bones, like those of other birds, are permeated by air, and are thus lighter than those of animals. The feathers, too, are peculiar; instead of the shaft being, as is commonly the case, unsymmetrically placed as regards the barbs, it is exactly in the middle, and the barbules are long and loose. The accessory plume, too, is wanting in the ostrich. In the emu, on the contrary, the accessory plume equals the original feather, so that the quill supports two shafts; and in the cassowary, besides the double feather, there is also a second accessory plume, so that the quill supports three distinct shafts and vanes.

To Mr. Charles Darwin ornithologists are indebted for the knowledge of the fact, that there are two distinct species of ostrich inhabiting South America. The first is the *Rhea Americana*, a well-known species abounding over the plains of Northern Patagonia and the Provinces of La Plata. It has not crossed the Cordillera, but has been seen within the first range of mountains on the Uspallata plain, elevated between six and seven thousand feet. These birds, though generally feeding on vegetable matter, have been seen to go in groups of three and four to the extensive mud-banks, which are then dry, at Bahia Blanca, for the purpose of catching small fish, and they will readily take to the water. Mr. King saw ostriches on several occasions swimming from island to island at Port Valdes, in Patagonia, and the Bay of San Blas. When swimming very little of their bodies appear above water; their progress is slow, and their necks are extended forward. On two occasions Mr. Darwin saw ostriches swimming across the Santa Cruz River, where it was about four hundred yards broad and the stream rapid. Mr. Darwin went out hunting one day at Bahia Blanca, the men riding in a crescent, each about a quarter of a mile apart from the other. A fine male ostrich being turned by the headmost riders, tried to escape on one side. The Guachos pursued at a reckless pace, twisting their horses about with the most admirable command, and each man whirling the "bolas," or balls, round his head. At length the foremost threw them revolving through the air; in an instant the ostrich rolled over and over, its legs fairly lashed together by the thong. These balls can be thrown from on horseback to the distance of eighty yards, and a striking proof of their effect was afforded at the Falkland Islands, when the Spaniards murdered all the English, and some of their own countrymen also. A young Spaniard was running away, when a great tall Indian, Luciano by name, came at full gallop after him, shouting to him to stop, and saying that he only wanted to speak to him. The Spaniard distrusting him continued his flight, and just as he was on the point of reaching the boat, Luciano threw the balls. They struck him on the legs with such a jerk as to throw him down and render him for some time insensible. After Luciano had had his talk, the man was allowed to escape, but his legs were marked with great wales, as if he had been flogged with a heavy whip.

The second species, to which the name of *Rhea Darwinii* has been applied by Mr. Gould, takes the place of the former species—Rhea Americana, in Southern Patagonia, the part about Rio Negro being neutral ground. The first notice Mr. Darwin had of this species was in accidentally hearing the Guachos talking of a very rare bird, the Avestruz Petise; afterward, when among the Patagonian Indians in the Straits of Magellan, Mr. Darwin found a half-bred Indian who had lived some years with this tribe, but had been born in the Northern Provinces. On being asked if he had ever heard of the Avestruz Petise, he answered by saying, "Why there are none others in these Southern Countries;" and afterward many of these birds were seen; their distinctive characters being that they are light brown, in place of gray, and the bird altogether smaller than the Rhea Americana.

In the year of grace, 1839, there was brought from New Zealand, by Mr. Rule, a most hopeless-looking osseous fragment, just the middle of a thigh-bone, without a scrap of either end remaining. This, which most persons would have regarded with despair, was placed in the hands of the great authority in such matters, with a request that he would state to what creature it had belonged.

After a careful examination, Professor Owen, in a paper read before the Zoological Society, on the 12th of November, 1839, (and which paper is one of the most remarkable examples of acute inductive reasoning ever published,) announced that, "So far as my skill in interpreting an osseous fragment may be credited, I am willing to risk the reputation for it on the statement that there has existed, if there does not now exist, in New Zealand, a Struthious bird, nearly, if not quite equal in size to the ostrich."

This announcement created not a little stir in the scientific world; but as three years passed away without any confirmation of the opinion, certain wise men looked extra wise, and pronounced that the Professor for once "had made a mistake." But a triumphant vindication was at hand, even from so unpromising a spot as Poverty Bay, in the shape of two goodly boxes crammed full of bones, which looked as if they were the remains of some antediluvial pic-nic, where the giants of those days had

been picking the scaffolding of the contents of a Brobdignagian pie; and the curiosity connected with the said bones was heightened by a delightfully mysterious history communicated with them by the gentleman from whom they were sent. For the respectable natives, speaking, of course, by the card, had informed him that the bones belonged to a family of extraordinary monsters, one of whom was still in existence in an inaccessible cavern on the side of a hill near the river Wairoa, and that, like the lady in the fairy tales, this creature was jealously guarded by a sort of huge lizard or dragon. Mr. Williams treated these stories as idle fables, but some time after was a little staggered by a sort of corroboration of the tale; for happening to speak to an American about these bones, he was told by him that the bird was still in existence in the neighborhood of Cloudy Bay, in Cook's Straits, and that the natives there had mentioned to an Englishman of a whaling party, that there was a bird of extraordinary size, to be seen only at night, on the side of a hill near there. Our countryman, with a companion and a native guide, went to the spot on murderous thoughts intent, and after waiting some time, they saw the creature at a little distance, towering to the height of something like sixteen feet. One of the men was said to have proposed to go near and take a shot at it, but the other was so utterly terrified that they contented themselves with looking; and after a time, the monster took the alarm, and, in almost seven-league boots, strode away up the side of the mountain.

Professor Owen soon determined that the bones sent to him were portions of a gigantic bird allied to the ostrich, and the publication of this announcement, stimulating inquiry in New Zealand, box after box, full of interesting specimens, found their way to the College of Surgeons, and proved the existence, at no very remote period in the island of New Zealand, of at least six different species of Dinornis (as the bird has been named,) the largest certainly not less than ten feet in height; and in the eloquent words of the Professor, "without giving the rein to a too exuberant fancy, we may take a retrospective glance at the scene of a fair island, offering, by the will of a bountiful Providence, a well-spread table to a race of animated beings peculiarly adapted to enjoy it; and we may recall the time when the several species of Dinornis ranged the lords of its soil—the highest living forms upon that part of the earth. No terrestrial mammal was there to contest this sovereignty with the feathered bipeds before the arrival of man."

But what has become of all these huge birds, for we no longer hear of able seamen or nervous natives being scared by their apparitions? In all probability they gradually became exterminated by the earliest colonists who set foot on this lovely portion of the globe. Conspicuous as to size, heavy in form, stupid, and unprovided with means of escape or defense, the Dinornis would easily fall a victim to the destructive arts of man; and although strong hopes to the contrary have been entertained, there is good reason to suppose that all the varieties of the race have been extinct for very many years; consequently the mysterious inhabitant of the cave, and the apparition that strode up the mountain-side, were doubtless legends that had descended from generation to generation from the distant ancestors of the aborigines of the island. There is to be seen in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, a considerable portion of the skeleton of a Dinornis, mounted by the side of that of a large ostrich, above which it towers in the same proportion as its neighbor O'Brien, the Irish giant, towers above all ordinary men.

Gigantic though these New Zealand birds must have been, they were fully equalled in size by a race of birds coeval with them in the island of Madagascar; and it is remarkable that our chief knowledge of the existence of these is derived from that most fragile and perishable of their products—their eggs.

In 1850, M. Abadie, captain of a French merchantman, was at Madagascar, and observed one day, in the hands of a native, an egg of enormous size, perforated at one extremity, and used as a basin for various domestic purposes. His curiosity was excited, and he caused search to be made, which led to the discovery of a second egg of nearly similar size, which was found perfectly entire in the bed of a torrent, among the *débris* of a land slip; and soon after a third egg was found in alluvia of recent formation, all being in the condition termed sub-fossil or partially fossilized. These precious remains were transmitted to Paris, but so carelessly packed, that one was found on their arrival broken to atoms; the other two being happily sound. Casts of these marvelous eggs have been transmitted to Professor Owen, and we can only compare them to huge conoidal cannon-shot. In fact, in these days of cylindrico-conoidal bullets, they might well pass for such a projectile adapted for a sixty-eight pounder. Some idea of their dimensions may be formed from the following facts. The dimensions of the most oval egg (for they differ somewhat in form) are as nearly as possible thirteen and a half inches in length by nine in diameter; and to fill it would require the contents of six ostrich eggs, seventeen of the emu, one hundred and forty-eight of the hen, or fifty thousand of the humming-bird! Various fragments of bones were transmitted to Paris with the eggs, and the comparative anatomists have arrived at the conclusion, that the bird approached the ostrich in its main characteristics, but was of a less slender make than it, and was probably about six times bigger than the largest known bird of that class! To it the term *Æpyornis* has been applied; the epithet *Maximus* being appropriately given to the species to which the bones examined belonged.

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IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND.

BY FREDERIKA BREMER.

London! great, magnificent, wonderful London! was the thought which presented itself again and again, during my peregrinations and my visits to various districts of this immense city, and at the contemplation of its rich, varied physiognomy. From the city, where trade lives, strives, and posts its books, speculates and battles for life and death in smoky, gloomy streets and alleys, to Hampstead, where the country joins the town, and children ride upon asses over green hills and dales; from the crowded, noisy Strand, which you can scarcely cross for the throngs of omnibuses and carriages which are unceasingly driving along it, to the silent, elegant Belgravia; from the closely built portions of the city, where human beings live in crowded courts and wretched dens, like moles in the earth, without pleasure and without light, to the immense, magnificent parks—justly called the "lungs of London," where people wander calmly beneath green trees, or beside the clear little lakes, on which rare water-birds swim rejoicingly; from Westminster to the Tower, from St. Paul's to Pall Mall and Piccadilly, and so on; all along the Thames, the broad Thames, with its affluent life, with its splendid bridges, with its steam-boats, swift as arrows, which bow down their chimneys as they shoot onward under these bridges—what an abundance of great, characteristic and strong feature is here combined with beautiful detail!—the splendid palaces, the elegant detached houses, with their gardens before them, the markets, with their flowing fountains, the numerous small green inclosures, with their trees and bushes, which are met with every here and there as a refreshment to the eye of the wanderers—these, and many other similar objects. And on all hands that great preponderance of substantial, wealthy, handsome, well-built, well-arranged houses.

In especial must I remark the way in which London, and, in fact, in which all English towns go out into, or up into, the country. It is not, as in many other nations, by the houses becoming smaller, uglier, by smoky chimneys becoming more numerous, marshes more extensive, the refuse of the city more perceptible. No! on the contrary, the gardens become more numerous and more extensive, the houses handsomer and more open, the streets of the town expand and become rows of beautiful villas and cottages, stone becomes less rare, flowers more frequent, the gray is changed into green; one remarks a something "*con amore*" in the care which is bestowed upon every dwelling, upon every grass-plot, in the luxuriant growth of every creeper which is trained up the walls of the houses and which engarlands their windows; in every iron palisade, which at once incloses and ornaments every plot of garden ground, and by the meaning of that English word *comfort* being above all things made evident to the mind of the observer.

In the midst of the city itself one does not think so much of this; other interests have here their life or —death. Because the great, closely-built city, where human beings live in dense masses, where they live, so to say, one upon another, in secret or open warfare for bread or the means of existence—the city becomes always, in a certain respect, a home of death for humanity.

When God, however, created man, he placed him not in a city, but in a garden; and people have now begun to be aware of this in England. Men of high cultivation, and even of high birth, deliver lectures and print pamphlets on the evils of great cities with their densely-built habitations, and on the injurious effects which they produce on the human soul, as well as on physical life. And people are already taking measures by which, as cities grow, breathing room may grow also, and are preparing for the inhabitants the means by which, even here, they may preserve health, cleanliness, and the fresh enjoyments of life.

London, though in cleanliness, fresh air, general regulations, and the great number of detached houses standing in their gardens, which in this respect far exceeds most other great towns, has yet not been able to avoid the curse of the great city: I saw that —I saw behind the magnificent quarters, behind the stately palaces, streets and markets, where the luxury and pomp of city and aristocratic life flourished in their fullest extent, that there were hidden regions, streets and lanes where might be seen the very opposite of all this—haunts of human wretchedness, of human tatters both outward and inward. I wished also to see these with my own eyes; to see St. Giles's and the dirty quarters behind Westminster; because I endeavor to see, every where, the best and the worst, the heaven and the hell of existence in all spheres of life. I wished to see it also in the life of London; and I saw it.

I began to speak of the city's bright side when I described the Great Exhibition with its cheerful life, and I will yet linger a few moments over this side of London life and over some of its gay scenes—namely, those which may be enjoyed by all, or by nearly all classes, and which are therefore properly the people's pleasures.

Of these, none were more agreeable to me than the promenades in the great parks—Hyde Park, the Green Park, Regent's Park, which last, alone, is several English miles in circumference. On Sundays, one sees them crowded with well-dressed people, mostly of the working classes; children tumble

about freely on the green turf, which remains green and fresh notwithstanding, or feed with bread the beautiful swans or other aquatic birds which swim about on the river-like winding pieces of water. There stands also in one corner of St. James' Park a row of cows, from which, if the pedestrians choose, they can drink new milk, and thus taste the pleasures of rural life; neither do other refreshments fail; but the best refreshment here is, after all, the fresh air, the wandering beneath green trees, the sight of the pleasure-takers, of the sports of the children, and the views which are obtained of beautiful palaces and churches. Queen Victoria may often enjoy from her royal residence of Buckingham Palace, the cheerful sight of her people thus wandering for their pleasure. Yes, it is to be feared that she, like other queens and kings, sees too much of this side of the life of her people, and thereby comes to forget that there is any other.

London possesses two scenes of popular enjoyment on a great scale, in its British Museum and its Zoological Gardens. In the former, the glance is sent over the life of antiquity; in the latter, over that of the present time in the kingdom of nature; and in both may the Englishman enjoy a view of England's power and greatness, because it is the spirit of England which has compelled Egypt and Greece to remove hither their gods, their heroic statues: it is England whose courageous sons at this present moment force their way into the interior of Africa, that mysterious native land of miracles and of the leviathan; it is an Englishman who held in his hand snow from the clefts of the remote Mountains of the Moon; it is England which has aroused that ancient Nineveh from her thousands of years of sleep in the desert; England which has caused to arise from their graves, and to stand forth beneath the sky of England, those witnesses of the life and art of antiquity which are known under the name of the Nineveh Marbles, those magnificent but enigmatical figures which are called the Nineveh Bulls, in the immense wings of which one cannot but admire the fine artistic skill of the workmanship, and from the beautiful human countenances of which glances oriental despotism with eyes—such as those with which King Ahasuerus might have gazed on the beautiful Esther, when she sank fainting before the power of that glance. They have an extraordinary expression—these countenances of Nineveh, so magnificent, so strong, and at the same time, so joyous—a something about them so valiant and so joyously commanding! It was an expression which surprised me, and which I could not rightly comprehend. It would be necessary for me to see them yet again before I could fully satisfy myself whether this inexpressible, proudly, joyous glance is one of wisdom or of stupidity! I could almost fancy it might be the latter, when I contemplate the expression of gentle majesty in the head of the Grecian Jupiter. Nevertheless, whether it be wisdom or stupidity—these representations of ancient Nineveh have a real grandeur and originality about them. Were they then representatives of life there? Was life there thus proud and joyous, thus unconscious of trouble, care, or death, thus valiant, and without all arrogance? Had it such eyes? Ah! and yet it has lain buried in the sand of the desert, lain forgotten there many thousand years. And now, when they once more look up with those large, magnificent eyes, they discover another world around them, another Nineveh which cannot understand what they would say. Thus proudly might Nineveh have looked when the prophet uttered above her his "wo!" Such a glance does not accord with the life of earth.

In comparison with these latest discovered but most ancient works of art, the Egyptian statues fall infinitely short, bearing evidence of a degraded, sensual humanity, and the same as regarded art. But neither of these, nor of the Elgin marbles, nor of many other treasures of art in the British Museum, which testify at the same time to the greatness of foregone ages, and to the power of the English world conquering intelligence, shall I say any thing, because time failed me rightly to observe them, and the Nineveh marbles almost bewitched me by their contemplation.

It is to me difficult to imagine a greater pleasure than that of wandering through these halls, or than by a visit to the Zoological Garden which lies on one side of the Regent's Park. I would willingly reside near this park for a time, that I might again and again wander about in this world of animals from all zones, and listen to all that they have to relate, ice-bears and lions, turtles and eagles, the ourang-outang and the rhinoceros! The English Zoological Garden, although less fortunate in its locality than the *Jardin des Plantes* in Paris, is much richer as regards animals. That which at this time attracted hither most visitors was the new guest of the garden, a so-called river-horse or hippopotamus, lately brought hither from Upper Egypt, where it was taken when young. It was yet not full grown, and had here its own keeper—an Arab—its own house, its own court, its own reservoir to bathe and swim in! Thus it lived in a really princely hippopotamus fashion. I saw his highness ascend out of his bath in a particularly good humor, and he looked to me like an enormous—pig, with an enormously broad snout. He was very fat, smooth, and gray, and awkward in his movements, like the elephant. Long-necked giraffes walked about, feeding from wooden racks in the court adjoining that of the hippopotamus, and glancing at us across it. One can scarcely imagine a greater contrast than in these animals.

The eagles sat upon crags placed in a row beneath a lofty transparent arch of iron work, an arrangement which seemed to me excellent, and which I hope seemed so to them, in case they could forget that they were captives. Here they might breathe, here spread out their huge wings, see the free expanse of heaven, and the sun, and build habitations for themselves upon the rock. On the contrary, the lions, leopards, and such like noble beasts of the desert, seemed to me particularly unhappy in their iron-grated stone vaults; and their perpetual, uneasy walking backward and forward in their cages—I

could not see that without a feeling of distress. How beautiful they must be in the desert, or amid tropical woods, or in the wild caverns of the mountains, those grand, terrific beasts—how fearfully beautiful! One day I saw these animals during their feeding time. Two men went round with wooden vessels filled with pieces of raw meat; these were taken up with a large, iron-pronged fork, and put, or rather flung, through the iron grating into the dens. It was terrible to see the savage joy, the fury, with which the food was received and swallowed down by the beasts. Three pieces of meat were thrown into one great vault which was at that time empty, a door was then drawn up at the back of the vault, and three huge yellow lions with shaggy manes rushed roaring in, and at one spring each possessed himself of his piece of flesh. One of the lions held his piece between his teeth for certainly a quarter of an hour, merely growling and gloating over it in savage joy, whilst his flashing eyes glared upon the spectators, and his tail was swung from side to side with an expression of defiance. It was a splendid, but a fearful sight. One of my friends was accustomed sometimes to visit these animals in company with his little girl, a beautiful child, with a complexion like milk and cherries. The sight of her invariably produced great excitement in the lions. They seemed evidently to show their love to her in a ravenous manner.

The serpents were motionless in their glass house, and lay, half asleep, curled around the trunks of trees. In the evening, by lamp light, they become lively, and then, twisting about and flashing forth their snaky splendors, they present a fine spectacle. The snake-room, with its walls of glass, behind which the snakes live, reminded me of the old northern myth of Nastrond, the roof of which was woven of snakes' backs, the final home of the ungodly—an unpleasant, but vigorous picture. The most disagreeable and ugliest of all the snakes, was that little snake which the beautiful Queen Cleopatra, herself false as a serpent, placed at her breast; a little, gray, flat-headed snake, which liked to bury itself in the sand.

The monkey-family lead a sad life; stretch out their hands for nuts or for bread, with mournful human gestures; contentious, beaten, oppressed, thrust aside, frightening one another, the stronger the weaker—mournfully human also.

Sad, also, was the sight of an ourang-outang, spite of all its queer grimaces, solitary in its house, for it evidently suffered *ennui*, was restless, and would go out. It embraced its keeper and kissed him with real human tenderness. The countenance, so human, yet without any human intelligence, made a painful impression upon me: so did the friendly, tame creature here, longing for its fellows, and seeing around it only human beings. Thou poor animal! Fain would I have seen thee in the primeval woods of Africa, caressing thy wife in the clear moonlight of the tropical night, sporting with her among the branches of the trees, and sleeping upon them, rocked by the warm night wind. There thy ugliness would have had a sort of picturesque beauty. After the strange beast-man had climbed hither and thither along the iron railing, seizing the bars with his hands, and feet—which resembled hands—and also with his teeth, he took a white, woolen blanket, wrapped it around him in a very complicated manner, and ended by laying himself down as a human being might do, in his chilly, desolate room. They say that he will not live long in this country.*

After this, all the more charming was the spectacle presented by the waterfowl from every zone. Ducks, Swans, and Co., all quite at home here, swimming in the clear waters, among little green islands on which they had their little huts. It was most charmingly pretty and complete. And the mother-duck with her little, lively, golden-yellow flock, swimming neck and heels after her, or seeking shelter under her wings, is—at all times—one of the most lovely scenes of natural life—resembling humanity in a beautiful manner.

Even among the wild beasts I saw a beautiful human trait of maternal affection. A female leopard had in her cage two young cubs, lively and playful as puppies. When the man threw the flesh into her cage, she drew herself back, and let the young ones first seize upon the piece.

Crows from all parts of the world here live together in one neighborhood, and that the clattering and laughter was loud here did not surprise me, neither that the European crows so well maintained their place among their fellows. That which, however, astonished and delighted me was, the sweet, flute-like, melodious tones of the Australian crow. In the presence of this crow from Paradise—for originally it must have come therefrom—it seemed to me that all the other crows ought to have kept silence with their senseless chattering. But they were nothing but crows, and they liked better to hear themselves.

Parrots from all lands lived and quarreled together in a large room, and they there made such a loud screaming, that in order to stand it out one must have been one of their own relations. Better be among the silent, dejected, stealthy, hissing, shining snakes, than in company with parrots. The former might kill the body, but the latter the soul.

Twilight came on, and drove me out of the Zoological Garden each time I was there, and before I had seen all its treasures. Would that I might return there yet a third time and remain still longer!

Among the places in London which were much visited at this time by the millions of strangers who streamed hither, was the Egyptian Hall—a temple or museum for the remarkable things and curiosities from all foreign lands, which are traveling through the world, together with extraordinary men, animals, conjurors and conjuration—a temple of novelty which ought to be found in every great city, for the support and refreshment of the spirit of curiosity in the human breast. I saw here a couple of beautiful dioramas, and these were a glorious and extraordinary de-

* The ourang-outang is dead since Miss Bremer's visit. He died of inflammation of the lungs; and, with truth it may be said, much regretted. During his short life in the gardens he had shown himself docile, and remarkably intelligent. TRANS.

light. What is the use of giving one's self a deal of trouble to travel through far countries, in the face of danger by land and sea—to make great efforts to be in time for the railway-train—to get up in the night to go on board the steam-boat or by *diligence*—to eat food which does not agree with one—to lose one's luggage and all one's clothes—to be paying one's money away all day long—to have an empty purse and weary body—in a word, to do battle with a thousand difficulties, when one can—here at the Diorama—sit quietly upon a bench, listen to music, and for a shilling behold Europe, Asia, or America pass before one, exhibit their ruins, their rivers, their capitals, their temples, and beautiful natural scenes before one's eyes. Thus it was that I here beheld Egypt and the Nile travel past me: saw the ancient pyramids and temples with their colossal statues: saw Cops and Turks reposing beneath the palm-trees, and European tourists smoke their cigars under the nose of the old gods of the Hindoos: saw Sirius ascending brilliantly above the Nile: saw the beautiful head of the Sphinx glancing upward from the desert sand, whilst night rested above the desert, and Canopus looking down upon it—a sight which I shall never forget. Beyond this, I allowed the journey from London to Calcutta to journey past me; by Malta, and the Mediterranean, through the desert by caravan, with camels, Arabs, and so on to Ceylon and Hindoostan, with its cities and Hindoo temples. And it is impossible for me to say how convenient and entertaining I found it all.

Among the luxurious establishments of London, I heard much said of the clubs; palace-like houses where certain corporate bodies in the government or the city have their place of meeting arranged for their own especial accommodation, and where every thing which is most *recherché* in food and in wine, and every article of life's luxury is provided for the use of these gentlemen. I was shown the Lawyers', the Merchants', and the United-Service Club-Houses, with many others. Men of all classes, who have good incomes, may here enjoy themselves every day, without any other danger than that of here forgetting the nobler business of life and their better self; for these magnificent abodes are the promoters of selfishness and the desire for self-indulgence; and the man accustomed to the refined enjoyments of the club not unfrequently comes to despise the more frugal meal of home, and simple domestic pleasure. He is afraid of taking an amiable wife, because he might be prevented from having his delicate club-house dinner; and the man thus corrupted by luxury, renders himself incapable of life's best enjoyment. Ah! he does still worse than that, because the evil which self-indulgence begets is not negative, is not merely individual!

And now from these halls, where the thirst of pleasure—a beautiful, false Delilah—seeks to lull men to sleep and rob them of their strength, and the saloons where self-indulgent women trifle away life in vanity, and worse still, although they have not their public club-houses for this purpose, I will pass over at once to scenes which present the strongest contrast and resemblance to these places—the quarters in London where the wretched, the poor and the openly criminal of the community, have also their clubs and places of meeting, the great revelation of the dark side of life.

I had already seen it many times, even in the rich splendid parts of the city. I had seen in front of magnificent shops, filled with bread and confectionery of every kind, women stealing along with pallid countenances and glances which earnestly demanded what the lips dared not to ask. I have seen children coming out of the cross streets of the Strand, children with eyes so beautiful that I could have kissed them, but clothed in rags and covered with dirt which was revolting, and I proposed to myself to see the "night-shade" of London life in its fullest bloom. The poison-flower of this name, so dangerous to the noblest feelings of humanity, and thence seizing upon life, grew here in luxuriance—that I knew—not in nature, but in human life.

And I saw it, saw it in St. Giles's, and in particular in a part of Westminster, the whole quarter, streets and lanes, filled with wretched half-tumble-down houses, windows stopped up with rags, rags hanging fluttering in the wind outside the houses, as if they were banners; every thing in tatters, every thing dirty, wretched! And human beings with traces of the ale-house upon them, traces of every species of vice, of crime, and want, and misery: pallid-faced women and men, great, ill-conditioned boys and girls, who—in the middle of the day—idled about doing nothing: in fact, "the dangerous classes" were here in vigorous growth. But even into this realm of darkness had the light of the sun began to penetrate.

Only a few years ago, it was not safe even for the police authorities to venture into this quarter, and several persons of the better class who had ventured into houses here were never afterward heard of. Some, however, ventured in yet again, and came out scathless. Clergymen, "The Missionaries of the Poor," dared to come hither without fear, because they too were poor in every thing but the strength of eternal life—they dared to come hither; visited the sick and dying, penetrated into every corner and nook, helping, comforting, admonishing, and bearing away with them the intelligence of what they had seen and experienced into a higher class of society. That was the beginning. After that, came men of respectability, birth, fortune: men—yes, and women also, of high acquirements, who turned themselves hither both with thought and deed. Thus real and powerful material means were enlisted in the service of humanity. A broad street was opened through the densest portion of the district, through the worst abodes of darkness, and was now in progress of completion. An old house which had been purchased and converted into a "Model Boarding-house," stood close beside the former den of thieves, whither guests had been inveigled and plundered, if not murdered.

"I expected this summer to have seen many of my countrymen," lamented a fat and ugly French

hostess, to one of her wretched neighbors; "but I have had scarcely any. My room stands empty."

I did not much wonder at that when I went through this room, up in a third story, and afterward saw the rooms in the large model eating-house just by, established by Lord Canning, and where every thing, although in the highest degree homely, was remarkable for cleanliness and order. This house was under the management of respectable people—a man and his wife, with a fixed salary—who had one hundred boarders, all men. Five or six beds stood in each room. Fresh air, cleanliness, and good order prevailed every where. I saw also a lodging-house somewhat of this kind, but for decayed gentlemen. Each of these had—besides a small sum weekly—a bedroom, together with fuel and the privilege of reading in a common room. Each cooked his own food by his own fire.

I saw in the eating-room here, as well as in the kitchen, several highly original countenances, good studies for a Boz or Hogarth, and evidently still estimable ruins of a better and not insignificant humanity. It seemed to me that I could observe traces of genius or humor of so high a degree that something great might have come out of them, if they had not gone astray or lost their balance. However that might be, still these figures, with their remarkable noses, seen by the light of the fire, with their pipes or their tea-cups, each one busied for himself in that large warm room, produced a peculiar appearance, not unpleasing nor without interest. They had shelter, companionship, a certain independence, and a certain comfort, these old gentlemen. They might wait in peace for the great "flitting day."

I saw also a newly-erected Ragged-School in this quarter, but the scholars were evidently yet an uncultivated set of urchins, who had great need to go to school. Public baths and wash-houses had been also established here, and these were assiduously visited on Saturdays. Who does not see in all this the commencement of a better state of things?—and already has this begun through these means in various parts of London. In many of the worst and poorest parts of London have model lodging-houses been established, or are about to be so, together with public baths and wash-houses.

I visited one of the larger model dwelling-houses, in company with the good and cheerful Mrs. C——, whose countenance belongs to that class which ought often to be seen in dark places, because it is like sunshine. The building, a large, well-constructed block, with accommodation for twenty families and one hundred and twenty-three single women, was known by the appellation of Thanksgiving Buildings, because it had been erected the year after the last visitation of the cholera in London, and in grateful acknowledgment of its ceasing in a quarter where, in consequence of the unhealthiness of the houses, it had been most fatally prevalent. In truth, a beautiful mode of returning thanks to God: worthy to be considered and imitated.

We visited a few families. The doors of their dwellings had handsome knockers upon them, and every thing in the interior was arranged with the same well-considered attention as in Prince Albert's cottages. The mistresses of these families, agreeable-looking young women, with many children, took an especial pleasure in showing us how easily and abundantly the fresh water flowed forth by merely turning a little tap. They seemed to place a particular value upon this. The rooms were light, and in arrangement and number similar to those in the dwellings I have already described. One of the women, mother of two little children, lamented that the rent was high, and that she was unable to do any thing to assist her husband in providing for the family. Formerly, and while unmarried, and in the employment of a dress-maker, she had been able to earn seven shillings a-week. She mentioned this with a melancholy expression; and one could not but—while listening to her—think upon the deplorable manner in which the education of the poor woman is circumscribed, and which allows to her hand no other occupation but that of the seamstress. How easily the woman's work at home, in manufacture or art, might be advantageous to the husband and the family!

A bath and washing establishment were in progress of preparation within the building. The rooms for single women were yet empty: nor were, indeed, all of them complete; and even when they are finished, I hope that they may not become occupied, at least by amiable women. Each room is intended for two occupants, each of whom will pay one shilling per week as rent: and the rooms are so small and so entirely devoid of comfort of any kind, that it required an effort to look at them. I could not help thinking of the magnificent club-houses. Not that I would have such for women; but, nevertheless, I would have something a little nice, and with some convenience — yes, and with something attractive in the neighborhood; this is a mere act of justice which I would demand for these lonely ones.

The great public wash-houses present a gladdening sight. Hundreds of women stood here, each one in her little alcove, with her steaming wash before her, busy and cheerful.

"I can get all my washing done in two hours," said a woman to me, with sparkling eyes, beside whom I stood.

"And how frequently is it needful for you to wash?" inquired I.

"Once a week," replied she. "I have a husband and five little children."

One may fancy this woman doing her washing at home, drying and ironing it on the Saturday in the only room in which is the whole family, in order to have the clothes ready for the Sunday; one may fancy the husband coming home on the Saturday evening from his week's work in order to enjoy rest and refreshment with his family—and finding the room full of wet clothes, damp, or filled with steam during the ironing process; the wife, occupied by her work, tired, and perhaps cross, the children in the way, or else—out of the way, in order to make room for the wet clothes! If the husband, under such circum-

stances, did not leave home and wife in order to find rest and refreshment at the ale-house, he must have had the soul of a martyr and hero!

In these new public wash-houses, the wife can do the whole of her washing and have it ironed and finished in two hours. And it was in the highest degree interesting to observe the means by which this operation in all its various departments can be carried on so rapidly and so well, and at the same time, for so small a payment.

The baths are also much frequented by the lower classes, but that most generally on the Saturday. And then the numbers are so great, that the lobbies are crowded with people waiting for their turns. Both these institutions are of incalculable benefit to the domestic life of the poor.

What the model dwelling-houses are and may become for the same class, the following anecdote may suffice to prove.

"On one of my visits to the Metropolitan buildings," related to me Dr. S. S., one of the noble men who was foremost in their establishment, "I saw a woman standing at her open door. She greeted me so pleasantly, and with so kind an expression, that I was involuntarily compelled to stand and speak to her. She invited me into her dwelling, a sitting-room and kitchen, (but which also was a sitting-room,) showed me how prettily arranged she and her husband had every thing here, the beautiful, extensive prospect from the window, and how convenient was every thing within; she showed me their flowers, books, birds, and seemed to be made most sincerely happy by all these things. I fell into conversation with her, and by this means became acquainted with her history.

"'We have been in better circumstances,' said she; 'at one time, indeed, we were very well off. But my husband became surety for a friend in whom he had as entire faith as in himself. His friend, however, became bankrupt, and by this means we lost nearly all that we possessed. We were obliged to sell a part of our furniture, and to remove from our comfortable dwelling to one much worse, but of a rent which we could afford. Here, however, new misfortunes met us; every thing began to go downward with us; we were obliged to sell the greater part of that which was yet left, and again to remove. We took a house in one of the suburbs of London, the best that we could get for the low rent which we could now afford. But it was a gloomy, damp, ugly, and in the highest degree inconvenient dwelling. When my husband used to come into the gloomy, chilly room, he became, as it were, struck with numbness. He sat silent, without taking pleasure in any thing; he could not even open a book, and reading used formerly to be his greatest delight. 'It is all over with us now,' thought I to myself, 'and we must sink down into wretched poverty.'

"'One day, however, I saw by chance, in the newspaper, an advertisement of rooms here at a reasonable rate, and I thought, if we could only manage to get into these rooms, he would perhaps come round again. I persuaded him therefore to let us go and look at them. These rooms which we now have, were fortunately still untenanted; and as we could produce the required certificate of character and respectability, we were accepted as tenants. My husband had not been long in these cheerful, excellent rooms, before he again took to his books, and began to work afresh. 'Thank God,' thought I, 'now are we right again!'

"'And so it was. My husband now earns good wages, and is promised an advance in them. Our rent costs but three shillings a week. We are now again getting on in the world—God be praised!'"

And a hand extended to the sinking—light, air, health, hope to those who sit in darkness—behold, these are offered by this institution of a truly Christian community, to the children of desolation. Prepare ye the way of the Lord!

"If you could remain longer with us," said the same friend of humanity to me, "I would take you with me in my walks through the city, and I would show you, not our palaces and places of magnificence, but our wretchedness, and that which we do to alleviate it."

And I have now seen sufficient thereof for me to say, that *much* is done, but that still more yet remains to be done. How much may be conceived from this single fact, that out of the immense population of the London poor only about fifteen hundred persons can be accommodated in the model dwelling-house!

In connection with these establishments will I mention two of a similar design which I visited during my stay in London. One of these is known under the appellation of "The Dormitory for Thieves." This was the undertaking of a single individual, and still depends, in a great measure, upon the extraordinary courage and clear-headedness of this one man, together with private assistance which his undertaking has received from noble-minded women and men.

Mr. Nash was a teacher in a Ragged School. Just opposite the school was an open shed, beneath which Mr. Nash observed that early in the morning a number of youths, of from about seventeen to twenty years of age, assembled, who appeared to have no other place of shelter Before long he fell into conversation with them, and learnt that such was the case, and that these youths spent the greater part of the night, as well as of the day, on foot for the purposes of theft or plunder. He inquired from them whether they would be willing to give up this miserable occupation for something better. All declared that they had no higher wish than to do so. Mr. Nash then proposed to them that they should pass through a probatory period of two weeks, during which they should be placed in a solitary room, and have no other food than bread and water. After this time of trial, if they passed well through it, he promised to receive them into the school, and teach them some trade, of which they themselves should have the choice, and which would thus open to them a respectable path for the future. The boys willingly entered into the plan, and, under the oversight of Mr.

Nash, commenced their noviciate on bread and water; a pound weight of bread each a day, in a solitary room, but without fastenings. Some of them grew weary in a few days, and went out again to cheat and to steal, but the greater number persevered, and with these Mr. Nash commenced the institution called the "Dormitory," which soon extended itself, and now contains about fifty pupils, and at which forty or more candidates present themselves weekly, young men of from sixteen to thirty years of age, who are desirous of leaving the paths of vice. The great school for juvenile offenders, situated a few miles from London, receives only children under fifteen years of age. I very much regret that my time was too short to allow of my visiting it.

The house designed for the Dormitory was now building, and Mr. Nash was therefore compelled from want of room to reject each week many young men who were desirous of being received on trial. The fifty who had successfully passed through the heavy probation—a short one, it is true, but a sufficient trial for young men with hungry stomachs, unbroken wills, and unaccustomed to discipline—were employed in various rooms as shoemakers, tailors, carpenters, smiths, printers, and so on. They scarcely looked up, and were zealously occupied by their work. Three young men, of from eighteen to twenty, underwent, as best for them, their trial in an empty room, the doors of which stood open. They had determined upon pursuing a certain trade, and had firmly resolved upon amending their course of life. I saw among these young men many pleasant, hopeful countenances, and some also which it required courage to admit into an institution for improvement.

But this Mr. Nash has a countenance which is remarkable for great courage and the most cheerful confidence. And, perhaps, it is precisely this very courage and this cheerful confidence which are most needed and of which there is most want in society. Perhaps there would not be found any thing altogether irremediable in the world if we had only this right courage, this right trust—in the strength of resurrection!

The fallen youths in this institution are taught not merely a handicraft trade, but, as a matter of course, first and foremost the principles of Christianity. Many of them are destined for emigration, and, after having well passed through their apprenticeship, obtain aid for their outfit and their voyage, which is in a general way to Australia. For Australia Felix is a picture which floats before the eye of the converted youth as the goal and reward of his industry and his good conduct during his apprenticeship. And the beautiful skies of Australia seem intended by Providence as a symbol of mercy, to entice home the prodigal but repentant son of earth.

I hear at this point an objection which is often made.

"You are promoters of crime, inasmuch as you assist the criminal more than the innocent; inasmuch as the quality of thief becomes a letter of recommendation to 'the Dormitory for Thieves,' and thence to Australia."

This objection would be just if no protecting, aiding hand were stretched forth to guiltless and destitute youth. But in England this objection is overruled by many benevolent institutions. Among these is the Emigrant's Home for young persons who can produce certificates of blameless life, and who wish to emigrate, but have not the means of so doing. I visited the Home, where young women of the working class and of good character are received for a time, examined, and afterward enabled to leave the country and to obtain situations in the English colonies. Between seven and eight hundred young women had, within rather more than a year, been sent abroad from this Home, their passage paid, and services obtained for them in the colonies, mostly in New Zealand and Australia. In the Ragged Schools also is Australia Felix a land which stands before the souls of the children as a future home with a brighter sky and better prospects for them than their native land, and the sending them thither is a reward for their progress in learning. From thirteen to fifteen years of age they are sent thither—that is to say, to the southern part of the continent, where the climate is most healthy, and where none of the convict population are to be met with; these, as is well known, being confined to the northern coast. The children obtain situations in the families of the wealthy colonists, still remaining in connection with the mother-school which sent them out; and their letters to the teachers and their friends, about the country and the people of that new world to which they have removed, diffuse the utmost pleasure and excite the deepest interest in the old home. I read some of these letters, printed in small, neat, stitched pamphlets, which are sold and circulated for a few pence, together with many other small writings of the same price and form. I read with great interest these child-like, naïve descriptions, fresh with morning dew, from the new world. And this led me to a more intimate acquaintance with the popular folk-literature of England. This subject, however, is too great to be treated of here, and demands a separate chapter. Merely a few words in short.

In order that it may actually be an advantage to the child to learn to read in the school, it is of importance that when it leaves the school it may find something good to read—something improving for the understanding, something ennobling for the heart. Rich men's children have this in superabundance: the children of the poor have long had, and still in many countries have—when they leave school—no other reading of an amusing kind to go to than wretched ballads, rude stories, immoral tales and pictures, which degrade mind and taste—and they form themselves accordingly. In England, and in various cultivated countries, people have begun zealously to provide for the needs of the reading portion of the lower classes. Societies have been formed both in the Episcopal church and other religious bodies, for the diffusion of useful and entertaining reading, designed especially for the youth of the lower classes who have the wish to read, but who have not the means of purchasing expensive books. Small

works, illustrated with beautiful vignettes, circulate in England by thousands, especially narratives, biographies, and such like, which are calculated to please the most uneducated as well as the most childish mind. The number of these writings, and so called "tracts"—which are sold at from one penny to six-pence each—is immense in England. They circulate over the whole country, and may be met with in all the book-shops.

In the Ragged Schools, in the Model Boarding-houses, in the Home for poor emigrants, in the Dormitory for thieves, in many benevolent institutions, had I seen a copper-plate portrait of a handsome, middle-aged gentleman, holding a roll of paper in his hand, from which he seemed about to read. This was the portrait of Lord Ashley, now Earl of Shaftesbury. It was thus that he stood up, time after time, in Parliament, with narratives which he had collected and written down from the life of the working-classes of England, with its neglects and necessities, its temptations to crime, and its bitterness against society, especially in the manufacturing districts. It was thus that he continued to stand forth and to plead, spite of opposition, derision, reproach, and threats, until he aroused that universal attention and that universal sympathy for the sufferings of the lower classes of society, which he made it his mission to search into and to alleviate. Thus, he became the promoter of important reforms, and of many excellent institutions for the oppressed and the fallen of the laboring classes. Thus, he became so well known for his spirit of active human kindness, that not long since, the thieves of London, to the number of more than a thousand—if I am not mistaken—sent to Lord Ashley, requesting he would meet them at a certain place which they named, where they wished to ask his advice, as to how they might get into some better way of life. Lord Ashley undertook to meet these thieves. These dangerous classes had laid aside their fearful aspect for the occasion. They came now as repentant children to a father, to whose counsel and guidance they would submit themselves. During this meeting, his lordship wished to give a small sum of money to an old man, but not having small change with him, produced a sovereign, and asked if some one would go out and get change for him. Many hands were stretched forth, and Lord Ashley gave the gold coin to a boy, who immediately sprang out with it. As he remained a considerable time away, a general uneasiness spread itself through the assembly; all looked eagerly toward the door, all were evidently anxious that he should not abuse the confidence of his lordship; and when, at length, he returned with the proper amount of change, a general satisfaction showed itself.

I am sorry not to know more about this conference, nor what advice Lord Ashley gave to the thieves, because it must have been something beyond mere theory. The Dormitory, as a preparatory institution, and emigration to countries where there is plenty of honest labor and labor's wages, are good practical means, which Lord Ashley could refer them to.

And it cannot be denied that England, in its extensive and as yet scantily-peopled colonies, has an excellent mode of assistance and resource for its dangerous population, and in especial for its superabundant population. And one cannot but acknowledge that it is the increasing emigration to these colonies which gives England at this time freer breathing-room and a more vigorous life.

THE EXILE.

BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

Weep for the dead! for him in silence sleeping,
  O'er whose lone grave the wild winds coldly sweep;
Weep for the dead, yet make but little weeping,
  He lies at peace, unbroken is his sleep.
His last fond look of love on thee was resting,
  His hands last feeble pressure met thine own;
It was of thee he made his last requesting,
  Fell on thy ear his last, sweet, lingering tone.
Weep that ye hear his steps no more returning,
  That he in darkness and in stillness lies;
Make not for him a long and bitter mourning,
  Calm is the slumber that has sealed his eyes.
But weep for him who far away has wandered,
  Whose feet tread painfully some distant strand,
Who sad and long life's dream has vainly pondered,
  Who mourns, deep longing, for his native land.
Faint and afar his heavy burden bearing,
  No smile, no word, no look from thee can cheer;
Once all his cares were lighter for thy sharing,
  Once all his joys, for thee, were doubly dear.
Oh, weep for him! there is no consolation;
  He liveth, but for thee his life is o'er;
Count the slow years with weary annotation,
  The mocking years shall bring him back no more.
Sit by thy hearth-stone in the silence grieving,
  Take from the past its sweet yet faded flowers;
For thee no tree of hope has spring-time's leaving,
  The song is silent in thy pleasant bowers.
From all thy future him thou must dissever,
  Poor broken heart! in vain must thou deplore;
His feet from that far land shall seek thee never,
  He shall return no more—to thee no more.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Lillian and Other Poems. By William Mackworth Praed. Now first Collected. New York: Redfield. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

Praed, one of the most brilliant, fanciful and peculiar poets of the century, has met with singular ill-luck in his native land in not finding either an editor or a public for the chance-offsprings of his sparkling muse. To Dr. Griswold belongs the credit of rescuing his pieces from oblivion, of collecting them in a permanent form, and of introducing them with a preface which presents, with condensed felicity of expression, the leading incidents of Praed's life, and the subtle peculiarities of his genius. Poet, scholar, and politician, Praed was also a most popular and accomplished man of society, and not a little of the raciness of his poems consists in their curious combination of the romantic and the worldly. They suggest one of those modern parlors opening on one side into a greenhouse, with a strange blending in the atmosphere of musk and sweet-briar, *eau de cologne* and lilies. In such a forced union of the ideal and the conventional we are, of course, all the more piquantly reminded of their essential contrast. With all this clever deviltry, however, in the instinctive action of Praed's mind, he has still given us some poems which indicate that a stout English heart beats beneath the embroidered waistcoat of the man of fashion, and will sometimes gush out in natural tenderness or passion. But his exquisitely nice perception of the falsehood of cultivated and conventual life, combined with a laughing charity for its pleasant hypocricies, commonly interferes with his poetic faith; and he is continually provoking sentimental readers by raising their serious sympathies only to give the greater force to the flash of sarcasm which dissolves them. This peculiarity springs, perhaps, from a deeper source than mere intellectual mischievousness, and refers to a humorous sadness of mood which is apt to characterize men who are both poets and wits—who see things at once in their ideal and conventional relations, and are fascinated by both. The observing reader will also detect, as a result of this, a certain fine misanthropy in the poems, but a misanthropy which is without malice or hatred. His description of the Troubadour, in his delicious poem of that name, may stand in some degree for his own portrait:

A wandering troubadour was he;
He bore a name of high degree,
And learned betimes to slay and sue,
As knights of high degree should do.
While vigor nerved his buoyant arm,
And youth was his to cheat and charm;
Being immensely fond of dancing,
And somewhat given to romancing,
He roamed about through towers and towns,
Apostrophizing smiles and frowns,
Singing sweet staves to beads and bonnets,
And dying, day by day, in sonnets.
Flippant and fair, and fool enough,
And careless where he met rebuff,
Poco-curante in all cases
Of furious foes, or pretty faces,
With laughing lip, and jocund eye,
And studied tear and practiced sigh,
And ready sword, and ready verse,
And store of ducats in his purse,
He sinned few crimes, loved many times,
And wrote a hundred thousand rhymes!

Among the best among the many good things in this volume is "The Belle of the Ball," "The Vicar" "The Legend of the Teufel-Haus," "The Bridal of Belmont," and "The Red Fisherman." We have but space for a description of Richard Cœur de Lion—a fair specimen of Praed's dashing manner:

A ponderous thing was Richard's can,
And so was Richard's boot,
And Saracens and liquor ran,
Where'er he set his foot.
So fiddling here, and fighting there,
And murdering time and tune,
With sturdy limb, and listless air,
And gauntleted hand, and jeweled hair,
Half monarch, half buffoon,
He turned away from feast to fray,
From quarreling to quaffing,
So great in prowess and in pranks,
So fierce and funny in the ranks,
That Saladin and Soldan said,
Where'er that mad-cap Richard led,
Alla! he held his breath for dread,
And burst his sides for laughing!

At court, the humor of a king
Is always voted "quite the thing;"
Morals and cloaks are loose or laced
According to the sovereign's taste,
And belles and bouquets both are dressed
Just as his majesty thinks best.
Of course, in that delightful age,
When Richard ruled the roast,
Cracking of craniums was the rage,
And beauty was the toast.
Ay! all was laugh, and life, and love;
And lips and shrines were kissed;
And vows were ventured in the grove,
And lances in the list;
And boys roamed out in sunny weather
To weave a wreath and rhyme together:
While dames, in silence and in satin,
Lay listening to the soft French-Latin,
And flung their sashes and their sighs
From odor-breathing balconies.

The Howadji in Syria. By George William Curtis. Author of "Nile Notes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

Mr. Curtis has the finest genius for description among the myriad tourists of the day. His observation is clear, accurate and comprehensive, and the picture formed on his own imagination he can transfer to the imagination of the reader without the omission of a single detail. But he also has the poetic faculty of seeing not only the external form and colors of objects, but their inward spirit and meaning; and this makes his pictures alive with thought and feeling, and constitutes their peculiar attractiveness The reader is literally transported; his eye falls on the page, and at once he is in Cairo or Jerusalem, not only seeing those places, but experiencing the pure and perfect luxury of the feelings they awaken in an imaginative mind. It is this magical power which places Mr. Curtis above all contemporary writers of travels. He has really caught the spirit of the east. Some London critics have objected to his book on account of its characteristic excellence, they being pleased to call his felicity and sureness of insight by the name of idealization, using the word to convey a charge of misrepresentation. We believe that he daguerreotypes both forms and emotions, and is equally true to fact and thought. His faculty of external observation is none the less accurate, because he has in addition the genius which most travelers lack.

We do not know whether Mr. Curtis would succeed so well in describing Western as Eastern life, manners and scenery. In the East he is at home, even the fanciful fopperies with which he pertinaciously bespangles his style, aiding the effect of his pictures. It may be that the sensuous and dreamy atmosphere through which he shows us the forms of Oriental life is native, not so much to his

own mind, as the scenes he represents, and that he could vary it with a variation in his subject. If so, we hope he will not leave a corner of the earth unvisited, for such a representative faculty would make him the Shakspeare of tourists.

One of the most delightful pictures in the present volume is the "counterfeit presentment" of Oriental shopping. We quote it as a specimen of Mr. Curtis's word-painting. The Howadji enters a bazaar:

"The merchant, gravely courteous, reveals his treasures, little dreaming that they are inestimable to the eyes that contemplate them. His wares make poets of his customers, who are sure that the Eastern poets must have passed their lives in an endless round of shopping.

"Here are silk stuffs from Damascus and Aleppo; cambric from the district of Nablous, near the well of Jacob; gold and silver threads from Mount Lebanon; keffie, the Bedouin handkerchiefs, from Mecca, and fabrics of delicate device from Damascus blend their charm with the Anadolian carpets of gorgeous tissue. The fruits of Hamas hang beyond—dried fruits and blades from Celo Syria—pistachios from Aleppo, and over them strange Persian rugs.

"The eye feasts upon splendor. The wares are often clumsy, inconvenient, and unshapely. The coarsest linen is embroidered with the finest gold. It is a banquet of the crude elements of beauty, unrefined by taste. It is the pure figment unworked into the picture.

"But the contemplation of these articles, of name and association so alluring, and the calm curiosity of the soft eyes, that watch you in the dimness of the bazaar, gradually soothe your mind like sleep, and you sit by the merchant in pleasant reverie. You buy as long and as much as you can. Have rhymes, and colors, and fancies prices?

"The courteous merchant asks fabulous sums for his wares, and you courteously offer a tenth or a twentieth of his demand. He looks grieved, and smokes. You smoke, and look resigned.

"'Have the Howadji reflected that this delicate linen (it is coarse crash) comes from Bagdad, upon camels, over the desert?'

"'They have, indeed, meditated that fact.'

"'Are these opulent strangers aware that the sum they mention would plunge an unhappy merchant into irretrievable ruin?'

"'The thought severs the heart-strings of the opulent strangers. But are their resources rivers, whose sands are gold?'

"—And the soft-eyed Arab boy is dispatched for fresh coffee.

"We wear away the day in this delightful traffic. It has been a rhetorical tilt. We have talked, and lived, and bought poetry, and at twilight our treasures follow us to the hotel."

Paris Sketch Book. By William M. Thackeray. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 2 vols. 18mo.

In these volumes the author of Vanity Fair appears as the social critic of Paris. With an eye that nothing ridiculous or bizarre can elude, he peers into the shady corners of French life, and transfers its oddities to his page. His English sense, it is true, is somewhat too constantly accompanied by his English prejudice; but even where he loses his fairness he never loses his brilliancy.

Among the many attractions of the book are some capital stories illustrative of French manners and character. Perhaps the best chapter is that on Louis the Fourteenth. Its exposition of kingship is mercilessly satirical and remorselessly just. There is a little wood-cut in this part of the book, which the revolutionists should distribute in every country in Europe as an instrument of insurrection. It represents first the royal robes, then royalty without the robes, then royalty in the robes. The inference to the eye is irresistible, that the robes and not the man constitute royalty. The satire is especially directed at Louis XIV., but it might with more justice be fastened on the present sovereigns of the continent of Europe.

The Study of Words. By Richard Cheverix French, B. D. New York: Redfield. 1 vol. 12mo.

This volume has been very popular in England, having passed rapidly through four editions. The author not only considers words as "fossil poetry," but fossil ethics and fossil history. Many of his speculations are ingenious, tending to impress upon the mind the truth that language is the incarnation of thought, and that words are things. But in all that relates to the philosophy of the matter he is very inferior to one of our writers, the Rev. Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford, who, in his late theological writings has exhibited extraordinary depth and acuteness of thought in demonstrating both the vitality and the limitations of language. Mr. French's work is sketchy and readable, distinguished rather for the value of its detached remarks than for the comprehensiveness of its general plan. Its tendency, however, is to provoke independent thinking on the subject, in which Mr. French's "Story of Words" may be disconnected from the languid wordiness of Mr. French.

The Works of Stephen Olin, D. D., LL. D., late President of the Wesleyan University. New York: Harper & Brothers. Vols. 1 and 2. 12mo.

An elegant edition, such as the present promises to be, of the works of so eminent a divine as the late Dr. Olin, is a contribution to theological and to general literature. The first and second volumes contain his Sermons, Lectures and Addresses. They are worthy of the author's extensive reputation as an accurate and practical thinker, and are animated throughout with a tolerant but none the less kindling religious faith. In an age when charity is so common a screen of indifference, it is a refreshment to read an author whose toleration is the result of the depth and breadth of his religious feeling, and whose zeal is as intense as his mind is large. To young men, especially, these volumes are invaluable as guides in the practical duties of life, and the formation of a manly Christian character. Dr. Olin possessed, in no ordinary measure, that wisdom which comes from the union of exalted sentiment with sturdy sense, and his advice is therefore always elevated and always practical.

Claret and Olives; from the Garonne to the Rhone: or Notes Social, Picturesque and Legendary, by the way. By Angus B. Reach. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

This little volume, one of the series of Putnam's Semi-Monthly Library, is altogether the most attractive book on the south of France we have ever read. It is written in a style of great liveliness and point, is full of vigorous descriptions of scenery and manners, and some of the legends are told inimitably. The series of volumes to which it belongs we cannot too cordially commend to the public. Taking into consideration the excellence of the type and paper, it is the cheapest collection of books ever published in the country, the price of each volume being but twenty-five cents. The cheapness, however, of the series is not so noteable as the rare taste which guides the selection of

books. The present volume, "Claret and Olives," is, in point of style alone, a work of high literary merit, and we cannot but think that its author will wake up some fine morning and find himself famous.

The English Family Robinson. The Desert Home, or the Adventures of a Lost Family in the Wilderness. By Captain Mayne Reid, author of the "Rifle Rangers." With Twelve Illustrations, by William Harvey. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1 *vol.* 18*mo.*

This charming volume belongs to a class of works possessing universal interest. It narrates the trials and experiences of an English family lost in the great desert in the interior of North America. In this desert they discover a delightful oasis, and dwell on it for ten years. The descriptions of their housekeeping and hunting are exceedingly vivid, while there is just enough variety in the characters of the family to add a dramatic interest to the narrative. The volume is mostly devoted to exciting representations of hunting adventures, and we know of few books better calculated to convey to young persons a knowledge of natural history. The author evidently writes from personal observation both of the scenery and animals he describes.

Gaieties and Gravities. By Horace Smith. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 *vol.* 18*mo.*

Most of the pieces contained in this volume were originally contributed to the New Monthly Magazine, in the old days of that periodical, when it was edited by Campbell, the poet. Smith is now widely known as one of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses," and as the sole author of numerous admirable novels; but we doubt if any of his works show his genius and character in a light at once so amiable and so sparkling as they are exhibited in the present delightful volume. Full of curious information, brilliant satire, keen observation, and tingling wit, every sentence is a stimulant to attention. The essays on "Noses," "Lips and Kissing," "Ugly Women," "The Eloquence of Eyes," "The Literary Society of Houndsditch," not to mention others, are radiant with fancy and wit.

Thorpe, A Quiet English Town, and Human Life Therein. By William Mountford. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1 *vol.* 18*mo.*

Mr. Mountford is favorably known to thoughtful readers as the author of "Martyria" and "Euthanasy." The present volume will add to the reputation he has already acquired by them, conceived as it is in the same kindly spirit, and admitting of a greater variety of incidents and characters. The whole representation of the town is exceedingly felicitous, combining considerable diversity of topic and subject with a pervading unity of impression. The most attractive portions of the book are the religious and philosophical conversations which are naturally interwoven with its homely incidents—conversations which are characterized by profound spiritual feeling, pure in tone, sweet in sentiment, full of original thoughts and suggestions, and expressed in a style of great clearness and beauty.

Life of Lord Jeffrey; with a Selection from his Correspondence. By Lord Cockburn. 2 *vols. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.*

We have read with great interest this admirable life of Jeffrey, from the pen of an intimate friend, who has performed his "labor of love," in a most admirable and satisfactory manner. The great Edinburgh critic is presented to us in the character of a most amiable friend, and a profound, but somewhat timid statesman. He who put forth, through the "Edinburgh Review," his fierce and remorseless criticisms of contemporary literature, is here pictured as the agreeable friend, the loving husband and father, and the honest censor of what he deemed pernicious in letters. He stands out from the canvas "a man of gentle amenities, full of all charity, profoundly impressed with the dignity and responsibility of his mission." Every reader of Jeffrey should purchase these volumes to obtain a fair estimation of the worth and various ability of the man.

A Treatise on a Box of Instruments, and the Slide Rule: for the use of Gaugers, Engineers, Seamen, and Students. By Thomas Kentish. Philadelphia: Henry Carey Baird.

This invaluable little volume is a continuation of a series of useful works, for which the country is indebted to the enterprise of Mr. Baird; and we are mistaken if his efforts to extend the knowledge of the useful do not meet a very ample return. The title of the volume is sufficiently significant; and we have only to add, that the book is admirably adapted to fulfill its purpose.

The Waverly Novels. By Sir Walter Scott. Complete in 12 *volumes. Abbotsford edition, vol.* 1.—*Waverly. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.*

This beautiful edition of the Waverly Novels, has long been wanted by American readers, and the beautiful type and paper of this edition afford a most desired relief to the eye. The publishers announce that they have now ready, Guy Mannering—The Antiquary—Rob Roy—The Black Dwarf—Old Mortality—and The Bride of Lamermoor. The price per novel, in paper, is fifty cents.

Romanism at Home. Letters to the Hon. Roger B. Taney, Chief Justice of the United States. By Kirwan. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

These letters are the production of a vigorous and witty controversialist, who brings the full resources of a firm will, a clear understanding, and an animated rhetoric, to the task of assailing the church of Rome. It is a very stimulating book.

Hearts Unveiled; or, "I Knew You Would Like Him." By Sarah Emery Saymore. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

This is what may be called a didactic novel; a kind of composition which we find it very difficult to read. It is, however, replete with shrewd remark, and contains many admirable maxims for the discipline both of the mind and the heart. The question of woman's rights is very elaborately discussed in the volume, and a strong leaning manifested against the new ideas on that topic.

The Practical Model Calculator. By Oliver Byrne, Civil, Military and Mechanical Engineer. Philadelphia: Henry Carey Baird (successor to E. L. Carey.)

This is another of the series of very highly useful works with which we have been favored from the press of Mr. Baird, and one that will be of great service to the engineer, mechanic, machinist, naval architect, miner and millwright. It is prepared with great care and accuracy, and will be invaluable to all whose business or studies lead them to inform themselves fully of the subjects upon which it treats.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

LIFE OF THACKERAY.

Everybody knows Thackeray, and nobody knows any thing about him. We are therefore glad to help ourselves and our readers to a little knowledge of him, derived from a German authority by the *Tribune*. He was born in Calcutta in the year 1811, and is now consequently 41 years old. His father was a high official of the East India Company, which secured him the *entrée* of the best society, and a large income. Our author was born a "gentleman." He went to school in England—experienced all the tyranny of a brutal master, and the misery of that system of fagging, a legalized bullying of the little boys by the larger, which is so repulsive to every noble and decent feeling, and which the Englishmen so stoutly defend, as a process which "takes the starch out of pride," but which is altogether too unreasonable not to lose temper about in discussing. Thackeray has revenged himself upon this inhuman and disgusting system in his Christmas story of "Dr. Birch and his Young Friends," and he has a general fling at Boarding Schools in the opening of "Vanity Fair," in which he exhorts the reader to trust the promise of a school prospectus no more than he does the praises of an epitaph. He left school for the University at Cambridge, where he studied with Kinglake, the author of Eöthen—Eliot Warburton, who wrote "The Crescent and the Cross," and was lost with the Amazon, and Richard Moncton Milnes, a well-known London *litterateur*, a poet, and biographer of Keats, and an ornamental liberal member of Parliament.

Meanwhile the elder Thackeray died, and the future historian of Vanity Fair. launched himself into its midst with an annual income of about a thousand pounds. He lived according to his whims, drew sharp and clever caricatures, smoked, lounged, feasted upon books of every kind, and opened the oyster of the world at leisure. His mother, a woman of great beauty, and full of talent and tenderness, whose memory is so filially embalmed in the character of the mother of Arthur Pendennis, married again, about this time, and the young man, always the object of the proudest maternal love, came into possession of his paternal inheritance. He immediately returned from the continent where he had been staying a little time, and took up his residence in the Temple. Nascent Jurists and Budding Barristers at Law, who have completed a full course at Cambridge or Oxford, enjoy the privilege of paying high prices for comfortable quarters in the Temple, and of eating splendid dinners in its ancient dining-room. Here Thackeray entered himself as a student of jurisprudence, and in the character of Warrington in "Pendennis," he has developed the career of the students, and the varied life of the Temple, in some of the best passages he has ever written. Henry Taylor, the dramatist, author of Philip Van Artevelde, is among the residents of the Temple, and is mentioned by the German Commentator as the original of a character in Thackeray's romance. We are at a loss to determine which, for if Warrington be so intended, he seems to us to lose the point. Warrington is a man of power without a career—Taylor a man of talent, who has certainly achieved a reputation quite equal to his just claims. However, the Temple not only furnished our author characters, but also the necessity of drawing them; for while there, and when scarcely more than 23 years old, the young man had "fooled away" his property, and was poor. The days of smoking, lounging, and "loafing" were evidently ending, and he betook himself to Paris, conceiving, from his facility in sketching, that he was born for an artist. A brief time among the Parisian ateliers sufficed to remove this idea. But as his stepfather at this period established a journal in London, called "The Constitutional," the artist naturally became its Paris correspondent. Thus, like Dickens, he commenced his literary career as a journalist. In Paris, Thackeray met his present wife, an Irish lady of good family, and married her.

From this time dates his first purely literary effort—the "Yellowplush Papers," afterward published as "Jeames' Diary"—in which his characteristic tendency is clearly indicated. The step-father's "Constitutional" absorbed most of his property, of course, and failed. The son was obliged to return to England, and to begin work in earnest for himself. He wrote for *Frazer's Magazine* and literary reviews for "*The Times*," in which he ridiculed the early Bulwer style of romance—the interesting burglars and romance murderers. But the public, resolved upon enjoying the fascination of crime sentimentally described, received his strictures coldly. The struggling author turned to the humorous, sketchy style, to win an ear and gain a penny. Literary friends, more fairly favored than he, opened their purses to him; but his wife became insane, and is, at this day, the inmate of an asylum. He worked industriously with his pen—he wrote the "Great Hoggarty Diamond," "The Snob Papers," the "Irish Sketch Book," "Journey from Cornhill to Cairo," "Our Street," "Rebecca and Rowena," "The Kickleburies on the Rhine," and smaller papers, under the name of Michael Angelo Titmarsh; and Chambers' Cyclopedia commended him, before he was so universally known, as "a quiet observer." In all these sketches his characteristic power shows itself. The two last were written after the great fame and success of "Vanity Fair;" but they are only studies for his large pictures—and it may be noted as proof of his genuine genius, that the completed figures are infinitely superior to the designs, and it is in completing the picture from the speech, so that it shall gain in meaning as well as in elaboration and size, that the true artist is shown. Mr. Thackeray offered the MS. of "Vanity Fair" to a magazine. The editor declined it. The author published it, and made his name immortal. It was followed by "Pendennis," a mellower, riper fruit, to our fancy; but we have no thought of entering upon a criticism of the author. His latest public literary work is the course of lectures upon the wits of Queen Anne's times, which has been read before literary and fashionable London, and received with the greatest applause. Copious abstracts were published in the leading journals, and there is little doubt that they are quite worthy their author. Mr. Thackeray is now understood to be engaged in completing a novel of which the scene is laid among the persons and the times treated in his lectures.

Of Mr. Thackeray's intention to visit the United States, we hear nothing said. We think that there could be little doubt of the success of his lectures here.

Tight Lacing.—In "Dickens' Household Words," we find a notice of the first Evening School for Women opened at Birmingham for the instruction of young women who labor in the factories during the day. The experiment has been rewarded with complete success. It is solely under the charge of ladies, who, with the most praiseworthy assiduity, devote their evenings to the moral and intellectual culture of these poor sisters of toil, adding

the force of example—even in matters of dress—to the wisdom of precept. The following passage is worthy of the attention of our fair readers.

"As to the matter of dress. There can be nothing but good in telling the plain fact, that the most earnest and devoted of the ladies have found it their duty to wear no stays, in order to add the force of example to their efforts to save the young women who are killing themselves with tight-lacing alone. One poor scholar died almost suddenly from tight lacing alone. Another was, presently after, so ill, from the same abuse, that she could do nothing. A third could not stoop to her desk, and had to sit at a higher one, which suited the requirements of her self-imposed pillory. In overlooking those who were writing, we were struck by the short breathing of several of them. We asked what their employments were, supposing them to be of some pernicious nature. It was not so: all were cases of evident tight-lacing. The ugly walling-up of the figure is a painful contrast to the supple grace of some of the teachers. The girls see this grace, but will not believe, till convinced by the feel, that there are no stays to account for it.

"'And what *have* you got on?' said one of the ladies, feeling in like manner. 'Why, you are perfectly walled up. How can you bear it?'

"'Why,' answered the girl, '*I have got only six-and-twenty whalebones.*'

"The lady obtained some anatomical plates, and formed a class of the older women, apart from the rest, to whom she displayed the consequences, in full, of this fatal practice. At the moment, they appear to disbelieve the facts; but a little time shows that they have taken the alarm—to what extent, the dress of their daughters, as they grow up, will probably indicate.

"The number on the books of this school is about one hundred; the average attendance is about fifty. The eagerness to attend is remarkable; and the dread of losing their place through non-attendance is testified in the strongest ways. Many are detained late at their work on Friday evenings; but they come, if only for a quarter of an hour; or if prevented, perhaps send a supplicating note that their place may not be filled up."

American Literature in England.—America is rising in literary greatness with startling vigor. The spirit of progressive enlightenment is there ever present, and the motto blazoned in the intellectual escutcheon of the nation is, "Excelsior!" We were aware that a republic with a cheap and unfettered press, and a system of public schools that brings the means of an education within the limits of the humblest class of society, must naturally have a co-existent amount of national intelligence, which other nations with less advantages could not possess. We have long been admirers of the genius of Cooper, Irving, and Bryant; but it is only recently that we have been made acquainted with the weird and subtle efforts of Edgar A. Poe, the remarkable power of Hawthorne, the playful fancy of Holmes and Saxe, the beautiful melodies of Morris, and the ingenious heart-picturings of Grace Greenwood, the sisters Carey, Mrs. Kirkland, and Clara Moreton. The works of these writers have contributed to increase our already formed admiration of the remarkable freshness and vigor of intellect that is daily developing itself in the United States; and it is with a joyous friendliness that we recognize the growing claims of the young country to a place among the literary nations of this era.—*London Daily News.*

GRAHAM'S SMALL-TALK.

Held in his idle moments, with his Readers, Correspondents and Exchanges.

Among the agreeable letters we have received from many of our subscribers, upon the superior character of our June number, we make room for the following. The remark of our correspondent upon the value of newspaper notices we do not agree with, at least not in their valuelessness, except in cases where they are "paid for" or *solicited*. A frank expression of sentiment in regard to "Graham," we invite, and try sometimes to provoke a little captiousness—but the 1340 editors with whom we exchange, will be honest in spite of us, and pronounce "Graham" a great Magazine; and as these opinions coincide with that of our correspondent, we must submit.

—

Cincinnati, May 23, 1852.

George R. Graham, Esq.
Philadelphia:

The reception of your Magazine for June, with "new type and paper," and, I may add, new attractions in the shape of an increase of "solid matter," reminds me of a promise made myself long ago—to write you a letter expressive of earnest sympathy in your efforts. and hopes of your ultimate success, in the publication of a journal worthy of our country and yourself.

From month to month, since you resumed the management of "Graham," I have noticed a gradual yet sterling improvement in its pages, until the June number relieves me from all anxiety as to its future course and *success*. I congratulate you, my dear sir.

Now that "Opinions of the Press" are so profuse and so *worthless*, (especially to the book-buyer,) I have thought a word of unsought, *unpaid for* praise, might not be received unkindly from

A Subscriber.

—

A Fine Lithograph.—We have received from Messrs. Fetridge & Co., of Boston, one of the finest specimens of the lithographic art that ever commanded our attention. It is decidedly a credit to the artists and to Boston. The subject of the picture is a representation of Miss E. Kimberly, the celebrated Shaksperian reader and actress, in the character of Isabella in "The Fatal Marriage." It is from a Daguerreotype by Southworth and Harvey, of Boston. Our readers will recollect that this gifted young lady made her *debut* as a Shaksperian reader in this city (Philadelphia) some two and a half years ago. Since that time she has appeared in various cities, before large and intelligent audiences, with entire success. Her reputation is fully established as a remarkably intellectual and correct delineator of the leading characters in the higher drama. She has now fully adopted the stage as her profession; for, with the approbation of such a veteran in histrionic matters as Thomas Barry, Esq., of the Broadway theatre, New York, (who was her instructor,) there can be no question of her fitness for the avocation. Her friends are sanguine that she will reach the highest round in the ladder of histrionic fame. The likeness of her, now before us, portrays the intensity of sorrow more vividly than the portrait of any female actress, in character, we ever beheld.

The writer of the following asks us to forgive him for venturing into the regions poetic, and begs us not to clip his wings. Well, we wont; and shall say in his defense that there is a very sober and serious vein of prose in his posey, which it becomes some delinquents to study. Clapping our hand upon our pocket, we can say with the wag, "You 'll find no change with us;" so, if the following only induces a few of our subscribers to "do better," the change will be duly recorded.

"DEAR GRAHAM, how 'heavenly-minded' you seem,
Shcing your steel through the poet's young dream,
For you off with his wings, as you say, with a sweep,
And then push him over the dangerous leap;
Where wingless he falls through the phantomy air,
Shrieking his wail o'er the gulf of despair.

"You 're 'tender to poets,' God grant it be true,
For what would they be if it was n't for you,
Who seem made to carve poets, by slicing away
The parts they need most when upward they stray,
For what, my dear sir, could one do without wings
To carry aloft every lay that he sings.

"There are those, or have been, who need none at all,
For their writings are far too etherial to fall,
They soar of themselves to the regions on high,
In musical numbers that never can die.
But then there are those, dearest sir, who in song
Soar not thus aloft, but are plodding along.

"Perhaps you will say it is better at once
To slice off their *legs*, or even their sconce,
Than to be badly *bored* as you 've been before:
If so, this will *bore* you at least one time more;
I know this is bad, your censure 'd be just,
But bore you this once, I shall, for I must.

"You say 'Mr. Reader, we make our best bow,
And stand with our cap in our hand even now;
If you do n't like our rig, do n't turn up your nose,
But suggest us a change, and what 's proper propose.'
The change that I 'd wish I will give at a glance—
It 's I wish all subscribers would pay in advance;
Then the *two dollar fashion-plates* would surely swing clear,
Instead of nine forty-five per month by the year.

"If I *bore* you much more I shall have to be quick,
For a message has come to me now from the sick,
And wishing your readers with plenty of *tin*
To knock at your sanctum and walk boldly in,
And *fork out* the *rhino*, three dollars apiece,
'T is the change that I wish you—may it daily increase.

"For nothing I 've found in this vain world of trouble
Will suit *Eds* like having their subscription-lists double;
Not only in names, but that each one will pay
In advance for the paper, and take it away.
Now I wish you, dear sir, in all good to increase,
With plenty of readers, and money, and peace.

"ORION."

—

FITZGERALD'S CITY ITEM.—The other day this beautiful and ably conducted weekly came to us clothed in a new suit of type, and printed upon white and firm paper. THE ITEM is now one of the largest, handsomest, and certainly one of the ablest of our weeklies. All who take an interest in Business, Literature, the Fine Arts, Music, and the Drama, are recommended to subscribe to it. On these and kindred subjects, it has ever been regarded as first-rate authority. Every family, every gentleman and lady of taste and leisure in the country, should take FITZGERALD'S CITY ITEM. It is furnished at the moderate price of $2 a year, in advance. Address Fitzgerald & Co., 46 South Third street, Philadelphia. (Post paid.)

—

Graham's Magazine for June is a capital one, as usual. Graham do n't get out any other kind but the best kind. He 's quiet, do n't brag; but he does better, by publishing the *best* Magazine in Philadelphia.—*Perrysburg Star.*

Well, yes, brother; we have learned the value of the adage as to "Brag and Holdfast." Hence our 112 pages were *announced* and have been carried out in every number since January. Our wood-cuts *are* engravings.

—

Church, who has just enlarged his excellent Weekly, enlarges also upon the value of Graham's wood-cuts.

WOOD ENGRAVING.—The beautiful specimens of wood engraving, now beginning to be seen in many of our modern publications, do, indeed, indicate a marked improvement in that branch of pictorial embellishment, over the rough unsightly cuts of a few years back, and at which now the growing taste of the public eye would hardly glance. Nor can we indulge these remarks without bestowing upon the printer his own success in doing full justice to the engraver by clear and beautiful impression, which surely depends upon *him;* and when he has the proper material in ink and paper, our fine publications compare well with those from across the water.

Our friend GRAHAM has not been relax in his exertions to beautify his agreeable monthly with fine embellishments in wood, and his numerous patrons will be much more gratified with the results of Mr. Devereux's prolific pencil, than the smoky mezzotints which have so long intruded upon the pages of magazinedom. We go for good legitimate line engravings, either steel or wood, and nothing else. One of "Mote's" gems is worth a bushel of commonplace truck. We are right glad to see fine wood specimens interlarded in the pages of GRAHAM. Onward, say we, with your well-stored monthly, rich in literature, beautiful in embellishment. A large list is your sure reward. "To him who wills there is no obstacle."—*Church's Bizarre.*

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THE NEW VOLUME.—The almost universal voice of the American Press, in the notices of our June number, encourages us to great hopes for the volume which commences with the present number. The elevated tone of the work seems to meet with the entire approval of our readers, so far as we can learn from letters received from all parts of the United States, giving us ample warrant for a continuance of our efforts to render "Graham" a Magazine of the very highest order.

If our friends will assist us in extending the circulation of "Graham" for the next six months in their respective post-towns, we flatter ourself that we shall open the volume in January next with a reputation and circulation unequaled by any former volume of this Magazine. A word to a neighbor may secure his co-operation; and as we send five copies for six months at half the yearly club rates, the outlay will be but small for each six months subscriber. Try it, friends!

—

THE FAMILY FRIEND.—Our friend Godman, of Columbia, S. C., has assumed, we see, the entire responsibility of the publishing, as well as the editorial department of his admirable weekly paper. That he may extend its circulation, with all the rapidity its manifest merits should insure, is our most sincere wish, and, to aid him, we offer Graham's Magazine and The Family Friend, one year, for Four Dollars, in advance.

A FRENCH IDEA.

To keep the mind intently fixed
  On number one alone—
To look to no one's interest,
  But push along your own,
With the slightest reference
  To how, or what, or when—
Eh bien! c'est la première Idée.
  Napoléonienne.

To sneak into a good man's house
  With sham credentials penned—
To sneak into his heart and trust,
  And seem his children's friend—
To learn his secrets, find out where
  He keeps his keys—and then
To bone his spoons—*c'est une Idée*
  Napoléonienne.

BON GAULTIER.

SMOKE NO JOKE!

Sacrifice

FIRST AFFECTION.

FROM THE MELODIES OF SIR H. R. BISHOP.

Moderately slow, and with much feeling.

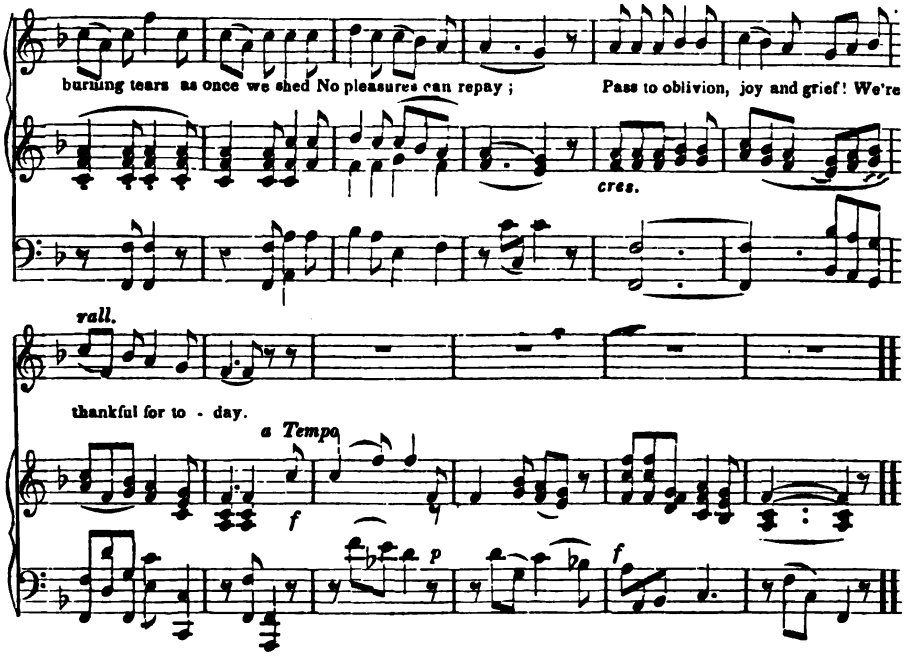
trf *p*

Could we recal depart - ed joys, At price of parted

fv

pain, Oh who that prizes hap - py hours, Would live his life a - gain? Such

p



Calm be the current of our lives,
  As rivers deep and clear;
Mild be the light upon our path,
  To guide us and to cheer!
For streams of joy that burst and foam
  May leave their channels dry.
And deadliest lightnings ever flash
  The brightest in the sky!

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XLI. PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1852. No. 2.

MIDSUMMER DAYS.

I scent the ancient sward!
  I feel it 'neath my tread!
The moss, the wiry nard,
  And the harebells bend their head!

I see the foxgloves glow,
Where plow did never go;
And the streams, the streams once more,
Hurrying brightly o'er
Their sandy beds; they roll
With the joy of a living soul.
Ye know that wood-walk sweet,
Where we are wont to meet;
On either hand the knolls and swells
Are crimson with the heather-bells;
  And the eye sees,
  Mid distant trees,
Where moorland beauty dwells

WIDOWS.

BY THOMPSON WESTCOTT.

THE word widowhood, from whatever angle of observation it may be viewed, has about it a dull, bleak, uncomfortable aspect. Clouds encompass it. Wo englooms it. Loneliness isolates it from social comfort, and befogs it amidst lowering disquiet. It floats amidst tears on a dusky day, like a solitary buoy on the salt sea.

We speak of widowhood which is really such. There are philosophers, who are willing to wager that the solitary state is the most delightful of existence. To them, wedlock is a fast bind fast find condition, in which two persons are confined by a clerical jailor, who condemns them to imprisonment for life, and then throws away the key. They transform "wedlock" to "padlock;" and though there is no parautopticism about the wards and chambers of affection, they consider the matrimonial lock, one which may bid defiance to the most dexterous Hobbs. Yet we know that to every heart there is a master-key. Lucky is he who keeps it in his own possession without a necessity for its use; and happy is he who needs net the services of some legal lock-picker to release him ere the coming of the great skeleton-key carrier—Death.

But sentimental prosing is not our purpose. Widowhood has its bright side, though many look too

steadily at its darkest aspect. Widows are, according to the venerable Weller, gifted with innumerable methods of circumventing unsuspicious men; and the great inquiry is—How do they manage those blandishments?

From the institution of debating societies down to the present era of Spirit Rapping and feminine right conventions, "the influence of woman," has been a favorite topic with anniversary orators and declamatory speakers. They have spent vast stores of eloquence in showing her influence as a sister. They have proved how, in her days of pinafores, she obligingly devoured her brother's candies, or took more than her share of his bread and butter. They have pleasantly adverted to the sisterly affection which, in more mature age, was content to accept or demand the ciceronage of brother to parties or concerts, if no other beau was available. With a very delicate touch they have skimmed over that important period when the love for the brother is all given up to the husband, and have judiciously omitted any reference to sisterhood after wifehood commenced. The influence of wives has, of course, been so thoroughly demonstrated, that all that can be said on that subject are axioms. The privileges of a matron to love her husband and adore her baby, are subjects which have been rhapsodized over in glowing poetry, and treated substantially, and with becoming dignity in unimpassioned prose. Rhymers, dreamers, and orators, have devoted words in endless profusion to the influence of woman, as sister, daughter, wife and mother; but there has never been a full crop of elogiums harvested in relation to her influence as a widow. The singular dearth of cotemporary literature upon this subject, will be acknowledged by bibliopoles. The reason is one which cannot be satisfactorily demonstrated. It may be that literary people are disposed to consider that widows are like sturgeons, who have merely leaped out of the placid current of matrimony for a moment or two, and who will, by the gravity of their wo, inevitably fall back into the connubial tide. Such a simile may do in some cases, but will scarcely hold water upon trial. It is a metaphysical sieve, and may catch many widows in its meshes, but some will inevitably pass through its interstices. Some unfortunate "relicts" are for a long time like fish out of the stream; but they have sufficient determination to keep alive, until they manage to become again immersed in matrimony. Nevertheless, the desire to return to their "destined element" *does* exist, in many cases, and that very desire forms the great constituent in the influence of widows.

The manner in which this authority is exercised

differs according to circumstances. Some of the unfortunate fair ones who have lost their mates have attractions in the shape of weighty dower. Men of a certain age have keen noses for such charms; and when the widow suspects it, she often leads her importunate admirer by that organ, and by a dexterous management of the mystery of courtship, which is called "getting a beau on a string." Once the gentleman is secured by that means, the widow takes into her hand the whip of management, and compels the poor beau to trot a weary round in an arena which extends its charmed circle about her.

If the French system of espionage, which is now a constituent of society in Louis Napoleon's dominions, were in vogue here, we are sure that the index of the chief of police would bear opposite to the name of each widow the word "*dangerous!*" And what can be more threatening to the liberty of a too susceptible man, than a young, accomplished, and fascinating widow? What is bashful maidenhood, with its cherry lips and monosyllabic sentences, to buxom widowhood, with its matured development, sensible ideas, and frank manners? What other witcheries are there about young misses than

a taste for ice creams and giddy companionship? Those fascinations fade away when the widow charms us with the certainty that she knows how to make the pot boil, and has a horror of boy beaus. Maidenhood is poetical and theoretical, widowhood is sensible and practical. The young lady, before marriage, is unsteady, indecisive, and capricious. The widow is certain, firm, and self-possessed. The girl scarcely knows her own mind, but the widow not only understands herself but all her male acquaintances. The young lady is greedy of admiration, exacting in her demands, and expects from her lover an obsequiousness of attention which cannot be too excessive. The widow knows that men may admire without adulation, and love fondly without abjectly suing for a return of affection She knows, also, that those who during the days of courtship are compelled to excessive complaisance, generally revenge themselves after marriage by neglect and indifference. The fact is, the widow knows something of mankind by actual experience, the maiden has little but romance to tutor her.

Philosophy like this, must have given force to the observations of the venerable parent of Weller the younger—and he was justified by personal experience, in maintaining the position that "widders," are "werry dangerous." The world has long since phraseologically settled it, that men "fall in love." This presupposes that the tender passion is gotten like a broken leg, altogether by accident. The language of Cupid's surgery is rich in terms which are descriptive of sudden casualties. We know that many a poor fellow has been "shot through the heart" by a pair of eyes, and the records of divers bachelor coroner's juries held upon unfortunate Benedicts show that woman

May smile, and smile, and murder while they smile,

having committed upon determined celibacy a grievous homicide, or at least a manslaughter. But although love may come to some in the balls of optical revolvers; although, at times, a big whiskered fellow may be charmed out of his single life by the smile of a fair damsel—as a pretty little tomtit is overcome by the glamour of a black-snake—we must not forget, that idiomatic expression hath it, that men "fall in love." To "fall in love!" what an unhappy catastrophe! To be walking along upon the firm ground of bachelorism, but now, and hey presto! to suddenly find one's self "over head and ears in love," like a fly in a cream-jug! Distressing calamity! Who may ever be able to scramble out of such delicious danger; and how many are there that once in are not able to swim a single stroke? There is also this peculiarity about an accident of the sort, that it strongly exemplifies the old adage, that "misery loves company." The youth who, gazing fondly on Maria Jane, misses his footing, and souses at once in love, cannot help himself. If Maria Jane, pitying his condition, drops him a line, (through the post-office,) or encourages him with hopes—which are generally anchors—it will not do the least bit of good. No! she must be his life-preserver—and unless, in regarding his struggles, she gets too near the brink and herself falls in love, there will be no help for the poor bachelor. But if this casualty *does* happen, and both are in love, it is wonderful too see how easily they float along. Each helps the other, and in a very short space of time, they are quite comfortable. But it is not every one who "falls in love;" and herein, as we shall shortly show, lies the superiority of widows over spinsters. Some get into the trouble very slowly. At first they survey the ocean of affection with as placid an air as a cosmopolite would gaze upon a mill-pond Neither admiration nor detestation rules their thoughts. They are altogether indifferent; and although they see many who are treading water, or floating or swimming along with the tide, they feel no anxiety to join in such aquatic feats. But at length the diversion tempts them, and they cautiously take off their shoes and stockings, and venture in a little way. The shore shelves gently, so they think—why should they not venture more? Little by little they progress, until suddenly they step from their sure footing, and are over their heads in a moment without corks or spatterdocks to rely upon. They may struggle against the strong current, but there is no assistance, and they are certain to be carried off by the strong tide.

Difficulties like these are entirely obviated by the widow. She does not suffer a man to fall in love, or to wade in, but she catches the admirer by the hand, drags him at once to deep water, and in a moment he is "out of his pains." He is not suffered to stand shilly-shally; he is plumped at once souse into Love's Pacific ocean, and carried along with the billows until he lands at Hymen's Golden Gate. The maiden may doubt, consider, resolve, and hesitate, whilst the poor fellow who is in love, seeks in vain for a floating timber to support him, but the widow is generally willing to help him out of trouble by getting in it herself, and going along with him hand-in-hand.

These apophthegms may seem too general; and it may be said that there is a tendency in our observations to draw a picture of widowhood by a *silhouette* of a young widow who is free from incumbrances. This is partly true. There is a marked difference between the widow whose matrimonial interests ended with the grave, and she whose reminiscences of wedlock are daily revived by surviving children. The former is free from earthly ties—she is a girl again, knowing enough about matrimony to have no objection to a second experiment. The latter feels dear bonds which should attach her to her lonely state, and cause her to doubt the policy of prejudicing the interests of her children by rashly assuming new vows. If she is gained, it must be by direct courtship, whilst the young widow is always ready to meet an admirer half way.

But even young widows are of different dispositions. They are all admirers of matrimony, and candidates for second husbands, but they choose various means—according to their inclinations. They may be divided into three great classes—the gay—the sentimental—and the sad.

The gay young widow is like cream candy, a vast improvement upon the crude flour and sugar of

maidenhood. The young girl is coy, even in her giddiness; she considers love as an exquisite romance—a mysterious state of happiness—which she desires, yet fears. Hence she is most cautious when she would be most earnest; and whilst she hopes to gain the heart she covets, she often perversely adopts a course which is calculated to alienate that heart forever. With the exception of trifling fops who have not attained the age of maturity—although they may vote and shave—men are earnest, straightforward, and sincere. If they seek the love of a woman, they do so openly and with manly frankness. The young girl may coquette, or flirt with the man who adores her; she may wring his heart with bitter agony; she may show her power, and he may acknowledge it, but he will lose some respect for her—though he bows to her influence. He is honest and sincere. She, perhaps, admits it, but trifles with him. How many young ladies have lost the esteem of those who would have loved and cherished them for life by mere thoughtlessness or caprice. The young widow understands men better. She is rarely a flirt. She can distinguish between the honest lover and the mere admirer. With the latter she may trifle, because she understands him. The former, if not acceptable, will not be allowed to deceive himself; and if he is liked, will be speedily drawn onward to his own happiness. The gay widow is lively, of course. She is fascinating, and she knows human nature. If she "sets her cap" at any particular gentleman, he might as well yield. He cannot hold out against the artillery of charms which are brought against him. He may surrender at discretion, and be led off, a captive, to be confined permanently in silken fetters. All the little fascinations of manner which the belle may possess, but knows not how to use, are by the widow managed with the skill of a veteran. Her eyes are by turns entreating, languishing, merry, or devilish. Her smiles are moulded to bewitch and to mystify. Her manners are easy, and pleasant, and her voice is melodious with rapture, or heart-touching with sincerity. Then, too, she is so lively and yet so sensible, that the "seven senses" of celibacy (two more than the general complement awarded to married people) are quite unable to withstand so many attractions.

The sentimental widow is quite as generous as her livelier sister. She believes in romance and gushing affection. She is lonely after her great loss, and would like another mate. After her first dear man was buried, she felt like a lobster which has parted with a claw, and she retired from gay life until nature, or good luck, should furnish her with the means of reparation. Her heart is buried with her husband, but she considers it only as a seed which in good time will spring up again and blossom. If she weeps, she does it with a gentle sorrow, like a slight sprinkle on a sunshiny day. Her sky has its clouds, but the cerulean of anticipation lies beyond, and gives a pleasant aspect to the mists of sadness. The gay widow laughs as if she had never been married; the sentimental one smiles, but evidently remembers.

The one pretends that she is gay because she is free; the other is cheerful, but hopes to become more cheerful in time. The first audaciously declares that marriage is tyranny, and hopes that no man will ever come near her! the second thinks mournfully upon the past, and wonders whether she "will ever have another Charles Augustus;" yet the sentimentalist mingles with the gay world, a sober votary of pleasure. If she dances, it is but a plain cotillion; and she is shocked when the lively Maria dashes out in a giddy polka. All such things are vanities to the sentimental widow. She thinks how happy she was with her dear departed Charles Augustus, and hopes that she will soon be as happy again.

The sad widow is, for a long time after her bereavement, a sighing pattern of inconsolable grief. The atmosphere of her home is rainy with tears, and when abroad she is cloudy. Yet as time wears on, it is evident that the forty days and forty nights of affliction's great deluge must go by, and at length the sorrowful widow will look for the appearance of the sun of cheerfulness, and trust that with it will come a rain beau. The gradual assumption of cheerfulness begins to make itself visible in her costume. Half mourning assumes the place of sombre weeds. On her face smiles occasionally chase away the lingering vestiges of regret. The spring of calmness has come, and hyacinthine blossoms of hope struggle up from the sodden desolation of wintry bleakness. Little by little the sad widow becomes resigned to her great loss, and gradually she learns to think that it may be repaired by a new matrimonial gain. Yet she is slow in assuming the garniture of happiness. She may occasionally be coaxed out into the world, and even tempted to attend a party or ball; but she does not forget that she is a widow. She is in the world, but yet not of it. She demeans herself as becomes the lone relict of the late Mr. Sad, and does not like the gayety of Mrs. Lively or the composure of Mrs Sentiment.

If the persevering Mr. Nosey should approach the trio of widows in the hope of obtaining a partner for the next set, Mrs. Lively may suddenly put on an affectation of grave coyness, Mrs. Sentiment may be gracefully leaning her cheek against her fan whilst thinking of her dear lamented Charles Augustus, but Mrs. Sad will show surprise that the forward Mr. Nosey should dare to presume that *they* would dance when there are so many "young chits" who have not partners for the dance. But Mrs. L. has no care for these things, and in a very short time she is treading a measure to lively music as if she had never known a single sorrow.

There are so many peculiarities about widowhood, that it would require volumes to treat properly upon the subject. Mathematics might be called in to cipher out the problem of the elder Weller, as to how many times more fascinating is a widow than a maiden—but figures would not satisfy us. We would be sure to continue the subject by the further query—What is a widow like? And the result of all the cogitations might be summed up into the grand deduction—that widows are like gunpowder, always sure to go off when fired by a match.

ASTRONOMY.

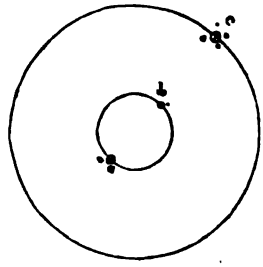
ERA OF NEWTON, HALLEY, AND HERSCHELL.

There is no great operation of which we are cognizant, by which Nature at a single bound perfects her marvelous productions It is only by a combination of instruments operating generally through a series of years. The ultimate result is reached by a progressive advance, to which a number of artificers contribute. The cedar, on whose boughs the snow rests and the fowls nestle, is the work of centuries; and the soil that laps its roots, the air that stirs its branches, the light that plays upon its crest, and the rain that drops upon its foliage, minister to the final development of the original cone. In like manner the social and political changes that have improved the tone of society, elevated the condition of nations, and endowed them with an enduring liberty, have not been accomplished in the twinkling of an eye, or by individual intelligence and will. Popular history may embalm the name of some distinguished patriot or philanthropist, as having been the agent is rescuing a country from the yoke of arbitrary power, and it may record a crisis of revolution confined within the limits of a year or a day; but a comprehensive view of such occurrences will embrace a time of preparation, and crown with honor a variety of laborers, though to one may be due the glory of the sun, and to another the glory of the stars. The signature of the edict that dethroned the heathenism of the ancient civilized world occupied the imperial hand a moment's space, but the work of apostles, martyrs, and confessors, with the toils and sufferings of ages, are prominent in the picture. So the great demonstrations and achievements of science have transpired by slow degrees, and yield a distinction to be divided among a fellowship of kindred spirits, rather than assigned exclusively to a solitary example of mental prowess. If Keppler discovered the general laws of the universe, the basis of the discovery was laid by Tycho; and the marvelous Napier contributed essentially to the issue obtained, by the invention of the logarithms, an admirable artifice, as it has been justly called, which, by reducing to a few days the labor of many months, doubles the life of the astronomer, and saves him the errors and disgust connected with long calculations. If Newton developed the cause of those laws, he started to his grand result from a point expressly prepared by Keppler, and left the solution of the problem imperfect, for Laplace to finish. It is obviously in wise accordance with the happiness of mankind, that no nation possesses a monopoly of talent and fame, that many of the most remarkable efforts of human genius owe a debt of obligation to the accomplishments of genius at another era, and in a different clime. The fact proclaims the affinity of the species, between whom the mighty deep may roll, or the mountain rampart rise. It evinces, too, their mutual dependence, and will be hailed as a motive by the considerate mind, to the maintenance of universal amity.

To Hevelius, one of the merchant princes of Dantzic, an example of the close alliance of commerce with the fine arts and science which runs through the page of history, we owe the first accurate delineation of the lunar surface, the discovery of a libration in longitude; by his observation of the comet of 1664, he further corroborated the view previously taken, that such bodies are not sublunary, and approximated to the nature of their orbits. His contemporary Huygens, after effecting various improvements in the telescope, discovered one of the satellites of Saturn, that which is now termed the fourth, and

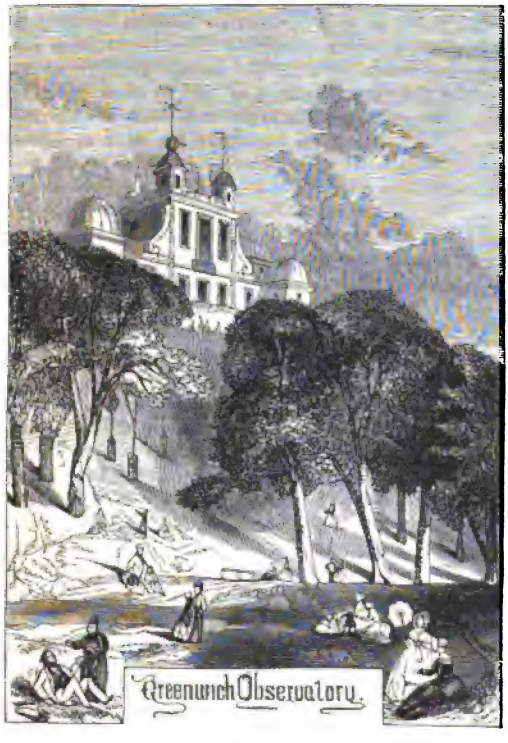
obtained an insight into the singular structure of the planet, an inexplicable appearance to all preceding observers. An anagram, in the year 1656, announced to the world the following sentence by a transposition of letters, *annulo cingitur, tenui, plano, nusquam cohærenta, ad eclipticam, inclinatio*—the planet is surrounded with a ring, thin, plane, nowhere adhering, and inclined to the ecliptic. He justly observes, in a letter to his brother: "If any one shall gravely tell me that I have spent my time idly in a vain and fruitless inquiry, after what I can never become sure of; the answer is, that at this rate, he would put down all natural philosophy, as far as it concerns itself in searching into the nature of things. In such noble and sublime studies as these, it is a glory to arrive at probability, and the search itself rewards the pains. But besides the nobleness and pleasure of the studies, may we not be so bold as to say, they are no small help to the advancement of wisdom and morality?" The discovery of the great nebula in Orion was accidentally made by Huygens in the year 1656. Cassini, nurtured in France, soon afterward added four more satellites to the system of Saturn, those now called the first, second, third, and fifth, and he detected the black list, or dark, elliptical line bisecting the surface of the ring, and dividing it into two. Astronomy is under immense obligations to a measure adopted by the courts of France and England at nearly the same period, for the patronage of scientific associations, and the founding of national observatories. The Royal Society of London was incorporated by charter in the year 1662, and numbered among its early members Boyle, Hooke, Wallis, Ward, Newton, and Flamstead. The Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, was founded in the year 1666, and enrolled among its first members Auzout, Picard, Roberval, and Richer. Upon the invitation of Louis XIV. Huygens left Holland to become a royal academician, but being a Protestant, the revocation of the edict of Nantes ultimately compelled him to return to his native soil. The edict did not affect Cassini, a Catholic foreigner similarly invited; and to him, with his son and grandson, the French academy owes much of its early distinction. Besides his before-named discoveries, he determined the periods of rotation of the principal planets, and observed the elliptical form of Jupiter's disc, owing to compression at the poles.

Roëmer, the inventor of the transit instrument with which he made observations from the window of his house, rendered no unimportant service by showing that the instruments need not be fixed on high towers: he also discovered, in the year 1675, the interesting and hitherto unsuspected fact, of the progressive transmission of light through space, and the appreciable velocity with which it travels. This was attained by a series of careful observations of the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites. It was found, by comparing the times of immersion of the satellites in the planet's shadow and emersion from it, with the times calculated from the laws of their movements, that there was an acceleration or retardation of the phenomena by a few minutes, plainly dependent upon the variations of the earth's distance from Jupiter; for the retardation was observed to be the greatest when the earth was in that part of its orbit most remote from him. The diameter of the orbit of the earth being a hundred and ninety millions of miles, we are more remote from Jupiter, by the whole of that distance, at one time than at another; as, when the earth is in its orbit at *a*, its distance is greater from *c* than when at *b* by the interval between the two points. But notwithstanding this immense addition of space, or any conceivable increase, an eclipse would be observed to occur no later at the one than at the other, if light were propagated instantaneously. Roëmer found, however, a difference of eleven minutes to exist, which he afterward estimated at fourteen, but which the precision of modern astronomy has fixed at sixteen minutes and a quarter. This determines the progressive motion of light, and the rate of its velocity. It requires time for its transmission; and flying over the diameter of the earth's orbit in sixteen and a quarter minutes gives it a velocity of twelve millions of miles a minute, or upward of a hundred and ninety thousand miles a second. Thus, in the eighth part of a second, it accomplishes the passage of a space equal to the equatorial circumference of our globe: yet so vast is the system to which we belong, that this swift-winged messenger, which requires no more than two hours to travel from the central sun to the farthest planet, could not dart through the intervening solitudes between us and the nearest of the stars under a period of five years. Notwithstanding the velocity of the rays of light, which travel more than fifteen hundred thousand times faster than a cannon ball, experiment has not yet been able to detect that they have any impulsive power. The surmise has, however, been thrown out—and it is not improbable—that the attrition of the solar beams with the terrestrial surface may have some connection with the phenomena of heat.



The national observatory of England—the noblest institution in the world for the extent and exactitude of its astronomical tables, and their practical value in the art of navigation—was originated by the spread of foreign commerce. The growth of colonies across the Atlantic, together with the establishment of relations with India, rendered it of the first importance to have an easy and accurate method of finding the longitude at sea. A plan was proposed, founded upon the principle now in use, of observing the lunar motions and distances during a voyage, and comparing them with a previous home calculation, thus ascertaining the difference between home time and time at sea, from whence the difference of longitude is readily deduced. A reward being sought by the

proposer from the government of Charles II. it was referred to a commission to report upon the merits of the scheme. Flamstead, one of the commissioners, at once decided against its practical utility, on the ground of the inaccuracy both of the lunar tables and of the positions of the stars in existing catalogues, which only a lengthened course of observation could rectify. The king, declaring that his pilots and sailors should not want such assistance, immediately instituted the office of astronomer royal, and determined upon founding an observatory. The site—selected by Wren—was a commanding eminence in Greenwich Park, in former times the seat of Duke Humphrey's tower, within view of all vessels passing along the Thames; a spot which Piazzi was accustomed to call the "paradise" for an observer; being free from a fluctuating atmospheric refraction which annoyed him in the climate of Sicily. The foundation-stone was laid August 10th, 1675. An original inscription, still existing, states the design of the building—the benefit of astronomy and navigation. The observatory has been successively under the superintendence of Flamstead, Halley, Bradley, Bliss, Maskelyne, Pond, and Airy, its present head, with assistants for its proper management. It is not a spot devoted to star-gazing, and the general observance of celestial phenomena, but essentially a place of business, carrying on by day and by night, when the weather permits, those observations of the sun, moon, planets, and principal stars, passing the meridian, from which the nautical almanac derives its information. This has been done with admirable regularity for a long series of years, nor has Europe any data comparable with the Greenwich tables. During the interval in which the office of astronomer royal is necessarily vacant, the business of the observatory proceeds; and that interval is now less than formerly. Thirty-three days elapsed between Bradley's last observation and Bliss's first; fifty-three between Bliss's last and Maskelyne's first; four between Maskelyne's last and Pond's first; and two between Pond's last and Airy's first. It has been asserted by Baron Zach, that, if the other observatories had never existed, our astronomical tables would be equally perfect; and Delambre, when delivering an *éloge* on Maskelyne before the Institute of France, remarked, that if by some grand revolution in the moral or physical world, the whole of the monuments of existing science should be swept away, leaving only the Greenwich observations and some methods of computation, it would be possible to reconstruct from these materials the entire edifice of modern astronomy.



A few years ago it was resolved by the Lords of the Admiralty, that the time should be shown at Greenwich once in every day of the year. This is done by means of a large black ball which surmounts the north-western turret of the observatory. The ball, seen in the vignette, is elevated by machinery to the index, showing the four cardinal points; and, the instant it begins to descend, marks the mean solar time to be 1 P. M. Being plainly observable from the Thames, the arrangement affords a convenient opportunity for seamen to regulate their chronometers and clocks.

The fame of Flamstead, the first astronomer royal, does not rest upon any brilliant discovery, but upon an enlightened view of the importance of accurate observation, and the unwearied zeal and industry with which he pursued it. A better representation of him cannot be given than by supposing Tycho Brahe in possession of a telescope, and the adaptation of it to other instruments. Laplace calls him "one of the greatest observers that has ever appeared," and Delambre remarks, "his name will be eternally cited like those of Hipparchus and Tycho, both of whom, as an observer, he surpassed." Born in the neighborhood of Derby, and brought up in limited circumstances in that town, he wrought his way to a station at the head of practical astronomy, and established a continental reputation by dint of strong natural genius and unremitting application, in the face of great discouragements. Bad health was a frequent attendant upon him all his days. The patronage of the crown did not screen him from the want of adequate resources, while from several of his scientific contemporaries he encountered dishonorable treatment. The salary attached to his office, then a hundred a year, was often in arrears. Instruments were promised him by the government, but he had to find his own, commencing his duties in 1676 with an iron

sextant of seven feet radius, two clocks, and a quadrant of three feet radius, with two telescopes, which he brought with him from Derby. With these instruments he could only measure the relative positions of the stars, and it was not until 1689 that he succeeded in constructing at his own expense a mural arc to determine their absolute places. From this period, through an interval of thirty years, his time was spent in valuable labors, the fruit of which appears in the formation of a catalogue of three thousand stars, and a vast collection of lunar and planetary observations, from which Newton derived material assistance in forming his lunar theory. Yet, as if some annoyance must follow him to the grave, upon his death in 1719, the government of the day attempted to claim his instruments as public property, because found in the national observatory. The name of Flamstead, lost in a great measure to public recollection, or only dimly recognized as one of those who, with "lamp at midnight hour

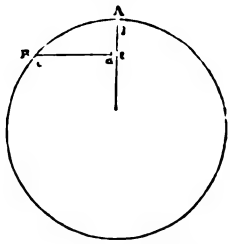
in some high, lonely tower,
———may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes"—

was revived a few years ago, and acquired notoriety at the expense of Newton and Halley's fame. It fell to the lot of Mr. Baily to discover a large number of his letters in private hands, with others, and a manuscript autobiography, upon the shelves of the library in the observatory; and, upon their publication in 1835, by order of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, some painful and unexpected disclosures were made. It may be admitted that Flamstead exaggerates his own case, that his temper was irascible, that he did not appreciate the value of Newton's theory, and over-estimated the importance of his own labors; yet, after having allowed these elements of correction full force, the conclusion is sufficiently plain, that he was most injuriously treated, and that much of the moral distinction with which posterity has crowned the head of Newton, is altogether misplaced. His deep obligations to Flamstead's lunar observations are acknowledged in the first edition of the Principia, but carefully suppressed in the second, apparently when vindictive feeling had begun to operate; and, in fact, nothing is more remarkable than the opinion universally entertained of the meek and placable disposition of the great philosopher, and the want of temper and honor displayed in his dealings with Flamstead. The truth appears to be, that as when we view a country beneath a brilliant sky and a balmy atmosphere, we are apt to frame our impressions of the people in harmony with the beauty of the scene; so, to the early admirers of Newton, his intellectual greatness invested with fictitious lustre his private character, and the infirmities of the man were lost sight of in the glory of the sage.

But however much we may take from the moral greatness usually attributed to Newton—and a considerable abatement is unquestionably necessary—his reputation for wonderful sagacity and grasp of mind is incapable of impeachment. The course of events has only served to render more conspicuous that sublime intelligence by which he unraveled the mechanism of the heavens, and establish more indisputably his claim to be regarded as the architect of physical astronomy. To determine the motions of the heavenly bodies was the work of Keppler: to explain and demonstrate the causes of those motions was the achievement of Newton. So far, however, from gaining universal assent when first proposed, his theory was ill understood, slightly appreciated, or altogether rejected by numbers of scientific men; and—especially on the continent—it very slowly won its way to notice and confidence. Newton survived the publication of the Principia forty years, and at the time of his death—according to Voltaire—it had not twenty readers out of the country of its production. It was not until the mutual perturbations of the planets began to occupy the attention of the continental philosophers, that his theory was fully admitted abroad, and the work in which it was developed took the rank it has since occupied, preëminent—in the words of Laplace—above all the productions of the human mind. It is a common, but vulgar error, to suppose the merit of our countryman to lie in conceiving the idea of the attraction of gravitation. That idea had been suggested to many minds long before his time, and the impression had been created that such a power in nature was the cause of the planetary motions. Thus Keppler surmised an attractive force to reside in the sun, producing these movements; and he even threw out the conjecture that this force diminishes in proportion to the square of the distance of the body on which it was exerted. Borelli and Hooke, also, distinctly developed the influence of gravity; and both referred the orbits of the planets to the doctrine of attraction combining with their own proper motions to produce curvilinear movements. What really distinguished Newton, was not the idea of gravity as the principle of attachment between the different members of the solar system, but proving it to be so. He succeeded vague surmise upon the point with mathematical demonstration: explained and applied the laws of the force—an accomplishment which crowns him with honor above all his rivals; inasmuch as he who works a mine, and distributes its wealth through society, is incomparably in advance of him who has merely apprehended its existence, but failed in gaining access to its treasures.

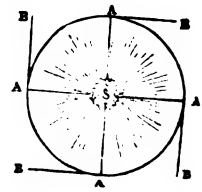
The manor-house of Woolsthorpe, a few miles from Grantham, seated in a little valley near the source of the Witham, was the scene of Newton's birth. Popular tradition reports, that the fall of an apple from a tree, in the orchard belonging to this house, was the mustard-seed out of which ultimately grew the grand theory of universal gravitation, and the story is not without a leaven of truth. It is certain that, to avoid the plague which ravaged England in 1666, Newton retired from Cambridge; and, when sitting alone, in his garden at Woolsthorpe, his thoughts were directed to that remarkable power which causes all bodies to descend toward the centre of the earth. The supposition presented itself, that as this power extends to the highest altitudes of the earth's surface, it probably extends much farther

into space; so that even the moon may gravitate toward the earth, and be balanced in her orbit by the combined force of attraction and the centrifugal force implied in her motion. If this were true, the planets might be supposed to gravitate toward the sun, and to be restrained thereby from flying off under the action of the centrifugal force. Sixteen years rolled away before this beautiful hypothesis was verified, and difficulties arose in testing it, which seemed to disprove it altogether. It was necessary to calculate the force of gravity at the surface of the earth; to estimate its diminished energy at an increased distance; and, after having found the law of the diminution, to ascertain whether the phenomena of the lunar motions corresponded proportionably with those of falling bodies at the terrestrial surface. Assuming the force of gravity to vary inversely as the square of the distance, it followed that, at the distance of the moon, it would be about 3600 times less than at the surface of the earth. The problem, therefore, to be solved was, whether the versed sine of an arc described by the moon—which measures the space through which in the same time she would fall to the earth, if abandoned to the action of gravity—would be 3600 times less than the space through which in the same time a heavy body falls, at the earth's surface, A B being the arc of the moon's orbit, *c d* the sine of the arc, and *e f* the versed sine. After a careful study of the lunar observations supplied by Flamtsead, and a series of calculations—displaying unexampled originality and industry—Newton fully demonstrated that the versed sine of an arc described by the moon in one minute, was equal to the space traversed in descent by a heavy body at the surface of the earth in one second—the exact proportion that ought to exist, according to the modification to which the intensity of gravity is subject by variation of distance.



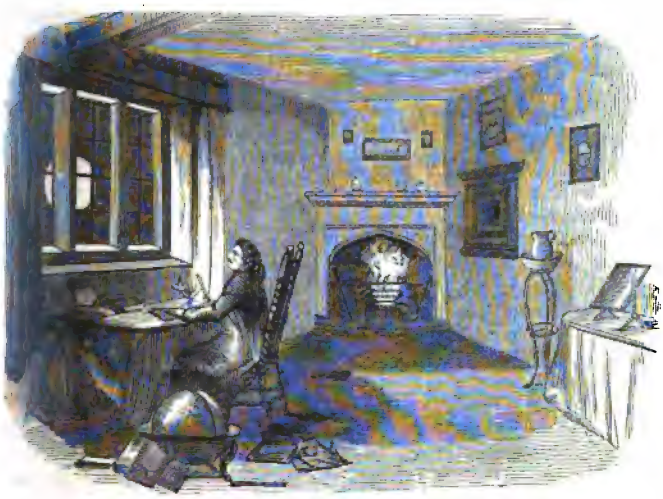
The first certain gleam of this grand conclusion obtained by Newton, is said so to have overpowered him, that he was obliged to suspend his calculations, and call in the aid of a friend, to finish the last few arithmetical computations. He saw the important relations of the demonstration—the planets wheeling round the sun—the satelites round the planets—the far wandering comets returning to the source of light in obedience to the law of gravitation: a result sufficient to throw the successful discoverer into nervous excitement. It is clear that, if a body be projected into space, it will proceed in the direction of the original impulse, and with a uniform velocity, forever—supposing no obstacle to impede its course. But the combination of two antagonistic forces will produce a resulting motion in a diagonal direction.

Suppose the straight lines A B, to represent the direction in which the earth would travel under the influence of the projectile force, which launched it into universal space. the straight lines A S. are those it would describe at any point of its orbit, if surrrendered to the influence of the sun's attraction. The primitive impulse is, however. checked by the solar attraction, and the latter by the former; so, that while the earth—if abandoned to either—would describe A B, or A S, the effect of their joint influence incessantly acting is to deflect it from both, and produce a curved path. The cause perpetually operating, the effect is constant—and hence the formation of the terrestrial orbit; and the cause extending to the other bodies in the system, the planetary orbs are deflected from their natural rectilinear paths, and pursue a circuit round the common centre. The force of attraction is, however, proportional to the quantity of matter, and the proximity of the attracting body. Like light, the power of gravitation is weakened by diffusion, and diminishes as the square of the distance increases. This square is the product of a number multiplied by itself. A planet, therefore, twice our distance from the sun. will gravitate four times less than we do—the product of two multiplied by itself being four. Such is the great LAW OF GRAVITY, subject to the two conditions, that its force is directly as the mass of the bodies, and inversely as the square of the distance. It extends to the confines of the system, and acts as a mighty invisible chain to keep the primary bodies in brotherly relationship to each other, and in mutual subjection to the central luminary. And who can trace its operation without recognizing a Supreme Potentate, who appointed to the sun his place. launched the planets in the depths, obedient to a law which has preserved the family compact—originally established—unbroken through the long series of ages



It must, however, be borne in mind that the attraction between bodies is mutual, proportioned to their masses and distances. While the sun attracts the planets toward himself, they also attract the sun, though their effect is comparatively small, owing to the vastness of the solar mass. The planets likewise act upon each other; and as their relative distances are perpetually varying, certain perturbations are caused in the system, which, though minute in each particular case, become considerable by accumulation, and yet are ultimately corrected and repaired by the same cause that produces them. Newton left to posterity the task of thoroughly investigating these inequalities, of showing them to be a result of the law of gravitation, and establishing the permanence of the system, notwithstanding the accumulating influence of its internal disturbances. He himself had no gleam of the latter truth, but seems to have entertained an opinion that the irregularities occasioned by the mutual action of the planets and comets would probably go on increasing till the system either wrought out its own destruction or received reparation from the direct intervention of its Creator. But Euler, Clairaut, D'Alembert, Lagrange, and Laplace, have demonstrated the problem that the perturbations of the planets are periodic in their nature, that accurate compensation for them is laid up in store, so that the system is not arranged upon a principle of self-destruction. The elements of disorder and decay are removed from it. The very conditions of its existence guarantee its stability till the will of the great Ruler shall be expressed to the contrary. When an end shall come to its present constitution, that will not be the effect of its own faulty architecture, but of the fiat of OMNIPOTENCE.

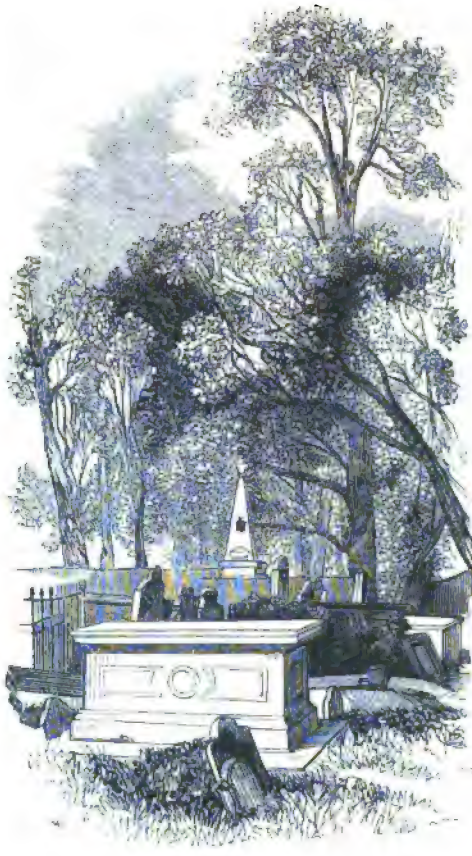
The house of Newton at Woolsthorpe, now the homestead of a farmer, has been in the ownership of persons anxious to protect it, and preserve every relic of its former occupant. Stukeley thus described it in 1727: "'T is built of stone, as is the way of the country hereabouts, and a reasonable good one. They led me upstairs, and showed me Sir Isaac's study, where I suppose he studied when in the country in his younger days, or perhaps when he visited his mother from the university. I observed the shelves were of his own making, being pieces of deal boxes which probably he sent his books and clothes down in on those occasions." Two sun-dials remain which he made when a boy; but the styles of both are wanting, and one has been recently taken from the wall to be presented to the Royal Society. The room in which he was born has the following inscription upon a tablet of white marble: "Sir Isaac Newton, son of John Newton, Lord of the Manor of Woolsthorpe, was born in this room on the 25th of December, 1642." The apple-tree, the fall of one of the apples of which, according to tradition, drew his attention to the subject of gravity, was blown down by a gale some years ago, and a chair was constructed out of its timber. The Royal Society of London possesses his telescope; the Royal Society of Edinburgh the door of his bookcase; and Trinity College, Cambridge, has a lock of his silver white hair.



Room in which Newton was born.

While the foundations of physical astronomy were laid by Newton, his confidant and friend, the brilliant and active Halley, pursued a remarkably successful career in the practical departments of the science. Born in mercantile life, yet independent of it through the wealth amassed by his father, he early embarked his means and energies in the advancement of observation. Leaving Hevelius and Flamstead to keep guard over the northern hemisphere, he sailed to St. Helena to inspect the southern; and in honor of the reigning monarch who patronized the expedition, the oak which had screened him from his pursuers after the battle of Worcester, was raised to a place in the skies, forming the constellation Robur Carolinum. The object of the voyage was to determine the absolute and relative positions of the stars invisible to the European eye; but owing to the unpropitious climate of the island, only a catalogue of 360 was made after more than a year's residence. Upon this voyage the oscillations of the pendulum were observed to decrease in number as the instrument approached the equator; a fact noticed a few years previous by Richer, and explained by Newton to result from the greater intensity of centrifugal force there, proportionably diminishing the force of gravity. The life of Halley was remarkable for locomotion, devoted to various scientific objects. He was twice at St. Helena, twice in the Adriatic, once in the West Indies, now with Newton in his study

at Cambridge, anon with Hevelius in his observatory at Dantzic, and then with Cassini watching a comet at Paris. Upon the death of Flamstead, he succeeded to the office of astronomer royal, and though then in the sixty-fourth year of his age, he commenced the observation of the moon through a complete revolution of her nodes, involving a period of nineteen years, and lived to finish it, registering upward of two thousand observed lunar places. It was while journeying in France toward the close of 1680, that he observed the great comet of that year, on its return from proximity to the sun: and being aware of the conclusion of Newton, that such bodies describe very eccentric ellipses, his active mind began to study intently their phenomena, which resulted in a prophecy that has immortalized his name. After cataloguing and comparing a considerable number of comets, that of 1682 fortunately appeared. This he was led to regard as identical with those of 1456, 1531, and 1607, between which there is nearly the same interval. Hence he anticipated its return after the lapse of a similar period. "I dare venture," said he, "to foretell that it will return again in 1758;" and, sanguine as to the result, he called upon posterity to notice that it was an Englishman who had hazarded the statement. This was a prediction announced in 1705, the accomplishment of which ranks with the greatest achievements of modern astronomy, and will perpetuate the fame of Halley to the remotest generations. He had been gathered to his grave in Lee church-yard seventeen years, when the celestial traveler re-appeared, at the time announced, to verify his words, illustrate his sagacity, and invest him with undying honor.

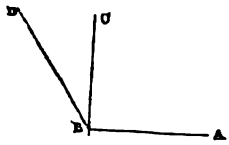


Halley's Tomb.

Bradley, the English Hipparchus, the model of observers, as he is styled by Laplace, became the third astronomer royal upon the death of Halley. He had previously effected one of his two great discoveries, the aberration of the stars, an optical illusion, arising from the combined movement of the earth in space, and the progressive transmission of light; a discovery of the highest importance, requiring the greatest precision of observation to detect. Ever since the doctrine of the earth's translation in space had been received, astronomers had been anxious to find some parallax of the fixed stars, as a sensible confirmation of the fact. Although the whole diameter of the earth's orbit is relatively insignificant, it is yet absolutely vast. Hence it was deemed no unreasonable expectation that some small apparent change of place in the heavens would be discerned in the case of the fixed stars, when viewed from the two extremities of the earth's annual orbit—separated from each other by the mighty chasm of a hundred and ninety millions of miles.

Aberration, or wandering, is the name given to this phenomenon. The term is not strictly accurate, as the apparent movements thus denominated are not irregular, but uniform. To discover the physical cause became an object of intense interest to Bradley, but it long baffled his researches and reasonings, and was at length developed by an accidental circumstance. He was accompanying a pleasure-party in a sail on the river Thames. The boat in which they were was provided with a mast which had a vane on the top of it; it blew a moderate wind, and the party sailed up and down the river for a considerable time. Bradley remarked, that every time the boat put about, the vane at the top of the mast shifted a little, as if there had been a slight change in the direction of the wind. He observed this three or four times without speaking; at last he mentioned it to the sailors, and expressed his surprise that the wind should shift so regularly every time they put about. The sailors told him that the wind had not shifted, but that the apparent change was owing to the change in the direction of the boat, and assured him that the same thing invariably happened in all cases. From that moment he conjectured that all the phenomena of aberration he had observed, arose from the progressive motion of light combined with the earth's motion in its orbit. This sagacious conjecture satisfactorily explains the apparent movement of the stars. Suppose a body to pass from A to B in the same time that a ray of light passes from C to B. Owing to the two motions, the impression of the ray

of light meeting the eye of a spectator at B will be exactly similar to what it would have been if the eye had been at rest at B, and the molecule of light had come to it in the direction D, B. The star, therefore, whose real place is at C, will appear at D to the spectator at B. This effect is precisely analogous to what takes place when a person moves or travels rapidly through a shower of rain or snow in a perfectly calm state of the atmosphere. Without locomotion the rain-drops or snow-flakes will fall upon his hat, or upon the head of the carriage that conveys him, and not beat in his face, or against the front windows of the carriage. But if he is passing along swiftly, in any direction, east, west, north or south, the rain or snow will come in contact with his face, or enter the front windows of the carriage if they are open, as though the drops or flakes fell obliquely, and not from the zenith. Now as an object appears to us in the direction in which the rays of light strike the eye, it is easy to understand that a star in the zenith will appear at a little distance from it, to a spectator carried along with the earth in its orbit. This discovery established the fame of Bradley, who was exonerated from all future payments to the Royal Society on account of it; and it is of great importance, as the only sensible evidence we have of the earth's annual motion. Soon after his appointment to the Greenwich observatory, he effected his second great discovery, that of the nutation of the earth's axis, a slight oscillation of the pole of the equator about its mean place, describing an ellipse in the period of eighteen years. He determined likewise its cause, which theory had previously inferred to be the action of the moon upon the equatorial regions of the earth. Some idea of his industry may be formed from the fact, that in conjunction with his nephew, he made no less than eighteen thousand observations in a single year while astronomer royal; and the number from the year 1750 to 1762 amounted to upward of sixty thousand. The death of Bradley was interpreted as a Divine judgment by the populace. He had taken an active part with the Earl of Macclesfield and others, in urging on and assimilating the British calendar to that of other nations. This rendered it necessary to throw eleven days out of the current year in the month of September 1752—a measure which the ignorance of great numbers of the people led them to regard as an impious intermeddling with the Divine prerogative. Lord Macclesfield's eldest son, at a contested election for Oxfordshire, was greeted with the cry from the mob, "Give us back the eleven days we have been robbed of!" and Bradley's mortal sickness, some years later, was viewed as a punitive dispensation for having participated in the sacrilegious theft.



The latter half of the eighteenth century furnishes a large catalogue of distinguished names, men of high scientific ability, and, for the most part, of the finest mathematical minds, by whose labors practical astronomy made vast advances, and the physical theory of the universe, as previously developed, was amply illustrated and confirmed. During this era lunar tables were constructed of sufficient accuracy to be employed to solve the great problem of the longitude at sea. This was the work of Mayer, for which his widow received the sum of £3000 from government; and since that period, the publication of such tables, showing the places of the sun and moon, with the distance of the later from certain fixed stars, for every three hours, three years in advance, has been a national object, contributing to the safety of navigators upon the trackless deep. The same period is also celebrated for the determination of the figure and magnitude of the earth, and for the great improvements made in instruments of observation. If the century opened with lustre derived from the physical demonstrations of Newton, it closed magnificently with the telescopic discoveries of Herschel, the wonderful resident by the stately battlements of Windsor, by whose mechanical skill and matchless industry new regions were added to our solar system, and views unfolded of the infinity of the firmament, and the character of its architecture, which eye had not seen or the mind conceived.

A work specially devoted to the life and labors of Herschel is a desideratum. It is not to the credit of the country, that the men who have headed its physical force upon the field of battle have enjoyed a larger measure of public admiration and gratitude, and found a more speedy chronicle, than those who have enlarged the field of thought, ministered to the intellectual gratification, and elevated the mental character of the community. Bradley had lain in his grave 70 years, Newton 104, and Flamstead 116, before their memory received its meed of justice from the hands of Rigaud, Brewster, and Baily; a slackness to be attributed to the want of a due national estimate of the value of science, rather than to the reluctance of those who were competent to do ample honor to their merits. Herschel still remains without a record of this kind, though the materials for it are abundant, and his claims undoubted. Born at Hanover, the son of a musician in comparatively humble life, but early a resident in England, he appeared first as a professor and teacher of music, but rapidly rose by his own unaided efforts to eminence as an optician and astronomer. Anxious to inspect for himself the sublime revelations of the heavens, but destitute of means to purchase a telescope of sufficient power for his purpose, he resolved to employ some previous knowledge of optics and mechanics in the construction of an instrument. The earliest, a five-foot reflector, was completed in 1774: but altogether he accomplished the construction of upward of five hundred specula of various sizes, selecting the best of them for his telescopes. After having established his fame by the discovery of a new planet, and fixed his residence at Slough, under the munificent patronage of George the Third, he completed the giant instrument that attracted travelers from all

parts to the spot, and rendered it one of the most remarkable sites of the civilized world. The tube was forty feet long, the speculum four feet in diameter, three inches and a half thick in every part, and weighing nearly two tons. Its space-penetrating power was estimated at 192, that is, it could search into the depths of the firmament 192 times farther than the naked eye. We can form no adequate conception of this extent, but only feebly approximate to it. Sirius, a star of the first magnitude, is separated by an immeasurable distance from us. But stars of a far inferior order of magnitude are visible to the naked eye. These we may conclude to be bodies far more remote, and reasonably suppose the star which presents the faintest pencil of light to the eye to be at least twice or thrice the distance of Sirius. Yet onward, 192 times farther, the space-penetrating power of the telescope at Slough swept the heavens. It was completed in the year 1789, but the frame of the instrument becoming decayed, through exposure to the weather, it was taken down by Sir John Herschel in 1823.

It will be convenient here to notice a reflecting telescope of far greater magnitude and power, recently constructed by the Earl of Rosse, and now in use at the seat of that nobleman, Birr Castle, in Ireland. The mechanical difficulties involved in this work, the patience, perseverance, and talent required to overcome them—and the great expenditure necessarily incurred—render the successful completion of this instrument one of the most extraordinary accomplishments of modern times; and entitle its owner and projector, from first to last, to the admiration of his countrymen. When the mechanical skill and profound mathematical knowledge essential to produce such a work are duly considered, together with the years devoted to previous experimenting, and an outlay of upward of twelve thousand pounds, this telescope must be regarded as one of the most remarkable and splendid offerings ever laid upon the altar of science. The speculum has a diameter of six feet, and therefore an area of reflecting surface nearly four times greater than that of the Herschelian, and its weight approaches to four tons. The casting—a work of no ordinary interest and difficulty—took place on the 13th of April, 1842, at nine in the evening; and as the crucibles poured forth their glowing contents—a burning mass of fluid matter, hissing, heaving and pitching—for the moment almost every one was anxious and fearful of accident or failure but Lord Rosse, who was observed directing his men as collectedly as on one of the ordinary occurrences of life. The speculum has been formed into a telescope of fifty feet focal length, and is established between two walls of castellated architecture, against one of which the tube bears when in the meridian. It is no slight triumph of ingenuity, that this enormous instrument may be moved about and regulated by one man's arm with perfect ease and certainty.

To return to Herschel. No addition had been made of any new body to the universe since Cassini discovered a fifth satellite in the train of Saturn. Nearly a century had elapsed without any further progress of that kind. The solar system, including the planets, satellites, and Halley's comet, consisted of eighteen bodies when Herschel turned his attention to astronomy; but, before his career of observation terminated, he increased the number to twenty-seven, thus making the system half as large again as he found it, as to the number of its constituents—a brilliant recompense, but not an over-payment, considering the immense expenditure of time, and toil, and care. A primary planet with six moons, and two more satellites about Saturn, composed the reward. It was on the 13th of March, 1781, that, turning a telescope of high magnifying power—though not his gigantic instrument—to the constellation Gemini, he perceived a cluster of stars at the foot of Castor, and one in particular, which sensibly increased in diameter, while the rest of the stars remained unaltered. Two nights afterward, its place was changed, which originated the idea of its being a cometary body; an opinion embraced upon the continent when attention was called to it, but soon dispelled by clear evidence of its planetary nature. The new planet was named after the reigning monarch by the discoverer, but received his own name from astronomers, which was finally exchanged for the Uranus of heathen mythology, the oldest of the gods, the fabled father of Saturn and the grandsire of Jupiter—referring to the position of the planet beyond the orbits of the bodies named after the latter. By this discovery, the extent of the system was at once doubled; for the path of the stranger lies as far beyond what had been deemed its extreme confine, as that limit is removed from the sun. The first moment of his "attack" upon Saturn, upon completing the forty-feet reflector, he saw a sixth satellite, and a seventh a moon later. But Herschel realized his most surprising results, and derives his greatest glory, from the observation of the sidereal heavens. The resolution of nebulæ and the Milky Way into an infinite number of stars—the discovery of new nebulæ of various forms, from the light luminous cloud to the nebulous star—of double and multiple stars—of the smaller revolving round the greater in the binary systems: these were some of his revelations to the world, as night after night, from dewy eve till break of dawn, he gauged the firmament. Caroline Herschel was the constant partner of her brother in his laborious undertakings—submitting to the fatigues of night attendance—braving with him the inclemency of the weather—noting down his observations as they issued from his lips—and taking, as the best of all authorities reports, the rough manuscript to the cottage at the dawn of day, and producing a fair copy of the night's work on the ensuing morning. He died in 1822; but she has survived to see the heir of his name recognized by the world as the heir also of his talents and fame. It was one of the conceptions of this remarkable man—as bold an idea as ever entered the human mind—that the whole solar system has a motion in space, and is advancing toward a point in the heavens near the star λ Herculis. The idea remains to be verified; but it is not altogether

unsupported by evidence, and quite consistent with the analogies of the universe.

The nineteenth century commenced with a fresh ingathering of members into the planetary family. It had been deemed a matter of surprise that the immense interval of about 350 millions of miles between Mars and Jupiter should be void, when only spaces varying from 25 to 50 millions divide Mars, the Earth, and the inferior planets. Keppler had therefore started the conjecture that a planet would be discovered in the vast region between the two former bodies; and thus bring it into something like proportion with the spaces between the latter. This idea was confirmed by a curious relation discovered by Professor Bode, of Berlin, that the intervals between the orbits of any two planets is about twice as great as the inferior interval, and only half the superior one. Thus, the distance between Venus and the Earth is double that between Mercury and Venus, and the half of that between the Earth and Mars. Uranus had not been discovered when Bode arrived at this remarkable analogy, but the distance of that planet being found to correspond with the law, furnished a striking confirmation of its truth. The respective distances of the planets may be expressed by the following series of numbers, whose law of progression is evident.

Mercury's distance . . .	$= 4$
Venus . . .	$4 + 3{\cdot}0 = 7$
Earth . . .	$4 + 3{\cdot}2 = 10$
Mars . . .	$4 + 3{\cdot}2^2 = 16$
Jupiter . . .	$4 + 3{\cdot}2^4 = 52$
Saturn . . .	$4 + 3{\cdot}2^5 = 100$
Uranus . . .	$4 + 3{\cdot}2^6 = 196$

The void in the series between Mars and Jupiter, so convinced the German astronomers of the existence of a planet to occupy it—which had hitherto escaped observation—that a systematic search for the concealed body was commenced. At Lilienthal, the residence of Schroeter, an association of twenty-four observers was formed in the year 1800, for the purpose of examining all the telescopic stars of the zodiac. The opening years of the century witnessed the anticipation substantially realized by the discovery of four planets—Ceres, Pallas, Juno, and Vesta, revolving round the sun, at a mean distance of one hundred millions of miles from Mars, so small as only to be telescopic objects. This discovery we owe to Piazzi, Olbers, and Harding. Some singular features—without parallel in the planetary system—such as their close contiguity, the intersection of their orbits, with their diminutive size—Vesta not being much larger than the Spanish peninsula—led to the surmise that these bodies are fragments of a planet, which once revolved in their mean path with a magnitude proportionate to that of its neighbors. The possibility of such a disruption cannot be denied—the revolution of the fragments round the sun would follow in obedience to the mechanical laws by which the system is governed: but the point is obviously one of those questions which must remain entirely hypothetical. Next to this addition to the system, the most remarkable astronomical occurrences of the present age are the November meteors, the renewed return of Halley's comet, and the determination of the annual parallax of the star 61 Cygni by Bessel. These will come under consideration in future pages, with the important contributions made to science by the great names of the day, Sir John Herschel, Sir James South, Struve, Airy, Arago, and others.

The progress of Astronomical discovery which has now been hastily traced, reminds us of the obligations we owe to those who have gone before us. While supplied with views respecting the constitution of the solar universe—the number, forms, magnitudes, distances, and movements of its members—upon the general accuracy of which the mind may repose with full satisfaction, the mode of its formation has been grappled with, and a theory presented, derived from the study of the sidereal heavens, which—though not demonstrable—is invested with a high degree of probability. The firmament exhibits dimly luminous appearances, like patches of white cloud, displaying various forms and peculiarities of structure, which are not resolvable into closely packed clusters of stars by any telescopic power, and whose phases are at variance with the idea that they are stellar groups, indistinct and blended from their remoteness. The nebulous substance, in one of its states, is evenly diffused, resembling a sheet of fog. Under another aspect, it is seen winding, and we detect a tendency toward structure, in the material congregating in different places, as if under the influence of a law of attraction. Definite structure appears in other cases, generally the spherical form, with great condensation at the centre, like regular stars in the midst of a thick haze. The question has hence naturally arisen, and it is one of profound interest—What do such appearances indicate? What do the differences in their character portend? Are they void and unmeaning substances in a universe of organization and order; or, are they advancing by a principle of progressive formation to share themselves in that order and organization? The idea has been started that, in these phenomena, we have an exhibition of the first state of the now organized bodies of our system, and of their progress to the ultimate conditions of their being, passing from one stage of construction to another, under control of the law of gravitation. This is substantially the nebular hypothesis of Laplace and Herschel: it supposes a diffused nebulosity, rotating with the solar nucleus, and extending beyond the bounds of the farthest planet, to have gradually condensed at the surface of the nucleus, accelerating thereby the solar rotation, and increasing the centrifugal force, by the action of which successive zones were detached, assuming spheroidal masses by the mutual attraction of their particles. This theory enlists a variety of evidence in its behalf. The fact of the projectile motions of all the planets and satellites taking place from west to east, in nearly the same plane—of their axical rotation likewise being all in the same direction,

a vista of pillared porticoes, architrave and frieze, of Corinthian, Ionic, Tuscan structure, mingled with massive and fantastic forms of the earlier style of Egypt, sphynx and colossus, obelisk and pyramid, blended with the everlasting verdure of the palmy gardens that invested the glorious city with a belt of aromatic verdure.

High on her prow stood the form of a noble-looking leader, in the very prime of strength and manhood, his frame displaying all the graces of Antinous mingled with all the sinewy strength of Hercules. To the first might be referred the massive brow, the short curled, clustering locks that shaded it, and the somewhat effeminate cast of his singularly beautiful features—to the latter, the broad shoulders, the brawny neck, and the firmness of the muscular development that was displayed at every motion. His eyes were of that long-cut narrow form which has been supposed to be typical of a soft luxurious character; but in the dark orbs themselves there lurked, when they were raised, a sparkle, which might easily be kindled into lightning splendidly different from the dream-like softness of their wonted expression.

In the curve, too, of his well-defined and ruddy lips there was that firmness, that bold decision, which almost belied the dimples at their corners, and the voluptuous curve of the chin. He seemed a man who possessed the energy to battle with the universe, to win a world, and when won, the recklessness to cast it away as worthless. Nor did his countenance misrepresent the character of the Triumvir.

It was Marc Antony, the glorious winner of the Roman world, and its reckless loser. It was Marc Antony, returning in defeat—with any other it had been despair; but his was not a temper to yield even for a moment to so base a sinking of the spirit—returning with a single trireme from the half-conquered strife of Actium—hurrying away from his almost victorious fleet on the very instant of victory in a pursuit of a fair but faithless mistress; leaving his devoted followers to the mercy of a heartless conqueror, leaving a world, which another hour would have rendered irrecoverably his own, to cast its subject diadems at the feet of young Octavius.

Bravely, fiercely, had he striven, while the humor was upon him; and farthest into the yielding ranks of the enemy had his brave galley forced her way, until the fatal cry was heard, that Cleopatra, with her sixty light-armed ships, had abandoned the conflict, and was flying at the utmost speed of sail and oar, toward her native shores.

At once, and with a double exertion of valor almost supernatural, he had forced his retrograde passage through the shattered and reeling galleys of Augustus, and expending tenfold the quantity of noble blood to lose a half-won battle, which would have secured to him the empire of the universe.

Even now, although he knew that his all was set upon a single die, that he who might have been an emperor, was now a vanquished fugitive, without a home, a country, a place of refuge, there was no touch of humiliation or sadness in his mien. His eye was thoughtful, indeed, and perhaps somewhat melancholy in its expression, but at all events such was, when unexcited, its usual character.

Moreover, as he neared the quay, as he was gradually enabled to distinguish the things and persons on the quay, there was a sudden brightening of the features, an eagerness of expression, an anxious excitement almost to nervousness of manner, displaying itself clearly in the quivering of the under lip, and the unconscious play of his fingers on the sword-hilt, the dark spots of blood upon which denoted how deeply its blade must have been ensanguined.

The vessel worked up to the wharf. Strong cables were extended from her head and stern to the massive rings of brass which studded the noble piers. On the instant, a bridge was extended from the galley to the neighboring pier; but, ere the quivering planks were steadied, with an active bound the triumvir had thrown himself over the high bulwarks and stood in the centre of the eager throng that crowded round to witness the arrival of a galley from the fleet.

"Ho! by the mother of the gods!" cried an aged man, whose toga proved him a citizen of Rome, as clearly as did the scars on his bold and bronzed visage prove him a soldier, "'T is Antony himself—victorious, too, by Jupiter! else had we not beheld him here. Shout, comrades, shout—*Io triumphe! Salve Imperator!*"

"Peace ho! Be silent!" shouted a stern, martial-looking figure on the prow. "Peace, brawlers! This day is to be marked as black as Acheron—victory! by Pollux, a rare victory!"

Silently, and unheeding the raised voices and loud queries of the populace, the noble Roman threaded the crowd. Strange—it was passing strange, that no word from Cleopatra—no sable-visaged messenger, no bright damsel of her court, should have met him on his return. "By the faith of Jove!" he muttered, "but that bitter knave, Horace, was not so much in the wrong either;" and he hummed in reckless gayety the well known stanza of the lyric bard—

> "At vulgus infidum et meretrix retro
> Perjura cedit; diffurgiunt cadis
> Cum face siccatis amici
> Ferre jugum pariter dolosi."

"Fie on thee, Antony! hast thou, the veteran of a thousand fields of Mars and Venus, hast thou been cheated by the honeyed words? the last stake was a heavy one, by Hercules! That crown, for which great Julius fell, was worth a higher price than a glance of the brightest eye that ever beamed with a woman's tenderness. Fie on 't! 't was boy's play—boy's play! but to-morrow—be the gods propitious—Soh! 't is the palace gate at last, and swart Melancthon at the portals. What ho, Melancthon! Bestir thee, varlet! Say to Cleopatra, Marcus Antonius sends her greeting; and never will he rest till he be where she tarries, be that where it may!"

"Now may the gods avert!" muttered the trembling slave.

"What mutterest thou then? Begone, and speed my bidding, else will I make thee messenger to Hades! Where is the fair Egyptian?"

"She *is not*, Antony," faltered the trembling

Ethiopian, avoiding with the wonted superstition of the day, the usage of words deemed ominous.

"*Is not!* What mean'st thou, paltering with thy double speeches?"

"*Mortua est*—she is dead!" he cried, mustering all his resolution, and then, as if fearing the wrath of the triumvir, fled hastily into the palace.

"Dead! Cleopatra dead!" muttered the bold Epicurean, and the whiteness of his lips told how deeply he was affected by the unexpected news. "Ho, there!" he shouted. "Bear me a flagon of Falernian hither, and the jeweled cup of Isis—the old Falernian pressed in the first of Caius Marius! 'T will be my last on this side Acheron! A battle—an empire—and a woman! By the Thunderer! loss enough, methinks, for one day! Lost, too, forever! The first—that—that might be redeemed—ay, and the second won—but the woman! By the bright eyes of Aphrodite! he who has once loved Cleopatra, has loved all womankind! Marc Antony has done with battles. Ho! the Falernian! 'tis well—ay! pour it till it froth—hence with the water! Pure—let it be pure! for, this quaffed, I have done with wine, too. Sweet Cleopatra, this to thee, to thee, in Hades or Elysium, if the poets' dreams be true. Now hark thee, slave, say thou to Ahenobarbus, if Antony hath forgotten how brave men conquer, he hath not forgotten"—he drained the liquor at a single draught, and hurling the chased and jeweled chalice against the marble pavement, unsheathed his sword, still crusted with the blood of Romans—"hath not forgotten how brave men—die!"

Suiting the action to the word, he buried the massive weapon in his throat, just above the collar-bone, and over the rim of his embossed and glittering corslet. The force of the blow was so great, that he was pitched headlong backward, the cone of his lofty helmet striking fire from the dinted pavement.

The blood gushed in torrents, not from the wound, for there the massive blade stood fixed hilt deep, but from ears, eyes, and mouth. After he fell, not a limb moved, not a pulse throbbed, the last breath rushed forth half choked in blood, with a fearful gurgling murmur. The broad chest slowly collapsed—the bravest of the brave had perished for a woman's lie!

For Cleopatra was not dead—nor as yet had she even thought to die—but soon

She dared her fallen kingdom to behold
In dauntless pride of majesty serene;
She dared the coiling reptiles to unfold—
Courting their venomed kiss with dauntless mien.

Sublimely fierce—death full before her eyes—
She spurned the thought, that she could e'er be seen
Swelling the Roman's pomp, his noblest prize!—
A proud reluctant slave, a crownless queen.

And now the coming sun shone in unclouded brilliancy over the lovely gardens, that extended for many a mile beyond the marble suburbs of the Egyptian metropolis, the mightiest work of that famed conqueror, who, building it in the very wantonness of pride, deemed it, perchance, the slightest of his wonderful achievements. The roads which issued from that great city, circulating, like arteries from the human heart, wealth and prosperity to the extremities of her dominion, wandered among brakes and thickets of the coolest verdure; nor had the almost tropic sun of those now scorched and sterile climes the power to pierce the embowering foliage, which covered those magnificent highways with a continuous vault of living freshness. The glossy leaves of the dark fig, and the broad canopy of the aspiring palms, towering a hundred feet aloft to bask in the full glare of day above his head—a pavement of the milk-white marble of Canopus, cool as the snows of Atlas beneath his feet—and the waters, drawn from the distant Nile, glancing and murmuring in their marble channels on either side the highway—the wayfarer might travel on his path, enjoying the breezy coolness of more temperate climes, although he stood beneath the intolerable brightness of an Egyptian sky.

Far in the depths of those fairy gardens, girdled, as it were, by groves of almost impenetrable richness, watered by a hundred fountains, drawn through their secret canals, from the one mighty river, which was to Egypt what the soul is to the human frame, adorned by luxury that could be made to minister happiness to the living, stood the mansion of the dead, the mausoleum of the Ptolemies, the palace-tomb of Cleopatra. Portico above portico, gallery over gallery, it towered a pile of snow-white alabaster, more ample in its vast accommodations, more splendid in its sculptures, more rich in its materials than the proudest dwelling of a line of kings. The lower stories of the building, surrounded by triple colonnades of Corinthian architecture, were constructed of gigantic blocks of stone fitted and dovetailed, as it were, into each other, with a firmness that might well endure forever.

But in these enormous walls there was no opening—door nor window, nor the smallest crevice, to admit the blessed light of day to those huge receptacles of the meanest relics of mortality.

Elsewhere, so singular a form of architecture would have been looked upon as something utterly unnatural and monstrous; but in Egypt, where every species of deception, and what we should now call stage effect, was resorted to in all buildings, and particularly in such as were intended for religious purposes, it was by no means calculated to excite astonishment. Near the summit of this strange edifice, sheltered from the glare of the declining luminary by projecting awnings of muslin, the fabric of the Egyptian loom, then known as Byssus, was a long range of windows, on which the sunbeams glittered with a brilliancy which showed that they were fitted with that most precious of ancient luxuries, transparent glass.

In a small but airy apartment of this mansion of the dead, there were now collected a small group of females, whose gorgeous draperies and jeweled ornaments, would have seemed to denote the proud beauties of some barbaric court, rather than mourners over the soulless tenement which had so recently inclosed the spirit of a man.

Situated at the very summit of the edifice, and commanding a prospect far over the wilderness of aromatic gardens that surrounded it, even to the distant city, overlooking the wide valley of the Nile, with the ocean-like channel of its giant river glancing like a stream of molten gold to the evening sun, and the vast cones of the three great pyramids distinctly drawn against the deep-blue sky, that chamber might well have vied with the most beautiful retreats of king or kaisar—nor were its internal decorations less splendid than the scenery which its windows opened to the view.

Its walls of the purest alabaster, polished till they reflected every object with the radiant exactness of metallic mirrors, its pilasters of the same rich materials, with their Corinthian capitals and bases of solid virgin gold, its tesselated pavement of a thousand dies, its couches glowing with the pictured fabrics of the Eastern loom, its curtains of gauze so delicate that they well nigh justified the hyperbole which had named them woven air, rendered it a befitting shrine for the form of beauty which seemed the presiding spirit of the place.

On one of those rich couches there lay a figure of almost superhuman majesty. The eyes were closed, and the short curls parted from the noble brow; the features were not more pallid than is often seen in life; a strangely voluptuous smile still slept upon the well-defined and as yet unaltered lip, and, but for something of rigidity and constraint in the position of the limbs, it would never have been believed that the dreams of that warrior were those which know no waking.

His helmet, embossed with golden sculptures, rested on the ground at the foot of the low bed, its lofty crest of snow-white horse-hair dancing in the light air which found its way into the chamber, and casting its wavering shadows upon the features of the dead; the elaborately ornamented corslet, which still rested on the massive chest, was stained in several places with broad plashes of gore; but if blood had stained the face or the bare neck, it had been washed off with a care which had removed every sign of violence, every symptom of death.

Perfumes had been liberally sprinkled upon the crisp, auburn locks, censers were steaming with the smoke of musk and ambergris, and garlands of the freshest flowers were cast like fragrant fetters over the cold limbs of the sleeper. But what were all these to a single tear drop from the mourner who sat beside his bed, gazing with a cold, unmeaning gaze on the features of him whom she had loved so mightily—betrayed so madly!

Her hair, the uncurled raven hair of Ethiopia, fell to her very feet in strange profusion, not in the undulating flow of ringlets free from restraint, but in straight, shadowy masses, such as we have sometimes seen, and known not whether to praise or censure, in some sacred painting of the Italian school. Her lineaments of the Coptic cast, chiseled in their flowing lines of majesty and softness, were such as men are constrained to admire despite their judgment; but her form, her limbs, her swan-like neck, her swelling bust, the rounded outlines, the wavy motion, were of a loveliness which, while they baffled every attempt at description, explained at once and justified the passionate adoration of Julius, the frantic devotion of the wild triumvir.

It was Cleopatra who sat there, mourning in desolate despair over him whom alone she had *loved*. Him, strange it is to say, she had loved for himself, for himself alone. No delusion of vanity, no pride of boasting a second ruler of the universe her slave, had mingled with her deep, indomitable passion.

The conqueror had been merged in the man, the man in the lover. In peace or war, in triumph or defeat, absent or at her side, in the flush of health or in the frail humility of sickness, he had been ever the chosen idol of her heart; and never perhaps had she loved him more entirely, or more fervently, than at the very moment of that desertion of his cause, in the hour of his utmost need, which had terminated in the downfall of his honor and her happiness.

Dark, indeed, and incomprehensible are the mysteries of a woman's heart, impenetrable her motives, unfathomable the sources of her hatred or affection; often most tender in the heart when coldest in the semblance; most passionate when most unmoved, most faithful when most insincere.

It might have been from mere womanish caprice, from a desire of probing the depth of her lover's feelings, from curiosity to learn and look upon the conduct of a baffled conqueror; or more likely yet from jealousy—jealousy that his love of honor and empire should interfere with his devotion to her beauty, that she had so fatally betrayed him.

She might have overlooked, in the moment of action, the consequences of her flight—she might have fancied the victory gained, and her desertion a matter of no moment—a desertion that would wring the heart, without affecting the cause, of him whom she adored the most, when she most trifled with his peace of mind.

She might have fancied the defeat, should defeat ensue, not irreparable—the empire lost to-day recoverable on the morrow—she might have hoped so to teach the proud triumvir by this reverse, that, when the government of the world should be conquered by their joint forces, the world were the gift of Cleopatra.

It might have been one of these motives singly; it might have been the result of all united—felt, perhaps, but not analyzed even by herself, that had spurred her on till retreat was impossible and hope desperate. Still it was love that caused her to betray him, as it was love that caused her to proclaim herself dead already, ere she had yet thought of dying, in order to mollify his indignation and awaken his sympathies; as it was love that now led her to curse the day when she was born, born to be the fate of Antony.

Her beautiful bosom was exposed to the light, which lingered in a pencil of mellowed lustre, upon its soft, yet sculptured loveliness. The delicate veil of fine muslin which should have veiled those secret beauties, had been violently rent asunder, and hung

down in natural folds below her jeweled cincture. On each of her voluptuous bosoms, which hardly heaved under the influence of the chill despair which had frozen up the very sources of her grief, there was a small gout of gore, a speck such as covers the orifice of the smallest punctured wound; but beyond those tiny witnesses there was no stain upon her snow-white kerchief, no trace as of blood which had flowed freely and been wiped away.

Her hands were folded in her lap, the fingers unconsciously playing with a chain of mingled strands of golden thread and dark, auburn hair. Her face was very pale, and cold, and almost stern in its passionless rigidity—the eye was cast downward, immovably riveted on the countenance of the mighty dead; but, from the long, dark lashes there hung no tear. All was composed, silent, self-restrained grief. An occasional shudder crept, as it were, electrically through her whole frame, and now and then her lips moved, as though she were communing with some viewless form; but beyond this there was no motion or no sound.

At a distance from the miserable mistress sat a group of women, attired, as has been said, most gorgeously, but their sad and clouded aspects offered a fearful contrast to their sumptuous garments; near them, and on a table of the richest porphyry, negligently strewn with instruments of music, the Grecian lute, the wild Egyptian systrum, and the Italian pipe, with jeweled tiaras, perfumes, cosmetics, and all the luxuries of a regal toilet, pateræ of solid emerald, drinking-cups of agate, vases and flasks of crystal, there stood a plain, country-looking basket, woven of the slender reeds that grow beside the lake of Mœris, filled with the dark, glossy leaves and purple fruits of the fig-tree.

To a casual glance it might have seemed that there was nothing in the contents of the basket beyond the casual offering of some simple rustic's gratitude to his queen; but on a nearer view, there might be seen upon the foliage long, slimy trails, twining hither and thither, as if left by the passage of some loathsome reptile. At times, too, there was a slight, rustling sound, a motion of the leaves, not waving regularly as if shaken by the breeze, but heaving up at intervals from the life-like motions of something beneath; and now a scaly back, a small, black head, with eyes glowing like sparks of fire, and an arrowy tongue quivering and darting about like a lambent flame—it was the deadly aspic of the Nile, the most fatal, the most desperately venomous of all the serpents of Africa

Deeply, fearfully skilled, in all the dark secrets of poisoning and incantation, the wife and sister of the Ptolemies had chosen this abhorred way of avenging upon herself the wrongs of Antony; of baffling the cool malignance of the little-minded man whom Rome's adulation had even then began to style the AUGUST; of freeing herself from the chains, not emblematic, of Roman servitude; from the humiliation of being led along in gliding fetters behind the chariot wheels of the perpetual consul; from the dungeon, the scaffold, the rod, and the axe, which closed alike the triumph of the victor and the misery of the vanquished. Already had the news been conveyed to her—the stunning news that, save in name, she was no more a queen—but the rumor had fallen on a deaf or unregarding ear.

An earthquake, it is written, shook the earth unnoticed by those who fought at Thrasymene, an empire crumbled into ruins unmarked by her who had lost, who had destroyed, an Antony. After the first burst of agony was over, when the self-immolated victim was borne to her in place of the burning, feeling, living lover, she had caused those hated reptiles to be brought to the tomb, which she had entered while yet alive, in the very recklessness of dissimulation and caprice; she had applied them to her delicate bosom, and a thrill of triumphant ecstasy had rushed through her frame as she felt the keen pang of their venomed fangs piercing her flesh, and imbuing the very sources of life with the ingredients of death.

And now she sat in patient expectation, brooding over the ruin she had wrought, calmly awaiting the agony that she well knew must convulse her limbs and distort her features from their calm serenity; while her attendant maidens, with strange and unaccountable devotion, had needlessly and almost unmeaningly followed the example of her, whom they were determined to accompany faithfully not merely to the portals of the tomb, but into the dark regions of futurity. Now, however, when the step was taken from which there is no returning, the courage, which had buoyed them up for a moment and impelled them to the fatal measure, had deserted them.

In the aspect of each, remorse, or pain, or terror was engraved in fearful variety. One gazed with straining eyes, over the glowing landscape, gloriously bathed in the radiance of that setting luminary which would arise, indeed, in renewed splendor but not for her. She saw the distant hills on which she had sported in the uncontaminated freshness of her youth, ere she had been acquainted with the sin and sorrow of courts—the nearer palaces, in whose vaulted halls she had often led the dance in happy, because thoughtless merriment—and her whole spirit was absorbed in that long, wistful view of scenes never to be viewed again.

Another stood, as motionless as the marble column against which she leaned, staring upon her beloved mistress and the lifeless body; but it was evident that the images which were painted on her eye were not reflected on her mind. At intervals a large, bright tear stole slowly down her cheeks and literally plashed on the Mosaic pavement as it fell.

A third, already sensible of the physical agonies that accompany the action of poison on the human system, rocked her body to and fro, every separate nerve writhing and quivering in the extremity of pain, yet still retained so much mastery over her tortures as to repress all outward indications of her suffering and approaching dissolution, beyond a low, choking sob, a fearful and indescribable sound, between a hiccough and a groan.

It was a scene of horribly exciting interest—a scene

on which a spectator feels that it is terror to gaze; yet feels that, for his life, he cannot avert his eyes until the agony is over: a scene from which—so strangely were terror and compassion mingled and interwoven with curiosity—no human being could withdraw himself, till he had looked upon the end.

The pale, haughty features of the senseless clay which had wielded and weaponed, a few short hours ago, the energies of a gigantic soul—the deeply seated despair of the silent mourner, still full of life and sensation, but forgetful of herself in the contemplation of her lost idol, unconscious of physical pain in the abstraction of mental agony—the wretched girls repenting their rashness, yet repressing their own anguish lest they should augment hers for whom they had cast life away; and for whom—could it now have been redeemed—they would but have cast it away once again: the stillness of that gorgeous room, the hated reptiles crawling and hissing among the beautiful fruits, the sunshine without and the gloom within, all uniting to make up a picture so awful, yet so exciting, as no poet's pen or painter's pencil ever yet created.

It was a scene, however, rapidly drawing to its conclusion: the girl on whose system the venom of the aspic had taken the strongest effect, had already fallen upon the floor; and it seemed, by the long and gasping efforts with which she caught her breath, that her very minutes were numbered. Notwithstanding the miserable plight in which she rolled over and over in her great agony, so callous had the feelings of her companions been rendered by the immediate pressure of their own calamities, that—delicate and tender beings as they were, with hearts ever melting at the slightest indication of sorrow—each one retained her station, wholly absorbed by her own awful thoughts, and careless of all besides.

It was at this crisis, that a shrill and prolonged flourish of trumpets rose—almost painfully—upon the ear. It was a Roman trumpet. There was a pause—a brief, but awful pause; such as is often felt between the first peal of a thunder-storm and the bursting deluge of the shower. Again it rang—nearer, and nearer yet; and now, beneath the very windows of the mausoleum.

As the first note sank into silence, the queen had arisen breathlessly to her feet; and there she stood, motionless as a statue, her eyes still fixed on Antony; but her lips slightly severed, her head and her whole frame expressing the earnestness with which she listened for a repetition of the sounds; but, as the second flourish smote her ear, she threw her arm aloft in triumph, a flash of exultation kindled that glorious brow like a sunburst, and her eyes danced in their sockets with the highly-wrought ecstasy of the moment; but, while her brow and eyes were radiant with delight, the wide expansion of the nostril and the curl of the chiseled lip spoke volumes of defiance and contempt.

"It is too late," she cried, in accents still clear and musical, though strained far above the natural pitch of her voice. "It is too late, ye Roman robbers. He whom your sacrilegious trumpets would have but now aroused to vengeance, from the lightning of whose eye ye would have fled like howling wolves before the bolt of Jove, whose voice would have stunned you like the thunders of the Omnipotent—the conqueror of the universe has fallen asleep, nor can your senseless clangors waken him to vengeance."

Even, as she spoke, the rattle of the ladders, by which the legionaries of the victor were scaling the porticoes of that fortress tomb, the shouts of the rude veterans, and the clash of their brazen harness were distinctly audible; and, ere her words were ended, the same wild sounds were heard echoing along the vaulted passages and spacious halls of the story next beneath. Another moment, and their steps were heard mounting the long sloping passages which, in Egyptian architecture, supplied the want of stairs, affording access to the upper chambers. The door, formed like the walls of the apartment, of polished alabaster, and invisible when closed, was evidently forced; and a group of men, whose Italian complexions and features, prominent and strongly marked, denoted them to be the victors of the world, the iron men of Rome—stood on the threshold. All sheathed in complete armor: not decked, like that of the soft Orientals, with gold and precious stones, but of bronze so brightly polished that it reflected every object; perfect in the accuracy with which it was adapted to their frames, in the facility of motion it left to all their limbs, and in its exquisite finish; with crested casques and crimson tunics, it would have been impossible to conceive more martial figures.

Foremost of all, the conqueror of Actium entered the arena of his triumph; and, in truth, although he could not have sustained a moment's comparison with his more fortunate rival, he looked—at least, if he were not—the hero. No flush of exultation tinged his complexion, no insolence of victory sparkled in his eye; but, not the less did exultation, insolence, and cruelty live within his breast, although he was sufficiently versed in dissimulation to conceal his odious character beneath a vail of stoical philosophy and magnanimous indifference.

"Hail, emperor!" cried the dying sovereign, confronting him with a demeanor a thousand times more lofty than his own. "Hail, conqueror!"—her countenance alone would have expressed the scorn she felt, had not her tones been such that the cold-blooded despot writhed beneath them.

"Comest thou hither, puissant lord, noble successor of the mighty Julius, comest thou hither to violate the ashes of the dead, or to prove thy virgin valor on a woman? *Macte tuâ virtute!* On, in thy valor and thy glory! Why—the dead Cæsar was to thee as Omphale to Hercules! We are no Amazon to dare thy valor, O, thou second Thesius! Out with thy broad-sword, Cæsar, *the august!*—and see who first will shrink from it—I, or my dead, yonder?"

"No—by the Faith of Jove!—we would have the superb Cleopatra our friend, as she was our uncle's," replied the arch dissembler. "Thou art still free—still Queen of Egypt!"

"By the great gods, I am!—nor is it in thy power to make me other! Free was I born and royal—free

will I die and royal! Cæsar—I scorn your mercy as I defy your menace! My fathers left to me a crown: crowned will I go to my fathers! What—think you, Cleopatra will live to be a slave?—will live to *be at all*, at your bidding? Go—trample on the subject necks of Romans! The Egyptian spits at your clemency. Why cling you not to your vaunting motto?—It was Rome's word of old—

Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.

And dare you think me subject, or dare you *not* assail my pride? I tell you, Roman, you can slay men by thousands at a word; but, for your empire, you cannot make one woman live. Away—defile not me with your hangman hands! These are my subjects," and she pointed to the dying girls around her, "this my empire—this the sepulchre of my forefathers; who were sages, priests, and kings, when yours were robbers and banditti. And this, that but this morning was a man, and now is nothing, this is my idol and my god! Away—one death like this, is worth a thousand abject lives like thine; and one dead, a hundred live Octavii, if ever earth bore aught so base by hundreds. If I betrayed in thy prime, thou mighty one, most dearly—I, upon myself, have I avenged the treason. If I sent thee before me, behold! I follow in thy footsteps! *Manes* of the dead rejoice—rejoice, ye are avenged!"

Her eyes glared, awful. The death-sweat was already darkening her brow—the death-foam clammy on her white lip. She must have been devoured by the fiercest inward tortures, yet she made them subject to her will; and the veterans of a hundred battles quailed before the edge of her eloquence, more cutting than the mortal sword. She flung her arm toward the astonished tyrant in defiance, folded her garments decently about her limbs, placed the antique diadem of the Ptolmies upon her raven tresses, and, without another word, composed herself on the couch beside him toward whom she had proved her love so fearfully, and closed her eyes for the last time—for ever!

For many minutes longer, while—mute between astonishment, regret at his frustrated triumph, and admiration of her undaunted valor—the cold Cæsar watched her silent agonies, the convulsed heavings of her bosom, and her loud and painful breathings alone told that she lived.

One long and shuddering sigh—one short, sharp spasm—and the dark eyes opened, but their orbs were glazed and sightless—her jaw fell.

And Egypt never more bowed to a native sovereign.

And Rome was never more uncursed by a Cæsar.

THE TWO BIRDS.—A STREET LYRIC.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

Two birds hang from two facing windows;
One on a lady's marble wall,
The other, a seamstress' sole companion,
Rests on her lattice dark and small.

The one, embowered by rare exotics,
Swings in a curious golden cage;
The other, beside a lone geranium,
Peeps between wires of rusty age.

The one consumes a dainty seedling
That, leagues on leagues, in vessels comes;
The other pecks at the scanty leavings,
Strained from his mistress' painful crumbs.

The lady's bird has careful lackeys,
To leave him in the cheerful sun;
Upon her bird the seamstress glances,
Between each stitch, till work is done.

Doubtless the marble wall shines gayly,
And sometimes to the window roam
Guests in their stately silken garments;—
But yon small blind looks more like home.

Doubtless the tropic flowers are dazzling,
The golden cage is rare to see;
But sweeter smells the low geranium—
The mean cage has more liberty.

'T is well to feed upon the fruitage,
Brought from a distant southern grove;
But better is a homely offering,
Divided by the hand of love.

The purchased service of a menial
May, to the letter, fill its part;
But there 's an overflowing kindness
Springs from the service of a heart.

Hark! yonder bird begins to warble:
Well done, my lady's pretty pet!
Thy song is somewhat faint and straitened,
Yet sweeter tones I seldom met.

And now the seamstress' bird—Oh, listen!
Hear with what power his daring song
Sweeps through its musical divisions,
Striking each note in rapture strong!

Hear how he trills, with what abundance
He flings his varied stores away!
Bursting through wood and woven iron
With the wild freedom of his lay!

Cease, little prisoner to the lady,
Cease, till the rising of the moon;
Thy feeble song is all unsuited
To the full mid-day glare of June.

Cease, for thy rival's throat is throbbing
With the fierce splendor of the hour:
His is the art that grasps a passion,
To cast it back with tenfold power.

Cease, until yonder feathered poet
Through all his wondrous song has run,
And made the heart of wide creation
Leap in the glory of the sun!

MISS HARPER'S MAID.

It had been a day of boisterous excitement. The gravity of the ship had been strangely disturbed. We had "crossed the line" in the morning, and there had been the usual saturnalia on deck. Of these, as I was returning to India, after a sick furlough, I had been only a spectator; but still, when the evening came, and the fun was at an end, I felt sufficiently weary with the heat and excitement, to enjoy a quiet *causerie* in my own cool cabin.

My companions were a bottle of "private" claret, and the "chief officer" of the ship. Now this chief officer was an excellent fellow; I think that I never knew a better. His name was Bloxham. He was about eight-and-twenty years of age, with a round, fresh-colored, but intelligent face; bright, laughing eyes, and the whitest teeth in the world. There was in him a rare union of the best parts of the old and the new race of merchant seamen; that is, he had all the openness and frankness, the seaman-like qualities of the old men, without their coarseness and vulgarity; and he had the more refined and gentleman-like manners of the new, without their dandyism and effeminacy. He was in my eyes the very pink and perfection of a sailor.

We discussed the incidents of the day, and discoursed upon the character and objects of the Saturnalia, or rather, as we agreed, the Neptunalia, which we had been witnessing. I have no intention of describing what has been so often been described before. But there is one part of the ceremony on which I must say a few words. Before the unhappy neophyte who has to be initiated into the mysteries of the equator is finally soused in the tub of water, which by a merciful dispensation is made to follow on the begriming and befouling operation of the shaving, he is asked by the operator if he has been "Sworn at Highgate." Now, to be sworn at Highgate, is to undertake not to do certain things, when you can do better, as "never to drink small beer when you can get strong, *unless*," (there is always a saving clause,) "unless you like small beer better than strong." I do not remember all the obligations, though they are not many, named in the recital. But one I have every reason to recollect. Bloxham, with his smiling face and joyous manner, was talking over this part of the ceremony; and when he repeated the words of the Highgate oath, "Never to kiss the maid, when you can kiss the mistress—*unless*, you like the maid better than the mistress," I could see a significant twinkling in his eyes, which stimulated my curiosity. I asked him what he was thinking of, and he said that he "could believe it very possible to like the maid better than the mistress," and I said so too. "At all events," added Bloxham, "it often happens that the maid is the better worth kissing of the two."

I could see plainly enough from my friend's manner, that I had not got at the bottom of this roguish twinkling of the eye. His whole face was indeed one bright smile, and there was a world of meaning dancing beneath it. I was determined, as sportsmen say, to "unearth" it; so I said at once, that I should enjoy my claret all the more, if he would impart to it the relish of a good story. Then I took the bottle off the swinging tray, filled our glasses, and told him to "leave off making faces and begin."

"Well," he said, making himself comfortable in a corner of my couch, "I must acknowledge that 'thereby hangs a tale.' 'Never kiss the maid when you can kiss the mistress, *unless*, you like the maid better than the mistress.' At the risk of your thinking me a low fellow, I 'll give you a chapter of my own experiences, illustrative of this portion of our sailorly interpretation of being sworn at Highgate.

"After the last voyage but one, our good ship went into dock for a thorough refitting, and I had a longer spell at home than I had enjoyed for many years. I would not change this way of life for any in the world; but I was glad for once to stretch my legs fairly on dry land, and see something of green fields, brick and mortar, and my shore-going friends in the neighborhood of Canterbury.

"Among the families in which I was most intimate was that of a Mr. Harper. He had made a comfortable fortune by trade, and now was enjoying his *otium cum dignitate* in a good house on the outskirts of the city. An only daughter kept house for him; for he was a widower. Now Julia Harper, when I first knew her, was a fine, handsome girl of two-and-twenty; tall, well-made, but on rather a large scale, with bright, restless eyes, and a profusion of dark hair. She had a great many admirers in Canterbury, some of whom, there is every reason to suppose, admired the old gentleman's money as much as the young lady's eyes, but they met with no great encouragement. Miss Harper, it was whispered, had determined not to marry a Canterbury man. She wished to see more of the world. Her tastes inclined toward the army or the navy; and it was predicted that some fine day a young officer from one of the regiments in garrison, with an eye to the paternal guineas, would succeed in carrying off the prize. Everybody, however, said that she was heart-whole, when I was first introduced to her, and some of my more intimate friends jestingly said that there was a chance for me. I confess that I was a good deal struck by the girl. The artillery of her bright eyes soon began to do some execution. I liked her open, bold manner. I had very little experience of the sex, and I thought that her candor and unreserve betokened a genuineness of character, and a truthfulness of disposition, very refreshing in such an age of shams. I think I liked the old gentleman, too—I know I liked his dinners and his wines—I was certainly a favorite with Mr. Harper. Whether he ever contemplated the probability of his daughter

and myself becoming attached to one another, I do not know; but if he did contemplate it, and with pleasure, it must have been pleasure of the most unselfish kind, for of all his daughter's admirers, in point of worldly advantages, I must have been the least eligible. However, he had been heard to say, that he did not look for a rich son-in-law, as his daughter would have plenty of money of her own; so, sometimes, I thought it possible that the old gentleman would not close his paternal heart against me, if I were to offer myself as a suitor for the fair Julia's hand, and a claimant to her heart.

"I often met with Julia at the house of mutual friends. I certainly liked the girl; and my vanity was flattered, because, with so many admirers around her, she showed me, as I thought, a decided preference. She seemed to be never tired of talking about the sea. She wearied me with questions about it; and on more than one occasion said—very unguardedly—that she thought a voyage to India would be the most delightful thing in the world. Of course, I made fitting answer, that with a congenial companion, a voyage anywhere would be delightful; and, more than once, opportunity being favorable, I was on the point of declaring myself, when an internal qualm of conscience arrested the dangerous avowal.

"Affairs were in this state, when an accident befell me which brought matters to a crisis. There was a steeple-chase one day in the neighborhood of Canterbury, which I attended on foot. During the excitement of the race, I attempted a difficult cut across the country, failed at a leap which was beyond my powers, and had the misfortune to sprain my ankle. The injury was a very severe one, and I was laid up for many weeks in my lodgings. You have often laughed at me for taking every thing so coolly. I assure you that I did not take this coolly at all. I chafed, indeed, like a lion in the toils; and was continually arresting the progress of my recovery, by putting—in spite of repeated prohibitions—the crippled member to the ground. At last, I began to learn a little philosophy, and resigned myself to the sofa with a groan.

"The loss of my liberty was bad enough; but the loss of Julia's society was a hundred times worse. Her father came often to see me, and brought me kind messages from his daughter; but, if I had had no more substantial consolations, I believe that I should have gone mad. Julia did not actually come to see me; but she wrote me repeated notes of inquiry, and often sent me flowers, and books, and other tokens of womanly kindness. The messenger employed on these occasions was Miss Harper's maid—"

"Ah! sworn at Highgate," I interrupted; "we are coming to it now. Another glass of claret to improve the flavor of the story."

He tossed off the bumper I had given him, as though he were drinking devoutly to some lady's health, and then continued with increased animation.

"The messenger employed on these occasions was Miss Harper's maid. She was generally enjoined to deliver the letters and parcels into my own hands, and sometimes to wait for an answer. She came, therefore, into my drawing-room, and if she had occasion to wait, I would always desire her to be seated. The girl's name was *Rachel*. She might have been old, or ugly, or deformed, for any thing I cared, or, indeed, that I knew about her. I had a dim consciousness that she had a very pleasant manner of speaking; but I give you my word that, after she had been half-a-dozen times into my room, I should not have known her if I had met her in the streets: I regarded her only as an appendage to the fair Julia, whose image was ever before my eyes, shutting out all else from my view.

"This, however, did not last forever. It happened one day, that when Rachel brought me a parcel, I—in my lover-like enthusiasm—started up from the sofa, and incautiously planted my injured foot on the ground. The result was a spasm of such acute pain, that I fell back upon my couch with an involuntary cry, and a face as colorless as marble. Rachel immediately stepped forward; and, with a cordial expression of sympathy, asked if she could do any thing for me, and proceeded, with a light, gentle hand to arrange the pillows under my crippled limb. I felt very grateful for these ministrations, and as I gave utterance to my gratitude, I looked for the first time inquiringly into Rachel's face. Though she bore a Jewish name, she did not bear by any means a Jewish cast of countenance. She had dark hair and dark eyes, it is true—but her face was round, her nose short, and if any thing, rather *retroussé*; and she had the sweetest little mouth in the world. I thought that, altogether, she was a very pretty girl, and moreover a very genteel one. I observed now, what I had never observed—indeed, had had no opportunity of observing—that she had a charming little figure. Her shawl had fallen off whilst she was arranging my pillows, so that I could now see her delicate waist, and the graceful outline of her lightsome form; and there was something in her movements that pleased me better than all. I was interested in her now for the first time; and was sorry when she took her departure, with the expression of a hope that I might not suffer further inconvenience.

"I hoped that she would come again on the following day, and I was not disappointed. She came with a note and a *boquet* from Julia; but, before delivering either, she inquired after me, with—what I thought—genuine concern. I answered kindly and gratefully; and before opening her mistress's note, asked her several questions, and drew her into conversation. The more I saw of her the better I liked her. She was at first a little reserved—perhaps embarrassed; but, after a few more visits, this wore off, and there was a quiet self-possession about her, which pleased me mightily. I could not get rid of the impression that she was something better than her social position seemed to indicate; at all events, she was very much unlike all the waiting-maids I had ever seen. I soon began to delight in her visits. She came almost every day with some letter or message from her mistress. I looked forward to the time

of her coming, and felt duller when she was gone. I thought that it would be very delightful to have such a handmaiden always about me, to smooth my pillows, and bring me my meals, and talk to me when she had nothing better to do.

"I was interested in Rachel, and enjoyed her visits; but, believing still in Julia Harper's fidelity, I was faithful to the core myself. But circumstances soon occurred which shook my faith, and then my love began to dwindle. The first of these was a mere trifle—but it was a suggestive one. Rachel brought me, one day, a note, and a little bundle of flowers, unusually well-arranged. I read the note, and to my astonishment there was a postscript to it in these words—'I am sorry that I cannot send you a *boquet* to-day; there is positively not a flower in the garden.' I mentioned this to Rachel, and asked whence the flowers had come. She blushed, and said with some confusion of manner, that she had picked them in the garden herself.

"The next was something still more demonstrative of the fair Julia's disregard of truth. Rachel brought me a note one day, and a parcel containing a pair of worsted-work slippers, which her mistress said she hoped I would wear for her sake until I was able to leave my room. She did not actually say, but she implied that she had worked them for me herself. When I said something to Rachel about the time and trouble Miss Harper—I never said 'your mistress' now—must have expended on them, I observed a very curious and significant expression on the girl's face. I had observed it once or twice before, when I had said something indicative of my confidence in Julia's sincerity. It was an expression partly of pity—partly of disgust; and seemed to be attended, for I could see the compressure of her little mouth, with a painful effort to repress the utterance of something that was forcing its way to her lips. I was thinking what this could mean, when a piece of folded paper fell from the parcel: I picked it up, and found it was a bill—a bill for my slippers, which Miss Harper had bought at the Berlin Repository in the High Street. I knew now the meaning of the look. Rachel saw that I had got a glimmering of the truth, and I thought that she seemed more happy.

"She had wished me 'good morning,' and was about to depart, but I told her that I could not suffer her to go. It was altogether a deplorable day, what we call in the log *squally*. There was a great deal of wind—a great deal of rain; and, just at this moment, the latter was coming down in torrents. After some persuasion, she consented to remain. Then I asked her if she would do something for me; and, with a bright smile, she answered—'Yes.' I had a new silk neckcloth waiting on the table to be hemmed. She took it up, and then turning to me, asked naively how she was to hem it without needle and thread. To this question—for which I was well prepared—I replied, that in the other table-drawer she would find something containing both. She searched, and found a very pretty Russian-leather case, silver-mounted, with all the appliances a seamstress could desire. Then I begged her acceptance of it—said that I had ordered it to be made on purpose for her use, and that I should be bitterly disappointed if she did not accept of it. And she did accept it with undisguised pleasure. And a very pleasant thing it was to lie on the sofa, and watch her neat little white hands plying the needle in my behalf. I had been longing to see the hand without the glove, and I was abundantly satisfied when I saw it.

"She had hemmed one side of the handkerchief, and we had conversed on a great variety of topics, when the weather began to clear up, and the sun to shine in at the windows. Rachel rose at once to depart. I said that I was quite sure it must be dreadfully wet under foot, and that I was certain she was thinly shod.

"'Not very,' she said.

"But I insisted on satisfying myself, and would not be content until she had suffered to peep out beneath the hem of her gown one of the neatest little patent-leather slippers I had ever seen in my life. I said that they were very dainty little things, but altogether fine-weather shoes, and not meant for wet decks. But I remembered presently that I had seen in her hand, when she entered the room, a pair of India-rubber overshoes, and I reminded her of them.

"'They are my mistress's,' she said: 'I had been desired to fetch them from the shop.'

"'Wear them,' I said, 'all the same—they will be none the worse, and will keep your little feet dry.'

"'But how can I?' she answered with a smile; 'they will not fit me at all.'

"'Too *small?*' I said, laughing.

"'Yes, sir,' she said, with another smile, even more charming than the first. I told her that I should not be satisfied until I had decided that point for myself; and at last I persuaded her to try. The little rogue knew well the result. Her feet were quite lost in them.

"If I have a weakness in the world, my good fellow, it is in favor of pretty feet and ankles; so, when Rachel insisted on taking her departure, I hobbled as well as I could to the window to see her pick her way across the puddles in the Close. I satisfied myself that the girl's ankles were as undeniable as her feet; and she was unequivocally *bien chaussée*. I could not help thinking of this long after she was gone. And then it occurred to me that Julia Harper was certainly on a rather large scale. She had a good figure of its kind, and she had fine eyes; but Rachel's were quite as bright, and much softer; and as for all the essentials of a graceful and feminine figure, the mistress's was far inferior to the maid's. I kept thinking of this all the evening, and after I had gone to bed. And I thought, too, of the very unpleasant specimen of Julia's insincerity which had betrayed itself in the case of the slippers. But it is astonishing how little it pained me to think that Julia might not be really attached to me, and that our almost engagement might come to naught after all.

"I am afraid that if I dreamt at all about female beauty that night, it was less in the style of the mistress than the maid. Morning came, and with it an eager hope that I should see Rachel in the course of

the day; but she did not appear. I never kept such long watches in my life. I got horribly impatient. I left my couch, and seated myself at the window, with a sort of forlorn hope that I might see Rachel pass; but I saw only a distressing number of clumsy feet and thick ankles, and no one remotely resembling Miss Harper's spicy little maid. Night closed in upon me savage as a bear. But the next day was a more auspicious one. Looking prettier than ever, Rachel came with a note from her mistress. I was in no hurry to open it, you may be sure. I asked Rachel a great number of questions, and was especially solicitous on the score of the wet feet, which I feared had been the result of her last homeward voyage from my lodgings. She had by this time habituated herself to talk to me in a much more free and unembarrassed manner than when first she came to my apartments; and the more she talked to me, the more charmed I was; for she expressed herself so well, had such a pleasant voice, and delivered such sensible opinions, that I soon began to think that the mental qualifications of the mistress (none of the highest, be it said) were by no means superior to those of the maid. Indeed, to tell you the truth, my good fellow, I was falling in love with little Rachel as fast as I possibly could.

"This day, indeed, precipitated the crisis. We had talked some time together, when Rachel reminded me (I thought that there was an expression of mock reproachfulness in the little round face) that I had not read her mistress's letter. I opened it in a careless manner; and had no sooner read the first line, than I burst out into loud laughter. 'Bravo! Rachel,' I exclaimed. 'You are a nice little messenger, indeed, to carry a young lady's *billets doux*. You have given me the wrong letter.' She took up the envelope, which had fallen to the ground, and showed me that it was directed to '*Edward Bloxham, Esq.*' 'All the better, Rachel,' I said; 'but this begins '*I am so delighted, my dear Captain Cox*—' Hurrah, for the envelopes!'

"I looked into Rachel's face. It was not easy to read the expression of it. First she seemed inclined to laugh—then to cry. Then she blushed up to the very roots of her hair. She was evidently in a state of incertitude and confusion—puzzled what course to pursue. I folded up the letter, placed it in another envelope—not having, of course, read another word of its contents. What was the cause of Julia's excessive delight I am not aware up to this moment; but I could not help asking Rachel something about Captain Cox. One question led to another. Rachel hesitated at first; but at last, with faltering voice and tearful face told me the whole truth. She said that she had felt herself, for some time, in a very painful and embarrassing situation. She recognized her duty to her mistress, who had been kind and indulgent to her—but she could not help seeing that much which had been done was extremely wrong. She had all along been ashamed of the duty on which she was employed, and had more than once hinted her disapprobation; but had been only laughed at as a prude. She had often reproached herself for having been a party to the fraud which had been practiced on me. She had not at first fathomed the whole extent of it; but now she knew how bad a matter it was. The truth was, that Miss Harper had for some time been carrying on something more than a flirtation with Captain Cox. But her father disliked the man, who, though very handsome and agreeable, bore any thing but a good character—and, therefore, Julia had acted cautiously and guardedly in the matter, and had feigned an indifference which had deceived Mr. Harper.

"When I first came to anchor at Canterbury, Captain Cox was on 'leave of Absence;' and, as he had gone away without making a declaration, it had appeared to Julia that an overt flirtation with me in the captain's absence—something that would certainly reach his ears—might stimulate him to greater activity, and elicit an unretractable avowal. Her flirtation with me was intended also, to impress on Mr. Harper's mind the conviction that she was really attached to me, and he ceased, therefore, to trouble himself about Captain Cox. He liked me, and he encouraged me, on purpose that the odious captain might be thrown into the shade. Such was the state of affairs at the outset of Julia's flirtation with me. But Rachel assured me that I really had made an impression on the young lady's heart, though she had not by any means given up the gallant captain.

"I asked Rachel how this could be—how it was possible that any heart could bear two impressions at the same time. She said, that she supposed some impressions were not as deep and ineffaceable as others. At all events, she believed that to Miss Harper it was a matter of no very vital concernment whether she married Captain Cox or Mr. Bloxham; but that she was determined to have one or other. The fact is, the girl was playing a double game, and deceiving both of us. All this was very clear to me from Rachel's story But she told me it was her own belief, that Julia would determine on taking me, after all—and that for the very excellent reason that Captain Cox was engaged elsewhere. At least, that was the story in the town since his return to barracks.

"Poor Rachel shed a great many tears whilst she was telling me all this. She said that, having betrayed her mistress, she could not think of remaining with her. She was decided on this point. With warm expressions of gratitude, I took her little hand into mine, and said that I would be her friend—that she had done me an inestimable service—that I was glad to be undeceived—that the little incident of the flowers and that of the slippers, had shaken my belief in Miss Harper's truth, that altogether my opinions had changed, and that I knew there were worthier objects of affection. Then I spoke of her own position—said that of course her determination was right—but that she would confer a very great favor on me, if she would do nothing until she saw me again. This she readily promised; and it was agreed that on the following day, which was Sunday, she should call on me during afternoon service. I pressed her hand warmly when I wished her good-

bye, and with greedy eyes followed her receding figure across the Close.

"She came at the appointed hour, looking prettier and more lady-like than ever. She was extremely well-dressed. I shook hands with her and asked her to seat herself upon the couch beside me; and then asked her, laughingly, 'What news of Captain Cox?' She said there was not the least doubt that Captain Cox was engaged to be married to a lady in London; and that Miss Harper, on the preceding evening, not before, had been made acquainted with the fact. I then asked Rachel what the young lady had said on receiving back her letter to the captain; and learnt that she had been greatly excited by the discovery, and had been very eager to ascertain how much of the letter I had read. When Rachel told her that I had read only the words, *I am so delighted, my dear Captain Cox*, she somewhat recovered her spirits, but this morning she had pleaded illness as an excuse for not coming down to breakfast, and had not since left her room.

"There was at this time lying unopened on my table, a note from Miss Harper, which had been brought by her father, an hour before. I asked Rachel to give it to me, saying 'Now let us see, Rachel, whether any new light is thrown upon the subject.' I think her hand trembled when she gave it to me. I opened and read—

"'MY DEAR MR. BLOXHAM,—Very many thanks to you for your promptitude in returning the note, which, stupid little bungler that I am' ('Not so very little, is she, Rachel?' I paused to remark) 'I sent you by mistake—I am very glad that I had not sent *the other* to Captain Cox—for, although it does not much matter if one's letters to one's acquaintance fall into the hands of one's friends, it is not at all pleasant if one's letters to one's friends fall into the hands of one's acquaintance. I wrote to Captain Cox only to tell him how delighted I was to hear of his engagement—for he is going to be married to a Miss Fitz-Smythe—a very lady-like girl, who was spending some time here with the Maurices; and was really quite a friend of my own.'

"I had not patience to read any more. I knew it to be all a lie. So I tossed the letter into the middle of the room, and said, 'We have had enough of that.' I was ineffably disgusted. One thing, however, was certain; that Julia Harper, with her £15,000, was now to be had by me for the asking. But I would not have asked, if the money had been told over twenty times.

"I had other views for my humble self. Rachel, I found on inquiry, was the daughter of a Mrs. Earnshaw, the widow of an officer in the Preventive Service. The widow's means of subsistence were slight, and her daughter had obtained a situation as, what people called, Miss Harper's maid.

"My good fellow, I can hardly tell you what happened after this; I have a confused recollection of having looked inquiringly into Rachel's face, read whole chapters of love in it; then threw my arms round her waist, pressed her fondly to my bosom, and whilst I untied her bonnet strings, and removed the obtrusive covering from her head, said to her, 'We sailors have all been sworn at Highgate—all sworn never to kiss the maid when we can kiss the mistress—*unless we like the maid better than the mistress*, and heaven knows how much *I* do!'

"After the lapse of two or three weeks, and very delightful weeks they were, too—Rachel Earnshaw became Rachel Bloxham, and I the happiest husband in the world. I have got the very best of little wives, and never, I assure you, for one moment, though we have little enough to live upon, and I cannot bear these long separations, have I deplored the loss of Miss Harper and her fifteen thousand pounds, or regretted that I availed myself of the *saving clause*, when I proved that I had been SWORN AT HIGHGATE."

"WHATEVER HE DOETH SHALL PROSPER."

BY MRS. MARY ARTHUR.

I READ the records of passing life,
With a careful, earnest eye—
And smiled or wept, as my pulses leapt,
To the scenes that hurried by;
From the busy play of infancy
To the busier care of age—
And nothing so fair as an upright soul
Was traced on the glowing page.

"Whatever he doeth shall prosper well"—
"In his darkness ariseth light"—
So—softly and sweetly a whisper fell,
Like the smile of an angel bright.
Though he win not the glitter of gold or fame,
Yet his wealth shall be far above;
He shall coin it freely of precious words
From the treasure of God's deep love.

"Whatever he doeth shall prosper well,"
Though his path may be rough awhile,
Enough for him is the lights of truth
And his Father's ceaseless smile.
He shall grow like a tree by the river-side,
And if tempests sweep around—
Then proved and tried by their searching wrath
Shall the ripened fruit be found.

"Whatever he doth shall prosper well,"
(For he waiteth his Father's will,)
Though it seems not so in this outer world,
In a better and brighter still.
His leaf shall not wither—it keepeth fair,
Through the cold or gusty blast;
And his fruit shall ripen to holiness
When the season comes at last.

THE USEFUL ARTS.

THEIR ORIGIN AND THEIR EARLIEST HISTORY.

BY CHARLES WILLIAMS.

THE origin of the useful arts is not like a spring gushing forth from the earth, a simple and indivisible cause of diversified results; it rather resembles the noble river, whose waters arise and increase from a large confluence of streams.

I. *Endowments for Labor.*

How greatly, for instance, are the arts attributable to the human hand! The paw of the beaver is admirably adapted to its habits of masonry, but immensely superior is the organ of prehension with which we are gifted, which readily applies itself to, and securely grasps, bodies of every form and size, capable of being moved by the arms of man. Had the hand been undivided, it could only have held such a portion of any mass as was equal to itself; but now, by separating the fingers, it can encompass one larger than itself; and by compressing two of them together, it can safely hold a minute object. And as some bodies are too large to be held by one hand alone, we are endowed with two, inclining toward, and precisely adapted to, each other. The highest advantages of a single hand of much larger dimensions is therefore gained, without any of the discomforts that would arise from a different arrangement.

The admirable division of the hand, and the exquisite adjustment of its several parts, are consequently indispensable to its perfection. Only take from it one of them, and the efficiency of the whole is seriously impaired. The Roman soldier deprived of his thumb was regarded as unfit for service; and there have been instances in England and other countries of such self-mutilation, as an effectual security against a martial life. The thumb is, indeed, of special use. It is neither situated directly opposite to the fingers, nor in the same plane with them, but obliquely, that it may be brought at pleasure to bear on them all, or on each finger separately. How manifestly superior is it to the rudimental thumb of the ape, which is designed for no such services! In strong contrast to the hand, also, as examination will show, is the lion's paw, which, though consisting of four fingers and a thumb, is only adapted to very different purposes. In the human feet, where extent of surface is required for support, all the toes, unlike the fingers, are arranged in the same plane.

Were the tips of the fingers of bone, instead of flesh, we could not take up such minute bodies as a millet seed, a thorn, or a hair, which we can now do so readily from their being soft and round. Less soft, or more soft, equal difficulty would arise: the fingers have precisely the degree of consistence which is adapted to their intended use. And that they may hold hard bodies, they are provided with nails, admirable indeed for structure and position: were these placed on the tips of the fingers, power would be lost; but they occupy exactly the situation, and are of just the length, which will insure their utmost efficiency. In almost every art where nicety of execution is required, the nails are continually called into action. Who can, indeed, overrate the value of the hand? Smoothness and roughness, fineness and coarseness, heat and cold, are among the many sensible qualities of matter which it enables us to recognize, from the nerves with which it is so abundantly supplied, while its uses defy enumeration. The cuticle, indeed, becomes hard, thickened, and almost horny, thus suffering a loss of sensibility from years of labor; but in this there is a wise and kind law of Providence, by which the laboring man is fitted for his daily and useful toil. Did his hands thrill with every impression, he would be constantly exposed to pain, and restrained by fear from pursuing as he does now his rugged work. But early use has inured him to labor; he therefore wields the axe, strikes in the spade, or swings over his head the huge hammer, almost unconscious of effort; or, equally unharmed, dips his vessel into the furnace of molten metal when it has attained the intensity of a dazzling and scorching whiteness.

Complicated as the mechanism of the hand appears, when the attention is restricted to its surface, it proves still more so when there is a careful examination of its internal structure; while its complexity can only be adequately regarded as other parts of the physical system are duly considered. The wrist, which forms the base of the hand, is composed of eight small bones compacted together; and having little or no motion, they constitute a solid mass. The wrist is joined to the bones of the forearm, the radius, and the ulna, which lie alongside each other, and touch only toward the ends. Only one of them is joined to the upper arm, at the elbow; the other only to the hand, at the wrist. The former, by means of a hinge-joint at the elbow, swings backward and forward, carrying with it the whole forearm. As often, too, as there is occasion to turn the palm of the hand upward, the radius rolls upon the ulna by the help of a cavity near each end of one bone, to which, in the other, there is a corresponding tubercle.

Other arrangements are equally worthy of consideration. The bones of the shoulders not only give firm attachment to the upper extremity of the

frame, but supply origins to the muscles of the arm and fore-arm. The free use of the hand, and the square form of the chest, are alike greatly owing to the clavicle, or collar-bone, which runs across from the breast-bone to the top of the shoulders. The scapula, or shoulder-blade, which is flat and triangular, lies on the ribs, is cushioned with muscles, shifts and revolves in its place with every movement of the arm, and has the power of moving upward and downward, backward and forward, so that when these motions succeed rapidly, the arm is rotated. The upper arm consists of a single bone, the head of which is hemispherical; standing obliquely backward from the bone, and received into a cavity with which the scapula is provided, it forms a ball and socket-joint. In this arrangement there is a provision for the rotating of the arm-bone on the scapula: thus the guards are made in fencing, and various similar movements are performed. In others the wrist has a finer and easier rolling, but this is from the motion of the radius and the ulna. How exquisite and wondrous, then, are the complicated, yet harmonious arrangements of the organic structure, by which the endless diversity of our manipulations is so effectually and happily secured!

Nor must we pause even here; for what is it that directs the hand? It is the mind. The instruments of sense with which we are provided are employed by a being capable of volition. We thus pass from the palpable to the invisible. For that which feels and acts must be distinct from the body, unless the body itself feels and acts. But in as far as the body possesses a distinct organization of nerves for distinct purposes, as sympathy, feeling, and motion, and all the frame does not act together in feeling and volition, something besides the body must exist and operate. And it is mind which enables the man not only to contrive, but to execute. Without it, how useless; with it, when under the power of disease, how injurious, were the hand! But when mind is in healthy play, much may be effected by one hand, or even when the hands are never possessed or lost. On its due exercise the elevation of man is instrumentally and entirely dependent.

Inferior creatures are endowed with an amazing power. We stand astonished and confounded at the phenomena of instinct. But that power is at once perfected.

> "The winged inhabitants of Paradise
> Wove their first nests as curiously and well
> As the wood-minstrels of our evil day."

In the first exercise of instinct, the comb of the bee, the habitation of the beaver, and the web of the spider, like the nest of the bird, were not to be surpassed. The dog, or the elephant, justly renowned for sagacity, could not by any effort be taught to fabricate or use the simplest implements. But man is destined to progression. Not only may he be raised from a savage state to the elevation of civilized life, but urged forward from that position through a career of indefinite advancement. "Onwards! Onwards!" is the characteristic motto of humanity. And hence, while man has a hand to be directed by his mind, he has a mind on which circumstances operate; and of these art is the offspring. Sometimes it evinces only a slight or transient stimulus; at others, the stimulus is powerful and continuous. As invention consists in new combinations, its exercise will be inconsiderable when the mind has only few objects to combine, and proportionately great when such objects are numerous. In savage life, invention flags—its exercise is rare; but it is frequent in a highly civilized condition. The history of the arts, therefore, is that of man's physical and intellectual progress. One art rises after another before our view, as the successive memorials of a triumphal course. Who can describe by anticipation the appropriate insignia of man's ultimate achievements?

II. *The Hunter.*

In accomplishing our present purpose, we shall glance at man in exceedingly diversified circumstances. The pursuit and capture of the fowls of the air and of the beasts of the field, and the taking of fish from the waters, for example, were early means of obtaining sustenance to which the human race must have had recourse. Long before hunting became a sport, such employments were necessarily a prime business of life. Men must, therefore, have soon invented and constructed a net; the Hebrew name of which, signifying "to shut up," suggests that it arose from the net being contrived to inclose the prey. Nets were used in taking birds in distant times, to an extent of which we can now form no adequate conception. Of clap-nets there were several kinds, but the most common consisted of two sides or frames, over which the net-work was spread. At one end was a short net, which the fowlers fastened to a bush, or a cluster of reeds, and at the other end one of considerable length, which being pulled as soon as the birds were seen feeding in the area within, the two sides instantly collapsed. According to Sir J. G. Wilkinson, the nets of the ancient Egyptians were very similar to those still used in Europe, except that they were usually of a larger size. From these, it is probable that the fishing-nets of the Hebrews did not materially differ. Indeed, the nets and the fishers of Egypt are more than once mentioned in Scripture; and we know that the common fishing-nets of this people are of a long form, with floats on the upper and weights on the lower side.

At the present day, the Arabs, knowing that the birds become fatigued and languid after having been put up two or three times, hastily run in upon them, and knock them down with their bludgeons. They also frequently use a net, placing within it a cage containing some tame birds, that by their chirping and calling they may bring down others; a mode by which numbers of these creatures are and have been destroyed. Other devices are, moreover, adopted, which may, most probably, be traced to a very remote date.

In hunting, a space of considerable size was sometimes inclosed with nets in the vicinity of the water-brooks to which animals repaired in the morning and

evening. Here the hunters anxiously waited, taking precautions for observing them unseen; sometimes driving them into the nets, and at others inclosing the prey. On other occasions smaller nets, when employed in a smaller space, proved equally effective. Of Esau we read, in patriarchal times, as being engaged in the chase. Impelled by the ardor of his spirit to seek in the toils, adventures, and perils of hunting, not only his occupation but his sustenance, he appears to have gained high repute by his daring and his skill. And yet the weapons he employed were very simple; for his aged father, when he longed for venison, told Esau to take his "quiver and his bow," that it might be obtained. To these, however, great power may be given. How much do the aborigines of the North American continent owe to these weapons!

III. *Pastoral Life.*

Other means of subsistence are observable in the primitive condition of man. Such are those of Pastoral Life. Abel, the second son of Adam, was "a keeper of sheep;" Jabal, a descendant of Cain, a son of Lamech and Adah, is described as "the father of such as dwell in tents and have cattle;" thus intimating that he was the first who adopted that nomade life, which is still followed by numerous Arab and Tartar tribes in Asia. In primitive times, some branches of the human family tended their flocks and herds on the banks of the Euphrates and its tributary streams; while, during succeeding ages, the descendants of Abraham followed the same employment amidst the fertile pastures of Canaan.

The Oriental shepherd and his family, just as their remotest ancestors did, occasionally take up their abode in caves, with which some parts of the East abound. So capacious are some of these caverns as to admit the master and the whole of his property. In times of great peril, the inhabitants of towns and villages retire, with their wives and children, their flocks and herds, into these dark recesses; which have served as an asylum for those exposed to danger or tyranny, from time immemorial. Some of the caves of Syria are ascribed chiefly to the erosive effect of limestone rocks charged with free carbonic acid; but others are more artificial, consisting of natural fissures enlarged or modified for some particular purpose. Of this we are reminded as we read, that "because of the Midianites, the children of Israel *made* them the dens which are in the mountains, and caves, and strongholds;" and many excavations formed by human hands are described by Oriental travelers.

But there was a continual migration of ancient tribes, of which we have still mementos:

> "The weary Arabs roam from plain to plain,
> Guiding the languid herd in quest of food;
> And shift their little home's uncertain scene
> With frequent farewell: strangers, pilgrims all,
> As were their fathers."

To this mode of existence the tent was peculiarly adapted, consisting only at first, like the common Arab dwellings of the East, of a pole or two in the middle, with a covering of skin, and afterward of hair-cloth, which, though mean and coarse, effectually repels the rain and the dew. The erection of this light and fragile habitation was only the work of a few minutes. No sooner was a suitable spot found for a halting-place, than those on whom that duty devolved hastily unpacked the covering, and addressed themselves to the setting up the pole which forms the centre of the house; another party ran to mark out the space of ground which it was to cover; while a third stood ready to spread out the canopy and tie its extremities to the wooden pins, which the hands of a fourth had just driven into the ground with a huge mallet. Tents were sometimes, as they are still, of an oblong figure, supported, according to their size, by one or more pillars, while a curtain let down occasionally from each of these divisions turned the whole into so many separate apartments.

In the coverings and curtains of the tent we have an exercise of art worthy of special notice. A mingling of hair, wool, or fur plaited together, and fastened down by some natural threads, as hairs of greater length than usual, blades of tough grass, or other vegetable fibres separated from trees and plants, was probably the first advance toward such a fabric. Or it might be after the fashion of a net, so early in use, only with meshes unusually minute. Or hairs of fur, or down, bound about the feet, to prevent inconvenience, would thus become pressed together, and might suggest a somewhat solid and yet elastic fabric. But the idea, however obtained, of a cloth-like substance produced by fibres pressed together, would doubtless lead to efforts to produce it, and here the arts of spinning and weaving take their rise; and the coverings and curtains of the tent stand in relation to the dresses of the people.

An early mode of providing them would, doubtless, be to stretch a number of long threads side by side, and then to pass another alternately above and below them, so that with them this thread might be interwoven. The attempt made on a large scale might lead to another on a smaller, and this to others still more minute. In like manner, the primary use of broad pieces might suggest the employment of narrower ones, till small fibres were used for the same purpose. A mat-mantle was usually worn by the secondary chiefs of the South Sea islands prior to the introduction of European clothing. This article was carefully prepared from the hibiscus bark; that of the young shoots being preferred, which having been slit into shreds, were woven at the top by the hand with singular neatness; and the sight of one of these mat-mantles in the British National Museum, may well suggest similar processes as passed through in times of primitive simplicity.

The Oriental shepherd is, at the present day, very simply attired, as were those of patriarchal times. He puts on his garment, consisting of a single piece, by making his left elbow fast in one of its folds, and then throwing it several times round his body. Light and easy in itself, it is also a firm and secure defense, well adapted to a wandering life; preserving the shepherd from the falling rain, the dewy grass, the

coldness of the season, or the hard ground on which he finds his bed. In other instances he wears a cloak, which is altogether shapeless, resembling a square sack with an opening in front, and slit at the sides to let out the arms, and which is his sleeping-dress at night. The dress of the women was, most probably, of a lighter fabric than that of the men in primitive times; but on it much obscurity rests. All accorded, however, with extreme simplicity. Wooden bowls and dishes, sacks made of hair-cloth, and bottles formed of a goat, kid, or calf's skin, stripped off, without an opening; the apertures made by cutting off the tail and legs being sewed up, and when filled tied about the neck, are still the principal furniture of an Eastern shepherd's tent. A rod or staff, an ox-goad, a sling, a bow, a javelin, are, at the same time, all his implements and weapons.

To provide water for the flock is a duty of the first importance. There is an abundant supply from the living fountain and the flowing stream; but these are not always to be found. Happy is the shepherd, then, who sees in the expanse before him the clear waters of a pool or lake, at which his flocks and herds may eagerly slake their thirst. But these may fail to be enjoyed; what appeared to be water may prove to be only the mirage—emblem of forbidden pleasures, exciting hope to entail only bitter disappointment. There remains, then, but one alternative—to dig a well; a process indispensable in the earliest days of human history. The well was often covered with a great stone, which being removed, the person descended some steps to the surface of the water, and on his return poured into a trough that which he had brought up. But as this could only be applicable when the well was not deep, other contrivances still employed in the East, and some of which appear on the Egyptian monuments, must have been of high antiquity. "Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep," were words which give additional probability to this supposition. The shadoof, consisting of a tapering lever, unequally balanced upon an upright body, and from the small end of which the bucket is suspended by a rope, has long been the most simple and common of all the machines employed to raise water in the East.

In pastoral regions we have the art of music in its primitive form. To Mercury the invention of the pipe was ascribed in pagan mythology; and with this rustic instrument the shepherd often amused and solaced his leisure hours. Apollo was celebrated as the inventor of the harp; and the hand of the shepherd frequently swept its strings while he rested with his flocks at noontide, or watched and guarded them during the lonely hours of the night. For his skill on this instrument the son of Jesse was distinguished in early life among the shepherds of Palestine. In the antediluvian age, however, Jubal lived —"the father of all such as handle the harp and organ;" the one being, probably, a kind of lyre, and the other a bundle of reeds.

> "Thus music's empire in the soul began:
> The first-born poet ruled the first-born man."

IV. *Agriculture.*

Agriculture is an art which has ever been a source both of the necessaries and conveniences of life. Moses, following the example of the Egyptians, made it the basis of the state. Accordingly, he apportioned to every citizen a certain quantity of land, and gave him, not only the right of tilling it himself, but also of transmitting it to his heirs. The custom of marking the boundaries of lands by stones, which had prevailed in earlier times, he perpetuated by an express law; and against him who removed them without authority a curse was denounced. Joshua divided the whole country, of which he had taken possession, among the individual Hebrews, running it out with the aid of a "measuring line."

The occupation of the husbandman was held in honor, not only for the profits it brought, but from its being supported and protected by the fundamental laws of the State; security being an indispensable element of human progress. All who were not set apart for sacred duties, as the priests and levites, were regarded by the laws, and were, in fact, agriculturalists. It is true that the rich and the noble did not place themselves on a level with their inferiors; but none were so distinguished as to disdain the culture of the soil. Elisha the son of Shaphat was ploughing with twelve yoke of oxen when Elijah passed by and cast his mantle upon him. Of Uzziah, king of Judah, it was said—"He loved husbandry." And it became natural to speak of a man, engaging in the highest and noblest service, as "putting his hand to the plough."

This implement was at first extremely simple, the turning up of the soil being effected by means of sharp sticks. The plough, strictly so called, as observed by many recent travelers, is generally a branch, or small tree, cut below the bifurcation; the share is of wood, and the point of iron. As the husbandman guides the plough, he carries a rod, armed at the extremity with a sharp piece of iron, with which he clears away the weeds from the share of his implement, or goads his oxen. So light is the whole apparatus, that he has to press hardly on it in the upturning of the soil; and he often carries his plough home on his shoulder on returning from the fields at night. The only harrow seems to have been a thick clump of wood, borne down by a weight, or a man sitting upon it, and drawn by oxen over the ploughed field: the same which the Egyptians use at the present time. In this way the turfs were, and still are, broken in pieces, and the fields leveled.

In harvest, the Hebrews used the sickle, so that the stubble remained in the earth. The crops, when bound in bundles, were conveyed by hand, on beasts of burden, or in wagons, to the threshing-floor. This was in some elevated part of the field, and was nothing more than a circular space thirty or forty paces in diameter, where the ground had been leveled and beaten down. At first the grain was thrashed with sticks; but afterward this mode was adopted only in respect to the lesser kinds of grain, and in beating out small quantities. At a later period, it

was trodden out by the hoofs of oxen, as it is in the East to this day.

These allusions to agricultural pursuits recall to the mind the words of the prophet—

"Give ye ear, and hear my voice; hearken, and hear my speech.
Doth the ploughman plough all day to sow? Doth he open and break the clods of his ground?
When he hath made plain the face thereof,
Doth he not cast abroad the fitches, and scatter the cummin,
And cast in the principal wheat, and the appointed barley, and the rye, in their place?
For his God doth instruct him to discretion, and doth teach him.
For the fitches are not threshed with a threshing instrument,
Neither is a cart-wheel turned about upon the cummin;
But the fitches are beaten out with a staff, and the cummin with a rod.
Bread-corn is bruised; because he will not ever be threshing it,
Nor break it with the wheel of his cart, nor bruise it with his horsemen.
This also cometh forth from the Lord of hosts,
Which is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working."

Isaiah mentions four ways of threshing: the staff or flail, which was used for the smaller seeds; the drag, formed of strong planks, the lower part of which was made rough with stones or iron; the cart, having wheels furnished with iron edges or teeth; and the feet of oxen driven over the corn when laid on the floor. The grain was winnowed by being thrown against the wind with a shovel.

The traditions of ancient times ascribe many of its arts to the visions and instructions of superior beings. Among these stands forth with special prominence the legend of "the fire-bringing Prometheus," as depicted by Æschylus with extraordinary power. He appears chained to the mountains of Caucasus; and why is he thus doomed to suffering? For disobedience to the power that rules the world, in bestowing fire on the human race. "Laboring for the people," and intent on giving them "all-working fire," it is to restrain him from "his man-loving turn of mind," that he is cast forth from society, and that the far-distant and barren rock is his inexorable destiny.

How man received the gift of fire we have no means of knowing. It is a Moslem fable that the angel Gabriel brought it to our first parents. Poetry says that the winds blew through the grove, that two trees became ignited from continued attrition, and that Adam beholding the lighted copse fled, turned back, caught the glow of the flame, and then tried various means to obtain it. Again, it tells us that a flint-shaft, aimed at a beast, ground against a rock, and elicited sparks of fire, which led Adam to rub stones together over dry leaves, while Eve gently cherished the kindling flame. More than one ancient people ascribe it to the rubbing of two pieces of wood together, a practice still adopted among barbarous tribes. But however this might be, fire must have been possessed in earliest times for the preparation of human food, as well as for the practice of those arts which are ascribable to the fatherhood of Tubal-Cain.

The presence of the metals, and particularly iron, must have become, in various ways, too obvious to allow the art of smelting the ores to have remained long undiscovered. The detection of virgin fragments, or the accidental effect of fires on the more fusible ores, accounts at once for the strange fictions which existed among the ancients on this subject, especially that of the accidental conflagration of a forest, and the consequent fluxion of some of the metal, from ores lying exposed on, or near the surface. It is a natural conjecture, that in a little time after the deluge, and long before the earth could have been peopled by the posterity of Noah, a large part of it must have become covered with wood. Its removal from many spots would, therefore, be indispensable. Now, the most obvious method of clearing any space from wood is the setting it on fire: and as in the most mineral countries there are veins of metallic ores lying contiguous to the surface of the earth, these being fused while the woods growing over them were burning, might have suggested the first idea of the process of smelting. To adopt a poet's notion—

"Thus powerful gold first raised its lofty head,
And brass, and silver, and ignoble lead:
When shady woods on lofty mountains grown,
Felt scorching fires, whether from thunder thrown,
Or else by men's design the flames arose—
Whatever 't was that gave these flames their birth,
Which burnt the towering trees and scorched the earth;
Hot streams of silver, gold, and lead, and brass,
As nature gave a hollow, proper place,
Descended down, and formed a glittering mass."

Nor is this merely a poetic fiction: it is sustained by the testimony of many ancient historians, who speak of silver and other metals being melted out of the earth, during the burning of the woods on the lofty Alps and Pyrenees. A similar circumstance is said to have happened at Croatia, not two centuries ago. A large mass of mixed metal, composed of copper, iron, tin, and silver, was fluxed during the conflagration of a wood which was accidentally set on fire.

The structure and use of the bellows may be traced to a very remote period. Rosellini exhibits it, as it was employed in ancient Thebes. Men appear heating a vessel over a charcoal fire, to each side of which is applied a pair of bellows worked by the feet, each operator standing upon and pressing them alternately, while he pulls up the exhausted skin by a string which he holds in his hand. In one representation, the man has left the bellows, which are raised as if full of air, and imply a knowledge of the valve. The common bellows, made of two boards joined together by a piece of leather, was known very early to the Greeks. How serviceable this machine would be in the practice of the arts will be at once perceptible.

Wool, in its native whiteness, was peculiarly suited for clothing to the circumstances of the Israelites, whose economy required so many sprinklings and cleansings. This substance was used for garments, both by those of humbler and of higher grade, until accompanied or superseded by other fabrics.

Among the wild flowers of our rural districts, the

eye is sometimes attracted—for example—by the blue flowers of the flax-plant. This vegetable product is so little affected by soil and climate, that one species, with all its characteristics unaltered, flourishes in the cold as well as the temperate regions of the globe. There is scarcely a plant, not even excepting the corn-plants, which can be regarded as of more service to mankind than the flax. Its free use in ancient Egypt is abundantly proved, while many representations are extant of the various processes through which it passed. One of these is found in a very ancient tomb at Beni Hassan, in Middle Egypt. On the right is seen a boiler, an irregularly-shaped vessel. The hieroglyphic inscription means, "The boiling of the knot, bundle of flax." The three men who complete the picture are beating the flax-stalks, thus prepared, with wooden mallets, in order to deprive it of its outer skin. The hieroglyphic inscription above reads, "Pickling, or hackling the thread of the knot of flax."

In some of the ancient statues, Minerva is represented with a distaff, to intimate that she taught our progenitors the art of spinning. The Egyptians ascribe this gift to Isis; and the Mohammedans to a son of Japhet. In all countries, from the earliest times, the distaff was accompanied by the spindle. The material employed—being duly prepared—was rolled into a ball, loose enough for the fibres to be easily drawn out by the hands of the spinner. Into the ball the upper part of the distaff was thrust, while the lower was held in the left hand under the left arm, so as to be most convenient for the process. The fibres were drawn out, and at the same time spirally twisted, chiefly by the fore-finger and thumb of the right hand, and the thread so produced was wound on the spindle. The spindle was a stick ten or twelve inches long, having at the top a slit or catch in which to fix the thread, so that the weight of the spindle might continually carry down the thread as it was formed. Its lower extremity was inserted into a small wheel of wood, stone, or metal, the use of which was to keep the spindle more steady, and to promote its rotation: for the spinner, who was commonly a female, every now and then twirled round the spindle with her right hand, so as to twist the thread still more completely; and, whenever—by its continual prolongation—it let down the spindle to the ground, she took it out of the slit, wound it upon the spindle, and having replaced the thread in the slit, drew out and twisted another length. The Arab women twirl the spindle in the same manner to this day. A still simpler process is passed through by the women of the Tartar tribes. They use a reel, which is connected with some silk, cotton, or wool, fastened at the girdle. This reel is spun round and let fall, and as it goes toward the ground it spins out the thread; when it approaches the ground it is taken up, the thread is wound around the reel, which is then set spinning again, and so on, till it has acquired as much thread as it can carry. This may seem very slow work, but habit gives a dexterity of manipulation which renders it less so than would be ordinarily supposed.

In ancient Egypt great skill must have been obtained in spinning. The threads used for nets, for instance, were remarkable for their fineness. Pliny says, so delicate were some of them that a net could pass through a ring, and a single person could carry a sufficient number of nets to surround a whole wood. He tells us that one of the governors of Egypt had some of these nets, each string of which contained 150 threads; and that the Rhodians preserved to his day, in the Temple of Minerva, the remains of a linen corslet, presented to them by Amasis, king of Egypt, the threads of which were individually composed of 365 fibres.

The tomb at Beni Hassan, already referred to, supplies a representation of ancient weaving. The warp is strained vertically on a frame, which seems to be attached by wooden tenons to the wall or roof of the dwelling. Beneath, the roller appears on which the web is wound. Two females, crouching in a posture not uncommon in the East, are at work upon it. The alternate threads of the warp are stretched apart by means of two smooth sticks, one end of which is held by each worker. The woof was then passed by the hand from one to the other. The shuttle does not appear to have been known at that time. The beam was introduced between the threads, perhaps fixed at one end by a slight metal catch; and, when thus fastened, the leverage would enable another woman to press the woof home with considerable force. The beam must have been withdrawn and re-inserted at every turn of the woof. Exceedingly clumsy as this instrument was, yet an extremely beautiful cloth was produced by it.

The Hebrew loom was most probably the counterpart of those still observed by our Eastern travelers. One of them noticed its use in Jerusalem, where the worsted was not worked in, but woven into the piece, and the pattern of the weaving changed, so that the color of the thread was completely thrown out, forming a triple fringe, through which the weft could not be seen. "In two of our specimens," says Mr. Wilde, "we find twelve thick threads crossing the piece, and the tassels tied exactly as they are at the end of a piece of modern Irish linen. But the slipping of the weft is prevented by a curious process, performed by tying the threads of the warp together, so that each is secured to the thread at each side of it. This process forms a slight ridge at the end of the piece, and is rather ornamental. This fringe appears to be alluded to in that passage of Scripture, where the Israelites were directed to make fringes in the borders of their garments, and that they put upon the fringe of the borders a ribbon of blue. I have seen a species of mummy-cloth in Egypt corresponding to this description precisely. Such was, probably, 'the hem of the garment.'"*

Many of the Egyptian stuffs presented various patterns worked in colors by the loom, independently of those produced by the dyeing or printing process, and so richly composed, that they vied with cloths embroidered by the needle. The art of embroidering was commonly practiced by that people. The Is-

* Wilde's Travels.

raelites, when in the wilderness, used the skill which they acquired in their captivity, for they made a rich "hanging for the door of the tent, of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twisted linen wrought with needlework;" "a coat of fine linen" was embroidered for Aaron; and his girdle was "of fine-twined linen, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, of needlework."

In connection with these manufactures of different kinds there is a process of great interest; it is that of bleaching: for cloth washed and exposed to the sun and air assume an unwonted whiteness. We are in ignorance as to the origin of this process; but, in some way or other, a certain degree of putrid fermentation was observed to carry off coloring matter from vegetable fibres. The practice must therefore have arisen of macerating cloth in water mixed with putrescent animal matter, which has continued to the present day from the earliest times. The secret was also found out by many nations of antiquity, that *natron*, the nitre of Scripture, combined with and carried off the coloring matter with which cloth is stained; and the substance is still used for the same purpose. According to Pliny, the ancient Gauls knew the use of a lixivium formed from the ashes of burnt vegetables as a detergent, and also how to combine it with oil so as to form a soap. In one of the tombs of Egypt we have a representation, as the hieroglyphic inscription denotes, of the washing or fulling of cloth. One man is seen rubbing the fabric in a vessel containing some liquid, and another is shaking it out, preparing it for the next process, which is often depicted—its being well wrung out, stretched lengthwise, and fully exposed to the air.

Another process of great importance is that of dyeing. It is based on the natural attractiveness of color. How often is the infant's eye first caught by some bright hue! The blue sky and the verdant carpet of nature have a loveliness for all; while these, with the roseate tints of the morning, the golden sheen of noon, and the rich, empurpled dyes of evening, have furnished epithets freely lavished on the topics they have adorned, by the poets of every age. Even Herodotus says of a nation on the borders of the Caspian—"They have trees whose leaves possess a most singular property; they beat them to powder, and then steep them in water: this forms a dye, with which they paint on their garments figures of animals. The impression is so very strong that it cannot be washed out: it appears to be interwoven with the cloth, and wears as long as the garment." Strabo, in his account of the Indians, mentions on the authority of Nearchus the various and beautiful dyes with which their cloths were figured. Pliny says of the Egyptians, that they began by painting on white cloth with certain drugs, which in themselves possessed no color, but had the property of attracting or absorbing coloring matters. That these cloths were afterward immersed in a heated dyeing liquor of a uniform color, and yet when removed from it soon after, they were found to be stained with indelible colors, differing from one another according to the nature of the drugs that had been applied to different parts of the stuff.

Purple is well known to have been a color of high repute. Moses, under Divine instruction, used purple stuffs for the furniture of the tabernacle and the dress of the high-priest. Purple raiment was worn by the kings of Midian; and a garment of fine linen and purple was given to a favorite by the Monarch Ahasuerus, whose palace was furnished with curtains of this color, on a pavement of red, and blue, and white marble. The Jews made a decree that Simon should wear purple and gold, in token that he was their chief magistrate; and that none of the people should wear purple or a buckle of gold, without his express permission. And Homer thus describes a king—

"In ample mode,
A robe of military purple flowed o'er all his frame."

There is a story that the celebrated Tyrian dye was discovered by accident. A dog having broken one of the shells of the rock-whelk, stained his mouth with the color it contains, and thus led to the examination of this mollusc. It was then found that near to the head, and lying in a little furrow, is a white vein, yielding the beautiful purple tint which was long so highly esteemed.

It might be supposed that such processes as that of dyeing could only be conducted in an advanced state of society; but to this it is not exclusively confined. There is no doubt that, even during the captivity in Egypt, the Israelitish women became acquainted with them. For scarcely had they entered the wilderness than we hear that "the wise-hearted among them" did not only "spin with their hands," but "brought that which they had spun, both of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet," as well as "of fine linen."

We even find another process analogous to dyeing, in circumstances in which we should not expect it to be discovered. In some of the islands of the South Sea elegant small ferns grow in abundance, and with these the native women impress figures, in divers colors, upon their cloth—literally, a method of printing, which is but one remove below the boasted invention of the Chinese, by means of engraven blocks, before the art was discovered in Europe. Its resemblance to calico printing is even more striking. For the old method, still continued for certain parts of the work, were by blocks of sycamore, on the surface of which the pattern was cut in relief, in the common method of wood engraving.

Vessels to hold water would be an early requirement of the human race. The shells of some vegetable productions, as those of gourds and the larger kinds of nuts, would readily occur to the mind as adapted to this purpose. The skins of animals taken in the chase would form another resource. The bowls and dishes of the common Arabs are, and have been, made of wood; but, for their production, some tools must be possessed, as well as some dexterity in their use. It is a singular practice of some tribes to cast stones made hot into the fluids contained in wooden bowls, in order to raise their temperature;

but the discovery that certain substances could be made to resist the action of fire would at once cause them to have the preference. Who made the discovery—the brickmaker or the potter—we have no means of knowing.

The art of the potter was especially necessary at an early period, from the scarcity of fuel in some parts of the East. Hence we are told of people "who make in their tents a hole about a foot and a half deep, wherein they put their earthen pipkins or pots, with the meat within, closed up, so that they are in the turf above the middle. Three-fourth parts thereof they lay about with stones, and the fourth part of which is left open, through which they throw in their dried dung, which burns immediately, and gives so great a heat, that the pot groweth so hot as if it had stood in the middle of a lighted coal-heap; so that they boil their meat with a little fire, quicker than we do ours with a great one on our hearths." As the Israelites must have had as much occasion to be sparing of their fuel as any people, and especially while journeying in the wilderness, it has been supposed that they must have had some such practice. It is certain that we read in the Levitical law of "ranges of pots," thus showing their use at that period. It became still more familiar in after times.

"I went down," says the Prophet Jeremiah, "to the potter's house, and behold he wrought a work on the wheels." The name of the inventor of this simple, yet effective machine, has been lost for ages, if indeed it was ever made known. It consists merely of two wheels or round plates placed horizontally, to which a rotary motion is given. If, then, on the upper one be heaped a mass of clay, it is evident that a tendency to a centrifugal motion will be given to it, which will greatly facilitate the action of the potter's fingers, in forming out of the rude lump whatever vessel he pleases. With his thumbs separated from the fingers, and held on the clay as it revolves, the rapid motion will enable him readily to mould a hollow vessel.

Of earthenware, jars and drinking-vessels were chiefly made; and, it is probable, from the unvarying character of Eastern customs, that they had the same shapes as those still in use. Vessels formed of clay hardened by the sun, of a globular shape, and large at the mouth, not unlike the vitriol-bottles used in this country, but somewhat smaller, have been observed by modern travelers as borne by females going down to the well to fetch water; while their resemblance to the vessels used at the marriage of Cana in Galilee was exceedingly interesting.

In Egypt and Western Asia the inhabitants have in common use vessels of porous clay, lightly baked, and rather thin in proportion to the size of the vessels. The water they hold constantly oozes through the minute pores of the vessel, forming a thick dew or moisture on the outer surface, the rapid evaporation of which reduces the temperature of the vessel and of the water also much below that of the atmosphere, so that the inhabitants enjoy a perfectly cool and refreshing draught. The vessel forms, at the same time, a most effectual filter. The work of the potter continues to be, as it was, extensive in the East. The people are accustomed to break their earthen vessels when they become defiled, just as they were required to do under the Levitical law.

V. *Settlers in towns.*

While, however, these various branches of art were advancing with greater or lesser speed, while the number of the people was increasing, a division of property arose, and the desire was naturally kindled in the bosom of families to dwell apart: a dissatisfaction would therefore arise with the tent, and an effort be made to collect other materials, and to construct separate and more durable dwellings. In the time of Job, and probably for ages afterward, the houses of all ranks in the land of Uz appear to have been built of mud; for of some transgressors he says—"In the dark they dig through houses which they had marked for themselves in the day-time." We read of others who "dig through" houses "and steal;" thus suggesting to us those clay-built dwellings, which, though not substantial like edifices of later date, were still sufficiently so to require that he should *dig* through them who would gain a forcible entrance.

On men determining to become settlers in towns, more stable materials were rendered available. The manufacture of bricks ascends to the earliest time of historical record. The first building of which there is any mention after the deluge is the Tower of Babel. Considerable progress appears to have been made, not only in this but the city before "the confusion of tongues" took place. It is expressly stated that well-burned brick was used, instead of stone, in these structures, and that slime, which is generally understood to be bitumen, was employed instead of mortar. Other edifices were reared from bricks formed of earth, and then burned in furnaces or kilns.

The manufacture of bricks was familiar to the ancient Egyptians. In this, as is well known, the children of Israel were greatly oppressed. The circumstance of the bricks they made being mixed with chopped straw, renders it probable that they were not burned, but merely dried in the sun. Herodotus records of Asychis, one of the kings of Egypt, that he built a pyramid of bricks, made of the mud or silt dredged up from the bottom of the Nile. In one compartment of a tomb in Thebes the whole process of brick-making is portrayed. Some persons appear carrying the clay in vessels from the field, others beating it with spades, others taking the bricks out of the mould, and others bearing away the dried bricks, making a balance over their shoulders with ropes attached to a beam.

The first effort of those who would rear a town would be to mark out the extent of the ground they required, including not only a desirable space for building, but pasture-lands for flocks and herds, and also fields for the produce of grain. A wall would now be necessary at the boundary line, as a defense from the assaults of ravenous beasts, or the incursions of hostile bands. This would at first be formed

of any stones that could be dug out or collected, and then heaped together; a strong and stable, but rude protection.

The earliest houses would probably be only one story in height: all of them having a similarity in general appearance. But the chief would soon require that his dwelling should accord with his personal elevation, and obedience to his mandate would result in the rudiments of a palace. The sound knowledge or the superstition of the sovereign and his people would give rise to the structure of a temple, and in the course of time to the multiplying of edifices accounted sacred. Other distinctive circumstances would inevitably arise. To walls rendered increasingly massive would be added towers, gradually acquiring a military character; and places of security to which the inhabitants might retire in seasons of peril. On an assault being made, the men who tilled the ground, and those who carried on the business of the town, would unite in its defense; but as attacks continued to be threatened, or were actually experienced, there would be the organization of a martial force, and the population be divisible into the civil and the military; the latter class being supplied with weapons and trained to the exercises of assault and defense.

The implements of the carpenter, like those of other artisans, were long both few and simple. It does not follow that the axe was first formed of iron. As a spear-head of hard wood serves the purpose of some of the South Sea Islanders, so does still an axe of green jade. If to this there was a resemblance in early times, a sharpened piece of iron with a wooden helve would naturally succeed. We know that celebrity might be acquired in its use; for "a man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees." When Solomon was about to build the Temple, he conveyed his wish to the King of Tyre for a supply of timber, knowing as he said, "there is not among us any that can skill to *hew* timber like unto the Sidonians."

In early times, the trunks of trees were split with wedges into as many, and as thin pieces as possible; and if they were required to be still thinner, they were hewn on both sides to the proper size. Much advantage was therefore gained by the invention of the saw. As it could only be made of metal, this would occur at a far later period than that to which it is just to ascribe the origin of the axe. That the Egyptians possessed the saw is manifest from their sculptures. David, on the subjugation of the Ammonites, appears to have put them to labor with different implements, among which was the saw. The use of this was not confined to wood; for parts of Solomon's palace were formed of "costly stones, according to the measure of hewn stones, sawed with a saw."

The art of the locksmith is nowhere apparent in early times: the bolt, the lock, the key, were all of wood, as they are in the metropolis of Egypt to the present day. To produce these, therefore, the carpenter must have been employed. The Orientals looked to watchmen as their chief means of defense.

The lamp-maker must have been, however, in great request. Metals were often employed in the structure of lamps. The one commonly used in Cairo is of palm-tree wood; the glass that hangs in the middle is half-filled with water, and has oil on the top, about three fingers in depth. The wick is preserved dry at the bottom of the glass, and ascends through a pipe. Such lamps are very convenient, from their being easily removed from place to place.

And here we are reminded of a valuable substance not yet noticed. According to Pliny, some storm-beaten mariners were boiling their food at the mouth of the river Belus—a small stream running from the foot of Mount Carmel—where the herb kali was growing abundantly, when they perceived that the sand—when incorporated with the ashes of the plant—melted, and ran into a vitreous substance. Nor is the supposition unnatural; for the sand at this place was well adapted to the manufacture of glass; and it is scarcely possible to produce a fire of sufficient heat for metallurgical operations without vitrefying part of the bricks or stones of the furnace. Strabo and Josephus alike supported the statement of Pliny, and probably from the spot referred to, the material was obtained that was used in the glass-works of Tyre and Sidon. At Beni Hassan, glass-blowers are represented at work: glazed pottery was used by the Egyptians; they also made glass bugles and beads for necklaces, and a sort of network with which they covered the wrappers of mummies, so as to form by their various hues numerous devices and figures, resembling those that are made in our bead-purses. The chief articles of that people were, however, bottles, vases, and other utensils, though they must have had great skill in the manufacture of glass, as they counterfeited amethysts, emeralds, and other precious stones, and were practiced in cutting glass and gems. A pane of glass, and numerous fragments of broken glass bottles were discovered on the excavation of the city of Pompeii. And Mr. Layard has found that the people of Nineveh had also acquired the art of making glass. Several small bottles, or vases—of elegant shape—in this material, were found at Nimroud and Kouyunjik. One bears the name of the Khorsabad king. The gems and cylinders still frequently found in ruins, prove that the Assyrians were also very skillful in engraving on stone.

Not very long after the rise of the arts we discover the practice of working in gold. The golden ear-ring presented by Abraham's steward to Rebekah weighed half a shekel, and the two bracelets for her hands were ten shekels' weight of gold. The ark of the covenant, though made of wood, was to be overlaid with pure gold, within and without. It was also to have a crown of gold round about, and rings of gold in the four corners. Even the staves were to be overlaid with gold. Similar directions were given as to the table of shewbread and the altar of incense. And Solomon garnished the house of the Lord with gold.

The Egyptians appear to have been familiar with the manufacture of gold. The gold-leaf still found

in and about mummy-cases, some thousands of years old, proves not only that they had an abundant supply of the precious metal, but were acquainted with the art of gilding. Their making of golden ornaments and golden vases, of large size and beautiful workmanship, might be inferred from various incidental notices in ancient writers; but, it is placed beyond all doubt by the representations of Rosellini. Among these are numerous vases of a golden color, many of them showing not only manual dexterity, but also considerable taste. A picture in the tomb of Rameses IV. contains a golden vase of great beauty, supported by two Philistines.

There is no mention of silver in Scripture till the time of Abraham. It then appears in the form of money, estimated by weight: "Abraham weighed to Ephron the silver which he had named in the audience of the sons of Heth, four hundred shekels of silver, current money with the merchant." Jeremiah paid for the field of Hanameel in the same way. The shekel and the talent indeed do not appear to have been originally fixed and stamped pieces of money, but merely weights used in traffic. So general did this become, that the Jews usually had scales attached to their girdles for weighing the gold and silver they received in payment, while the Canaanites carried them in their hands. Silver was so abundant in the days of Solomon that it was "nothing accounted of;" for "the king made silver to be as stones in Jerusalem."

The mention of brass which occurs in ancient writers must often be understood as meaning copper, either in its pure state or alloyed with tin, rather than the metallic compound with which we are familiar. It is stated that the chief sources of the wealth of the Pharaohs were the mines of the neighboring countries of Nubia and Ethiopia, which were abundantly productive of copper.

The mirrors which were in possession of the Israelitish women when they left Egypt are said to have been of brass, for the laver and the foot of it were made of that metal. Such were all the mirrors made in ancient times. Many metallic mirrors may be observed in our collections of Egyptian antiquities. They are nearly round, but varied in form, according to the taste of the artisan, and are inserted in handles of wood, stone, or metal. Their substance is chiefly copper, but mixed with other metals, most carefully wrought and highly polished. In the Egyptian Museum at Paris, there are several mirrors of a metal which looks like brass.

David provided an immense quantity of copper for the use of the Temple. Of this substance all sorts of vessels were made for the Temple, as they had been for the Tabernacle; and to these may be added weapons, more especially helmets, armor, shields, and spears. Hiram of Tyre was celebrated as a worker in brass. The larger vessels, and the pillars for architectural ornaments, were moulded in foundries; but it appears that this art, even in the time of Solomon, was little known among the Jews, and was peculiar to foreigners, particularly the Phœnicians.

Mines of copper occur in the mountains of Kourdistan, which appear to have been worked from remote antiquity. They formed the chief source from which copper, iron, and lead were obtained by the ancient Assyrians. A disused copper-mine, nearly blocked up with earth and rubbish, and only known to a few mountaineers, was visited by Mr. Layard. He found the metal in various states. Inscriptions on copper, various utensils, and figures of lions in solid metal, have been exhumed from the ruins of Nineveh. Tools, daggers, arrow-heads and armor, were formed from the ore, as was commonly the case among Asiatic nations, while the metal in powder was used to color the bricks and ornaments in the Assyrian palaces.

The general style of building in the East, with which our modern travelers are so familiar, accords with that which is traceable to the remotest ages. Fronting the street, which is usually narrow, as providing a better defense from the sun, and sometimes with a range of shops on one or both sides, dead walls appear, here and there only broken by a window, to which a grotesque frame of lattice-work serves as a guard. The house is entered by a porch or gateway, which conducts into a quadrangular court paved with stone or marble, and is generally surrounded by a cloister; over which, when the house has a number of stories, a gallery, having a balustrade, or else a piece of carved or latticed work, is erected of the same dimensions as the cloister. The apartments are approached by doors from the quadrangular court. When houses are built close together, the staircase is placed in the porch, or at the entrance into the court, and continued through one corner of the gallery or another to the top of the house; but when the houses are not contiguous, the staircase appears to have been conducted along the outside of the building. The roof is always flat; it is often composed of branches of wood laid across rude beams, and is covered with a strong plaster of terrace, to defend it from injury in the rainy season. It is surrounded by a parapet or a wall breast high, serving as a protection to those who go on the roof for various purposes, and also as a means of separation from the adjacent houses. Such a battlement was expressly required by the law of Moses, intimating probably, that terraced houses were at that time less common in Syria than they were in Egypt.

In the survey of ancient buildings, the use of immense masses of stone cannot fail to be observed. It appears from recent discoveries that they were cut from the quarries by a number of metal wedges, placed in a line, and struck simultaneously with a wooden mallet; or that a mass was split by wedges of highly-dried wood saturated with water, and thus acquiring a great expansive force. They were sometimes hewn, either roughly or with greater care. They were raised aloft by means still employed in India, as mounds, or inclined planes, or others equally simple. In all the remains of ancient Egypt we have no trace of any machinery being employed in building; a fact not a little remarkable when we consider how vast and stupendous were many of its edifices.

In the language of the Hebrews, the name of a garden was given to every place where plants and trees were cultivated with greater care than in the open field. Such inclosures are generally defended, as they have been for ages, by loose stones, a wall, or a hedge formed of the wild pomegranate tree, or of thorns mingled with rose-bushes, adorned in their season with their lovely flowers, and giving forth their delightful fragrance. Within, however, but little design or beauty is apparent, the whole commonly presenting only a confused medley of fruit-trees, with beds of esculent plants, having even plots of wheat and barley sometimes interspersed. Solomon could say, "I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits;" but then he had not only an unusual knowledge of the vegetable tribes, but also vast resources as a sovereign. And travelers still tell us of the supposed remains of the works he constructed, when he said, "I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees."

Particular attention appears to have been bestowed on the culture of the vine by the Israelites and other Oriental people. The site for this purpose was carefully selected in fields of a loose, crumbling soil, on a rich plain, on a sloping hill, or where the acclivity was very steep, or on terraces supported by masonry; the whole being inclosed by a wall. How luxuriant was the produce of Palestine is evident from the fact, that on the return of the spies they passed through the valley of Eshcol, where they were so much struck by the size and beauty of the vines, that they broke off a branch to take with them to the camp, and to prevent the attached and rich clusters from being bruised, bore it between two on a staff. That the vine was cultured in Egypt, and that the juice of the grape was expressed from its clusters, is apparent, not only from Scripture, but the paintings and sculptures of that country, in which are often and strikingly depicted the vineyards and vine-arbors, the gathering of the grapes, and the treading of the wine-press.

On the construction of military machines we do not enter; we dwell rather on the arts of peace. Music, to which allusion has been made, in connection with pastoral life, has, however, in all ages furnished a powerful stimulus to men when engaged either in assault or defense. The ancient inhabitants of Etruria used the trumpet for this purpose; the Arcadians, the whistle; the Sicilians, the pectida; the Cretians, the harp; the Lacedemonians, the pipe; the Thracians, the cornet; the Egyptians, the drum; and the Arabians, the cymbal.

The transmission of persons and goods on the surface of the water would appear to be desirable in a very remote age. How the idea of doing so arose we know not. It is, however, certain that man did not

"Learn of the little nautilus to sail;"

for that this mollusc has no membrane that it can elevate to catch the wind, has been satisfactorily demonstrated. It is manifest, in other ways, that very different vessels from any having sails were first used. The raft, constructed of rude timbers lashed together, would, for example, be devised at an early period. The means employed to this day on the Euphrates must also have been adopted in a very distant age. The kelek is composed of goat or sheep skins, inflated and fastened close together, on which cross-pieces of wood are placed. The skins, of which great care is taken lest they should burst from becoming dry, are examined and inflated afresh during a voyage. Floated down by the strength of the current, with the occasional use of rudely-formed oars, the materials of the raft are sold on the cargo being discharged, while the skins, exhausted of air, are carried back overland, to be used on the next voyage.

The Arabs, male and female, still cross the Euphrates, or pass upon it to a considerable distance, for agricultural and other purposes, by means of inflated skins; which were probably employed by the patriarch Jacob when he fled from Padan-aran, and "carried away all his cattle and all his goods." In after times armies crossed rivers by inflated skins, and other contrivances. And among the sculptures of Nineveh obtained by Mr. Layard, is one representing three warriors passing a river: one struggles with the current, the others are sustained by inflated skins.

The ark of bulrushes prepared by the parents of Moses for their beloved child, presents another type of ancient modes of conveyance. Egypt is described by the prophet Isaiah as sending "ambassadors by the sea;"

"And in vessels of papyrus on the face of the waters."

That the ancients were accustomed to make light boats or vessels of this substance is well known. Theophrastus, describing the papyrus as useful for many things, says, "for from this they make vessels," or ships; while Pliny observes, "from the papyrus they weave vessels." Herodotus speaks of covered coracles, or basket-boats, their ribs being formed of poplar, united and lined within with reeds, covered without with leather, and worked by two men, each having a paddle, as common in his day. Similar vessels, excepting only that a covering of bitumen is substituted for one of leather, are still to be seen floating on the bosom of the Euphrates. But to these Egyptian art was not restricted. Herodotus describes boats formed of planks laid together in the manner of bricks, and fastened by an outer layer of deals, the joinings of which were stopped up by cement.

Large vessels, capable of performing long and distant voyages, appear also to have been constructed in early times. They were impelled by oars, or by these combined with sails. Not venturing into the high seas, the mariners merely cruised along the coast, so that in stress of weather a port might easily be gained. Slow and tedious were those early voyages, as they could be directed only by an observation of the stars, which a hazy atmosphere would effectually obscure. In winter no progress could be

made; the vessel was then laid up in harbor until the return of the sailing season.

VI. *Inhabitants of Cities.*

If, in conclusion, we turn to the contemplation of man in the city, we shall observe the arts at their greatest elevation. It is worthy of remark that the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates, and also of the Nile, as well as of Syria, from the sea-coast eastward to the great desert that parts it from Mesopotamia, were occupied by highly-civilized nations, clothed in fabrics of cotton, linen, and wool; while the grassy, treeless plains, extending from the Arab sea westward, as far as the mouths of the Danube, and along the northern borders of the Caspian and Euxine seas, and the intervening chain of the Caucasus, were traversed by independent tribes, clothed in skins and furs. Commercial intercourse and visits took place, as well as hostile excursions, and thus the manufactures of Babylonia were exchanged for the native productions of the Scythian plains and of the interminable forests on their northern boundary.

The Jews seem to have been precluded by the Mosaic law from the preparation and use of fur; and the Greeks and Romans considered the skins of animals badges of rusticity and barbarism; but the finer kinds of fur were known and esteemed by the nobles of Babylon. Ælian, who wrote about the year 110, states that a certain species of mice are found in the district of Teredon, in Babylonia, the soft skins of which are taken to Persia, where they are sewn together into garments remarkable for their warmth.

Of the use of fur both among civilized and barbarous people there are many traces. Thus we have notices of the employment of the skins of sables, ermine, and squirrels, with various contrivances to produce a variegated surface. The practice is supposed to be of Oriental origin, and the tent of Sapor to supply the earliest instance of this parti-colored arrangement. Tacitus, however, describes the same fashion of variegating furs to have been in use among the German tribes at a still earlier period.

The costume of the people who live in cities attains to the highest elegance, splendor, and gorgeousness of which it is capable. Here we discover all that properly belongs to rank, with the means of appeasing an insatiable vanity. Oriental women, in every age, have been distinguished by a passion for dress, personal decoration constituting one of the chief occupations and pleasures of their life. Variety becomes, therefore, an element of delight as well as splendor. But rare and costly garments are also highly prized by the other sex, who frequently regard an immense wardrobe as indicative of rank and taste.

"Solomon made for himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon. He made the pillars thereof of silver, the bottom thereof of gold, and the covering of it of purple;" and the city is traversed by the varied equipages of an opulent people, in which many of the arts are clearly discernible. War-chariots, observable among other nations, were not to be seen among the forces of the Hebrews, whose great men used them chiefly for purposes of state.

Even the tents in which the modern princes of the East often spend the season of summer are arrayed in beauty and magnificence, of which such a fabric might scarcely be deemed susceptible. One belonging to a late king of Persia is said to have cost two millions of money. It was called "the house of gold," because it was everywhere resplendent with the precious metal. An inscription on the cornice of the antechamber described it as "the throne of the second Solomon."

The Dewan Khass of the far-famed Shah Allum is a building situated at the upper end of a spacious square, elevated upon a terrace of marble. In former times it was adorned with excessive magnificence. It is about a hundred and fifty feet in length, and forty in breadth. The flat roof is supported by numerous columns of fine white marble, which have been richly ornamented with inlaid flowered work of different colored stones, the cornices and borders having been decorated with a frieze and sculptured work. Formerly the ceiling was encrusted, throughout its whole extent, with a rich foliage of silver. The compartments of the walls were inlaid with the greatest delicacy. Around the exterior of the cornice are the following lines, written in letters of gold, on a ground of white marble—"If there be a paradise upon earth, it is this, it is this."

In some Oriental edifices, the lower part of the walls is adorned with rich hangings or damask, tinged with the liveliest colors, and investing the apartments "with purpureal gleams." In the royal garden at Shushan there were "white, green, and blue hangings, fastened with cords of fine linen and purple to silver rings and pillars of marble." Ingenious devices, as wreaths and festoons in stucco and fretwork, are the ornaments of the upper part of the walls. In the days of Jeremiah, we read of apartments "ceiled with cedar and painted with vermilion;" and since then, costly and fragrant wood, on which exquisite decorations in colors and gold are displayed, have been frequently employed. Painted tiles or slabs of the finest marble have formed the floors, reminding us of the palace of Ahasuerus, where "the beds," or couches "were of gold and silver, upon a pavement of red and blue, and white and black marble;" and all the furniture of the house was in full accordance with the imperial state of the sovereign.

Some of the edifices of the East are thus associated in our minds with the greatest splendor and magnificence. The choicest marble, granite and porphyry form their walls, columns, and floors; silver and gold supply some of their decorations, while others are adorned with the costliest gems. The effect of light falling on such resplendent materials is indescribably dazzling and imposing. The allusions to such buildings in the prophecies of Isaiah, and the Revelation of "the beloved disciple," will at once occur to those who are familiar with the Scriptures.

The remains of the departed greatness of Egypt, which the congeniality of its climate has contributed

so remarkably to perpetuate, consist generally of places for civil assemblies and religious ceremonies. In Upper or Southern Egypt, the site of almost every memorable city is marked by the ruins of a temple, or palace-temple, which was appropriated to both these purposes. The visitor cannot fail to be struck by the vastness of the edifice, or the solemn air by which its ruins are pervaded. The walls bear upon them the records of the past. Covered with reliefs, which are generally colored, the idols appear receiving the homage of the sovereign who founded the structure, together with the battles, sieges, and other events of the wars, out of the spoils of which the majestic pile was reared. Sometimes the king is portrayed returning as a conqueror in triumph, and dragging a long series of captives of different nations to the feet of the presiding divinity. These pictures frequently cover a large extent of surface, and are crowded with figures in action, executed with great spirit and fidelity; the peculiar features and color of the different people being strictly preserved. Explanatory inscriptions in the hieroglyphics of Egypt accompany these reliefs. Some of these halls are six hundred feet both in length and breadth, and are crowded throughout their entire area with massive columns of majestic height. On first surveying the immense cavern temple at Ipsambul, in Nubia, the spectator might well imagine, from the whiteness of its walls, the sharpness of its figures, their brilliant hues, and especially from the parts where the tracings and first outlines appear, showing that this stupendous edifice was never completed, that the artists had only just left their work. But as his eye falls on the deep, black dust, covering the rocky floor on which he treads, into which have mouldered the doors, the door-posts, and all the inner fittings of the temple, he feels that ages have rolled away since the artisans were numbered among the dead.

The art of design, whether apparent in painting or sculpture, was used in Egypt, as must already have appeared, not to excite the imagination, but to inform the understanding. According to Clement of Alexandria, an Egyptian temple was "a writing," addressing itself, like a volume, to the mind. Accordingly, their artists imitated nature only so far as to convey the intended idea clearly and precisely; generally they did not aim at beauty and grace. When, however, they wished to give a portrait of any particular individual, we find so exact a representation that the features of several of the Pharaohs may be easily recognized. But it is evident that they were ignorant of perspective, and that they did not feel the necessity of studying light and shade in the use of colors. Analogous to the practice of the Egyptians is that of the Chinese, in reference to the rooms of their dwellings, in our own day; for they are adorned with pictorial characters, conveying wise sayings and moral precepts; combining in the person of one artist the work of the scribe, the painter, and the engraver.

Recent discoveries enable us to call up before the mind Nineveh, that "exceeding great city," where the arts of life attained their utmost elevation. Passing a ponderous and richly-sculptured gate, we see, at certain distances within the walls, other gates flanked by towers adorned by sculptures, or gigantic figures, as winged bulls or lions. Lofty pyramidal structures arise, which served as watch-towers. Tents, often visible within the walls of Oriental cities, occupy open spaces. Other spaces, without the great public edifices, are covered by private houses, standing in the midst of gardens, and built at a distance from each other, or forming streets, which inclose gardens and even arable land, and stretch out to a vast extent.

Distinguished from all other residences is a palatial edifice: its doorways are formed by gigantic winged lions or bulls, or by figures of guardian deities, and lead into apartments which again open into more distant halls. The pavement of these rooms is of sunburnt bricks, or alabaster slabs, of a color agreeable to the eye; and the ceilings are divided into square compartments, inlaid with ivory, adorned with gold, and richly painted with flowers. The tables, seats, and couches are made of metal and wood, some being inlaid with ivory; the legs of the chairs are tastefully carved, and terminate in the feet of a lion or the hoofs of a bull, made of gold, silver, or bronze.

In the walls of the chambers, as in those of the hall, are alabaster slabs, used as panels, with various scenes depicted upon them, and painted in gorgeous colors. *Here* appears the colossal figure of a king, in the act of adoring his chief divinity, or of receiving from his eunuch the holy cup; the robes of the sovereign and his attendants being painted with brilliant colors, and adorned with groups of animals, figures and flowers. *There* is a scene of a different character: the king, attended by his eunuchs and warriors, is entering into alliance with other monarchs, or receiving the homage of his captives. And beneath this range there is still a different spectacle: the siege—the battle—the triumph, are all sculptured by the artist's hand, and decorated with rich and glowing tints, while under each picture are engraved in characters filled up with bright copper, the descriptions of the various objects that are portrayed.

But as we survey building after building, the vast city teems with life. Myriads of rational and intelligent beings occupy its habitations and crowd its streets. Here are the architects, of consummate skill and taste—the builders who can rear edifices of the loftiest proportions and of real grandeur—the sculptors, who cannot only decorate with exquisite ability, but chronicle to coming ages events of the highest interest in the annals of Assyria—and the painters, who array their productions with the liveliest and brightest hues. Here, too, are the artisans, who work with ingenuity, taste, and skill, in wood, silver, copper, gold, lead, ivory, and glass—supplying the costume of the people, the furniture of their houses, their chariots, and missiles of war, and all that is required for the comfort, indulgence, luxury, defense, and enterprise of Nineveh's vast, energetic, and prosperous population.

But imagination only calls up the spectacle.

"Her walls are gone; her palaces are dust;
The desert is around her, and within
Like shadows have the mighty passed away!
So let the nations learn, that not in wealth,
Nor in the grosser pleasures of the sense,
Nor in the glare of conquest, nor the pomp
Of vassal kings and tributary lands,
Do happiness and lasting power abide;
That virtue unto man's best glory is,
His strength and truest wisdom; and that guilt,
Though for a season it the heart delight,
Or to worst deeds the bad man do make strong,
Brings misery yet, and terror, and remorse;
And weakness and destruction in the end."*

There is yet, however, one art, to which, in conclusion, a brief reference must be made; it is that by which thought is embodied in written and "winged words." We look with interest on the historic paintings of the Mexicans, on the hieroglyphics of Egypt, and on the cuneiform characters of Assyria and Persia; but we must not forget the fact, that the people of Israel—to whom we have frequently had occasion to refer throughout this paper—are distinguished from all other nations by the authentic history which they possess of their origin and of the most remarkable events of their subsequent progress, as well as by the predictions that regard their future lot. The most ancient books in the world were written, under Divine inspiration, by the hand of Moses; and Herodotus, "the father of history," was a contemporary of Malachi, the last of the prophets.

In general literature Egypt attained the earliest pre-eminence. To that country many went athirst for wisdom, while none of its children sought it in other climes. At Thebes was its library of sacred books, over which was the inscription, "The Remedy for the Soul;" while the hieroglyphics above the heads of "Thoth" and "Safk," as deciphered by Champollion, denote that the one was the "Lady of Letters," and the other the "President of the Library." Where, then, are we to look for the origin and early history of the arts associated with letters? Before the time of the patriarch Abraham the Egyptians were furnished with the scroll, or papyrus, and with the pen dipped in ink, with which its characters were inscribed. All the implements required for the process are exhibited in pictures of the remotest date. Even the Arabic numerals are older than any of the pyramids.

Small as is the number of our alphabetic signs, they are proved to be capable of more than six hundred thousand millions of billions of different horizontal arrangements. What a power is thus entrusted to the hand at the dictate of the mind—a power which, whether its range, its variety, or its permanence be considered, is alike unparalleled! When the costliest fabrics are moth-eaten, and the colors of the picture have fled, and the marble statue is defaced, and the proud and towering edifice is hurled into ruins, the written words may live, retaining all their power to strike on the mind, to touch the inmost chords of the soul. "Words," it has been said, "are the only things that last for ever." "The images of men's wits," says Lord Bacon, "remain unmaimed in books for ever, exempt from the injuries of time, because capable of perpetual renovation. Neither can they properly be called images, because they cast forth seeds in the minds of men, raising and producing infinite actions and opinions in succeeding ages; so that if the invention of a ship was thought so noble and wonderful, which transports riches and merchandise from place to place, and consociates the most distant regions in participation of their fruits and commodities—how much more are letters to be magnified, which, as ships passing through the vast seas of time, connect the remotest ages of wits and inventions in mutual traffic and correspondence!"

To write is therefore the noblest of the arts of life, and fearful is the responsibility of its exercise. Happy is he who constantly remembers it; and whose maturest thoughts, fixed in the palpable and deathless form of words, enlighten, elevate, and bless, even when the verdant grass is flourishing over his ashes.

* Atherstone.

TO A WHIP-POOR-WILL SINGING IN A GRAVE-YARD.

BY E. ANNA LEWIS.

Why, melancholy singer,
Dost thou hover here at eve,
Like one who loves to linger
Around the dead and grieve?
Why, in the night-time only,
Do we hear thy pensive lay?
Why art thou ever lonely—
Why shunnest the garish day?

Art thou minstrel born from Heaven,
Who comest to our earth,
At the silent hour of even,
To mock the voice of mirth;
And to soothe the sad and weary,
Who steal away to weep,
In the church-yard lone and dreary,
Or by the mountain-steep?

Art thou spirit of a maiden,
That restless roam'st the air,
With sorrow heavy laden,
And breathing thy despair?
Or one loved, but long departed,
That nightly dost draw near,
To soothe the broken-hearted,
Who are weeping, pining here?

I know not, solemn singer,
What thy deep grief may be;
Nor why thou here dost linger,
But oft thou seem'st like me—
A lonely one each morrow,
Apart from all the throng,
Whose deep and hidden sorrow
Bursts forth in plaintive song.

HESPERIUS—A VISION.

BY WM. ALBERT SUTLIFFE.

"WHITHER, sweet lady, whither? the night is chill;
  Weary and worn, say, whither tend thy feet?"
"Stranger! I come o'er moor and steepy hill,
  To hear the beat
Of ever-toiling billows—and to sail
  The midnight deep with daring canvas spread;
To seek some isle where storm may not prevail—
  Where tombs are never shaped for loved ones dead—
Where palmy summits lay
Their shadows in clear fountains all the day,
Where lilies lave
Their shining tresses in the resting wave;
Thither, kind stranger, through the night at rest,
I chase the stars down-sloping to the west."

"Lady, sweet lady, let me guard thee thither!
  The wave is treacherous, shivered oft by storm,
And many an ambushed wind quick-bringeth cloudy weather,
  And towering thunder-mist with secret lightnings warm;
Many unseemly rocks love human prey,
And devious currents often thrust astray;
A thousand maelstroms sing harsh Runic rhyme,
And sturdy gales beleaguer any time.
Let us be twin in hope, in weal or wo,—
Sweet lady, let me go!"

She smiled a quiet smile, and "Come," she said—
We entered in, our scanty sail we spread;
And as thin mists that creep
Out of a dingle deep,
  Where zephyrs dally,
And, wind-caught, float across the dewy lawn,
When comes the dawn;
  So we before the breeze, that then did rally
Its powers to bear us on;
While she, wrapt up as from the night's cool kiss,
Lay like a chrysalis.

Westward we bore through that propitious night—
  Through the slow-creeping hours the moonshine lay
Upon her alabaster breast and tresses bright,
  Like furbished silver—Houri gone astray
  From Mahomet's heaven seemed she—gloriously
Shone her deep eyes, till down the silvered west
Pale Dian hid her shield in Ocean's breast.

And now Apollo
  Sprang, golden-sandaled, from his orient bed,
And quick his upward wonted path 'gan follow
  While westward still we sped.

Apollo clomb
The star-deserted dome,
  And, at the zenith sat, a noontide king;
There with his outspread hands,
Flaring upon the lands,
  Watched our white sail in the wind shivering.

Apollo sank
Adown the west, where many a cloudy bank
Waited his coming, as the down, a king—
  While careful shades 'gan clamber,
  Out of the night's dim chamber,
Night of the many eyes and dusky wing.

"Farewell, Apollo!"
The lady sang, "we follow
Thee to thy home, thy golden-curtained West;
  Amid the occident seas,
  Seeking Hesperides,
Floating, we chase thee o'er the rippled breast
Of Ocean in his rest.

"Come Venus from thy lair,
Up through the stirless air,
Quivering with Love's young heat and sweet despair;
As thou wast wont to quiver
Upon my childhood's river,
Where all the pendulous willows thrilled to bear
The breeze, as men do, care.

"Come out ye many stars!
The liberal night unbars
Your doors impalpable, that ye may see,
  And gaze a twinkling fill
  On human good and ill,
Till daybreak's irksome goad compelleth ye
Behind the azure sea.

"We come, we come,
Seeking an islet home,
Whose breezes all are balm, whose seas are calm;
  Where, when the eyes grow dim,
  Fair myths forever swim
About the inward vision, and no harm
E'er spreads a palsying arm.

"Here would we lie
Amid this tremulous beauty till we die;
Here would descry
Through roofing orange-boughs the pleasant sky,
And silently decay in rapturous ease,
When death so please."

She ceased; and now we slid along a sea
  Of tinted wavelets, such as ne'er before
  Had blest my seeing; on one side a shore
  Slipt past us backward, thickly over-bowed
With flowered shrubs and trees, all such as flee
  Harsh Boreal bitings where the North blows loud.

And now a quay we neared, whence led aback
Full many a leafy-hung, nymph-haunted track.
Then, slow-ascending a white marble stair,
  A grove we entered in, all carpeted
  With rarest moss, and every way there led
Dim paths 'mid obelisks and fountains fair,
  And sculptured graces, and some streamlets fled
All day and night down to the circling sea,
Singing fore'er in music's earnest glee.

Up 'mid the boughs the zephyrs went a-playing,
  Making the stars like swinging cressets seem;
And from the east came silver arrows straying
  Of Dian at her moonrise; while a stream
Of melody, the Bulbul, rose-embowered,
Incessant through the dew-tipt leaflets showered,
  Sweeter than any dream.

No earthly night,
Mantled with dismal light
This paradise; but a broad lovely moon,
  Made a glad twilight here,
  Unsoiled by any fear,
Or harsh intruding doubt, that comes too soon,
  And lays our bright-eyed hopes upon a cypress bier.

Anon, emerging from the woody maze,
  There sudden sprang upon the pleased vision,
  Glimpses of far Elysian,
Green meadows glowing through a golden haze,
And far-meandering walks, that rose and fell
'Twixt bedded asphodel.

And purling brooks went leaping here and there
  Over the flowered slopes all in a foam,
Pealing like vesper bells that win the prayer—
  Or silver voices calling loved ones home;
And many bees enringed the fragrant thyme,
And windy melodies stirred every full-leaved lime.

Here flowers grew in circles round and round,
  With broad, rich petals for queen's gathering,
There fountains sprang up with a clear, quick sound
  From vases, such as Babylonian king
Ne'er saw the like of; and their spray did fling
O'er pure white statues having marble care
Over the showered pearls and moistened air.

And ever as we past there ever grew
  Wondrous variety to stir the sense,
  Begetting impotence
Of fond expression, but a rapture true
Clasp't all the spirit in a dreamy fold
Of ecstasy and gold.

Until, through shady ranges of tall trees,
Threaded by every breeze,
And well-determined beds of every hue,
Orange, vermeil, and blue,
A central, templed hill, was near espied,
Down-slanting to the sea on every side,
With greensward terraces and blooming meet,
Sloped even to our feet.

Over the lawns were Dryads tripping far,
  And Hamadryads peeping from the wood,
And now and then a Naiad, like a star;
  And all were clothéd in a merry mood—
  For not a care there was o'er which to solely brood.

Upon the summit, soothed with lasting ease,
Sat the Hesperides
Beneath the orchard trees—
Sipping the beakered nectar seasoned well,
And temperate hydromel;
And tasting luscious fruitage, such as fell
From boughs 'neath which the scaly dragon rolled,
Lay glaring fold in fold.

"O can we herein bide!" the lady said,
  "I feel my head doth swim—
  My weary eyes are dim—
With too much pleasure is the sense o'erfed;
  How can we herein bide,
  And not some ill betide!"

Then said a voice, "Ye may not herein stay!
  But immortality
  May here inclosed be;
And ye are mortals—ye must hence away,
Or ere the night unwombs the clearer day.

"And ye must wait the riving of the chain
That gives surcease of pain,
And linger lone upon the evening shore
Till ye be ferried o'er.
But now the nymphs shall cease their merriment,
Ere yet your stay be spent,
And music shall be struck—shall charm and please
You to contented ease."

Then dropt a quiet o'er the enhancéd glee,
As when a Boreal night dusks o'er a frigid sea.

Next grew a hymning sonnet, worded well,
  Up 'mid the oaken boles, whose listening green
  Tented the Dryad scene,
Wavering across the silence with a spell
Worthy to sink the yesty broil of waves,
And bid huge winds creep into airless graves,
In barred Æolian caves.

"We sing, we sing,
The sweet lyre fingering
On every vibrant string;
The sisters of the sea,
Whose silken dynasty
Holds us in light, and long, and glad captivity.

"We sing, we sing,
The sweet lyre fingering
With sound like Hermes' wing—
Of nectarous draughts and deep,
Wooing the gods asleep,
What time the crystal honey-dews of heaven weep.

"We sing, we sing,
The sweet lyre fingering
Till windless woodlands ring;
How rich the lofty chime,
When gods converse in rhyme,
And far Olympian peaks reëcho all the time.

"We sing, we sing,
The sweet lyre fingering
With notes that éver cling,
The blue and airy dome
That floors the godly home
Where thunderous Jove is throned, and Here dwells at home.

"We sing, we sing,
With silver vibrating
Of every tuneful string,
The effervescing wine,
In beakers most divine,
By Hebe overbrimmed for whom the half-gods pine.

"Ah, well! ah, well!
Our island home we tell,
Where peace for aye doth dwell;
Where, from the drowsy deep,
A gilded mist doth creep
Up all the sanded shore to shrine us in our sleep.

"Away, away!
Our fingers cease to play
For alien ears our lay;
But, by the sea's low moan,
Sportive we go alone;
Our lyre's notes are dead—our measured hymn is done."

Then died the hymning sonnet, worded well,
Adown the oaken boles that pillared all the dell.

. . . . . .

Then all a day and night athwart the sea—
A day and night complete we backward sped—
And as the dawn grew red—
Our half-moon prow slid upward easily
Upon the margent of the ocean foam
That murmured by our home.

THE PEDANT:

OR CHAPTERS FROM A LIFE SPENT PARTLY IN CAROLINA.

BY HENRY HOLM, ESQ.

(*Continued from page* 24.)

CHAPTER V.

And as they oft had heard apart,
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for Madness ruled the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.
COLLINS.

THE reason why I came home without completing the tour of Europe was that my worthy father died insolvent. The little severalty which I had from my grandfather Winston, was in that most unmanageable of realties, which Randolph of Roanoke used to describe as the designation of a Virginian estate—"plenty of woolly-heads, plenty of gullies, but ne'er a shilling of coin." I managed, however, by favor of a young friend, an *attaché* of the Marshall and Pinckney legation at Paris, to go freely into the Low Countries, and as far up the Rhine as Heidelberg and the Schwarzenwald.

At the borders of Holland and Germany I lingered awhile, in the flat country near the Lippe, in the house of a licentiate in physic, who was about to emigrate to Philadelphia, and who was eager to learn English. In my turn I took some lessons in German. Pfeiffers was a smoker, and so was I. He was a violinist, and I played the flute. He loved to read aloud, and I loved to loll and listen, among the lindens of a low-lying but verdant village on the Rhine.

The book which engaged him just then, was a publication of Goethe's, translated from Diderot, entitled *Rameau's Nephew*. I mean Rameau the great musical composer. The original French I could never alight on; but the version was irresistibly comic, as I find on reperusal many years since. Diderot used to frequent the *Café de la Régence*, then as now, the resort of chess-players. There he found Légal, Philidor, and Mayot. And there he encountered the Nephew aforesaid, an odd mixture of pride and meanness, a man of drunken eloquence, venomous sarcasm, and music-mad enthusiasm.

"DIALOGUE.

"Ah, Monsieur Philosophe, so I meet you again! What are you after here among idlers? Do you likewise lose your time in peg-pushing? (Thus he denominated chess and draughts.)

"*I.*—No, but when I have nothing else to do, it is a momentary diversion to see whether they move aright.

"*He.*—A singular diversion, indeed. Leave out Philidor and Légal—the others know nothing.

"*I.*—And Monsieur de Bussi; what say you to him?

"*He.*—As chess-player, that he is what Mlle. Clairon is as actress; both know as much of their play as one can learn.

"*I.*—You are hard to please. I observe that none but preëminent men meet your approbation.

"*He.*—Ay, at chess and draughts, poetry, eloquence, music, and such like trumperies. Who wants mediocrity in these cases?

"*I.*—I almost agree with you. But many must attempt these arts in order that the man of genius may overtop them. Thenceforth he is *one* among many. But I have not seen you for an age. I never think of you but when I see you. Yet I am rejoiced whenever I recover you. What have you been about?

"*He.*—That which you and the others are about—good, bad, and naught. I have moreover, hungered and eaten if occasion served. Then I was sometimes athirst, and often drank; yes, and my beard grew and I was shaved.

"*I.*—There you were wrong; for the beard is all you lack in order to be a sage.

"*He.*—Quite so! My brow is large and wrinkled, my eye flashes, my nose is high, my cheek is broad, my eyebrows brown and heavy, the mouth well-disclosed, lips well-turned, and the face square. Take notice, this huge chin, if covered by a long beard, would look well in brass or marble.

"*I.*—Beside Cæsar, Marcus Aurelius, Socrates?

"*He.*—No! I would rather stand betwixt Diogenes and Phryne. I am as shameless as one, and would gladly visit the other.

"*I.*—You are always in good case?

"*He.*—Yes, usually; but not particularly so today.

"*I.*—What! with this rotundity of Silenus, and a countenance—

"*He.*—A countenance that— Do you consider that the bitter humor which shrivels up the uncle, makes the nephew fat?

"*I.*—*Apropos!* Your uncle. Do you see him often?

"*He.*—Yes, often passing in the street.

"*I.*—Does he render you no service?

"*He.*—If he serves any body, it is without knowing it. He is a philosophe in his way; he thinks only of himself, and the rest of the world he regards as his bellows-hand. His wife and daughter may die for all that he cares, provided the bells that toll them to their grave ring in just twelfths and seventeenths. A lucky man is he! and I know how to reckon this

quality in your men of genius, that they are good at one thing, and over and above this nothing. Nothing know they of being citizens, fathers, mothers, kinsmen or friends. *Inter nos*, one would crave to be like them; only wishing that the growth should not become too common. We must have men—not men of genius. No, surely no! These are they who turn the world upside down, and the folly of individuals runs so high at present that one can't repress them without manœuvre.—No! the monk's wisdom, in Rabelais, is the true wisdom for our peace, and the peace of others. To do duty, as far as may be, to speak well of the prior, and to let the world wag as it will. And things go right well, for the mass is content with this. If I knew history, I would prove to you, that all the ills on earth come of your men of genius; but history I know none, because I know nothing. Confound me if I ever learnt any thing, and I find myself none the worse off. One day I was at the table of a royal minister, who had mind enough for a dozen. He proved, as plain as two and two make four, that nothing is more useful to nations than lies, and nothing more hurtful than truth. I can't recall his argument, but it followed as clear as a sunbeam, that men of genius are utterly abominable, and that if a man discerns in his child a token of this perilous gift of nature, he should strangle or drown him.

"*I.*—And yet the people who deem thus of genius all think they possess it."

Such is an introduction to this odd creation, on which the merry Frenchman dwells for a hundred and fifty pages. Some of the passages which my host gave with energy, between the gusts of his meerschaum, are altogether untranslatable. And yet am I tempted to essay one of the vagaries of the mad satirist.

"*I.*—There is some reason in all that you say. [He had been enlarging on the French music of that period.]

"*He.*—Reason? So much the better. That comes seasonably. Think you I am like the musician in the *cul-de-sac*, as my uncle showed himself? For my part, I make a hit. A collier 'prentice shall talk better of his trade, than an academy and all the Duhamels on earth.

"Here he paced up and down, murmuring airs out of the *Ile des Fous*, the *Peintre amoureux de son modèle*, the *Maréchal ferrant*, the *Plaideuse*—while ever and anon he would stretch hands and eyes and cry, 'Is that fine? Heavens, is that fine! Can a man have two ears on his head and ask such a question?' Upon which he would become sentimental again, sing softly, and then elevate his voice as he grew more passionate. Then came grimaces, twists of visage, and contortions of body. Said I to myself, 'Well, he is losing his wits, and some new scene is coming.' And in fact he burst out afresh, singing, *Je suis un pauvre miserable—Aspettar e non venire*, etc. etc. He collected and confounded thirty airs, Italian, French, tragic, comic, of every sort and character. Now, with a deep basso he would sink down to the shades; then, contracting his throat, he would rend the heights of air with a pipe-like note, imitating with gait, *pose*, and motions, different musical personages, by turns raving, melted, beseeching and derisive. Now he is a little maid, weeping, and he represents all her petty blandishments. Then he is a priest, a king, a tyrant; he threatens, prays or rages—again, he is a hearkening slave. He grows tender, he despairs, he bewails and laughs, always in tune, in time, in full sense of the words, character and action.

"All the chess-players had left their boards and gathered around him; the windows of the café were besieged outside by passers-by attracted by the noise. The laughter was a peal which threatened the roof. But he perceived nothing, but ran on, carried away by such an alienation of mind and an enthusiasm akin to mania, that it is doubtful whether he would have come to himself, or have to be thrown into a hackney coach and carried to a mad-house singing a snatch from the lamentations of Jomelli.

"Anon, with the utmost precision, truth and incredible warmth, he repeated the finest passages of that portion; the beautiful obligato recitative, where the prophet depicts the desolation of Jerusalem, till he drew a flood of tears; there was not a dry eye. There was nothing more to be desired in tenderness of singing, or force of expression and of grief. He dwelt especially on the places where the artist most evinced himself the great maestro. He abandoned the vocal part, flew to the instrument, and then returned in an instant to singing, so hurrying this transition, that the connection and unity of the whole were maintained. Was I astonished at him? Yes, I was astonished. Was I moved to sympathy? I was, indeed, so moved, but with a dash of the comic mingling with the emotion and modifying its nature.

"But you would have broken into laughter at the way in which he imitated the different instruments. With swoln, out-puffed cheeks, and a rough, obtuse tone, he represented horns and bassoons; with a crying, nasal tone the oboes; with incredible quickness he hurried his voice to mimic stringed-instruments, trying most exactly to give their respective sounds; piping for the piccolos, cooing for the flutes, screaming, chanting with the looks of a maniac, and representing solo the danseurs and danseuses, the men-singers and women-singers, a whole orchestra, a whole opera-house, splitting himself into twenty different *roles*, hastening, retarding, with the mien of one 'rapt, with eyes winking and mouth in a foam.

"The heat was overpowering, and the moisture, following the furrows of his brow and the length of his cheeks, mingled with his hair-powder, and drizzled the upper part of his coat in gutters. What did he not attempt? He cried, he laughed, he sighed, he gave looks of tenderness, quiet and rage. Now it was a woman, sinking in wo, a wretch yielding to despair, a lofty temple, or birds losing themselves in the silence of eve. Then it was brooks of water, gurgling in some cool and lonesome place; or a torrent dashing down from mountains; a tempest; the wailing of dying men, mingled with the whistling of the wind; the roar of thunder; then night with its darkness,

stillness and shade—he even represented silence by sounds. He was entirely beside himself. Exhausted by effort, like a man awakened from sleep or a long swoon, he remained motionless, heavy and stunned. He cast glances around, like one bewildered who tries to recognize the place in which he comes to himself. Awaiting the return of his forces and his senses, he mechanically dries his face. Like one who, awaking, finds his bed surrounded by a great number of persons, in utter forgetfulness and deeply unconscious of all he has been doing, he exclaims at the first moment—'Now, Messieurs, what is this? Why this mirth? What are you wondering at? What is the matter?' . . . Then he adds, 'This is what they call being a musician! But, indeed, some of Lulli's songs are not to be despised, The scene *J'attendrai l'aurore* can't be bettered, unless you alter the words. I challenge any man. No man shall condemn certain passages of Campra, his military marches, the violin-pieces of my uncle, his gavottes, his priestly and opera parts, *Pâles flambeaux, Nuits plus affreuses que les ténèbres. . . . Dieu du Tartare, Dieu de l'oubli.*' . . . (Here he strengthened his voice and sustained the tone with power. Neighbors thrust their heads through the windows; we put our fingers in our ears.) 'For this,' said he, 'one must have lungs, a great organ, and plenty of air. But Ascension is arrived, Lent and the Three Kings are over, and yet they do not know what to set to music, nor consequently what benefits the composer. Lyric poesy is yet unborn; but they already approach it, if they give head enough to Pergolesi, to the Saxon, the Terradeglids, Traetta and others; and if they only read Metastasio often enough, they have already attained it.'"

CHAPTER VI.

Ah! plus que jamais aimons-nous,
Et vivons et mourons en des lieus si doux.
LES AMANTS MAGNIFIQUES.

The day when one who has been a scribbler begins to resort to dictation, he loses half the pleasure of authorship. No one could desire, indeed, a lovelier amanuensis than my grand-daughter Alice, who now sets down my reminiscences, as I walk up and down the gallery of the long, overshadowed house, smoking my pipe, and uttering what I hope will be considered harmless gossip. Alice might justly blush, if I should make her pen her own praises; so, while she takes pity on my failing eyesight and my *cheragra*, I will respect her bashful fears.

We have had a house full of company, such as Carolina mansions glory in. Carriages, filled with happy fair ones, under conduct of gay fellows careering alongside, on young horses of great pedigree, have passed away in such number that my plain, but spacious old tumble-down house seems quite a solitude. Of white faces, there are none but Alice's and mine; for I count not the overseer and his swarming cottage, half a mile off, just beyond the copse of chinquepins. The lawn around the dwelling was laid out as I now behold it, about the year 1750. My father, who kept a diary, has recorded the planting of those towering catalpas, which in June were covered with tropical luxuriance of blossom, and now hang heavy with the verdure of their broad, damp, succulent leaves. The oaks were left from a primitive forest. Three lofty pines mark the spot for the distant traveler. If I could but prevent unsightly gullies of reddish earth, and could coax the scanty grass to mat itself English fashion, I should envy no one his surroundings. But if we have not the smooth, close-shaven green of Christ Church Meadow or Windsor Park, we have a balmy atmosphere and a gorgeous Flora and vocal hawthorn thickets, and dewy odors, such as are unknown in colder climes. Leaving poetry out of the question, our mocking-bird (a misleading name) is not inferior to the nightingale. He is also a songster of the night, and in these regions continues his visits through a longer portion of the year than his transatlantic rival. The mighty fragrance of our magnolia, though oppressive near at hand, comes mitigated on the evening breeze from the river lowlands. Our groves are draped with a thousand fantastic hangings of vines and parasitic plants; and cool springs break forth in more than one spot on this wide, half-tilled estate, which threatens, year by year, to slip out of the family.

Ah me! When I look over my broad acres, some in rustling corn, some in bristling wheat, and some in rank tobacco, omitting tracts of old-field thickly set with volunteer pines, and prairies of stubbly broomsedge, I find every part indissolubly connected with that relation of master and servant, which is an abomination to Mr. Bull and Master Jonathan. I have read the great writers on this head, from Clarkson down. I have familiarized myself with the portrait of the slaveholder, strong in colors of crimson, and illustrated with borders of whips and manacles. But, for my life, I cannot see in yonder cheval-glass any resemblance. Alice, dear child, does not discern in my face any decided lines of truculence; and the very Africans, who have grown old beside me, manifest no dread, but rather cling to my tottering form with a loving regard that is almost filial. I turn my eyes to them, but they are not like the pictures on certain books and hand-bills. Sometimes they are hard-worked; so am I. Sometimes they have felt the burden of bad seasons; so have I. But they are not haggard, they are not melancholy, and they are not malignant. I see the smoke from their little hamlet of clustered houses (for the negro loves his fire at all seasons;) I hear the resonant laugh echoing among the rocks, and shall shortly hear the banjo and the chorus. In bed and board they are better off than the peasants I have seen in the Scotch Highlands, in Savoy, and in Normandy. Of physical suffering they have less than soldiers and sailors. In morals and religion they surpass their free brethren in Philadelphia and New York. I wish in my heart they were all free—if it would make them any happier. But I would no sooner cast them on the wide world, in their actual condition, than I would disperse a family of babes, proclaim a republic in Madagascar, or tear a tortoise from the bondage of his shell. It was not I who stole them from Africa; they were

born on the same lands where we live together; and there is not a sunlight or a shade falling on my lot, which does not in due proportion cheer or sadden theirs. Let us call another case, Alice! This philanthropic mystery is too deep for my decrepit wits.

CHAPTER VII.

"Ilion in Tyriam transfer felicius urbem."
OVID—HEROIDES.

Philadelphia was the city to which Gottlieb Pfeiffer was bound; and after a tedious beating up stream from the Capes of Delaware, we saw its neat brick rows, its trim rectangles, and its lone steeple, in one of the last years of the last century. Pfeiffer was always talking of a certain regenerator of education whom he called Basedow—a type of Pestalozzi and Fellenberg, only with a dash of crazyhood, and a streak of jacobinism. My young German was going to a village called Germantown, I forget how many miles from the city; where his uncle was a leader among the sectaries called Mennonites, or vulgarly *Menneeses*. He was a very Quixote in education, and was about to rear the tender youth without bench, birch, or berating, and almost without book. He was to teach *more Socratico* out of doors, by sheer talk, along the romantic Wissahiccon and the slopes of Chestnut Hill. I gave him my adieux, as he sallied out on his first lesson, with a covey of younglings under his guidance. Poor fellow! he was carried off by the yellow fever.

The Philadelphia which I remember was a sweet and gentle city. Many a boy and girl was then to be met, in all the rigor of plain dress, pacing to Arch Street Meeting. Shade trees were abundant in the great streets. The Chestnut Street Theatre was still called the "New Theatre." Morris's famous house was still visible; you got into the country a few hundred yards westward of the old prison; the Dock draw-bridge was in its glory; and many rows of houses in Front street were chequered with glazed brick and adorned with porch-benches. There was a soothing, umbrageous quietude in those broad, well paved stretches of Third street, where tall old fashioned mansions seemed to retire a little under spreading elms, in dignified coolness. I am afraid I should not know the places again. The calm and stillness of Penn's spirit was yet hovering over the town, with a shade and a natural grace which have long since been scared away by steam-wagons and engine-campaigns. But what was all this to a bewildered creature, who had gained glimpses of the old world before he had studied the new; who had gone over sea dreaming that he was rich, and had come back assured that he was poor; who had been ill-taught and was nevertheless to redeem his patrimony by labors beginning in a log school-house.

CHAPTER VIII.

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew;
But past is all his fame: the very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot."
GOLDSMITH.

In a country where so many hundreds of eminent men have begun public life by schoolmastering, it would be a great piece of affectation in me, if I should employ any deprecatory expressions, or apologize for any determination to repair losses by "taking a school." The only apology which now seems necessary, is for the presumption of dreaming that by such an occupation any man could make money. In truth, I knew then as well as I know now, that school keeping was not a specific for raising the wind, but I did not know as well as I know now, that it was not in public esteem a literary profession. Though not learned I was fond of books, and took to teaching as I once fondly thought of taking to book selling, because I fancied it would bring me into connections with the wisdom of past ages.

My schoolhouse was on the edge of a pine forest, a few hundred yards from where a brawling spring-head burst out of the embankment of rock, some miles from any human habitation. It was not favored with any extensive distant prospects. Could I have perched with the crows which abounded there on the top of some eminent tree, I might have seen the broad but turbid Roanoke, sweeping its heavy tide around a neighboring bluff. But we were shut in to forest scenes. No one who has lived among them can forget the moaning sound made by even a gentle wind among the great branches of the pines; or the solitude formed by their dark surrounding shroud; or the mosaic of sunlight and shade on the earth when rays break through the network of boughs. But the monotony was oppressive, and I sighed for those lighter and varied traits of nature, which belong to a less primeval state of the world. In quiet hours, the wild-turkey's cry would be heard in the brake; the shrill red-bird, and the shy wood-lark were scarcely ever wanting; and several species of squirrel made no stranger of me, but dropped nut-shells from the hickory over the roof of my academy.

Take a view of the aforesaid seat of learning. The hour is noon. You might take this long house of logs for a châlet in the Emmenthal, if it were not for certain plain indications of another climate. There is a hum of bees through a thousand vines and dogwoods. The song of birds has lulled at this hour of heat, except perhaps the wearisome repetition of his double note by the chewink. But this intermission brings out more fully the music of the brook as it murmurs over the pebbles. The "scorpions"—start not, gentle reader at this southern name of the poor *lacerta*—peep round the gnarled bole of the pine, where the turpentine reflects the burning ray. Two or three switch-tailed horses are tethered in the oasis, ready to carry home double or triple loads of the young academicians. Hats, sunbonnets, and even coats, are hung upon the alder branches. Under the brow of the rock is a row of dinner baskets; and two or three jugs of milk are immersed in the darkest, coolest corner of the spring. Two fiddles and a flute are hid away among the broad leaves of a grape vine that clambers up the bank. All this will be obscure to such as have never gone to an "old-field school." Inside, the

scene is more lively but less idyllic. By counting several who never appeared, I think I made my school to number fifteen, as a maximum. Four or five short wooden forms, with some sloping boards for desks, and a straw-bottomed chair for the master, made up the compliment of furniture; for I scarcely reckon a churn-like vessel at the door, duly *toted* on the head of a laughing negress, every half-hour, and emptied by two or three gourds with fantastic handles.

One thing is certain—I was as autocratic as Nicholas or Crusoe. My voice was the sole code of laws and often the text-book. The system was the *sic volo, sic jubeo*. The hour of beginning was denoted by my clattering up the pebbly path on my black steed, Rhinoceros. This dispersed the squads around the spring, and broke up the concert under the alders. Little Nanny Lee, who was the Jenny Lind of our community, would sometimes carol away after my ferula had given its three knocks; but we soon fell into places. Ours was a loud school. There was no rubric enjoining silence. There was no reading to one's self. Hark! the grand overture is performed by the simultaneous play of tenore and treble instruments. One piping voice is rehearsing the alphabet and another the "twenty pence is one and eightpence;" another is reading of one who unrighteously ascended the apple tree and was experimented on by fair words, grass, and other missiles. A croak between boy and man, is galloping over the *quadrupedante putrem sonitu;* while Mr. Blaney (we always called him Mister,) is in a dignified soliloquy over the trigonometrical survey of a polygonal field, with half-a-score of instruments laid out before him. If my ear serves me, there is a *sotto voce* addition of uncommanded recitations, concerning cats-cradles, tit-tat-to, and jack-straws.

Scorn not—O ye, who court the muse in Gothic quadrangles, and alcoved libraries, where the light colors your folio through "storied window, richly dight"—scorn not, the lowly lessons of the Red Swamp School-house! Its windows were not all glazed, nor were the crannies of its logs all stopped; but the sun has seldom broken in on brighter faces than some that were radiant in that little company. Though a few were barefoot (how otherwise could they have waded for hours in the rippling stream!) a few were the children of wealth. Among them was one who has since held the ear of a senate. And among them was one—alas, that she should have had me for a master!—who made deeper wounds than she ever knew. But Judith—thou shalt not have thy cruelty exposed!

CHAPTER IX.

"'Tis true, he has a spark just come from France,
But then, so far from beau—why, he talks sense!"
FARQUHAR.

Riding was an accomplishment among the Romans, as it is in England and some parts of America; but in the South it is one of the necessaries of life. The bareheaded negro child mounts all the colts in the pasture, strains his horse over boundless meads, recking little of falls upon the yielding earth, which indeed seldom occur, and clings to his seat with the tenacity of a limpet. Before he has arrived at the dignity of the hat, he has learned to swim rivers and play the feats of a Centaur. My young master is not slow to practice in the same school, so that the cavalry has had some of its most daring and elegant riders from this part of the Union. I can no longer throw my leg over a saddle; but I still recall the flush with which, accompanied by gallant comrades, I swept through forests, which to an unaccustomed eye had seemed impassable, or, stooping low, pierced the tangle of a brake, up from the basin of some low and deeply shaded stream. For years did I look to the grooming of my spirited Rhinoceros, who repaid the attention by a docility which concealed itself under a show of perverseness.

The long evenings of summer found me sallying on rapid expeditions to the estates of my father's friends; and I passed more nights in such hospitable mansions than in my own humble lodgings. Hospitality is the law of the land. Where towns are rare and newspapers infrequent, and where even the mail in those days came only once a week, it was doing a generous favor to enter a neighbor's doors for a long visit, the host would be out before I could dismount, and sometimes a bevy of ladies clustered at the door.

Let me tell the truth. On looking back I perceive that while a flow of unimpeded talk, often prompted by large and capricious reading, made me welcome to every circle, I was, nevertheless, by no means successful in my personal overtures to the reigning sex. It was mortifying to me to observe, that many a roystering bumpkin, full of health and ignorance, made his suit in less time and with fewer embarrassments than I. Even my voyages and travels were of little avail. Indeed, in a self-contained community, where every thing goes by clanship and family tradition, and where the sight of a foreigner is commonly the signal for a joke, there is less éclat in foreign travel, than in seaports and great cities. I was glad, therefore, to fall back on county-connection. My father had married into a distinguished family, who, though poor, could hold up their heads. One of my uncles was high sheriff, and my cousin was in Congress. Revolutionary officers were still living who were of my kin. And I enjoyed a pretty free access to what are somewhat offensively called the first families.

After all I was known to be a poor schoolmaster, and suspected—as I now think, justly, of being a pedant. It would be both sad and comical, if I were to record my experiences as a teacher; the plans I dreamed over; the schedules I copied on large paper; the attempts to make the big boys talk Latin; the experiments in physics which burst my retorts and burnt my fingers; the amazement of parents and the fun of children. I verily believe there was not a more chimerical or less useful teacher, south of Mason's and Dixon's line. Lessons went to leeward, while I was drifting away after a project of a new Latin Grammar. The primers were made into boats

and cocked-hats, while I invented a new orthography; and my best coat was sewed over with bits of red flannel, while I draughted a lecture on Female Education. Donald Gordon courted Judith Brewster, during the very period in which I was bringing her to the point of conjugating *amo, amare, amari.* Early hours and hard reading, kept me still advancing in a sort of miscellaneous and preposterous condition. I began a hundred pursuits, with the *furore* of a crusader. I gathered flowers for an herbarium, and pasted wrong names on the species for want of a master. I made maps of the stars, and pointed them out to Judith, as we walked on the top of the house. My only Italian book was an odd volume of Dante, which broke me down after getting half way up the circling Babel of the Purgatory. My version of the Bucolics shamed me beyond expression, on comparison with Dryden.

In riding about the country, I fell in with planters and county-court lawyers, and doctors, who had little Latin and less Greek, but who nevertheless foiled me in argument. They knew how to talk of crops, of "good seasons for stripping tobacco," of the weather being giv-y, of long and short staple in cotton, of horizontal ploughing, and of prices at Liverpool; while they could also connect with these questions the political economy of our great products, the effects of the British policy on our carrying-trade, and the theory of state-sovereignty as discussed in Congress. All these things were beyond my ken. That "reading" which "makes a full man" made me often seem a very foolish one. I made blunders in history, and was innocently unacquainted with several dates, such as George Mason's letters and the Battle of the Cow-Pens. I could have said much about Aegos-Potamos, or the Thirty Tyrants; but my old-time studies were very rapidly turning me into a mummy.

I dictate these confessions, *in perpetuam rei memoriam*, to guard solitary and too-forward boys from going too freely before the gales of their literary propensities. Nevertheless, for individual delight, everlasting novelty and sweet recollections, I still hold my way to have been best of any.

CHAPTER X.

"He cherished his friend, and he relished a bumper,
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper—
Then what was his failing? come, tell it, and burn ye,
He was, could he help it? a special attorney."
GOLDSMITH'S RETALIATION.

The female readers of these rambling chapters have already been considering—no doubt—how some kind of a plot may be divined from the foregoing hints; but this arises from a total misconception of my plan.

Blessed ladies! toward whom, as viewed in imagination, my heart warms, and live coals stir among the hoary embers, I write not a romance or even a story. These are reminiscences, memorandums, odd leaves torn from the volume of recollection. Thanks to the modern way of publishing by piece-meal, my fair critics cannot be cheated of the *agrodolce* of the denouement by any perverse brother or nephew peeping into the last pages, and forestalling the catastrophe. No, the winding-up is not to be preposterously revealed. This were as disappointing as for a chemist to see some grand discovery which he longs for printed in the daily sheet before his investigations are half done. You remember Montaigne's story of the ancient philosopher and the dish of figs which had been laid in honey.

Bent on learning, and not a little conceited in regard to my small and fragmentary acquisitions, I rode about the county in search of some congenial characters, and certainly I alighted on some odd ones. The straggling village around our court-house comprised a church, a school, a doctor's house and laboratory, a store, several mechanics' shops, and two lawyers' offices. In one of the last mentioned lived Gideon Stowe.

Rumor says that Stowe was the son of an overseer; but he was in my day a man of wide-spread reputation at the bar. A strong savor of his plebeianism adhered to him, which he rather cherished than concealed. I see him now, a strong-built man of fifty or thereabout; large-headed, bald and glabrous on the crown, with curly gray-hair gathered around his thick neck. He wore blue broad-cloth, and a white neck-cloth, and his low shoes displayed the blue yarn stockings, which covered a sturdy leg even in summer. Of the graces he made small account. All dignity but that of sinewy argumentation he held far beneath him. I have seen him sit for hours on a court-day, on the counter of the country store, with his feet dangling, as he whittled off pecks of splinters and shavings from a bludgeon of soft pine, as he discoursed on constitutional law to the group who listened and admired. Stowe was the resort of desperate culprits, for an hundred miles around. He loved plantation-talk, was a thriving agriculturist, a wealthy man, and the father of numerous accomplished daughters. If the English of the highway was in any case stronger than the dialect of books he seized on it, as Cobbet used to do.

The collision of sturdy talk daily, for years, had so disciplined him, that his colloquies—when he found a fit antagonist—were like a game at quarter-staff: there was little breathing and there were hard knocks. Stowe was a devourer of books, not only in his own profession, but in history, politics, and theology. He knew little Greek, and no modern language but our own, but had taught himself Latin, which a prodigious memory enabled him to quote with force, though with a contempt of all quantity. He loved to crack the bones of tough places in Persius and Tacitus. His English favorites were Bentley, Warburton, Churchill, and the colloquial effusions of Johnson. The attractions to his house, even leaving five blooming girls out of the question, I found irresistible. But it was a fearful pleasure; for, until repeated floorings had taught me my place, he would bring me down with a momentum, as often as I dared to encounter him.

Anne Stowe, the third daughter, possessed the grace and gentleness of her mother—whom I never

knew,—together with some decided traits of the father's keenness and power. There are circles in which Anne would have been voted a *bas-bleu;* but singular beauty, and several accomplishments of the gayer sort attempered the severer tones of character. Her voice was an organ which subdued whole coteries into attention by its dulcet charm. She sung, she painted, she rode the great horse, she was a gipsy queen in pic-nics and aquatic adventures. Exquisitely susceptible of humorous impressions, and familiar with the purest writers of satire, Anne was never betrayed into a sarcasm; and her lofty sweetness repelled the forward trifling which is common among half-educated young lawyers. Altogether, she stood as a beautiful contrast to her Herculean parent.

When I look back over the days of my youth, I find few greener spots than the long winter evenings spent at the Maples. It was a huge, shambling, unfinished house, open to all comers, with fires worthy of a Saxon castle, and tables groaning with Homeric joints. These were not—alas! for Gideon Stowe—the times of "thin potations." When the ladies had retired, and the host called for hot-water and the "materials," his tongue was loosed, and he gloried in—what were to him—the "*noctes, cœnaeque deorum.*"

The short, broken, insufficient visits of a city, and the thronged assemblies of fashion, afford no specimens of, what used to be called in the period of Burney and Garrick, conversation. This must be sought where journals are rare, where hospitality is primitive, and where friends—who know one another—prize the continuous flow, and take time for it.

If I may venture a judgment, where there is room for bias and prepossession, I will declare my belief that these conditions no where meet in more perfection than among the educated proprietors of the South. Animated dialogue, from the necessity of the case, takes the place of purchased evening amusements. Wit and beauty are not confined to the sons and daughters of New England; nor will we readily yield to them in that glow, frankness and impulsion, which give electric force to countenance, voice, and gesture. Many a *soirée* have we kept up till the small hours, when a dozen horses were in the stables, and a tribe of swarthy retainers were making the joists ring in the neighboring dependencies. Here it was that in my heyday I forgot all the grammarians, from Priscian to Adam, all the classics, and all the marvels of the old world; but I was learning much of mankind in its best aspect, and not a little of myself.

Mem. Anne Stowe has been dead twenty years, and three of her sons have families near me. Her husband was a wealthy planter; but before he gained her hand she gave more than one refusal to an aspiring young fellow whose name I am not free to mention.

LIFE'S BATTLE MARCH.

BY MRS. J. H. THOMAS, (L. L. M.)

A MIGHTY throng are they who gird
Their armor for the strife;
And, with strong hearts, go forth to win
The battle-field of Life.

The good, the firm, the true, the brave,
The beautiful, are there;
Beside the stern, dark warrior's helm
Float woman's tresses fair.

Rose-lips are wreathed with lofty smiles,
Pale cheeks with ardor glow;
And fragile forms from easeful halls
To death or vict'ry go.

Nor fly they from the noontide heat,
To Pleasure's shaded bowers;
Firm fall the feet that trod, erewhile,
Among the dew-bright flowers.

To battle with Life's ills they go—
Those hopeful hearts and strong—
Nor shrink they from the toilsome march,
To struggle fierce and long.

These lessons trite they all have conned:
The proudest hopes may fall;
And Beauty, Life, and Bloom repair
To Death's great carnival—

Earth's clinging loves may fade away,
Like half-forgotten dreams;
And trusting hearts grow dark and cold
As cypress-shaded streams—

The calmest brow may droop with grief—
The brightest lip may pale;
And eagle eyes grow dim with tears,
When Hate and Wrong prevail—

And yet most glorious words, I ween,
Are woven in the song,
That breathes from every heart and lip,
As sweep those ranks along.

That Wrong and Hate, though leagued with Might,
And Grief, and Pain, and Wo,
Can never crush the True and Right,
Those brave hearts joy to know.

To each calm, earnest, onward soul,
The lofty faith is given,
That every flower that fades on earth,
Far brighter blooms in Heaven.

They know that each encounter stern
With Sorrow makes them strong;
And cheerily their bold, true hearts,
Uplift the glorious song.

They joy to know that soon their tents
On Time's dim shore will gleam;
That soon their steadfast ranks will stand
Beside Death's sullen stream;

That soon from the Eternal Walls
Heaven's silvery chime will sound;
And then Life's myriad victors be
With God's own glory crowned.

THE HARVEST OF GOLD.

THREE years ago, one Mr. Smith, a gentleman engaged in iron-works in Australia, made his appearance at the Government House, Sydney, with a lump of gold. He offered, for a large sum of money, to point out where he had got it, and where more was to be found in abundance. The Government, however, thinking that this might be no more than a device, and that the lump produced might, in reality, have come from California, declined to buy a gold-field in the dark, but advised Mr. Smith to unfold his tale, and leave his payment to the liberality of Government. This Mr. Smith refused to do, and there the matter ended.

On the third of April, 1851, Mr. Hargraves, who had recently returned from California, addressed the Government, stating that the result of his experience in that country had led him to expect gold in Australia; that the results of his exploring had been highly satisfactory; and that for the sum of five hundred pounds he would point out the precious districts. The same answer was returned that had disposed of Mr. Smith, but with an opposite effect; for Mr. Hargraves declaring himself "satisfied to leave the remuneration for his discovery to the liberal consideration of Government," at once named the districts, which were Lewis Ponds, Summer-Hill Creek, and Macquarie River, in Bathurst and Wellington—the present Ophir. Mr. Hargraves was directed to place himself at once in communication with the Government Surveyor.

Meantime, the news began to be whispered about. A man who appeared in Bathurst with a lump of gold worth thirty pounds, which he had picked up, created a great sensation, and numbers hastened to see whether they could not do likewise. The Commissioner of Crown Lands became alarmed. He warned all those who had commenced their search, of the illegality of their proceedings, and made earnest application for efficient assistance, imagining that the doings in California were to be repeated in Bathurst, and that pillage and murder were to be the order of the day. The Government immediately took active measures for the maintenance of order. Troops were dispatched to the gold fields, and the Inspector-General of Police received a discretionary power to employ what force he thought proper.

Great was the excitement in Sydney upon the confirmation of all this intelligence. Hasty partings, deserted desks, and closed shops, multiplied in number. Every imaginable mode of conveyance was resorted to, and hundreds set off on foot.

On the fourteenth of May, the Government Surveyor reported that, in communication with Mr. Hargraves, he had visited the before-mentioned districts, and after three hours' examination, "had seen quite enough"—gold was every where plentiful.

A proclamation was at once issued, forbidding any person to dig without a license, setting forth divers pains and penalties for disobedience. Licenses were to be obtained upon the spot, at the rate of thirty shillings per month, liable to future alteration. No licenses were granted to any one who could not produce a certificate of discharge from his last service, or otherwise give a satisfactory account of himself; and the descriptions of such as were refused were registered. A small body of mounted police were at the same time organized, who were paid at the somewhat curious rate of three shillings and threepence per day, with rations, and lodgings when they could be procured. Fortunately, there was no attempt at disturbance, for the Governor in a dispatch states, "that the rush of people (most of them armed) was so great, that had they been disposed to resist. the whole of the troops and police would have been unable to cope with them." The licenses, too, were all cheerfully paid for, either in coin or gold.

On the third of June, Mr. Hargraves (who, in the meantime, had received a responsible appointment) underwent an examination before the Legislative Council, when he stated that he was led to search in the neighborhood of Bathurst, by observing the similarity of the country to California: He found gold as soon as he dismounted. He found it everywhere; rode from the head of the Turon river to its confluence with the Macquarie, about one hundred miles; found gold over the whole extent; afterward found it all along the Macquarie. "Bathurst," observed Mr. Hargraves, "is the most extraordinary place I ever saw. Gold is actually found lying on the ground, close to the surface." And Mr. Commissioner Green, two days afterward, reported that "gold was found in every pan of earth taken up."

But the most important event connected with these discoveries, and which is without parallel in the world's history, remains to be told.

On the sixteenth of July, The Bathurst Free Press, commenced a leader with the following passage:—

"Bathurst is mad again! The delirium of golden fever has returned with increased intensity. Men meet together, stare stupidly at one another, and wonder what will happen next. Everybody has a hundred times seen a hundred weight of flour. A hundred weight of sugar is an every-day fact; but a hundred weight of gold is a phrase scarcely known in the English language. It is beyond the range of our ordinary ideas; a sort of physical incomprehensibility; but that it is a material existence, our own eyes bore witness." Now for the facts.

On Sunday, eleventh July, it was whispered about in Sydney, that a Dr. Kerr had found a hundred weight of gold! Few believed it. It was thought a capital joke Monday arrived, and all doubts were dispelled; for at mid-day a tandem, drawn by two grays, drew up in front of the Free Press Office. Two immense lumps of virgin gold were displayed

in the body of the vehicle; and being freely handed round to a quickly assembled crowd, created feelings of wonder, incredulity, and admiration, which were increased, when a large tin box was pointed to as containing the remainder of the hundred weight of gold. The whole was at once lodged at the Union Bank of Australia, where the process of weighing took place in the presence of a party of gentlemen, including the lucky owner and the manager of the bank. The entire mass weighed about three hundred pounds, which yielded one hundred and six pounds of pure gold, valued at four thousand pounds. This magnificent mass was accidentally discovered by an educated aboriginal in the service of Dr. Kerr; who, while keeping his master's sheep, had his attention attracted to something shining on a block of quartz, and breaking off a portion with his tomahawk, this hitherto hidden treasure stared him in the face. The lump was purchased by Messrs. Thacker and Company, of Sydney, and consigned to an eminent firm in London.

Meanwhile, the Commissioner reported a gold field many miles in extent, north-east of Bathurst, adding that it would afford employment for five thousand persons, the average gain of each person being *then* one pound per day; while provisions, which at one time had been enormously high, owing to the cupidity of speculators, had fallen so low, that the sum of ten shillings a week was quite sufficient for one individual's subsistence. The reports from the other commissioners were equally favorable; and it is gratifying to find that they all spoke in the highest terms of the orderly and exemplary conduct of the diggers.

Since the discoveries in the neighborhood of Sydney, there have been found, in South Australia, large tracts of country abounding in gold, only sixteen miles from Melbourne. The most recent accounts (December 15, 1851) from these regions are of a most astounding character. In the first week in December nearly fifty thousand pounds value in gold was brought into Melbourne and Geelong. The amount would have been greater but for want of conveyance. "To find quartz," says the Australian and New Zealand Gazette, "is to find gold. It is found thirty-two feet from the surface in plenty. Gold is actually oozing from the earth." Nuggets of gold, from fourteen ounces to twenty-seven pounds, are to be found in abundance. A single quartz "nugget," found in Louisa creek, sold for one thousand one hundred and fifty-five pounds. The Alert was on her way home with one hundred and thirty thousand pounds sterling in gold, and two other vessels with similar rich cargoes.

Every town and village were becoming gradually deserted. "Those who remain behind to mind the flocks demand such wages, that farming will not long pay. Labor is in such demand that any body with a pair of hands can readily command thirty-five shillings per week, with board and lodging." The Government Commissioners had given in their unanimous report, that the gold fields were already so extensive as to afford remunerative employment for one hundred thousand persons. In conclusion, the last advices describe the excitement as so intense that fears were entertained that sufficient hands would not be left to get in the standing crops.

Every week the number multiplies of gold-seekers' colonies planted about streams in Australia; at all, the conduct of the diggers is exemplary Most of them cease from labor on the Sunday, and spend that day as they would spend it if they were in town. The first keg of spirits taken into an Australian gold field had its head punched out by the miners; and Government has since assisted them in the endeavor to repress the use of stronger stimulants than wine or beer. Where every member of the community possesses more or less of the great object of desire; where stolen gold could never be identified; where it would be far from easy to identify a thief who passes to-and-fro among communities composed entirely of chance-comers, having faces strange one to another, a little drunkenness might lead to a great deal of lawlessness and crime. There are men, however, who will drink; and what are called by the miners "sly grog-sellers" exist, and elude discovery in every gold settlement. Yet we read of one man who, being drunk, had dropped the bottle which contained his gold, and are informed that he was afterward sought out, and received due restoration of his treasure from its finder. Some settlements are much more lawless than the rest, and we have read, perhaps, more ill of Ballarat than any other; yet it is of Ballarat that we receive the following sketch from a private correspondent.

The writer, with a party of four young friends, quitted a farm near Geelong, in October last year, to experiment as a digger at Ballarat until the harvest. One man at a gold field can do little for himself; a party of about four is requisite to make a profitable division of the labor. "With this party," our correspondent says, "I started on Thursday, October the second, for the Gold City of Ballarat. We took with us all requisite tools; a large tarpaulin to make into a tent; provisions to last us for two months. All this was stowed away in our own dray; and our man Tom accompanied it.

"This mode of travelling—the universal mode in Australia—is very pleasant in fine weather. We used to be up at daybreak, and start as soon as we had breakfasted. We would go on leisurely—for bullocks won't be hurried—and get through a stage of from fifteen to twenty miles, according to the state of the roads, allowing an interval of one hour for dinner. Then we would stop for the night at some convenient camping-ground, where there was a good supply of grass, wood, and water. There, our first proceedings were to make a big fire, and a great kettle of tea—a kettle, mind; then we rigged out a temporary tent, spread our beds on the ground, and went to sleep as comfortably as if we were at a first-rate hotel.

"On Monday night—having left the farm on the previous Thursday—we camped about two miles from the diggings; and making a very early start, we got in sight of them a little after sunrise.

"It certainly was the most extraordinary sight I ever beheld. Imagine a valley, varying in width from one hundred to five hundred yards, inclosed on either side by high ranges of hills, thickly timbered. Through the middle of this valley there winds a rapid little stream, or 'creek,' as it is termed here. On the banks of the creek, and among the trees of the surrounding ranges, were clustered tents, bark-huts formed after the native fashion with boughs of trees, and every kind of temporary habitation which could be put up in the course of an hour or two.

"Some idea may be formed of the number of tents and other habitations, when I say that there were then at least five thousand men at work within a space of about half-a-mile up the creek. All these had collected together in a few weeks; for it was only in the latter end of August that gold was first found in this out-of-the-way forest valley—now the site of the 'City of Ballarat,' as it was nicknamed by the diggers.

"We chose a place for our tent on a rather retired spot, not far from the creek; in a couple of hours our 'house' was put up, the stores stowed away inside it, and Tom and his team were off on the home journey to Geelong. Leaving the others to 'set our house in order,' get in a stock of firewood, bake a damper, and perform various other odd jobs attendant upon taking up one's residence in the Bush—Fred. and I set out to reconnoitre the scene of our future operations.

"The place where there was the richest deposit of gold was on the face of a hill, which sloped gradually down from the edges on the right-hand (or east) side of the creek, going towards the source. I mention these particulars, because it is worthy of note that almost all the principal diggings have been discovered in places similarly situated. The whole of the hill was what geologists call an 'alluvial deposit:' consisting of various strata of sand, gravel, large quartz boulders, and white clay, in the order I have named them. It is in this white clay, immediately beneath the quartz, that the gold is found. In one part of the hill, where the discovery was first made, this layer of quartz was visible at the surface, or 'cropped out:' in other parts it is to be met with at various depths, of from five to thirty feet.

"When first these diggings were discovered, there were, as might be expected, continual disputes as to how much ground each man should have for his operations. One party applied to the Government, which immediately appointed a Commissioner and a whole staff of subordinates, to maintain order and enforce certain regulations, made ostensibly for the benefit of the diggers. Of these regulations the two principal ones were, that each person must pay thirty shillings per month for a license to 'dig, search for, and remove gold' (I inclose you my license as a curiosity); and that no person could claim more than eight feet square of ground to work at, at one time. In consequence of this last regulation, the workings were concentrated in a small part of the hill, where the gold was chiefly to be found. This spot was perfectly riddled with holes, of from eight to sixteen feet square, separated by narrow pathways, which formed the means of communication between each hole and the creek. A walk about this honeycomb of holes was most amusing. The whole place swarmed with men; some at work in the pits; others carrying down the auriferous earth to be washed in the creek—in wheel-barrows, hand-barrows, sacks, and tin dishes on their heads. In some of the holes I even saw men digging out bits of gold from between the stones with a table-knife.

"Busy as this scene was, I think the scene at the creek was busier. Both banks, for half-a-mile, were lined with men, hard at work washing the earth in cradles. Each cradle employs three men; and all the cradles are placed close to one another, at intervals of not more than a yard. The noise produced by the incessant 'rock-rock' of these cradles was like that of an immense factory. This—together with continual hammering of a thousand picks, and the occasional crashing fall of immense trees, whose roots had been undermined by some mole of a gold-digger—made a confusion of sounds, of which you will find it difficult to form a just idea."

Our correspondent's party was not very fortunate in its researches at Ballarat. Having explained this to us, he continues to give his impressions of the place.

"When we arrived there, the influx of people was still going on; tents springing up at the rate of fifty per diem. This continued until the third week in September, when the number of persons on the ground was estimated at seven thousand. Strange as was the appearance of the place by day, it was still stranger at night. Before every tent was a fire; and in addition to this general illumination, there was not unfrequently a special one—the accidental burning down of some tent or other. These little conflagrations produced splendid effects; the bright glare suddenly lighting up the gloomy masses of trees, and the groups of wild-looking diggers.

"Noise, too, was a prominent feature of 'Ballarat by night.' From dusk till eleven P. M., there was a continuous discharge of fire-arms; for almost every one brought some kind of weapon with him to the diggings. Then there was a band which discoursed by no means eloquent music: nine-tenths of the score being monopolized by the drum. In the pauses of this—which occurred, I suppose, whenever the indefatigable drummer had made his arms ache—we would hear rising from some of the tents music of a more pleasing character. The party next ours sang hymns very correctly in four parts; and from another tent the 'Last Rose of Summer' sometimes issued, played very pathetically on the flageolet.

"Sunday was always well observed at the diggings, so far as absence from work was concerned: and there was Service held twice a day by different ministers. Altogether, though there were occasional fights—particularly on Sundays—there was much less disorder than one would have expected, where a large body of such men were gathered together. While we stayed, there happened only one murder

and two or three robberies. You must not take the quantity of gold we got as any criterion of the amount found by other parties. Numbers made fortunes in a few weeks. One party that I knew obtained thirty pounds weight—troy—in seven weeks; and a youth of seventeen, who came out with me in the 'Anna Maria,' received five hundred pounds as his share of six weeks' work. These are but ordinary cases. The greatest quantity known to have been taken out in one day, was sixty-three pounds weight, nearly three thousand pounds worth.

"On Wednesday, November fifth, we packed up, left Ballarat, and set off for Mount Alexander, where we arrived on the Saturday following. The Diggings there are not confined to one spot, but extend for twelve miles up a valley. The gold is found mostly among the surface soil; some I have even seen lying among the grass. We tried first at a place where there was only one party at work; and the trial proving satisfactory, we stayed there three weeks, and obtained thirty-six ounces of gold. For a few days we did nothing; and then we went over to some other Diggings about five miles off. Here we went "prospecting" for ourselves, and the first day found out a spot from which we took thirty-five ounces in one week—the last of our stay; eighteen ounces we found in a single day.

"We then started off, back to Geelong; for I was anxious to be back for the harvest. We reached home on Saturday, December twentieth."

Writing on the twenty-eighth of December, our informant adds:—

"This gold discovery has sent the whole country mad. There are now upward of fifty thousand men at work at the various diggings; of which I have only mentioned the two principal ones, Ballarat and Mount Alexander. Every body who can by any means get away, is off. It is almost impossible to obtain laborers at any wages. Half the wheat in the country will most likely rot on the ground for want of hands to reap it. Fortunately we shall be able to get in ours ourselves, for our man Tom is still with us, and Mr. R's four brothers will lend us a hand. We have a very good crop of wheat, for the first year; the barley, of which we had an acre or two, we have already cut and threshed, and are going to send a load in to Geelong to-morrow. I can handle the sickle and flail pretty well for a beginner. We shall cut the wheat next Tuesday. As soon as the harvest is over, and the wheat threshed out and sold, Mr. R. and I mean to make up another party and be off to the diggings. We cannot do all the work on the farm ourselves, and hiring servants now is out of the question. Men are asking seven shillings and sixpence a-day wages, and will only hire by the week at that rate. Things will soon be in the same state as they are in California. All ordinary employments will be put a stop to for a time; but there will no doubt come a reaction in the course of a year or two."

The reaction anticipated by the writer will not consist in a disgust at gold, or a decrease in the number of gold-diggers. It will be less a reaction than a recovery of balance. Although the gold in Australia is, on the whole, peculiarly accessible, and so abundant that a persevering worker cannot fail to draw a livelihood out of the diggings; yet there are very many workers who are not disposed to persevere. Experience has shown, that a large number of men who rush upon the gold field to pick up a fortune, like all sanguine people, take up quickly with despair, and come away after a few weeks of bad success. Of the large number of people who will be induced by their gold to emigrate into the Australian colonies, many will try the gold fields and abandon them, many will find their health or their acquired habits unsuited to the rough work of the diggings, and the "Home of the Gold Miners"—as one sees it advertised in Sydney papers, "weighing only twelve pounds—nine feet square by eight feet high, for thirty-five shillings." Such men and others will be more ready to spread about the towns and through the pastures. In a year or two there will be in Australia labor willing to employ itself as readily upon the fields as upon the gold, while the work will proceed at the gold fields steadily enough.

The contrast is very great between the orderly behavior at the gold fields in Australia, and of California. There are few fields, we are told, at which a miner might not have his wife and family; if he could provide accommodation for them, they would be as safe, and meet with just as much respect as if they lived in their own house in town. A clergyman, quitting the Turon settlement, publicly returns his "sincere thanks to the commissioners of the Turon, and to the mining population in general, for the many acts of kindness which he experienced during his short residence among them. He considers it his duty," he says, "thus publicly to state, not only his own personal obligations, but also the pleasure which he felt in witnessing the general desire of all classes to promote the object of his mission, and to profit by his humble labors; and if," he says, "he were to judge from their orderly conduct, and from the earnest attention and apparent devotion with which they all joined in the religious services of the Sabbath, he could not help forming a very favorable opinion of the miners. It cannot be denied that the great majority are sober, industrious, and well-disposed."

The weekly "Gold Circular," at Sydney gets poetical on the subject:—

"In our first shipment, we could count the value of the gold in pounds sterling by hundreds; in a few weeks it rose to thousands; in a few weeks more it became tens of thousands; and we are fast approaching a period when each ship will convey hundreds of thousands." At the time when that was written—on December sixth—in the very few months since the digging was commenced, there had been shipped from Australia, gold to the value of three hundred and twenty-nine thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven pounds; and since that time the yield of gold has been increasing. At the same time, California continues unexhausted, and the field of gold in Russia has enlarged.

It will be seen, therefore, that there is just reason for anticipating a change in the value of gold, which will begin to take place gradually at no distant time. The annual supply of gold promises now to be about eight times greater than it was at the commencement of the present century. The value of silver, with reference to corn, fell two-thirds in the sixteenth century, as that of gold is likely to fall in the nineteenth. The price of silver fell in consequence of the increased production from the great mines in America. A piece of gold is now assumed to be worth fifteen or sixteen like pieces of silver; during the Middle Ages it was worth only twelve such pieces. In Europe, under Charlemagne, ten pieces of silver were an equivalent; and, at one period in Rome, silver was but nine times less precious than gold: relative values, therefore, have varied, and they will vary again. Since they were last fixed by law, there have occurred no causes of disturbance. Now, however, a time of disturbance is again at hand.

In France, the monetary unit is a franc; and silver is, by law, the standard coinage; but, a supplementary law having assigned the value of twenty silver francs to pieces of gold of a fixed weight, our neighbors will not be exempted from our difficulty, and the French State, like the English State, may profit, if it please, at the expense of public creditors. Governments have only to do nothing, and a large part of their debts will tumble from them; holders of Government securities have only to be passive, and in the course of years their income will diminish sensibly. Debtors will hold a jubilee, and creditors will be dismayed, if gold shall be allowed to fall in value, without due provision being made to avert, as far as possible, all inconvenience attending that event.

In 1848, the value of gold had been for many years a very little more than the amount of silver allowed by law, in France, as its equivalent. The little difference was quite enough to put gold out of circulation. Gold was more precious as metal than as money: it was, therefore, used by preference as metal; when wanted as coin, it was only to be bought—at more than its legal current value—of the money-changers. There is a vast quantity of gold in circulation now, but it is newly coined.

The fall in the value of gold cannot begin to any appreciable extent, until the utmost available quantity has been employed upon the monetary system of the world. Coinage now goes on rapidly. A huge mass of sovereigns has lately been sent from England to the Australian colonies. When the depreciation once begins, it will be tolerably rapid. It is not absurd to calculate that, if the gold production should continue at its present rate, sovereigns will be as half sovereigns now are in value, in the course of about twenty years.

At the same time, it will be the duty of all States to take such precautions as shall make it impossible for a change of this kind to introduce confusion into commerce, or to change the character and spirit of existing contracts.

SEMINOLE WAR SONG.

BY WM. H. C. HOSMER.

Fire, famine, and slaughter,
Have wasted our band—
Our life-blood like water
Has moistened the land;
But truly our rifles
The bullet will speed,
While an arm can be lifted—
One bosom can bleed.

The raven is croaking
A dirge for the slain—
Our cabins lie smoking
On prairie and plain;
But paths we will follow
To carnage that lead,
While an arm can be lifted—
One bosom can bleed.

Our old men lie mangled
By wild-wolf and bear;
Our babes we have strangled—
Dread act of despair;
And vengeance will nerve us
To desperate deed,
While an arm can be lifted—
One bosom can bleed.

Pale robbers are swarming
In hammock and vale;
Their squadrons are forming
With flags on the gale;
We dread not their footmen,
Armed rider and steed,
While an arm can be lifted—
One bosom can bleed.

STABILITY.

BY J. HUNT, JR.

Be thou, like yon old mountain oak,
Of sturdy mien—in purpose strong;
And prove thyself to be unchanged,
In every sense, from Right to Wrong.

Let not success unbalance mind;
In adverse times be honest, then;
Support the Truth, and thou shalt march,
A monarch, in the van of Men.

LINES,

Suggested by reading an account of the very ancient Willow which still stands in what were once the gardens of Semiramis, at Babylon, with which it is supposed to have been coeval.

BY MRS. E. L. CUSHING.

Oh, solitary tree!
Living memento of the mighty Past!
Strange, dreamy images the mind o'ercast,
As dwell its thoughts on thee.

Where roved Semiramis
Thou still doth stand—perchance her foot she staid
Beneath thy silvery boughs—in their deep shade
To woo the zephyr's kiss.

There now, thou standest lone;
And as the winds thine ancient branches sway,
Thou dost respond to their light mirthful play,
With melancholy moan.

*The wandering Arab hears,
And deems in thee unearthly spirits dwell;
Then hastes with flying foot the tale to tell,
Of his dark doubts and fears.

Ancient, mysterious tree!
What secrets deep lie hidden in thy breast?
'T were strange, indeed, if aught *could* be at rest,
Knowing what 's known to thee.

Thou hast outlived thy race!
Lone dweller, thou, amid decay and death,
Where e'en the violet, with her perfumed breath,
No eye may ever trace.

Amid thy foliage dim
The wild bee murmurs not, nor e'er is heard,
'Mong thy pale folded leaves, the chant of bird,
Warbling her vesper hymn.

Not so, oh mournful tree!
When in their glory shone those gardens bright,
And plants of every clime, full fair to sight,
Smiled gayly there with thee.

Then thou did'st proudly wave
Thy graceful boughs above the queenly head
Of fair Semiramis, and soft dews shed,
Her beauteous brow to lave.

While at thy feet unrolled,
Lay Shinar's plain, in whose bright midst there shone
The hundred gates of mighty Babylon—
Her towers and domes of gold!

Where are her glories now—
Her valiant kings—and he who reared yon tower
To brave the heavens? Spent is their little hour!
Oh, tree! why lingerest thou?

There thou hast stood and seen
Their doom fulfilled—hast seen gray ruin sit
In their bright halls, and marked the dark bat flit
Where song and dance have been.

Hoary and voiceless tree!
Could'st thou find human utterance, to impart
All the bright secrets treasured in thy heart—
Dark would the history be!

Well might'st thou moralize
On worldly hopes—thou that canst boast a span,
Ne'er in Time's earliest records reached by man—
The mighty, nor the wise.

Briefer than thine, oh tree!
Earth's glories are; for thou hast seen them pass,
Age after age, as in a magic glass—
Yet change comes not to thee.

Still may Time pass thee by,
Untouched, unscathed—sparing thee still to bind
Us to the Past—thou that art close entwined
With its strange history.

* The creaking sound made by the branches of this aged willow, when moved by the wind, is believed by the superstitious Arabs to proceed from spirits dwelling among its foliage; and the fact that neither birds or insects ever frequent the tree, and that no flowers thrive in its vicinity, confirms them in their credulous belief.

SONNET—VIRTUE.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

Hail! holy Virtue! sweet celestial guest!
To earth descending from the realms above,
Erst camest thou a dear messenger of love!
Man's friend, be he or happy or distrest—
Bright emanation of the eternal Mind,
Thou express image of the One most high,
The God of gods—of matchless purity—
What refuge like to thee can we e'er find?
Check us when led by Passion's voice astray;
Each idle wish, rude thought, do thou control;
And fling thy golden radiance o'er the soul;
That "more and more unto the perfect day,"
It brightly still may shine—lit up by thee,
A thing sublime—undimmed throughout eternity.

THE SHARK AND HIS HABITS.

Far as the breeze can bear, or billows foam,
All seas their kingdom, and each clime their home.

As free as a bird says the proverb—as free as a fish say we; for if fish be not their own masters, who are? No other creature has half the facilities for shifting quarters and changing domicile that he has. Furnished with a body in itself a perfect locomotive, a vigorous tail for a piston, and cerebral energy in lieu of steam, the sea offers itself as a railroad of communication and transport in every direction, and the North or South Pole is the only natural terminus to the journey. Man cannot compete with fish here; for few, from various lets and hindrances, care to vagabondize at will, and of these, fewer still possess the means of indulging their fancies—yachts. The yacht animal enjoys himself, no doubt, cruising about the high seas for amusement; but this pleasure has risks, as well as obvious limits. Squalls may upset, or whirlpools engulf the frail craft; the masts may be struck by lightning, the keel by sunk rocks; her rudder may be carried away; her sails torn to ribbons; her ribs melt in the red glare of fire on board; or, if she adventure too far in northern latitudes, the crew is liable to incarceration; and fortunate if, after six months' bumping, "nipping," and crushing, they bring her off at last, and manage to escape white bears, famine, and an icy grave. Besides these liabilities to mischief, the wants of those on board compel constant forced halts; here for coal, there for water, and sundry runnings into harbor in dirty weather to the delay of the ship's voyage; all which "touchings" in order to "go" must retard a sigh in its passage from Indus to the Pole exceedingly.

In birds, wings supply the place and greatly exceed the efficiency of sails; but even wings have their limitations of action, and are also subject to many mishaps. Birds can neither soar toward heaven, nor skim across the waters without being continually made sensible of this; the stoutest pinion cannot long beat the icy air of high altitudes, and remain unnumbed; thus high and no higher may the eagle æronaut mount; and among birds of passage how many thousands die in transit to another continent; who, trusting—like Icarus—to uncertain wings, drop into and cover whole roods of ocean with their feathery carcases.

Quadrupeds again, are even more restricted in wandering over the earth; natural obstacles are continually presenting so many bars to progress in advance: the dry and thirsty desert where no water is; inaccessible snow-capped mountain ridges; the impenetrable screen of forest-trees; the broad lake; the unfordable and rapid river; the impassable line of a sea-girt shore; any of these impediments are enough to keep beasts within an area of no very great range. Thus it fares with all creatures, denizens of either earth or air; but none of these obstacles impede the activity of fish. They may swim anywhere, and everywhere, through the boundless expanse of waters; and, in defiance of trade-winds and storms, traverse the open seas at every season, unchecked; surrounded on all sides with suitable food, and finding at different depths a temperature alike congenial to health and comfort, whether in the torrid or the frozen zone. Some of the scaly tribe, to whom fresh water is not less palatable than salt or brackish, may even go far inland; visit without "Guide" lakes hitherto undescribed by tourists, or follow, à la Bruce, the meanderings of some mighty river from the mouth up to its sources. Supported in a fluid of nearly the same specific gravity as themselves, the upper portion of the body throws no weight upon the lower, and weariness is impossible. Where there is no fatigue repose becomes unnecessary, and accordingly we find these denizens of the deep—like their "mobile mother," the sea, "who rolls, and rolls, and rolls, and still goes rolling on"—are never perfectly at rest. When all the day has been passed in swimming, and the evening paddled out in sport, away float these everlasting voyagers in a luxurious hydrostatic bed, and are borne through the night wherever the current chances to carry them; and, with only an occasional instinctive gulping for a mouthful of air to replenish the exhausted swim-bladder, on they go till early dawn—bursting upon a pair of unprotected eye-balls, gives the owners thereof timely notice to descend deeper, and to strike out fins and tail in whatever direction waking thoughts may suggest. To such tourists Madame de Stael's definition of travel—*Le voyage, un triste plaisir*—cannot, of course, apply. Their whole journey through life is indeed singularly placid, conducing to health, and extreme longevity; for though it be not absolutely true as affirmed by Aristotle, that fish have no diseases or "plagues," it nevertheless is certain that large fish—adequately supplied with little ones for food, well armed, and capable of defending themselves against greater enemies—will live several centuries—a Nestorian age, to which immunity from sudden changes of temperature, as well as a secured sufficiency of wholesome diet, together with their well-known habit of taking things coolly, no doubt materially contribute. So long a period allowed for growth, and such a fine field too for development as the open sea affords, readily explain the enormous size reached by some fish of rapacity in their vast domains, and particularly by those ocean pirates, the dreaded and dreadful

sharks; who, according to the authorities, though "overwhelmed with cruelty," yet "come to no misfortune like other" fish; whose eyes swell with fatness; who do even as they list; growing up the terror of navigators and the scourge of the deep.

The ancients have left us many lively representations of the sanguinary proceedings of these ill-omened Squali, whose reign of terror, after four thousand years of historical renown, remains as firmly established over the waters as ever. In early times, several different species of sharks were confounded, and supposed identical; but as knowledge of the sea and its marine stores has increased, it is now ascertained beyond controversy that these cartilaginous monsters, all of whom are the same in daring and voracity, and terrible according to their size and strength, are of various species. Under the heading "Canicula," Pliny relates, in his usual pleasant style, the proceedings of one of these, evidently our Tope, the Squalus milandra of the French, La Samiola of the Mediterranean; where, by the way, they still abound, to the terror and detriment alike of Italian and Maltese boatmen. Though this Canicula averages but twelve feet, he is equal to the gigantic white shark in *cynopic* impudence and rapacity; he has often been known to seize sailors standing beside their craft, and tardy bathers still in their shirts. The poor pearl divers of the Indian seas have particular reason to dread his approach; and the method anciently adopted by them to evade his jaws is very similar to what the black population of the East follow to the present day, and generally with complete success.

"The dyvers, says Pliny, that use to plunge down into the sea, are annoyed very much with a number of Sea-hounds that come about them, and put them in great jeopardie . . . . much ado they have and hard hold with these hound-fishes, for they lay at their bellies and loines, at their heeles, and snap at everie part of their bodies that they can perceive to be white. The onely way and remedie is to make head directly affront them, and to begin with them first, and so to terrifie them; for they are not so terrible to a man as they are as fraid of him againe. Thus within the deepe they be indifferently even matched; but, when the dyvers mount up and rise againe above water, then there is some odds betweene, and the man hath the disadvantage, and is in the most daunger, by reason that whiles he laboureth to get out of the water he faileth of meanes to encounter with the beast against the streame and sourges of the water, and therefore his only recource is to have helpe and aid from his fellowes in the ship; for having a cord tied at one end about his shoulders, he straineth it with his left hand to give signe of what daunger he is in, whiles he maintaineth fight with the right, by taking into it his puncheon with a sharp point, and so at the other end they draw him to them; and they need otherwise to pull and hale him in but softly; marry, when he is neere once to the ship, unless they give him a sodaine jerke, and snatch him up quickly, they may be sure to see him worried and devoured before their face; yea, and when he is at the point to be plucked up, and even now ready to go abourd, he is many times caught away out of his fellowes hands, if he bestir himself not the better, and put his own good will to the helpe of them within the ship, by plucking up his legges and gathering his body nimbly togither, round as it were in a ball. Well may some from shipbourd proke at the dogges aforesaid with forkes; others thrust at them with trout speares and such like weapons, and all never the neare; so crafty and cautelous is this foule beast, to get under the very belly of the bark, and so feed upon their comrade in safetie."

The portraits of two other species besides the Canicula have been so well delineated by the ancients, as to render the recognition of the originals perfectly easy, and exempt from any possibility of mistake. One of these is the Saw-fish of modern writers, described by Aristotle under the name of *Pristis*, and by Pliny under the Latin synonym *Serra*. The saw, or rake, of this shark is at first a supple cartilaginous body, porrect from the eyes, and extending sometimes fifteen feet beyond them. In the earlier stages of development it is protected in a leathery sheath; but hardening gradually as the ossific deposition proceeds, its toothed sides at length pierce the tough integument; the Serra flings away the scabbard, and, after a very little practice, becomes a proficient in the use of his weapon, and always ready for instant assault upon any body or any thing that may or may not offer molestation. Thus formidably armed, and nothing daunted, the larger and fiercer the adversary the more ardently the Serra desires to join battle; above all, the destruction of the whale seems to occupy every thought, and to stimulate to valorous deeds; no sooner is one of these unwieldy monsters descried rolling through the billows, than our expert Sea-fencer rushes to the conflict; and, taking care to avoid the sweep of his opponent's tremendous tail, soon effects his purpose, by stabbing the luckless leviathan at all points, till he—exhausted by loss of blood—dies at last anemic, like Seneca in the bath. Martyns relates a fight off the Shetland Isles, which he witnessed from a distance, not daring to approach the spot, while the factitious rain spouted up from the vents of the enraged sea mammal, poured down again in torrents sufficient to swamp a boat, over the liquid battle field. He watched them a long time as they feinted, skirmished, or made an onslaught; now wheeling off, but only to turn and renew the charge with double fury. Foul weather, however, coming on, he did not see the final result of the fray; but the sailors affirmed that such scenes were common enough to them, and generally ended in the death of the whale; that when he was *in extremis*, the victor would tear out and carry away the tongue—the only part he cared for—and that, on his departure, they themselves drew near, and enjoyed undisputed possession of the huge carcase.

The other well-defined *Squalus* of the ancients is the *zygæna* of Oppian, the Marseilles Jew-fish, the Balance-fish, the Hammer-fish, and were these not aliases enough already, the T-fish might be sug-

gested as an appropriate synonym to add to the rest, the form of this letter suiting the outline of the fish to a tittle. The down stroke represents the body, and the horizontal bar at top the singular transverse head, at the opposite extremes of which two very salient, yellow eyes are situated, commanding from their position an extensive field of vision. When any thing occurs to ruffle the temper of the savage monster, these jaundiced eye-balls suddenly change to a blood-red hue, and roll, furiously glaring, in their projecting orbits; the portal of the mouth opens, and a huge, human tongue, swollen, inflamed, and papillated, surrounded by a whole armory of rending teeth, is thrust forth, presenting to view a creature so strange, hideous and malevolent, that nothing in nature can be compared to him. The domestic circle of the *Sqaulus zygæna* numbers every year twenty-four new members; this fearful fecundity of the mother is providentially kept in check by the violent decease of most of the young in cunabulis, for these little cacodemons, untaught by their parents or Dr. Watts to consider it at all "a shameful sight for *Squali* of one family to snarl, and snap, and bite," commit the most cold-blooded fratricides, and even eat one another, *proh pudor!* without any remorse; besides this, when grown-up relations come on a visit, the young set are not secure from "battle, murder, and sudden death," for a single moment, save when directly under the paternal nose; as a natural consequence, few of the nefarious brood survive childhood, or ever attain to full maturity of size and malice. Of such as escape infantine dangers, many in after life fall victims in hostile encounters with larger congeners; in particular with the white shark. The average length of the *S. zygæna* is only eight or nine feet, but he does not fear to confront the powerful Requin himself, and fight him, too, with such pluck, resolution, and fury, that though the greatly superior weight of the other at length prevails, the victor does not leave the bloody battle-field scatheless, but like a second Pyrrhus, with the conviction that one more such conquest would undo him. We never saw any of these sea-termagants alive and in action, and must therefore refer the reader for full particulars to M. Lacepède, who had that advantage; but to judge from sundry recently dead specimens, with fins down, tail at rest, the hammer head resting on the pavement, and one eye only to be seen at a time, she was quite ill-looking enough to justify belief in all that biographers have recorded against her.

These are the only three sharks of which the ancients have left us any discriminative account, though they doubtless were acquainted with many others frequenting southern seas. It must have been one of this gigantic race, and probably the white shark, to which Oppian refers in the latter part of the fifth *Halieatic.*

"The gashed and gory carcase, stretched at full length, a ghastly spectacle! is even yet an object of recoil and superstitious dread. A vague fear of vengeance keeps awhile the most curious of the captors aloof; at length some venture to approach; one man looks into the gigantic jaws, and sees a triple tier of polished and pointed teeth; another wonders at the width of back; a third admires the herculean mould of the lately terrible tail; but a landsman, beholding the unsightly fish at a distance, exclaims—'May the earth, which I now feel under me, and which has hitherto supplied my daily wants, receive when I yield it, my latest breath, from her bosom. Preserve me, oh Jupiter! from such perils as *this*, and be pleased to accept my offerings to thee from dry land. May no thin plank interpose an uncertain protection between me and the boisterous deep. Preserve me, oh Neptune! from the terrors of the rising storm, and may I not, as the surge dashes over the deck, be ever cast out amidst the unseen perils that people the abyss; 't were punishment enough for a mortal to be tossed about unsepulchred on the waves, but to become the pasture of a fish, and to fill the foul maw of such a ravenous monster as I now behold, would add tenfold horror to such a lot!'"

We participate entirely with this landsman in hearty detestation of sharks, well remembering the mixed awe, interest and disgust inspired by the view of a white shark, albeit, a small one for the species, captured after a furious resistance off the Thunny fishery of Palermo in the night, and brought in next morning by the sailors, at the market hour. Dozens of colossal thunnies, alalongas, pelamyds, and sword-fish, lay that morning scarcely noticed: the object of general attraction was the dread Canesca, whose mangled body was stretched by itself in the middle of the Place, surrounded by an appalled yet admiring throng, all loud in exclamations and inquiries. The men who had secured the fish, perfectly satisfied with the results of the night's toil, smoked their pipes complacently, and gave the particulars of the capture to those who pressed round eagerly to hear the exciting tale. Women, of course, mingled largely in the crowd—when were they, of the lower class, ever absent from any spectacle of horror? and accordingly, with either an infant in arms, or clutching a child by the hand, they pointed out the fish to their equally excited neighbors, and with many fierce gesticulations called him "*bruto*," "*scelerato*," "*il Nerone dei pesci*," and other conventional names of abuse for a shark in Sicily; everybody was exclaiming, everybody rejoicing over his destruction. "*Ecola Beppo;* we have him, you see at last," said one of the crew to a nearing boatswain, just come into the market. "*Buon' giorno a lei*, I make you my bow, sir," said the other, doffing his red worsted cap to the fish; "we are all happy to see you on shore; after this you will not invade *la camera della morte** and make a way for the thunny to slip through our fingers again. "No, indeed, my lads, now we really have him, you may mend your nets with something like a sense of security." "Par Bacco and St. Anthony! will you tell me, sir, where you have put the flannel drawers you took from out of my felucca, as they were drying on Sunday last,

* The last compartment of the complicated network called a *mandrague*, in which the thunny are harpooned and slain.

five minutes after Giuseppe's legs were out of them?" "*Cane maledetto*—accursed hound—where's my brother's hand you snapped off as he was washing it over the side of his boat, not a week ago?" '*Caro lei!* did you now chance to swallow Padre Giaccomo's poodle, which disappeared so suddenly the day before yesterday, as he was swimming to shore with his master's stick?" "Gentlemen," said the master boatman, and proprietor of the Canesca, "you will get more *out* of him by looking *into* him, than by asking unanswered questions; so here, my lads," addressing two of his men, "wash his head and gills well, and show that gentleman—ourself—he is not so small a Canesca as he is pleased to think."

The clean water soon brought out the features, as the blood and ooze were removed; and though the collapsed eye-balls, unsupported as in life, no longer shot menacing glances from their cartilaginous pivots, but fell back opaque and dimmed into the sockets, an expression any thing but amiable was still exhibited in their barred pupils of Minerva gray. The whole forehead was bathed with that phosphorescent mucus or jelly which gives this fish its luminous and spectral appearance, when seen in the dusk, and adds new terrors to the ill-omened apparition. The aspect of the face was malign enough; but when the den of his mouth was forced open, and we ventured to peep in, and saw there three rows of sharp and pointed teeth, that alive in one effort of volition might have been brought to bear all at once upon the largest prey, and made him spout blood at every pore, it became apparent that a fish, even like this of only eight or nine feet long, with such a jaw to tear, such a trunk to smash, and such a tail to stun, must have been capable of destroying the life of almost any creature he might encounter; and we entered readily into the feelings of delight and triumph expressed by the fishermen at the capture of so thoroughly a *mauvais sujet*. Besides the jeopardy in which he places life, the mischief a single shark will occasion to the thunny and cod fisheries is incalculable; two or three of these marauders suffice to interrupt, and sometimes effectually to disconcert all the operations of the poor fishermen. The blue shark in particular, during the pilchard season, will hover about the tackle, clear the long lines of every hook, biting them off above the bait—break through the newly shot nets, or fairly swallow the distended mesh-work and its draught together.

Nor is this all, nor yet the worst mischief recorded of sharks: fond as they are of fish, they greatly prefer flesh, and, unfortunately for man, his flesh before that of beast or bird. Acutely discriminative, too, in taste, their partiality is decidedly for a European rather than an Asiatic—for a fair rather than a dark skin: on this account, in a mixed group of bathers, the white complexioned are always the selected victims of a first attack; but to get at human flesh of any description, they will make extraordinary efforts —bound for this purpose out of the sea like tigers from a jungle, right athwart a vessel in full course, to pick off some unwary sailor occupied in the rigging—or leap into a high fishing-boat, to the consternation of the crew, and grapple with the men at their oars; or, when hard pressed and hungry, even spring ashore and attack man on his own element.

A famished shark will snap up every thing; but though he may swallow all, yet there are some morsels even a shark cannot stomach; witness the following lively anecdote from the *Edinburgh Observer:*

"Looking over the bulwarks of the schooner (writes a correspondent of the Scotch newspaper,) I saw one of these watchful monsters winding lazily backward and forward like a long meteor; sometimes rising till his nose disturbed the surface, and a gushing sound like a deep breath rose through the breakers; at others, resting motionless on the water, as if listening to our voices, and thirsting for our blood. As we were watching the motions of this monster, Bruce (a little lively negro and my cook) suggested the possibility of destroying it. This was briefly to heat a fire-brick in the stove, wrap it up hastily in some old greasy cloths as a sort of disguise, and then to heave it overboard. This was the work of a few minutes, and the effect was triumphant. The monster followed after the hissing prey; we saw it dart at the brick like a flash of lightning and gorge it instanter. The shark rose to the surface almost immediately, and his uneasy motions soon betrayed the success of the manœuvre; his agonies became terrible, the waters appeared as if disturbed by a violent squall, and the spray was driven over the taffrel where we stood, while the gleaming body of the fish repeatedly burst through the dark waves, as if writhing with fierce and terrible convulsions. Sometimes also we thought we heard a shrill, bellowing cry as if indicative of anguish and rage, rising through the gurgling waters. His fury, however, was soon exhausted; in a short time the sounds broke away into distance, and the agitation of the sea subsided; the shark had given himself up to the tides, as unable to struggle against the approach of death, and they were carrying his body unresistingly to the beach."

A poet is born a poet, and a shark is born a shark; in infancy a malignant, a sea-devil from the egg. When but a few weeks old, and a few inches in length, a Lilliputian Squalus exhibits a pugnacity almost without parallel for his age; attacking fish two or three times older and larger than himself, and if caught and placed upon a board for observation, resenting handling to the very utmost of his powers, striking with the tail a finger placed on any part of the body where it can be reached. But though always thus hostile to man, and generally so to each other, love for a season subjugates even these savage dispositions, and makes them objects of a reciprocal regard.

M. Lacepede, who seems to have entered intimately into the private feelings of sharks, speaks highly of their amours.

Plutarch bears testimony to the tenderness of sharks for their offspring. He says:—'In paternal fondness, in suavity and amiability of disposition, the shark is not surpassed by any living creature. The female brings forth young, not perfect, but

inclosed each in a pouch, and watches over these till the brood is excluded with the anxiety as it were of a second birth. After this both parents vie with each other in procuring food, and teaching their offspring to frolick and swim; and should danger threaten the defenseless little ones, they find in the open mouth of their affectionate progenitors a sure asylum;' 'from which,' says Oppian, who relates the same story with variations, 'they issue forth when the alarm is over and the waters again safe.'

Notwithstanding these short paroxysms of tenderness, taken as a class, it may be safely asserted that nothing in nature is more savage than the whole Dog-fish tribe, the only difficulty being to determine precisely to which of the several species the bad pre-eminence belongs; whether to the White, the Blue or Basking Shark, the Canesca, the Zygæna, the Rough-hound or Bounce, &c., for they are *all* Red Republicans of the deep; strife is their element, blood their delight, cruelty their pastime. Even the soft sex, which amongst most creatures deserves this winning epithet, in the Squalidæ is so far from being a recommendation, that the females are more ferocious than the males. A Messalina sharkess has been known to dash into a crowd of unhappy bathers, tearing and butchering all one after another, nor, till wearied out and gorged, but still unsated with her victims, leave the spot

Et lassata viris, nondum satiata, recessit.

Well, indeed, do these "fell, unhappie, and shrewd monsters," as Pliny calls them, deserve the ill names bestowed by man—Lamia the fury, witch or hobgoblin; Anthropophagus, or man-eater, and Requin; so called, in anticipation of the requiems which may certainly be offered up by friends for the soul of any one whose body comes in the way of a shark.

The white shark is one of the largest of the tribe, and measures sometimes from twenty to twenty-five feet; there is however another, the *Squalus Maximus*, only met with in northern latitudes, which greatly transcends him; reaching, when fully developed, thirty and even forty feet in length. One taken off Marseilles with a whole man in armor, *integer et cadavere toto*, pouched in his stomach, affords some grounds for supposing that the great fish that swallowed the prophet Jonah was a shark; especially as this case of the warrior is not a solitary instance, for Rondolet relates the story of a man and his dog going down the open mouth of a shark into the stomach, the first to look about him and to say he had been there, the other to prowl round and pick up offal. That Jonah was swallowed by this *Piscis Anthropophagus* is probable, though only conjectural; that he was not swallowed by a *whale* is certain, for whales have very small gullets and no internal "accommodation for a single man," like the shark; their food consists entirely of small narrow creatures an inch or two long, and not thicker round than the barrel of a common-sized quill.

The origin of this mistake, perpetuated by sculptors and painters, proceeds from a misconception of the Hebrew word *tannanim*, translated *whale*, but evidently designating large fish generally; just as its Latin equivalent *cete*, signifies any heavy fish; size, not species, determining the appellation.

Great as are the dimensions of many existing Squali, there can be no doubt that some of the antediluvian period greatly exceeded in size any species at present known. We are indebted to M. Lacepède for this discovery, and the ingenious procedure by which he arrived at it deserves notice. M. Lacepède was one of the first naturalists who applied the since well understood and more fully developed principle of *ex pede Herculem* to the objects of natural history. Having received from Dax, in the Pyrenees, a shark's tooth of the very unusual size of four inches and a half in the enamel, or the part visible above the socket, he was prompted to discover, if possible, the size of its original possessor; for this purpose he measured first the teeth, and next the bodies of all the Squali accessible to him in the museums of Paris, and found in every case, that the relative proportion they bore to each other was as one to two hundred, and applying this general scale to the particular tooth from Dax, M. Lacepède found that he held in hand the relic of a creature that in the days of the flesh must have been fully seventy feet long. The proportions between the body and the head being also definite, it was as readily made clear that a Squalus stretching to this length had jaws with a bow above thirteen feet, and a mouth capable of gaping more than twenty-six feet round. In comparison with such a Squalus, those chronicled by Rondolet requiring two horses to drag them, and even one mentioned by Gillius, weighing four thousand pounds, dwindle into mere minnows and gudgeons.

Cruel as all Squali undoubtedly are, reasons perhaps might be suggested, if not wholly exculpatory of their conduct, sufficient to obtain them an acquittal before either a French or an Italian court of judicature. The French verdict would be *meurtre, avec circonstances attenuantes*. An Italian jury would at once pronounce a shark criminal, *arabbiato*—in a passion—consider this sufficient excuse, and summarily dismiss the case. Such lenient judgments might be based on the grounds of their having teeth unusually numerous, efficient, and long; and on temperament; but sharks possess *also*, enormous abdominal viscera; full one-third of the body is occupied with spleen or liver, and the bile and other digestive juices secreted from such an immense apparatus, and poured continually into the stomach, must be enough to stimulate appetite prodigiously, and what hungry animal was ever tender-hearted? We read in the *Anabasis*, that the Greeks would not treat with the Persians about a truce till after dinner; and every one knows *that* to be the time most propitious to charity and good neighborhood; a hungry man is ever a churl, and *ventre affamé n'a point d'oreilles*. A shark's appetite is never appeased; for, moreover, in addition to his bilious diathesis, he is not a careful masticator of victuals, but hastily bolts a repast, producing thereby not only the moroseness of indigestion, but a whole host of *tænias*, which goad and irritate the intestine to that degree,

that the poor Squalus is sometimes quite beside himself from the torment, and rushes like a blind Polyphemus through the waves in search of any thing to cram down his maw and allay such urgent distress; he does not seek to be cruel, but he is cruelly famished, and must satisfy, not only his own ravenous appetite, but the constant demands of these internal parasites, either with dead or living animals; so, sped as from a catapult, he pounces on a quarry, and gorges, like a boa constrictor, a meal sometimes so great as to press upon and protrude a large portion of the intestine, which, after one of these crapulous repasts, may not unfrequently be seen trailing several feet from the body.

It is an interesting fact in the history of sharks—and one by no means without precedent in our own—that violent passions, parasites, and indigestions, do not seem to ruffle the equable current of the blood, and that the pulse continues regular, and averages only sixty beats in a minute. As with us a good digestion (the common accompaniment of a quiet pulse) may be and often is connected with a bad disposition, who knows but that Heliogabalus and Nero, those admirable human types and representatives of the genus shark in so many other particulars, may have resembled them in this also, and in the midst of their orgies and atrocities have enjoyed a calm circulation.

Sharks are sometimes eaten, but more out of bravado and revenge than because they afford a desirable food. Athenæus indeed records that the Greeks were Squalophagi, but they would eat any thing. Archistratus, the *bon-vivant* of his book, will not allow men to object to a shark diet, merely because the shark sometimes diets upon men. Galen, on the other hand, denounces shark's flesh, but only from its supposed tendency to produce melancholy. We do not know whether the Latins ever ate them. Among modern nations, Italians and Sicilians cook only the belly of the old fish; and fœtal sharks not much bigger than gudgeons, whenever they can procure a dish. In the still less dainty Hebrides, the *Squalus vulgaris* is consumed entire; in England they are not relished; but in Norway and Iceland the inhabitants make indiscriminate use of every species that they capture, hanging up the carcases for a whole year that the flesh may mellow. Though no part of the shark is really wholesome, one part, the liver, very valuable in a commercial point of view from the abundance of oil squeezed from it, is highly prejudicial for food, as we learn, on the evidence of the following case of an obscure French cobbler, recorded by an eminent French physician:—

Sieur Gervais, his wife and two children, supped upon a piece of shark's liver; in less than half an hour all were seized with invincible drowsiness, and threw themselves on a straw mattress; nor did they arouse to consciousness till the third day. At the end of this long lethargy their faces were inflamed and red, with an insupportable itching of the whole body; complete desquamation of the cuticle followed, and when this flaying process was concluded, the whole party slowly recovered.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

The knights of Espàna, the valiant,
Sought long for the fountain of youth,
And this legend of old-time they reverenced
As an oracle uttered by Truth:

That over the foaming Atlantic,
In a kingdom of ever-bright flowers,
Safely sheltered from danger, it offered
To all who in faith sought its bowers,

A draught from its goblet like nectar—
And, thenceforth the beauties of youth,
With its loves, and its joys, all unchanging,
Remained with them ever, forsooth.

And I have a fountain upspringing
In crystalline beauty for me;
I have drunk of its waters, and gladly
To others now proffer them free.

In a cool, shady grotto it gushes,
Surrounded by sweet-perfumed flowers,
I call it my shrine for devotion,
There pass I my happiest hours.

White lilies, so pure, of the valley
Gather round it like children at home,
And violets creep to its margin,
For a kiss from its sparkling, bright foam;

The heart's-ease peeps out from the clusters
Of lilies, to look in its face,
For often is vividly mirrored
Therein all her beauty and grace.

Though the rose from my cheek will soon vanish,
And the sheen from my tresses must fade,—
Though others will see on my forehead
The footprints that long years have made;

Yet youth is now with me, and never
Will I lose it—no! never grow old,
For the naiad that dwells in my fountain,
To me, a high secret has told.

Oh! what is the beauty of figure,
The outer youth, vain as the wind!
A beauty eternal, unfading,
I have in the heart and the mind.

My heart shall continue as youthful,
In affections and sympathies bold,
And my mind in its thoughts and its fancies
Shall never be wrinkled or old.

Ay! I will not grow old! for my fountain—
Contentment—ne'er fails to supply
Every grace, every beauty, I covet,
And I cannot her bounty deny.

A. G. H.

HUSH! HUSH!

A LEGEND OF RHINELAND.

BY DONALD MACLEOD.

I WAS so tired of Mayence. I had seen the cathedral so often, and witnessed the stiff recruit drillings in the barrack-yard, and crossed the bridge of boats, and wandered in the palatial gardens of Biberich, and ridden to Francfort to look at the Ariadne, or Lessing's "Trial of Huss," or Overbeck's "Triumph of Religion," or old Rothschild, or the Austrian soldiers, or the Kaisersaal, or the statue of Goethe, or the shop windows, or the English travelers in thick shoes and incipient moustaches, or at some other of the thousand-and-one curiosities of the quaint old Freistadt—that some change became absolutely necessary.

I tried to speak Danish with the only other idle man in the Three Crowns, but he did not understand me: then he spoke English, but I did not understand him; and then we took off our hats, bowed, grinned at each other in a most imbecile manner, and turned away. He sat down at a little table in the *salle á manger*, and called for a bottle of Braunerberger; and I packed up a little traveling sack, got on board a steamboat, and was whisked off down the Rhine.

On the steamer—*dampschiff* says the German, but the Dutchman calls it *stoomboot*—just opposite me sat an old, fat German lady, by the side of her old, fat spouse. He was smoking his pipe; she was patting his plump left hand between her own. Sometimes he would take the meerschaum from his lips, turn round slowly and regard his mate through the light clouds issuing from his mouth; then the old lady would give him a wide and benign smile, and pat his left hand a little more rapidly; after which he would resume the pipe, and both would subside into their ordinary, fat calm.

The only other thing that much attracted my attention on board, was a small boy gorging himself with walnuts, gingerbread and apples in rapid and endless succession, till his dull, blue eyes seemed to be on the point of popping out of his head.

Whether they did so eventually or not, I cannot say, for I went ashore at Lorch, and gave my sack to a one-eyed waiter at the Swan inn.

Lorch, as you know, is just below the Mouse Tower (Mauesenthurm) in which cruel Bishop Hatto was eaten by the rats, in punition of his cruelty in withholding the grain from the people in time of famine—and just above old Baccharach (Bacchi Ara,) which owes its name to its wealth of vines. Above it, in it, around it, below it, the hill sides were green with luxuriant foliage, nearly all the houses are wine shops, grapes are the only fruit—most of the stone is in the form of jugs, and most of the glass is bottle glass—I might add, that what little meadow there is, is bottle green.

Zu Klingenberg am Main,
Zu Wuerzburg an dem Stein,
Zu Baccharach am Rhein
Hab' ich in meinen Tagen
Gar oftmals hören sagen,
Soll'n sein die besten Wein'.

At Klingenburg on Main, at Würzburg on the Stein,
And at Baccharach on the Rhine,
Every worthy son of Herman, swears in donnerwettrous German,
That they grow the choicest wine.

Joyously sweeps the Rhine by Lorch, through the home of the German Lyæus—sweeps swiftly but crookedly in a rollicking, tipsy way, whispering to the vineyards the last news from the glaciers, and stopping for an instant at the gate of Lorch to get a drink of water which the modest little Wisper furnishes.

I went strolling up the banks of that same modest little Wisper, listening to the strange sound of the north wind soughing through the valley—precisely resembling, as the name implies, the busy whispers of a thousand spirits in the air.

When I say the sound of the wind, I use the language of foolish men. I know better. Spirits are they; but whether good or bad, angels or cobbolds, minions of Rübezahl, or gentle fays, gnomes, pixies or Loreleis, I, alas, cannot tell; but I know what I think—For—

When I had gotten well into the valley, and was skirting a knot of thick willows, with my eyes fixed upon a wild looking rock before me, there came a sough heavier than usual, and a gruff "Hein!" was uttered near me. I turned and saw an immense head, all forehead and pale blue eyes, covered with very little hair, and apparently without a body, waving to and fro upon the tops of the rank weeds.

"Dame!" said I.

"Guten Tag," said the head, and it came toward me. Then I saw that there was a body under it, clad in velveteen shooting-jacket and trousers, with a pipe stem visibly protruding from one pocket, and a *schnaps-flasche* from another.

Then I returned the salutation; and the head began to be wiped with a yellow silk handkerchief, clutched in a red, fire-like hand, and to talk with great rapidity.

"Hein! it is very warm to-day. Walking for your pleasure, no doubt. Your very good health, sir, and to our better acquaintance. Try a drop of schnaps." As he spoke he took the pewter flask from his pocket, slipped off the false bottom which served for a cup, filled it, bolted the contents, and then refilling it, handed it to me.

I rendered it all due justice, and pointing to the wild scene before us, asked him if it were familiar to him.

"Familiar!" he exclaimed. "I should suppose so. It it is one of the most awful places in the country, although a little safer now than it used to be. You know what happened here to Johann Würzelkopf, Herman Weinsoffer, and Mäusche Kleidermacher?"

"I am sorry to be so ill-informed, but I never even heard of those gentlemen. I wish you would tell me the story."

"I will; but first try some more schnaps. No more! Why? Well, I will; here's to you. And now let us sit down here on this bit of wall. Do n't be frightened, and do n't go to sleep, and I will tell about the three little burghers of Mayence."

I obeyed all the little man's directions, and he continued:

"Johann Würzelkopf, Herman Weinsoffer and Mäusche Kleidermacher were three young burghers of Mayence, from twenty-one to twenty-five years old it may be; old enough to enjoy personal liberty, but not old enough always to take care of themselves, the proof of which assertion will be seen in the sequel.

"Now, instead of going to mass, like good Rhenish Christians, they must needs pick out the *Pfingstenfest*, that is, Pentecost morning for a frolick on the river, and going to Baccharach below there, they spent the morning in proving the excellence of the wines; and when filled with courage, pottle deep, they came up the river to Lorch, and out to the valley here to seek for adventures, forsooth. Well, they found them."

Here the little man gave a low, malicious chuckle, and went on.

"They pushed through yonder thicket to the face of those rocks there, which to their eyes took the form of an immense old castle; and the clefts resembled Gothic pointed doors, and the crannies and crevices looked like windows. As they were gazing, they espied at one of these pretended windows three faces of enchanting beauty. Golden hair falling over shoulders of ivory, blue eyes full of merriment, and crimson, pouting lips, smiling just enough to show teeth like pearls. As they gazed, these pretty lips opened a little wider to emit this sound—

"'Hush! Hush!' each of the three sweet mouths said 'Hush!' and the little sense which remained in the heads of the youngsters was driven away, and they became half crazy with love for the three enchantresses. A white hand and arm then pointed to a doorway, and the young men entered it and made their way along a narrow hall, where they found themselves suddenly in profoundest darkness, while around them rustled, with a thousand echoes, the mysterious 'hush! hush!' After some groping about, however, they at last found a door, which they opened and entered an immense saloon, lined with mirrors and blazing with a thousand lights.

"And the sweet voices of the three maidens cried 'Welcome, welcome!' and the ivory arms were stretched out toward the young men for an embrace. But the blaze of light dazzled them, and the mirrors showed not three maidens, but three thousand! Turn were they would, they saw ivory arms extended, and red lips smiling welcome, and golden hair rolling over shoulders of snow.

"So the blockheads stood with gaping mouths, grinning foolishly, and open eyes staring at the maidens or their images, until one of the mirrors slid back, and a stern, powerful old man came into the room, clad in a long, velvet robe, to the girdle of which his grizzled beard fell thickly.

"'You are welcome,' he said. 'No doubt you have come to espouse my daughters!'

"But the burghers thought of their schätzen at Mayence, and felt no especial affection toward such a father-in-law. A little amusement with the young beauties were all very well, but matrimony! Ah, that was more serious.

"'You hesitate,' said the old man, 'do not fear; I am no miser, I drive no hard bargain Each of those maidens has a thousand pounds of gold as portion. And there is room in the castle ditch for three bodies larger than yours are.'

"Then again the charmers wooed the young men with smiles, and opened their ivory arms, and threw back the golden hair, shaking from the tresses an intoxicating perfume.

"'Do you still hesitate,' thundered the imperious gray-beard.

"'No—no—no, my lord,' stammered the burghers of Mayence.

"'It is well for you!' and he laughed a grisly laugh. 'So, now embrace your brides.'

"So they advanced with extended hands, but only touched the gold surface of the glass; and whichever way they turned, they saw the ivory arms, and heard the mocking laugh of the old man, mingled now with the silvery voices of the maidens, yet could find nothing but the mirrors that multiplied the figures of their brides, until at last they were half crazy. Then the father-in-law guided them toward the smiling beauties, and the touch of their hands and the flavor of their lips achieved the enchantment.

"'One moment,' cried the graybeard; 'before your perfect union, one proof of your tenderness is required. My daughters have lost their favorite birds, a starling, a crow, and a magpie. They are undoubtedly in the forest there, and we are not permitted to leave the castle until after the marriage of my daughters.'

"'How shall we know them from other birds of the same species?' asked Würzelkopf.

"'For it must be confessed,' added Weinsoffer with much wisdom, 'that one crow is very like another crow.'

"'And magpies generally go in pairs, you know.' This last remark was made by Mäusche Kleidermacher, and exhibited an observation of the habits of birds, remarkably creditable to a burgher of Mayence.

"'You will have little difficulty in recognizing these birds, my dear sons-in-law, since they all speak when spoken to; the starling with a riddle, the crow in a song, and the magpie in a bio-

graphy of his grandmother. Go then, my sons, get the birds, come back and be happy.'

"Then he led them to the door, and they went forth into the forest. They had not wandered far before they saw the three birds sitting all upon one tree, saying and doing nothing.

"'Starling,' said Johann Würzelkopf, 'can'st thou make riddles?' and the starling answered, flying to his shoulder.

"'What 's on your face, oh burgher, know you,
That the best of mirrors cannot show you?'

Johann Würzelkopf of course did not know, and therefore gave up all his attention to his comrade, Weinsoffer, who was asking the crow for a song. That bird, well-known as a musical character since the days of Æsop, sang thus—

"'Three friars of excellent appetites coasted
A land where the ortolans fly ready roasted,
And stood, begging all of those nice little pullets
To be good enough just to fly down their gullets.
But their throats were too large, or the birds too well grown,
For not even one could contrive to get down;
And the monks went off cursing the country o'er all,
Where the birds were too fat, or the gullets too small.'

"Weinsoffer was endeavoring to find the moral of this, when Mäusche Kleidermacher asked the magpie for his biographical-grandmaternal information, and Mag said, as the crow flew on Weinsoffer's shoulder—

"'My grandmother was a magpie,
Who laid a vast number of eggs,
From each of which came a magpie.
And I think she would be living yet,
Only one day she happened to die.'

"So singing, the magpie hopped upon Mäusche's shoulder, and the three friends went back to the castle, which they reached and entered before nightfall. But ah! what a change! Instead of mirrors and blaze of torches, and waving of golden hair, and gleam of ivory arms, they saw but cold, bare walls, tapestried by cobwebs, or the light moss produced by dampness. Sole relic of past glory was that three tables stood near each other, covered with all that could tempt the appetite, each in the guard of a toothless, wrinkled, blear-eyed, abominable old hag.

While the three young men stood gaping, the old hags advanced, and drawing them with cold, claw-like hands toward the tables, cried 'Welcome, dear bridegrooms.' And then once seated at the tables, they caressed the poor burghers with their snaky arms, picked out dainty pieces of food and put them with their black, long-nailed fingers into the mouths of the bridegrooms, mumbling out nauseous endearments through their toothless jaws.

"Then they would have a wedding-dance; and springing up, they whirled their partners round and round the rooms, their old joints cracking like fifty castanets, their shrill voices screaming out a rapid song. And the starling, the crow, and the magpie flew rapidly through the mazes of the crazy waltz, perching now and then on head or shoulder, and screaming, croaking, chattering incessantly their riddle, their song, their story of the grandmother, until whatsoever brains were possessed by Johann Würzelkopf, Hermann Weinsoffer, and Mäusche Kleidermacher, were so twisted and jumbled together, so wearied and stunned, so deafened and bedeviled, that they fell in sheer exhaustion, each with individual grunt, upon the floor.

"Then all the noise ceased but the low, thousand-voiced utterance, 'Hush! hush! hush!'"

"After lying thus upon the floor for some time, the youths were helped upon their feet by their attentive brides, and supported, with much tenderness, toward the tables. Then each old hag poured a little golden wine into a glass of Venice, and kissing the rim held it to the lips of her bridegroom. And when the three little burghers of Mayence had swallowed the draught, they fell in a senseless lethargy upon the floor.

"When they awaked the sun was high up in heaven. They found themselves lying among the furze at the foot of the rock, which, however, no more resembled a castle than it did a rose-bush. It was as common and disagreeable a mass of stone, granitic or otherwise, as one could wish to see. Full of shame, and foaming with rage, they began to make their way through the woods; but the horrible 'hush! hush!' sounded from all sides; the old witches looked out mockingly from every bush, and the three birds followed them, hopping from tree to tree; the starling proposing his riddle, the crow singing his song, and the magpie as biographical as ever.

"Nor were they at all relieved until they got to the edge of the wood, where they met a little man—just as you met me this morning, sir—and of him they demanded what these infernal birds could mean.

"'The answer to the starling's riddle,' said the little man, 'is, that each of you have received, invisibly to yourselves, a good six inches of additional nose. But the crow instructs you, when you have good, little sweethearts at home, to stick to them, and not to go about gaping at every pretty face whose lips may cry 'hush! hush!' as if you expected her to fly down your throats as the friars did the ortolans.'

"'But the magpie, worthy sir; what does she mean?' cried the three.

"'Oh, the magpie! Why she tells just such a story of her grandmother as your grandchildren will tell of you.'

"So Weinsoffer, Würzelkopf and Kleidermacher went on their way, repentant and resolving—which is the moral of this legend—never to get tipsy on holyday mornings, and not to be attracted by every pretty face that might cry 'hush! hush!' from a window.

"Such, sir, is the legend, and see yonder is the very magpie!"

I turned to look, but saw no bird whatever, only I heard a chuckling laugh behind me, and when I turned round, the little man with the large head had disappeared.

So I reflected that he was perhaps the father of the three witches, and had been making fun of me. Then I shrugged my shoulders and walked meditatively back to Lorch.

ANNIE MORTON.

BY AMY HARNED.

"THERE comes dear father at last!" exclaimed Annie Morton, springing from her seat at an open window through which she had been earnestly looking a long time in expectation of his arrival, while her sewing rested unheeded upon her lap. "Oh, what a long, long week this has been without him: dear father!" And the rich blood mantled on her cheek; her black eyes sparkled, and the smile that parted her ruby lips made her very beautiful, as she stood for one moment ere she sprang through the casement and down the long avenue to meet the carriage which contained her father.

The mother looked after her daughter with pride; but pressing her hand upon her heart as if in pain, she sunk back upon her seat.

"Ah! what will she do without me, wild wayward as she is?" murmured Mrs. Morton. "The world has sadness in store for thee I fear, my daughter; when I am gone, who will shield thee, and care for thee, as I have done?"

A deep shade of sadness rested for a moment upon her face; but it passed away as the mother bowed her head in prayer for her passionate, wayward, but loving child.

She heard the party approaching the house, heard the kind voice of her husband as he answered the questions which Annie poured upon him, and with a sweet smile Mrs. Morton rose to meet them. The excitement of meeting her husband, after his temporary absence, brought a slight flush upon her cheek, making her look better than she really was; but it gladdened the heart of Mr. Morton, for when he left home she was so ill as to cause him much alarm; and as he folded his wife in his arms, he said, tenderly—

"Why, my dear Mary, I shall leave home oftener if my absence causes you to look so well. I have not seen so handsome a woman since I have been in B——; but I must not forget—here is a young gentleman waiting to be presented to you: I know you will welcome him."

Tears stood in Robert Dennyn's eyes. There was something in Mrs. Morton's face, in her sweet, sad smile that reminded him painfully of his mother, who—but a few weeks previous—he had seen laid in the cold ground, hidden forever from his sight. He could scarcely command his voice to speak. Mrs. Morton noticed his agitation, and divined the cause of it. She extended both hands to him, and said—

"Robert Dennyn, I am glad to see you here. Your mother was the dearest friend of my girlhood; for the love of our early days, a son of hers will ever be most dear to me."

"Charlie will be at home to-morrow, Robert," interrupted Mr. Morton gaily, anxious to give a less serious turn to the conversation; "but I do not intend to set you down to your books yet awhile, my boy; you have studied too much already—you need rest. I wish to see you strong and well: exercise will be the best thing for you. There are horses in the stable at your service; and Annie, as wild a madcap as ever set foot in a saddle, ready to point out the beauties of all the country round, provided you can read Miss Landon to her, and listen to her chattering. What say you, my little magpie, will you have this young gentleman for your knight-errant? I doubt not he will be willing to do your bidding."

Annie replied merrily: supper was announced, and, in pleasant chat, the evening passed rapidly away.

Charlie Morton came the next day; and the warm grasp of his hand told to Robert how much he sympathized with him in the trials he had endured since they left college.

No two persons could be more unlike than Charlie Morton and Robert Dennyn. Robert was tall, handsome, and but for the *gaucherie* of a boy unused to society, would have been very graceful. His face was pale, but the outline was perfect; a little too thin perhaps. At times, his large black eyes flashed and sparkled with a brilliancy that lighted up his pale face, otherwise—in its expression—too grave; and he surprised as well as interested his companions, for when in conversation he would forget himself—few youths could be more irresistible.

Though brought up in a city, he had been more secluded than boys are generally, therefore his manners needed that ease and self-confidence which is only acquired by intercourse with society.

His time, during his vacations, had been passed chiefly with his mother, whom he idolized. As he approached manhood, he saw that mother—so dear—fading slowly away. When the reality first burst upon him that she was dying, Robert was stunned—paralyzed beyond the power of action. Was there no elixir of life within his reach? Alas! no.

The messenger of death came gently, peacefully to Mrs. Dennyn, and she died, blessing her husband and son for their unwearied love, their untiring devotion, which had soothed her many years of suffering.

For a long time, Robert refused to be comforted; he had loved his mother with an intensity which admitted no other thought. Life, indeed, to him seemed a blank without her.

Just at this time, Mr. Morton paid his old friend a visit. He was a man of acknowledged ability, and Mr. Dennyn knew that in placing his son with him, he would secure for him an able legal preceptor, as well as a kind friend. Mr. Morton willingly received him under his charge, while Robert gladly accepted

the offer of his father which removed him, for a time, from that home, now rendered painful by its memories of the dead. He came to Mr. Morton's with a heart saddened by the scenes of sorrow, through which he had so recently passed; and the warm affection with which the family greeted him, made him feel at once that he was not among strangers.

Charlie and himself had long been friends: in college they were regarded as a miracle of brotherly attachment. No wonder—for who could look upon the clear, open, manly brow of Charlie Morton, and hear his ringing joyous laugh, and not love him. Care sat lightly upon him. His step was quick and free; his whole manner beaming with kindness and good-nature made him everywhere a welcome guest, and his return home a cause for rejoicing. His father was very proud of him, for he had come off with flying colors at the final collegiate examination which he had, with Robert Dennyn, so recently passed. The late commencement Annie would have attended, had not Mrs. Morton's unlooked for indisposition detained her at home. She bore the disappointment with a grace which proved she was not entirely selfish. She was now wild with glee at the return of her only brother, whom she dearly loved.

The coming of Robert Dennyn was an event which decided the destiny of her life. He was just the sort of person to enchain the affections of a girl of seventeen. She soon learned to watch for his coming; to listen for his voice; to note the ever-varying expression of his countenance with an eager interest which none but those who have loved can ever know.

Robert felt the power of her beauty. A warm affection began to spring up in his heart for her—but Annie was pettish and willful. Her passionate temper knew no bounds—her violence repelled him many times when he felt most tenderly toward her.

"She has no heart," he would say; and struggled to overcome the growing interest he felt in her.

When she would be left alone after having given vent to her temper, Annie would feel overwhelmed with shame and self-reproach; but she was ever too proud to acknowledge her faults, yet—although passionate and willful—Annie's character had in it the elements of a noble nature, had there been some one near her who could have checked her wayward impulses, and taught her to subdue her proud will. She went on heedlessly; "sowing the wind" in her folly, and, alas! in due time did she not "reap the whirlwind?"

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"Annie," said Mr. Morton one day, "my friend, Mr. Leslie, has purchased Longbrook. I congratulate you, for he has two daughters about your own age. You will no longer want society: you, too, Charlie, must ride over with Annie to see them; and Robert, Mr. Leslie is also an old friend of your father; for the sake of 'auld lang syne,' I should like you all to be upon pleasant terms of intimacy."

Flora and Mary Leslie, though sisters, bore little resemblance to each other, either in person or character. Flora was the more beautiful. Her face was of a style rarely seen; pale as a marble statue and as cold: not a tinge of color ever mantled her cheeks. Her hair—black as night—she wore parted smoothly over her brow, and folded in rich braids on her classic head, with a simplicity that defied ornament. Her eyes were not black, but of a deep, dark blue, with long black lashes that swept over her cheeks, still paler from the contrast. Her figure was tall and exquisitely moulded. Her beauty did not, however, leave a pleasant impression. There was no woman's gentleness, no warmth in her manner; one felt as in the presence of an iceberg. Her sister, on the contrary, seemed like a little sylph; and Robert Dennyn's eyes rested so fondly upon her, as to cause Annie Morton's heart to sink within her.

Mary Leslie's hair floated in ringlets round her neck with a wild grace; her bright blue eyes gave so clear a light, and her laugh was so innocent and happy, that one felt certain that no guile was in her heart.

Annie Morton and the Leslies were daily companions; and when their hours of study were over, Charlie Morton and Robert Dennyn always knew where to find the young girls. Bright visions of the future rose up before them; and, was it strange that in the dreams of each, the gentle, loving Mary Leslie walked, side by side, through their life with them? Both the young men loved her. The elder sister was too cold. Charlie said she lacked sincerity; and Robert, though he admired her, felt a chill in her presence, the cause of which he did not seek to divine.

But, though the young men loved best to linger by the side of sweet Mary Leslie, Annie Morton was more with Flora. There was something in the boldness and haughtiness of Flora's manner that agreed with her own impulsive temper, she gradually fell more and more under Flora's influence. Mrs. Morton watched with pain the growing intimacy of the young girls; she felt—with a mother's instinct—that Flora was a dangerous companion for her daughter, and often urged her to be more with Mary.

"Why should I not choose my own friends?" Annie would exclaim, when Mrs. Morton remonstrated with her. "What do you know against her, mother?"

"Nothing, my child; but I know my daughter has altered very, very much since she has been so intimate with her. Flora Leslie is not pure and guileless as her sister."

But the mother's counsels were unheeded by Annie—she was unhappy. She began almost to hate Mary Leslie. The jealous friend was constantly whispering that, but for Mary, Robert might be all her own. The thought tortured her night and day. A dark, sullen cloud settled over her brow—she became more and more unloving and unlovely. Robert turned from her—to breathe the calm atmosphere which surrounded Mary—with a sigh, that one so beautiful could display so little tenderness.

Mrs. Morton's health grew more delicate, and Annie therefore more free to do as she willed; for Mr. Morton was too indulgent, and Charlie too much occupied with his own dreams, which were ap-

proaching their realization, to notice the change that had crept over Annie.

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"I am going to B——, to-morrow, Charlie," said Robert, the day after his examination; for the three years of study had passed thus quickly away, bringing our young friends over the threshold of mannood and womanhood.

"Leave us so soon! I did not expect this, Robert —what shall I do without you?"

"Surely, in the love of Mary Leslie you will find forgetfulness for all sorrow, or you do not half deserve so priceless a treasure," said Robert, sadly.

"Mary Leslie!" Charlie stammered, blushed; then laughing off his confusion, said—"Yes, Robert, there will be a wedding, in the fall, at Longbrook—will you be my groomsman? I should have told you this long ago, but—" and he blushed again, and again hesitated.

"Say no more, my dear fellow, I know it all, and will come."

And he did know all. Only that morning he had gone to Mary Leslie, and told her of his love, and how fondly he hoped it was returned. Tears came in Mary's eyes while she listened; but she had plighted her faith to another—long ago had she given her heart to Charlie Morton; and, in gentle accents she told him so, while her blue eyes glistened as she saw the suffering she caused. Robert acquitted her of all blame.

"God bless you, Mary," said he, and they parted friends; and from thenceforth he felt she must be as a sister to him, when his heart was overflowing with love toward her.

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The autumn came. The wedding was over. Robert Dennyn grasped the hand of his friend with sincere and earnest wishes for his future happiness. How could he but be happy with that guileless, loving creature for his bride; and Robert was able to meet her, not only with calmness, but without a wish that it should be otherwise.

A new love was beginning to dawn upon him, and he only wondered that the spell of Annie Morton's loveliness had not been upon him long before. Instead, as of old, leaving her to pursue her walks and rides alone, he was now ever by her side. Annie did not repulse him. A deep purpose was in her heart; to bring this man to her feet who had neglected her in girlhood, and then refuse him, became her determination; and in this she was prompted by her subtle friend.

Flora Leslie saw the devotion of Robert with a bitter heart. The pale student first introduced to our readers had become a man. His figure, then sharp and angular, was now tall and graceful. The light of genius shone in his dark eye, and spread itself over his face, now beautiful to look upon in its manliness. His success, since his examination, had been such as answered the expectations of his friends, who predicted for him a brilliant career. Flora saw that his wife would occupy an enviable position in society. Her quiet country home had no charms for her. Her restless spirit pined for the gay scenes of a city life. Robert Dennyn's wife would have the position for which she longed; and to prevent his marriage with Annie Morton, and to win him to herself, became the fixed purpose of her soul.

She poured into the mind of Annie suspicions of his truth; told her of his love to her sister, and of the scene to which she had been a witness without their knowledge, when he confessed his love to Mary. This scene she exaggerated until Annie was maddened by the thought that the only being he had ever loved was Mary Leslie; and when Robert, during the merry bridal season, told her of the new-born love that had sprung up in his heart for her, she laughed his love to scorn, and drove him from her with cold and haughty words, though she loved Robert with all the deep love of which her heart was capable.

Robert remained several weeks at Longbrook. He did not choose that Annie should see that her scornful rejection had given him pain, and he unconsciously devoted himself to Flora, who saw that her triumph was approaching. When they met, Annie could not avoid displaying agitation; but she struggled hard with her feelings.

"He shall never know how much I have loved him," the poor girl would say.

In this Flora encouraged her. "Where is your woman's pride, that you will permit him to see your wretchedness. This cold, proud man is scarcely worth all this display of affection."

Just at this time an event occurred which prolonged the visit of Robert. Mrs. Morton died. Robert could not leave his friends in their deep affliction. Poor Annie! her grief was wild and ungovernable. She grew pale and thin; never now, as of old, did the light flash in her eye, and the color mount to her cheek.

How Robert's heart yearned to fold her in his arms and soothe her agony. He determined to make one last effort to win her love; but again he was repulsed. Her evil genius whispered that now he sought her in compassion; he had seen what Flora called her weakness, and having won from her a confession of her love, would despise her for it.

Robert left her presence convinced that she did not love him, that her conduct toward him had been all coquetry. His first acquaintance with her, when she was scarcely more than a child, recurred to him. He said to himself as then, "She has no heart."

In this mood he returned to Longbrook. Entering the drawing-room, the first thing that attracted his attention was Flora. She was bending over a table with a small miniature open before her. Her hands were clasped, her whole features convulsed. As he approached she started with well-feigned surprise, stammered a few words, and left the room.

Robert was amazed—who could she love? This cold creature, who had never before displayed the least sign of feeling! From her manner, he inferred, that that love, whoever its object, must be hopeless. He advanced to the table, the picture upon which her eyes had been riveted in such agonized hope-

lessness was his own. Robert staggered back into the seat which Flora had just quitted. A cold damp moisture settled on his pale forehead, now paler than ever—the coldness settled on his heart.

"Here," said he, "have I wasted all the love which I possessed upon one incapable of returning it, while this noble creature—It shall not be! she shall not suffer upon my account! I will drive from my thoughts the idol I have cherished, and replace it by the image of this beautiful girl.

Without a moment's hesitation he addressed a note to Flora, telling her that he had seen her agitation, and discovered the cause of it; frankly he admitted that he had not loved her—"But," he wrote, "if you will accept a heart that has not been all yours, my life shall be spent in endeavoring to make you happy."

Was Flora Leslie happy? Her end was well-nigh accomplished. She saw herself already mistress of a magnificent establishment, surrounded with splendor, receiving the homage due to her beauty; but happiness had fled from her bosom, sweet peace from her pillow, for she felt that she had trampled and crushed to the earth, the hopes of a breaking heart.

Charlie Morton was delighted when he learned the engagement. He hastened to tell Annie of it.

"I once hoped to have seen you his bride, Annie. I think he loved you; but if you did not love him, of course, you were right not to accept him."

Annie listened calmly, and her good brother never knew that he was the messenger that brought darkness and despair to her soul. A new light broke upon her. Could her friend have been treacherous? But it could not be, Charlie must have been mistaken. She recalled Robert's fond words, his despair, when he left her so short a time before.

"It cannot be," she exclaimed; "he loves me still! I will not believe it! Even though it be true, he shall not marry this false girl! I will tell him all!" She wrote a hurried, passionate note to Robert, in which she confessed how much she loved him; there was no coldness now—all pride was gone—merged in the wild thought that she might yet recall him to her side.

Impatiently she waited for his answer, which she felt would be life or death to her. Who shall tell the agony of Robert Dennyn when he received the note, just as he was setting forth for his home in B.

"Once," he wrote in answer, "Annie Morton knew that she might have asked any thing of me, even life itself—now I am irrevocably bound to another."

Annie Morton received the note; she took it from the servant, as she stood trembling beside that same window where she sat when first presented to our readers; but how unlike the bright, beautiful girl who then sprang forth so gayly to meet her beloved father, and the strange youth who was to exert so great an influence upon her destiny. Beautiful she was still, for twenty summers had not yet passed over her head; and beauty cannot leave those she has loved so early—the gift will linger till many a year of suffering has passed over the heads of those upon whom she has bestowed the fairy talisman.

Annie read the note—a look of despair stole over her face—her eyes gleamed wildly. She crushed the note in her hand, then tore it into a thousand pieces. For a moment she stood gazing out. A carriage passed. She knew that Robert was in it—and as it rolled on, so passed away from Annie Morton all light and hope eternally. She left the spot where she had been standing, passed slowly up the broad staircase to her room, reached the bed, and consciousness left her. They found her there some hours after—but reason had left her. She had sown the wind in her folly, she was reaping the whirlwind in her misery.

Robert Dennyn and Flora Leslie were never married. The frantic words that fell from poor Annie Morton's lips, during the first moments of her hopeless insanity, disclosed Flora's treachery, and the engagement was broken.

Robert Dennyn went on his way, loved, honored, respected by all; but a lonely old age was his portion. He had too kind and good a heart to become a misanthrope; but the flowers of love in his heart were bruised and crushed—they bloomed no more for him.

ADIEU.

BY E. A. L.

Adieu! Adieu! In silent tears we parted,
To journey on, diverging, as two beams,
That from the equatorial line have started,
Bending their faces toward the earth's extremes.
All day my bosom heaves with heavy sighs;
All day I sing thy favorite songs and weep;
All night I gaze into thy luminous eyes,
Or clasp thy shadow in my feverish sleep—
Oh! for the love that was for death too strong!
Oh! for the sweet charmed hours that sped too soon,
When thou didst steal from Beauty's laughing throng
To meet me by the soft consenting moon,
Inclasp my hand in tremulous delight,
And bend on me thine eyes angelically bright.

THE RANGER'S CHASE.

A WESTERN STORY OF THE WAR OF 1812.

BY J. L. M'CONNEL, AUTHOR OF "TALBOT AND VERNON," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"Come, haste to the wedding!"

On the third of February, 1809, an act of Congress was passed, defining the boundaries of Illinois, and establishing the "First Grade" of Territorial Government. The population of the whole territory did not then exceed twelve thousand; and, with the exception of Chicago, and a few settlements on the Wabash, was confined to a narrow strip of country along the Mississippi. But, upon the organization of the new government, (under Governor Edwards,) the current of emigration received an impulse in this direction; and the fertile prairies, lying nearer to the centre of the state, began to attract more attention. Kaskaskia was the seat of territorial authority, as well as the nucleus of population; and it was northward, along the banks of the river of that name, that the stream of emigrants naturally took its way.

Among those who pushed adventurously forward in that direction, was a certain Thomas Fielding, who migrated from Virginia in the autumn of 1811; his family consisting of a wife, two sons and one daughter. Passing by the settlements in St. Clair county, he pressed on across the prairies, with a world of fertile acres spread before him, until he reached the banks of Shoal Creek, in the county of Bond. A few miles south-west of the point, where the town of Greenville has since been built, he found a tract of land which combined all the advantages of which he was in search. A prairie, several miles in width, was bounded by high and valuable timber along the creek, and stretched away toward the north and west, in all the rich, unbroken beauty of primeval nature. Elevated, but well watered, undulating, though not rugged; that portion of which, with the freedom of the wilderness, he took immediate possession, was easily converted into a beautiful and productive farm. Just within the skirt of the timber, protected by a grove of stately oaks, he erected a spacious, though primitive, mansion; and here, in the grand solitude of wood and plain, he prepared, with his family, to spend the remainder of his life.

It was chiefly with a view to the welfare of that family that he had left the older and more thickly-peopled state of Virginia, to seek a home in the Far West. He was growing old; his sons were approaching manhood: and, after assisting their father in providing for his age, it was natural that they should be solicitous about their own future. Each, accordingly, with the concurrence of the father, selected for himself a sufficient domain; and such was the energy with which they prosecuted their "improvements," that, by the spring of 1813, there were three separate farms, immediately contiguous, under active cultivation.

Both the sons were married in the course of the following summer—for other emigrants had followed Fielding's "trail," until, at this time, there were, perhaps, twenty families within a circle of ten miles diameter. Jane, the daughter, still remained with her parents; but the frequent visits of a certain John Edgar, who lived some eight miles down the river, seemed to give color to the rumor, now rife in the settlement, that she was soon to exchange her maiden name, for that of the young Ranger Captain.

And, without implying any license to dispute about tastes—which, from time immemorial, have been considered out of the pale of controversy—Edgar's choice was well justified by her qualities, both of mind and person. She was considerably above the medium height, with the free carriage, which health and elastic spirits always give. Even now, though nearly forty years have passed, and she has borne and nurtured a numerous family, her bearing is more erect and graceful than that of many a girl within her 'teens. Dark hair and eyes, with a well arched brow—cheeks a little embrowned by exposure to the sun and wind—a nose rather aqueline than straight—a pleasant mouth, with red lips, which were never known to tremble, save in talking to the Ranger; a round, full chin, surmounting, like an Ionic capital, the marble column of her neck, and a figure, which united the freedom of rural life with the elegance of city cultivation; these were her attractions. Captain Edgar was a lucky fellow—for she loved him with all the fervor of the wilderness; and by nothing in her education had she learned to act as if ashamed of her affection.

He was well worthy of such a bride. Tall, elegantly formed, active, and graceful, he was the very type of a young frontierman. Gait, carriage, voice, and countenance, were all in unison with the open, manly spirit of his class. Preëminently brave among a people noted for courage; able as a leader, where, in order to lead, superiority must be plainly seen and deeply felt; he was already, though scarcely five-and-twenty, the captain of a company of rangers, whose arduous task it was to protect a frontier of nearly an hundred miles from the depredations of the Indians. The latter, stirred up, as is universally believed in this country, by British agents, since the opening of the war, were gathering, in unprecedented numbers, along the lakes and on the Upper Mississippi; and, like bolts from a thunder-cloud, war parties were moving rapidly in all directions—falling, with the suddenness of Indian strategy, when their descent was least expected, and vanishing among the

shadows of the forest, ere their blows could be returned. If the settlements on Shoal Creek had, as yet, escaped incursion, it was chiefly owing to the vigilance and activity of Edgar's Rangers, and, in circumstances like these, it may well be supposed, that nothing, save the utmost confidence, would have induced the pioneers to trust so young a man with a responsibility so heavy.

But neither war, nor rumors of war, could exclude from the mind of the youthful captain, thoughts of love and anticipations of domestic bliss. In the midst of these alarms, a day was appointed for his marriage with Jane Fielding. It was the 10th of September, 1813—a day memorable in the annals of our country, as that on which Perry achieved his famous victory over Barclay; and though they, of course, knew nothing of the approaching event, it is probable that even so brilliant an anticipation would not wholly have withdrawn their attention from that which so much more nearly concerned them.

A wedding on the frontier, in those days, was a far heartier affair than it now is in the same country. People seem to be somewhat ashamed of getting married of late, and seek to avoid observation, very much as if they were about some act only allowable because not positively prohibited by statutory enactments. The first that the neighborhood learns in these modest times, of a matrimonial union, is the stealthy departure of a close carriage, in which the guilty parties are privately withdrawing, to hide their culprit faces among careless strangers. The public feeling of the olden time was somewhat different. The consummation, in fact, of an union which was already complete in affection, was then deemed an occasion of social congratulation, and sometimes of noisy enjoyment. The neighbors—husbands, wives, sons, and daughters—were all called in, to take part in the hilarity; and each felt that, if the event was, as it should be, a happy one to the parties directly interested, it would be wrong to detract from that happiness, by gloom, reserve, or ceremony.

The pioneers cared little for scented notes of invitation, embossed cards, or emblematic turtle-doves—no more than for the unsubstantial trickeries which now make up a wedding feast. As the day approached, though yet perhaps a week remained, the children of the bride's family were sent forth to "warn the neighbors in," or, not unfrequently, the parties took advantage of some other merry-making, to announce the auspicious event, and deliver invitations; and, without other formality, all who lived within a day's ride of the place, considered themselves invited, and arranged their affairs accordingly. Some inconvenience to the host and hostess might result from the uncertainty about the number of their guests; but the art of providing mathematically for the precise number expected, was not then cultivated; if there was *enough*, it was not material how much *more* there might be—for that meanness which combines a sordid calculation with the rites of hospitality, was not one of the pioneer's vices. Preparation was made to receive all who were near enough to reach the place—a profusion of substantial things, such as hearty men and natural women liked, adorned the rude tables; and no grand flourishes of white-aproned waiters, no sham dignity of form or ceremony, encumbered or oppressed the feast. And though the early backwoodsman might not be the most polished of hosts, yet, tried by the standard of genuine hospitality, he was the most perfect of gentlemen.

Thomas Fielding was a true representative of his class; and those who have been in the West will need no further description. For two weeks before the appointed day, he had invited everybody he met to witness the marriage of his daughter, and take part in the rejoicings; and by those whom he saw, he had sent notice to others; so that at least a week before the eventful tenth, every one within twenty miles was not only notified, but asked to attend. Preparations were then made upon a corresponding scale; and fervent wishes were expressed that the weather might be fine, that none might fail to come. One of the sons was sent express to Kaskaskia for Jane's wedding garments—for even in those primitive days woman was true to the tastes of her sex. And, beside, Jane had grown almost to womanhood in the precincts of the Old Dominion; and, in her new home, was as well known for the superior neatness of her dress, as for other advantages of mind and person.

At length the eventful morning came—one of those magnificent autumn days in which the warmth of summer lingers on the hazy landscape of the waning year. They say Italian skies are beautiful throughout the seasons; but it seems to me the autumn must be the glory of the months in all climes, as full manhood is the ultimate bloom of life to all men; and existence, in a country where the climate gives no special beauty to the year's decline, would seem but little better than working in a tread-mill. We must have variety; the perpetual smile of even a beautiful face would weary us in time; and six months of unbroken sunshine would make us long for a Scotch mist. There is no such monotony in the land of prairies; nor has any country in the world a season of more rich and mellow glories than the western autumn.

> ——"The fading, many colored woods,
> Shade deep'ning over shade, the country round,
> Embrown; crowded umbrage, dusk and dun,
> Of every hue, from wan declining green,
> To sooty dark;"

and waving wide savannas, luxuriant as oriental gardens, over which the shadows chase each other statelily, or linger lovingly, like shady islets in a "sea of green." And then the tempered sunlight, all shorn of summer's fierceness, by the hazy, dream-like air; and, over all, the arching sky, not laughing, as in April, and not glowing, like July, but full of deep repose, the holy calm of spirit-land. Who that loves beauty would not live in a variable clime?

But it was little that the wedding-guests cared for the glories of September. The sun had scarcely began to decline toward the west, ere they first were seen approaching. From all directions along the narrow road, over prairie pathways, emerging from

the timber, or riding slowly along its outskirts, the whole country seemed in motion. Thomas Fielding, with his two sons, all in their holyday suits, stood at the gate, and welcomed all comers with a hearty shake of the hand; while at the front door the younger matrons, with their smiling mother, received the females of each party. The bride-elect was not yet visible; the ceremony was not to take place till evening. The bridegroom had appointed a rendezvous for his company of rangers; and it was at the head of these trusty guardians of the settlement, that he was to approach the scene of his happiness. In the meantime, the guests employed the vacant hours, each according to his fancy, the men in talking over the prospects of the country, the danger of Indian incursions, the plenty of the crops, etc.; while the women were either assisting in the final preparations for the feast, or readjusting their disordered dress—either gossiping with the mother, or teasing the daughter, who still kept her bridal chamber.

Four o'clock in the afternoon arrived; and now the happy captain, with his rangers, might soon be expected; when Jane, her preparations all complete, at last issued from her chamber, and announced her intention to walk out upon the prairie and gather some wild flowers. Several of the younger girls proposed to accompany her, but with a smile and a blush she declined their companionship. It was not pressed upon her, for each had a suspicion of her object. The mother's called their daughters aside, and whispered—

"She is going to meet the captain—let her go alone."

And, in confirmation of the suspicion, she passed out to the southward and took a path which led in the direction of the road along which the captain was to come. Somewhat more than half a mile from the house stood a little grove, within which she had often met Edgar on his visits to her father's, and from this point her parents usually saw them approaching the house together. It was to this grove that she went—by a circuitous route, however, so as to justify her excuse for leaving the house, by gathering a few late flowers.

She had been absent from the house little more than an hour, when, rounding a "point" of timber, which puts out from the creek about two miles below the farm, a cavalcade of twenty horsemen was seen, and at once recognized as Edgar's company of rangers. Another body, about equal in number, was seen at the same time several miles to the west, but all attention was now directed toward the south, in expectation of the appearance of the rangers. The elder ladies smiled sedately, in memory of their own youthful days, and prophesied—

"He 'll not come with the company—you 'll see Jane and him coming up that path, after awhile."

And the event justified the prediction—at least in part; for, on arriving opposite the little grove Edgar turned off, and directing his companions to ride on, put his horse to a gallop, and was soon within the shadows of the rendezvous.

A vine and a fallen tree, together, formed a pleasant seat; and here, when the skies were clear and the sunlight warm, he had often found her awaiting his approach. He sought the old place now, but she was not there!

"She must be out soon," he muttered to himself; and springing to the ground, he assumed the seat which he had expected to find occupied. He was disappointed, and both his face and attitude betrayed it. He leaned his rifle against a tree and threw himself back to wait, patiently as he might, for what was not likely to come had he waited till morning! His eyes wandered vacantly over the scene for some minutes, when, suddenly springing up, he exclaimed—

"She has been here and gone away!"

A narrow strip of white muslin was hanging upon a thorn very near him—evidently torn from some article of female dress! It could not be a signal for him; only accident could have placed it there. She must have retreated in haste—and why? Such were the reasonings of the experienced ranger. He reached forward and took it off the briar; but, as he did so, his eye fell upon a far more ominous object! The same bush had retained a piece of red calico, fringed with green, and Edgar at once observed that it had come from the cape of a hunting-shirt such as the northern Indians wore!

It was enough! And yet, with the coolness characteristic of his race, the ranger stooped to the ground and calmly examined the records of a struggle. On each side of the rustic seat there was a single footstep, deeply indented among the leaves, as if two men had sprung suddenly from opposite directions to a common point. Then, in front of the seat, the twigs were broken and the ground was trampled—though but little, as if the struggle had been brief and feeble!

"No *man* could have been overpowered so soon," he said; "and it must have been as I expected—*she was alone*."

But even this conviction did not hurry him away. He carefully examined the ground in the neighborhood, and then, returning to the scene of the struggle, followed the trail, by those slight indications which none but a backwoodsman could have discovered, for several hundred yards to the westward. He thus ascertained these facts: That the actual captors were but two in number; that they had concealed their horses in a small thicket, some distance above the grove where the capture was made; that they had retreated in great haste, keeping within a ravine which drained the prairie; and that, at or near the thicket they had rejoined the main body of marauders, consisting of half-a-score of horsemen.

"They have been frightened away by the gathering at Fieldings," thought the ranger.

He hastened back to the grove, and springing upon his horse, galloped away toward the house. He had still a lingering hope, though faint, that he might find his bride at home; but this vanished at once when he rode furiously to the gate and was met by her father.

"Indians!" he shouted, in the loud, full notes of a

voice like a trumpet. "Ho! rangers! Mount and follow!"

CHAPTER II.

THE CHASE COMMENCED.

The cause of the alarm scarcely needed to be explained—the word "Indians" was enough.

All was immediately in confusion—men were rushing in every direction for their arms and horses, women were hastily preparing to set out homeward, and, save the rangers, who had picketed their horses together as usual, no one seemed to retain the least coolness. Nor was the consternation unnatural; for many fathers and mothers were there who had left their homes in charge of their children—some of the younger guests had left aged parents—and even those who had closed their houses, leaving no one behind, though they apprehended no bereavement of relatives, expected no less than to find the labor of years a heap of smoking ruins. People less accustomed to alarms would have made more clamor; but the pale faces and rigid features of these stern backwoodsmen, were as eloquent of feeling as the wildest gestures or most extravagant cries.

It was in scenes like this, that the superiority of such a man as John Edgar became evident. He was terribly excited—as the blazing eye and ashy lips might testify; yet his orders were given with the same clearness as if there had been no cause of agitation; and, without betraying any signs of impatience, he sat upon his horse at the gate quietly awaiting their execution. But few moments sufficed for his ready soldiery to assemble. They numbered only twenty in all; but they were soon joined by half-a-score of young men, who had no pressing call homeward. From these he selected ten, among whom were the two younger Fieldings, and placing the company under the command of his lieutenant, he directed them to establish patrols over the district and protect the settlements.

"You 'll bring Jane back to us, John?" said Mrs. Fielding, coming to the gate, with dry eyes, but trembling lips.

"Yes," he replied sternly, "if I have to follow her to the Rocky Mountains!"

And the mother turned away sorrowing, but hopeful. The character of Edgar was too well known to admit a doubt of his untiring perseverance.

Ten minutes sufficed to make all the provisions necessary to a long chase; at the end of that time Edgar turned his horse's head toward the prairie, and followed by the ten men of his choice, set out at a long gallop to the west and north. The band had been selected with a thorough knowledge of every man's qualities; they were all young, hardy, resolute and untiring. Each was equipped with rifle and knife, and each rode a powerful and well-tried horse. Beside the hatred which every ranger bore to the "redskin"—a motive in itself strong enough to bear them forward for many days—they were all warmly attached to Edgar. The latter expected a long chase; for, from certain signs, minute and unmeaning to the inexperienced, but trumpet-tongued to him, he was impressed with the belief that Jane's captors were not merely a marauding party, making an incursion into this settlement, but a retreating band falling back from some other enterprise, either on account of defeat or division. Their numbers were too great; the character of the dress from which he had found a fragment, and the direction of their movement, all combined to this conclusion. Had he heard of the gallant defense of Fort Stephenson, a few weeks before,* his opinion might have been confirmed.

The sun was rapidly declining toward the horizon as they cleared the inclosures of Fielding's farm and struck at once into the open prairie.

Edgar had followed the trail far enough from the grove, where the capture was made, to be satisfied that he would strike it again in half an hour's riding, in the direction he had taken, and by following it while daylight remained, he had no doubt of being able to determine the point to which it tended. He would thus be enabled to continue the chase with some certainty after nightfall, while his enemies were probably asleep. This, of course, included the hazard of missing the trail during the hours of darkness: but Edgar's knowledge of the country was so perfect that he had little fear of this misfortune, and the fact that they could not be more than three hours behind, was a strong incentive to take the risk.

Having halted for a moment, to explain his plan of pursuit, which his men at once approved, he turned again to the north-west and swept away at a rapid gallop. The farms were soon left out of sight, and the view was bounded only by the wavy horizon: but the sun was an all-sufficient guide, and without swerving for a moment to the right or the left the party maintained its direction for nearly an hour. Edgar began then to slaken his pace and to observe the ground more closely, halting from time to time, and waiting for the failing evening breeze to sweep along the prairie; and anon, galloping away again for a few moments, still in the same direction.

He was evidently growing anxious, for his halts became more frequent, and his speed, when in motion, greater. He verged a little toward the west, until the woods in that quarter became partially visible in the haze about the setting sun. He halted once more and gazed up and down the tranquil prairie for a long time. A light breeze swept up from the lower lands, and bending the rank grass, at last revealed the object of his search! A line of broken blades, their under sides glistening in the waning sunlight, was defined by the bending wave, extending as far as the eye could reach toward the north. It was the Indian "trail!"

He sprang from his horse and carefully examined the ground, while his followers, careful not to deface the trail, halted at some distance, and without dismounting, awaited the result of his scrutiny. It was rapid but minute. He turned aside the long grass and inspected the foot prints of the horses in

* That brilliant action took place on the 31st of July, 1813.

the soil. There were, of course, no shod animals in their possession, yet the hoofs of these had deeply indented the ground, and the tracks were much more distinct at the point than at the heel.

"They were going at full speed," muttered Edgar; "and," he continued, gazing along the trail toward the north, where it stretched away, perfectly straight, through sloughs and over mounds as far as the eye could reach, "they are evidently driving for some definite point. What can it be?"

"It must be Colton's Grove," said one of the rangers, the most experienced among them, who had approached during the examination. "They would scarcely halt nearer than that, and in the line of this trail there is no other landmark."

"But that is nearly thirty miles from this spot," said Edgar; "they 'll not be able to reach there to-night, and besides, it takes them ten miles out of their way."

"You think they are making for the *Portage?*"* said White.

"Yes—they will cross the river as soon as possible, no doubt; and they cannot have canoes on both that and the Illinois. However," he added, springing again to the saddle, "we must follow the trail as long as we have light, and by nightfall we shall be better able to determine."

He took the lead again as he spoke, and set off in the same swinging gallop, to the northward, along the trail.

The sun was by this time nearly set, and the air was growing chill and damp. Their horses traveled better, however, and throughout the long twilight of that latitude they could follow the trail as well as at noon. But at the end of an hour the shadows began to creep closer to them, the timber on the left could no longer be distinguished, they could see the broken grass-blades but a few yards before them, and they were at length compelled to slacken their speed. A few stars came out in the heavens, the fleecy clouds in the north disappeared in the gloom, the breeze fell suddenly to a dead calm, the lingering rays in the west went out, and the curtain of night was dropped to the earth. The pursuers were in the middle of a wide prairie, more than thirty miles from the settlements, upon a trail which was no longer visible!

Edgar halted, and the whole party dismounted.

"Here is water, boys," said the captain, leading his horse to a small stream which trickled through the grass: "we had better let our horses drink and graze for an hour, else they will be too much blown for to-morrow's march. I think we had then better strike for Colton's Grove, direct; it cannot be more than twenty miles, and we can reach it before midnight. I hope to find the Redskins there."

It did not seem to prove Edgar's ardor in the pursuit, that he thus ordered a halt in the very opening of the chase; but there was not a man in the company who did not know that this was the wisest course. The hearts of the brothers grew heavy, however; for, notwithstanding Edgar's hope of finding the Indian's at the grove, it could not escape them, that he expected a long pursuit.

In truth, he was too well acquainted with the Indian character, to have full faith in his own expectations. "If," he reasoned, "they had designed to spend the night at Colton's Grove, they would have been at some pains to baffle us on our trail—they would have gone into the timber, or—at least—swerved from the direct course. But, here, they have traveled for thirty miles, straight as the bird flies, for the point where we would naturally expect to find them. They must be deceiving us!"

The thought was by no means a pleasant one; for, calm as he appeared, his impatience almost amounted to agony. And, when he briefly stated the argument to White, the ranger before mentioned, in whose judgment he had much confidence, the weight which it seemed to have with him, only deepened his misgiving.

"There is no choice, however," said the ranger: "we must go on now to the grove; for—at least—we shall be nearer to the Portage there, than here."

And this was the course resolved upon.

The hour of rest passed slowly away; and, at its end, the captain again gave the word, to mount and follow. There was now no trail to guide them; but their course was due North, and—led by the stars—Edgar once more put himself in the advance, and galloped away. The prairie was as silent as night and a profound calm could make it; and rolling away down the lowlands, and reverberating along the ridges, the sound of their horses' footsteps seemed like the rumble of an earthquake. The voices of those who spoke sounded hollow and echoless; and the jingling of spurs, and rattling of accoutrements, seemed smothered by the stillness. The men of that time were taciturn and earnest; and the scene through which they were riding was no bad type of their stern characteristics. They were in pursuit of Indian marauders; and hatred of the savage—which was natural to every Western man—gave depth even to their bearing. Each carried his rifle in his right hand; and, while he governed and assisted his horse over the inequalities of the ground with the left, kept his face steadily directed to the front.

They had been riding thus, a little more than two hours, when Edgar suddenly drew up to a walk.

"We must take it slowly now, boys," said he, turning in the saddle, as his men followed his example; "for, at a gallop, our horses could be heard five miles."

"Captain," said White, riding forward, "is n't that a light yonder, to the north—here, just above the ground?"

"It is, indeed!" exclaimed Edgar; "in the grove, too!"

"Rather too far to the right, is n't it?" said the ranger.

"We have been following the Pointers,* and their wheeling to the West must have taken us a little out

*"*Portage de Sioux*," a crossing of the Mississipi, above the mouth of the Missouri.

* Two stars in the constellation of *Ursa Major*, much better known to prarie travelers than the Polar star itself.

of our course," Edgar replied. "It must be in the grove."

He turned a little to the right as he spoke; and, urging his horse to his swiftest walk, struck directly for the light.

"They must suppose there are no men in the country," he said thoughtfully; "or else this is only a stratagem to take us out of our way, and gain time."

"They could scarcely have ridden farther than this," said White; "and if they are not yonder, we are entirely off the trail."

"They must be there," Edgar replied, decidedly: even as experienced a ranger as he could not but *believe* what he *wished*.

The advance continued—not swiftly, but steadily; for they were now less than two miles from the light, and the tall trees of the grove could be distinguished like shadows against the northern sky. The fire was evidently built within the skirts of the wood, and was now burning brightly, as if replenished with fuel since they had discovered it. Occasionally, it was hid from view—when they descended a slope and entered a hollow; and, sometimes shadows passed across it, as if persons were moving about it.

"They are certainly there," thought Edgar, "and they must have built the fire on Jane's account. Nothing else could induce them to be so incautious." Bitter as was his hatred of the savage, this idea rather softened him; and, in the fight which he expected, he resolved to spare as many of them as possible.

He had now advanced within half a mile of the grove; and—though the fire itself was not visible—he could plainly see the reflection on the branches of the trees above. It grew brighter while he gazed, and they could almost imagine that they heard the crackling of dry branches in the blaze. The captain drew his rein, and called a halt.

"There should be a little clump of trees near here," he said, gazing about in the gloom.

"It lies here, to the right," said one of the rangers—and, riding a few rods in that direction, they found a small grove of stunted oaks, where they again halted and dismounted. Here they tied their horses, and having examined their arms, marched out upon the open prairie. Edgar briefly explained his plan of attack, and the advance was resumed.

His men were deployed—or spread out—to the right and left, at intervals of twelve or fifteen paces; the captain himself remaining in the centre, and moving directly upon the fire. By this means, he covered a wide extent of ground, and yet kept his men within supporting distance of each other. The flanks were to move a little faster than the centre, gradually converging, when within the grove, but awaiting a signal from the captain, before opening the attack. Each, on making any discovery, was to communicate it to the next, and thus pass it up the line to the captain; and his orders were conveyed in the same way. His immediate object was to discover the Indians' horses, and thus preclude the carrying off of their prisoner by a portion of the savages during his fight with the remainder.

He could not have been more impatient to reach the point—on which he was advancing—had it been the rustic bower where he might expect to meet his mistress alone; yet the movement was as slow as the stealthy pace of the tiger, while he is yet too distant to spring upon his victim. And it had all the tiger's deadliness: for even the keen senses of the Indian could not have detected his enemy's approach—the first signal could be but the crack of the rifle, the fierce onset, and the gleaming knife.

It seemed an hour, after they left their horses, before they entered the outskirts of the grove, and many minutes were consumed in cautiously and silently pushing their way through the tangled briars and hazel bushes. Within this belt, the ground was more open; but it was covered with dry branches and withered twigs, the breaking of any one of which—under the foot—would have been more than sufficient to alarm the watchfulness of the Indian. They could not yet see the fire; but it was scarcely an hundred yards from them, and concealed only by a thicket, within which it was kindled. The horses had not yet been discovered, nor did the least sound break the profound stillness of the scene. The fire seemed burning low; and the shadows began to creep down from the tree-tops, whither it had driven them. Now and then, a flash—as if the blaze had caught a dry twig—shot arrowy beams out through the thicket, and then fell flickering back within the encroaching darkness. The fire was evidently neglected.

"They are all asleep," thought Edgar.

The flanks had gradually converged, according to the plan laid down; and they were so thrown forward as to form a half-circle, covering three sides of the little thicket, and all about equally distant from the fire. The captain gave the signal for a halt, and the word passed in whispers either way: the dusky forms stood still, and—unaware of their presence—one could not have distinguished them from the trees among which they were standing. Edgar passed slowly from one end of the line to the other, whispering his orders to each man, and endeavoring to see through the thicket to the *bivouac*. It was too dense to allow a fair view; but he could see deep shadows on the ground, like sleeping men, and—between two of these—there seemed one clothed in white, as if the wedding dress of his stolen bride.

He returned, without further delay, to his post in the centre; and, silently, slowly, the advance commenced. It was like the grasp of a deadly hand, closing fatally; for none within that charmed circle, might escape its implacable gripe.

No sound—not even the breaking of a twig—invaded the stillness, for a space of time which, in the intensity of expectation, seemed an hour. The fire had rapidly fallen to mere cinders, and its light faded to a faint glow, upon the adjacent thicket. The rangers flitted silently from tree to tree, like moving shadows. Each carried his gun poised low, in readiness for immediate action; and each placed his hand

upon his knife, for the conflict—man to man. They gradually closed in, until the flanks met upon the farther side, and a cordon was drawn around the thicket, less than twenty paces across. The fate of the slumbering savages seemed sealed; for these were men who never spared an enemy, and never shrank from battle.

Not the stirring of a leaf betrayed their presence, as they paused for the last time, awaiting the signal from their leader. The click of a rifle-lock was heard—clearly audible in the midnight stillness: a rush, a bound, a crashing through the brittle undergrowth, and the whole band, as if moved by one spring, stood round the smouldering fire, gazing wildly into each other's faces.

There was no one there! They had been creeping—with the deadly stealth of their craft—upon a deserted *bivouac*. Even Edgar's keen and practiced eyes had been deceived by the reposing shadows; and the white ashes of a log, which had burnt calmly down where it lay, had been conjured by his imagination into the bridal dress of the captive.

The fire had evidently been burning, without being replenished, for many hours.

. . . . . .

"We have nothing for it now, boys," said Edgar, when they had a little recovered from the surprise, "but to wait for daybreak, and then endeavor to recover the trail."

Within ten minutes, the whole party was asleep.

CHAPTER III.

THE CHASE ENDED.

No more than the first gray streaks of dawn had shot up from the eastern horizon, when the disappointed rangers were again astir. Their horses—which had been picketed upon the prairie, each with a long rope, after the ranger fashion of feeding—were first taken to a little stream to drink, and then moved to a fresh place, to graze until their riders were prepared to mount. Such provision as they had made against their own hunger was then dispatched, without delay, and with little preparation. Fortunately, however, the wedding feast had furnished viands enough for more than ten times their number; and with the readiness of the women of those days, each had been provided by wife, sister, or sweetheart—with supplies, ample and well selected.

It was now plain, that the chase before them was a long one; and it was no equivocal augury of their resolution to follow it to the end, that they thus set out with systematic prudence.

By the time they had finished a hasty breakfast, and each taken a deep draught from the stream where they had watered their horses, the gray of the dawn had deepened into red, and the dew-drops upon the bending grass were sparkling like diamonds in the opening light. The birds within the grove were fluttering, full of matin songs, from branch to branch, or floating off—in long and graceful flights—far over the verdant plain: the grouse came out upon the knolls, where the herbage was short and green, and strutting pompously from side to side, clumsily plumed themselves in the morning beams: on the ridges, farther off, the deer stalked out from sheltering hollows, and stamping daintily upon the ground, or tossing proudly up their antlered heads, snuffed vainly at the rising wind. A low, faint sigh, as of a passing spirit, floated—scarcely audible—along the jeweled grass, and shook the jewels gently from the blades. The stars went slowly out, or blended in the brightening hue of heaven; the shadows—that still lingered round the groves—were fading rapidly, or deepening into shade; the red in the east grew yellow, and an arc of white announced the sun's approach. The day had taken full possession of the earth and sky.

"There is light enough now, boys," said Edgar, rising to his feet, "to begin the search for the trail. Let us saddle up and be off."

Time was never wasted by these men: within five minutes all were in the saddle, and extended along the northern and western skirts of the grove, in search of indications left by the enemy. A signal was given by one at the extreme north—the trail was found, and the whole company at once galloped to the place. Edgar sprang to the ground, and examined the track.

"Just as I suspected, boys," said he, remounting. "There has been but one Red-skin here, and he has been sent this way, to build that fire and attract us from the pursuit."

"Indian like," said White; "they have used our own vigilance to circumvent us. But we'll never give it up so, captain."

"Never," was Edgar's decided answer. "But we have lost the trail, and must recover it. We must separate into small parties, and continue the chase. We are pretty nearly due east from the *Portage*, for which, I think, they are making—at all events, they will not go south of it. We will meet—in the evening—there; or, if the trail should turn northward, we may come together sooner. Let no one linger on the way—we have lost too much time already."

The company was soon divided into squads of two and three; Edgar took with him White and George Fielding; and—repeating the injunction not to linger—rode away to the north-west. The three other divisions set out at the same time, upon diverging lines; but all maintaining the same general direction.

For an hour, those in the centre kept all the rest in view; but, at the end of that time, the undulations of the prairie, and the rapidity with which they traveled, had completely separated them. Edgar, and the two companions—whom he had chosen as well for the excellence of their horses, as for their well-known courage and coolness—were upon the extreme right, or northern flank—a post which the young captain had selected, both on account of its danger, and for the advantage it gave him, should the Indians turn to the north. It is with him, that we must continue the chase.

Several hours passed away, during which they had crossed the belts of timber which grew upon the

banks of two or three prairie streams; when, on approaching one of the branches of the Cahokia, they suddenly found themselves upon the trail of a single horseman. Keeping away from the timber, it stretched toward the north, parallel with the course of the stream, disdaining the concealment which might have been found in the wood. The three drew up, and Edgar dismounted.

"It is the same Indian who kindled the fire," he said, after a short scrutiny of the track. "What think you?"

"That if we follow him," White replied, "we shall be led away from the chase. He takes too much pains to show us which way he has gone."

"You are right," said Edgar; "for he has passed here since sunrise, and his horse was as fresh as when he left the grove. The water is all brushed from his tracks, but is not disturbed between. We'll not follow him."

And, without further consultation, he sprang again to the saddle, and resumed his original direction—verging, indeed, rather from, than toward, the solitary trail. Those little indications—like circumstantial evidence—more convincing than positive declarations, or more apparent signs, satisfied him that this was an attempt to draw him off. He smiled at the shallowness of the deceit, and rode away. His companions understood his reasoning almost instinctively. [The fact that the grass was dry *in the tracks*, proved that they had been made since sunrise; because the dew must have ceased to drip from one blade to another, and its being undisturbed between, established the freshness of the Indian's horse, because every bound was a clear spring from the ground.] Fifteen minutes brought them to the outskirts of Cahokia timber; and, after a rigid examination of this, they issued again upon the prairie toward the West, maintaing the same course.

They were now approaching a more densely wooded country. The prairies grew narrower, and were broken, here and there, by groves, and strips of timber, along the banks of numerous little streams. The ground became uneven, in places even hilly; and every thing denoted the approach to the Mississippi. This continued for about three hours, during which they had made scarcely five miles an hour: it was noon, too, and the September sun was pouring upon their heads the overpowering heat of the season. A halt became necessary, both for men and horses. Edgar rode within the shelter of the timber, and dismounted on the bank of a shallow stream—the first they had seen with a gravelly bed.

"We must rest awhile, boys," he said, "and recruit our horses—or we shall break down before night."

His companions followed his example; and all led their panting horses to the stream, to drink of its clear sparkling waters. But Edgar drew his back, suddenly, before he had touched the tide; and, arresting the others in the same manner, pointed to the bottom of the rivulet.

"Is not that a horse's track?" he asked, indicating the spot with his rifle.

"Yes," said White, "and here are more! And here, to the left, they are plainer, and more numerous. Our visitors must have passed this way, and are not going to the *Portage!*"

The tracks were but faint prints in the shifting gravel of the stream; and, to the eyes of less observant men, would have been quite void of meaning. It was, however, the peculiar faculty of Western Rangers, never to overlook any thing; and their attention once attracted, but a few moments were consumed in determining that, fifteen or twenty horsemen had ridden along the bed of the stream; that they were Indians, and traveling in haste. It might seem a more difficult matter to fix, even approximately, the length of time which had elapsed since their passage; but the invention of rangers was seldom at fault.

"George," said the captain to Fielding, "get on your horse, and ride up the stream a few rods—as fast as he can walk—in among those tracks."

Fielding obeyed; and, turning out of the stream a short distance above, came back and dismounted. The little party now stripped their horses of their harness; and, picketing them upon the sweet herbage, stretched themselves upon the sward at the margin of the stream. As soon as the agitation in the waters had ceased, Edgar fixed his gaze upon the footprints—plainly visible—of Fielding's horse, and watched the gradual process of their filling up, by the current. Scarcely a pebble, or a grain of sand was washed into one of them, that he did not note—scarcely a minute passed whose influence he did not estimate, in slowly obliterating the trail; and when, at the end of an hour, he rose and walked nearer to the water, but a few moments of scrutiny were sufficient to determine how long it would be before the new tracks were as nearly filled up, as were the old when he saw them first.

"They are quite six hours ahead of us," he said; "and to-morrow night will see them, before we will."

"They must be making for the ford*, above the Piasan Bluffs," said White; "and, if so, will not cross the Mississippi."

"That is rather too far north," Edgar replied; but we will follow them, if they go to the Starved Rock."

So saying, he threw the saddle again upon his horse, and—imitated by his companions—remounted for the pursuit.

"I think, George," said he, after a minute's reflection, "you had better ride on to the Portage; the men will all be there by the middle of the afternoon. Tell them to bait their horses for an hour, and then follow us with all speed, so as to join us at the mouth of the Illinois by sunrise to-morrow. Unless the trail should lead us too much out of the way, we will wait for them there. If you do not find us there, look for three columns of smoke, ranging north and south, and make all haste to come up."

Fielding made no reply; but, putting spurs to his

* An obstruction to the navigation of the Illinois, now known as "Apple Creek Bar."

horse, turned his head to the west, and was soon out of sight—while Edgar and White, now left alone, took their way as rapidly as was possible up the banks of the stream. It was a small force with which to attack twenty savages; but, had the odds been ten times greater, Edgar's eagerness and White's zeal would have felt no check. What they might not effect by the strong hand, they trusted to stratagem to compass; and even the savage was no match for the ranger, in cunning.

The two adventurers had gone scarcely a mile, when they were brought suddenly to a halt. The trail was about equally divided—one half the party keeping up the bed of the stream, and the other half issuing toward the left, and leading off westward. This was embarrassing. The prisoner could not be with both divisions; and it was extremely difficult to determine which to follow.

"We are at fault," said Edgar.

"There is a sign which may set us right," exclaimed White, pointing to a little strip of some white stuff which fluttered upon a bush, but a few paces from the water. "The briars have befriended us at need."

Edgar rode rapidly to the place. A narrow strip—evidently torn from Jane's bridal dress—hung fluttering upon a briar, as if caught in passing. He halted at the distance of several yards, and cautiously approached on foot, closely scrutinizing the ground at every step. The horses had passed, without doubt, near enough to brush against the briars; but directly beneath the fragment, a small dry twig was broken, and the leaves about it were flattened to the ground.

"A mocassined foot has been set there," he muttered. And on directing the examination to the fragment, his suspicion was confirmed—that it was not accident, but design which placed it there. The fabric was not drawn, as it would have been, had it been torn in passing; and it bore marks of a larger hand than Jane's.

"They are trying to outwit us, White," said the captain; "but they don't know with whom they have to deal. This little piece of muslin is a Redskin lie—though it did come from Jane Fielding's dress. We must keep up the stream, and let those decoys go on their way."

"It has been ascertained," says Chateaubriand, "that the white man, in America, is capable of enduring more hardships and privations than the Indian, and is decidedly his superior even in his own mode of warfare:" and thence he deduces sundry propositions about differences in race, and other unprofitable speculations. But the facts, about which there is no dispute, instead of being the result of generic distinctions, are the effects of a much later cause—superior intellectual culture. Not that the rangers of those days were highly educated men, in the ordinary acceptation of the term; but any degree in the scale of civilization, by the providence of God, possesses measureless advantages—in all the pursuits of life—over every lower grade. And, though these were decidely ignorant men, their evident superiority over their enemies—without contradiction in terms—was the fruit of their *intelligence*.

We cannot linger to detail the minute and, to other men, imperceptible signs, or the acute and logical reasonings upon these, which led the adventurers unerringly upon their way: though all would illustrate, so clearly, the principle above. They followed the trail, after it left the stream, several miles toward the north; when, on entering the broken country on the head waters of the Piasan, it verged suddenly to the left, and led, almost "as the bird flies," directly toward the Illinois river. A little before sunset, they reached the banks of this tranquil stream; and but a moment's examination was sufficient to determine that the fugitives had crossed here some hours before.

But this was not the only inference that Edgar drew from the signs of their halt. The footprints of several horses led off from the river, in different directions; but it was in that uncertain, winding way which animals take while grazing—and from the extent of these paths, it was evident that a halt of some duration had been made. While minutely examining the ground, the captain suddenly discovered the print of a small shoe, and following it a little aside, he approached the river bank, and discovered the impress of both Jane's feet in the soft loam. Directly over these, upon a willow branch, hung a small shell comb—evidently placed there as a signal for him. Beside her footprints were those of two savages, who had sought her, and dragged her roughly back to the halting point. Edgar noted these things with the coolness, but also with the fierceness of the ranger; and—grasping his rifle tighter in his hand—walked back to his companion.

"They must have halted here two or three hours," said the latter.

"They think they outwitted us, and are safe," replied Edgar. "But they cannot be more than three hours ahead of us, and I think we may overhaul them to-night."

"They are twenty to two," said White. "We must wait for the men."

"We can cross the river," Edgar answered, "and ride on as long as we have light. By that time we can see which direction the Indians have taken; you can then return here and hasten up the men, who must reach this point before midnight."

It required but few minutes to cross the river, which at this season is always low. Upon the western bank the trail was still more apparent than upon the eastern. Here, also, there had been a halt, though not so long. "Three hours of daylight, now," thought Edgar, "and we should overhaul them:" he forgot that his force was but one to ten—that he was more than a hundred miles from any settlement, in the midst of a vast solitude, where he could meet none but enemies. Nor would the reflection have disturbed him, had it occurred. He saw but one image—the helpless captive in the hands of his most hated foes; and, cool and considerate as he usually was, he would not have hesitated to en-

counter the whole band, with his single strong arm. Fortunately, perhaps, no such opportunity seemed likely to be offered him; for, after winding about for a few miles among the bluffs, the trail ascended the ridge which divides the two rivers, and here turning again toward the north, the fugitives had evidently increased their speed. The long twilight, too, was deepening into night, and the fear of again going astray would compel a halt, so soon as the tracks became invisible.

They followed, however, with all practicable speed, for an hour longer—dismounting at every offshoot from the main ridge, to ascertain their direction; but, at the end of that time, it was no longer safe to proceed, and Edgar reluctantly drew up.

"You had better return to the river now, White," said he, "and bring the men up as fast as pssible. I will expect you before daybreak."

"If they do not come up, I 'll return myself," said White; and, turning about, he rode away to the south.

The hardy ranger was now left alone, in the midst of the wilderness. Night had closed in, moonless—and the stars twinkled but faintly down through the woods. The wind—as is usual in this country—had subsided toward evening, and sunset had been followed by a dead calm. When the footsteps of White's horse died away in the distance, the silence of the grave added depth and awe to the solitude. Not a branch waved—scarcely a leaf stirred; and even the trickling of a little spring, in a ravine near him, only served to make the stillness audible—as a glimmering light but renders darkness visible.

Edgar dismounted, and led his tired horse in the direction of the sound; and, having allowed him to drink, divested him of his harness, and picketed him on a slope of green grass near the spring. His own thirst satisfied, he then seated himself at the foot of a tree; and, drawing his blanket up over him, endeavored to sleep. The stillness was broken only by his horse, eagerly cropping the sweet grass; and the monotony of the dripping fountain, combined with his fatigue, soon brought on that half-dreamy state which precedes oblivion. Indeed, his head was thrown back against the tree, and his eyes were closed, when he suddenly sprung to his feet, and standing as motionless as the trees about him, assumed the attitude of profound listening.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CAPTIVE FREE.

The neigh of a horse, faint and distant, but unmistakable, had come floating up the ravine upon the still night air. And though, after waiting many minutes, it was not repeated, it had been so distinct as to exclude all doubt.

"It must have come up the hollow," he muttered, "from any other direction I could never have heard it."

And, without hesitating for a moment, he prepared to go in the direction indicated. Throwing his blanket at the foot of the tree, he grasped his rifle, poured fresh powder into the pan, lest the night air might have affected the priming, and then, drawing his belt around so as to bring his knife convenient to his hand, he set out cautiously down the ravine—one man in pursuit of more than twenty!

Cautiously and slowly he proceeded down the bed of the ravine—gradually descending toward the lower level of the river bottom? He was guided wholly by the little rivulet which tinkled quietly along his path—for the dim starlight could not penetrate the depth in which he walked; and his progress was consequently very slow. The way was winding, too, and seemed almost to run parallel with the river;* and its channel grew deeper and more broken. Other streams came flowing in on either hand, and at every moment he was compelled to halt and grope his way across the gorges. Large trees stood obstinately in his path; and roots and briars, vines and thickets, impeded his advance. But patient perseverance, strengthened by the hope of rescuing the captive, still carried him forward over every obstacle.

More than an hour had been spent thus, and he had begun to listen more attentively, and, if possible, watch more closely for signs of his enemies. He halted on the brink of a deep ravine, which furnished a channel for another small stream; and, before venturing down into its bed, stooped nearly to the ground, and remained for many minutes profoundly listening to every sound. The stillness of night was quite unbroken; and he was on the point of beginning the descent, when his eye caught the flash, as of faint lightning, playing briefly upon the leaves at the bottom of the ravine! It was gone in a moment; and his first impulse was to look up through the tree-tops at the sky. But the stars were shining serenely—there was not the slightest cloud in the heavens. He watched for a long time for its reappearance—but the darkness remained as deep as before. It might have been a fire-fly; yet it was strange that it was not repeated; and it had been, not so much a light, as a flicker, like the blaze of thin fuel, and it had died out gradually, not suddenly disappeared. While he stood irresolute, reflecting upon the singularity of the appearance, an imperfect sound, as of very distant thunder, seemed to float along the earth and die away at his feet. He placed his ear to the ground, and again listened. The stamping of numerous horses became plainly audible—and they could be but a short distance from him. To his practiced ear the sound was familiar enough—and he had no difficulty in determining its locality.

He at once rose to his feet and again examined his arms. Moving cautiously and slowly, he then descended the bank until he reached the bottom of the ravine. Turning to the right, he glided silently and stealthily along its bed for two or three hundred yards, when, on coming to a bend where the stony soil had resisted the action of the elements, his progress was suddenly arrested by a stream of light

* Mississippi.

which shone from beyond the projection, and cast deep shadows upon the opposite bank. The fire from which it came was evidently built within the ravine for concealment—for it was only from above that it could become visible at any considerable distance.

To approach nearer in this direction would not be prudent—for, by the shadows on the bank, Edgar could see that at least twenty horses were picketed just beyond the shoulder of the ridge; and a snort from one of these might attract attention. He had no fear of other sentinels; he well understood the Indian practice of posting none; for, apparently so negligent are these most vigilant of all warriors, that even in their incursions, when they are constantly liable to attack, every man lies down to sleep, trusting solely to concealment and their Manitous for protection.

The ranger therefore slowly retreated a few paces, and then silently climbed the bank upon the left. From this point he could see no light; but, upon advancing along the ridge, a little nearer than he had ventured below, he gained a view, not only of the light, but also of the fire, and the formidable group around it!

More than a score of swarthy Indians, all in their war-paint and grotesque ornaments, and each with his gun and tomahawk beside him, sat smoking, one after the other, in a circle about the fire! A little without the line the excited captain could indistinctly see the shape of something white; and, as his eyes became accustomed to the light, all doubt vanished—it was the Captive Bride, seated apart from her captors, with her face buried in her hands. Could she have known whose eyes were at that moment straining their gaze upon her, how different must have been her emotions.

Edgar grasped his rifle and knife with a fierce energy, which threatened the suicide of an immediate attack. But he soon recovered his calmness, and set coolly about making a thorough examination of the position, and calculating the chances of a rescue.

The place had been well chosen for concealment. It was a circular area, inclosed on all sides, except the southern, by the broken and rain-washed ridges, and not more than an acre in extent. It was, indeed, a sort of basin among the hills; and it was the volume of water, collected here into one stream, that had cut out the ravine along which Edgar was advancing. It was dry now, however, and the grass, which in this country everywhere follows the rains of spring, was growing luxuriantly beneath the shelter of large oak and hickory trees.

Of these there was a little clump or grove in the northern arm of the area; and it was just within the edge of this that the fire was kindled. From that side an experienced scout might have approached within a few paces unobserved; but what could one man do against twenty? All that he could now effect, Edgar thought, was to watch the movements of his enemies, and take advantage of whatever opportunity might offer; or, if none should present itself, as was most probable, patiently to await the arrival of his men.

And now a harassing reflection occurred: What if White should not meet them, or they should miss the way? He would lose the benefit of all the diligence he had used, and having success and rescue almost within his grasp, would have the misfortune to see them glide out of his power! Here, within a few rods of him—buried, perhaps, in thought of him—sat the captive, snatched almost literally from his side, at the altar; and, though she might have heard his voice, he dared not raise it—though he might reach her side in one minute, he dared not advance! His rifle might do him service; for, even at that distance, his unerring skill would have disabled an enemy at every shot; but he knew that, at the first discharge, the pursued would become pursuers, and all chance of a rescue would be at an end! He was sure, besides, that the first motion of the savages upon an attack would be the murder of their prisoner; and, brave as he was, he shuddered, and shrank from the thought.

While he stood in the shadow of a tree, harassed by these reflections, a sudden movement took place in the circle of savages. One, who seemed the chief, rose to his feet, and the council broke up. The warrior turned toward the captive, and, taking a large blanket from the ground, spread it at the foot of a tree, and beckoned her to take it. He did this with so much more courtesy than was usually displayed by Indians to their female prisoners, that Edgar's blood tingled to the very ends of his fingers.

"The redskin dog designs her for his wife!" he muttered; "but he shall die first, if I lose my scalp!"

Jane rose quietly from her seat, and, wrapping the blanket about her, lay down upon the ground. The chief and two other warriors then placed themselves near her, to prevent escape; the remainder of the party spread their blankets around the fire; and, within a few minutes, all was as still within the faintly lighted space, as if not a living being breathed between the rivers. The fire gradually burnt down to a bed of coals; as the flame went out the shadows crept closer and closer to the dusky group; and so still was the night that, on stealing a little nearer, Edgar could plainly hear the heavy breathing of the tired sleepers.

Still nearer and nearer he slowly crept, though with no definite design or plan of action. The bride who had been snatched almost from his arms, was within that circle—and this gave it a fascination not to be resisted. He was now upon the bank, which sloped gently down to the level of the *bivouac;* and here a narrow, sandy path wound round the jutting points, and led directly toward the smouldering fire. Almost without an effort of the will—drawn by the charm of her presence—he stepped upon the noiseless sand. He commenced the descent—issued from the shadow of a little ridge—was, for a moment, in full view of the whole party—passed on again into the shadows, and stood within twenty feet of the object of his search.

The light from the dying fire played fitfully upon

Jane's face, and a smile, serene as in her happiest moments, gave meaning to the flitting shadows. Beside her, motionless as fallen statues, lay the stern, impassive forms of her captors; but Edgar knew too well that, rigid as they seemed, profoundly as they slept, the slightest noise would rouse them to a dangerous vigilance. Three of them lay between her and him—and two were near enough to grasp her, should she rise. But he gazed upon her face once more, beautiful in the holy calm of sleep—as tranquil as a summer sky. The impulse which had led him thus almost within arm's length of her, slowly shaped itself into a purpose—the vague attraction settled into conscious resolution.

He began to move cautiously to the left, around the sleeping circle, within the deeper shadows of the grove, from tree to tree, toward that beneath which Jane was slumbering. Nearer, step by step, and silently as the closing in of night, he approached like a shadow. He was now within the influence of the light, and but one tree stood between him and that which he was endeavoring to reach. A breathless pause, during which he gazed upon the form of every sleeper—they were apparently as unconscious, as if each had been a corpse. And yet, how fearful was the risk at every step. The slightest rustle of a bush, the breaking of a twig, even the grating of his feet upon the gravel, might awake his enemies—and then farewell all hope of rescue!

But his was not a nature to shrink from danger. Cautiously drawing the ramrod from his rifle, he took the irrevocable step. Swiftly, but silently, he glided from one tree to the other. Within four feet of him lay Jane, in profound and tranquil sleep, her head resting upon her arm, and one hand extended toward him; while on each side of her, but still nearer than he, her captors were ready to awake at the first movement.

But again he resolved to take the risk, and stretching forth the ramrod, gently touched her open hand. She did not move—he touched it again—and she slightly drew it away. Once more—she opened her eyes, and gazed upon the sleeping Indian before her—fortunately, without disturbing him. He passed the rod slowly before her face; she turned her head, and was about to speak, when he showed himself for an instant, and pressed his finger to his lips. She was silent, though breathless with excitement. But the nerves of a true frontier girl were not easily shaken; and Jane saw at once that her lover's safety, as well as her own liberty, depended upon her self-command. Obeying a sign from him, she commenced slowly and cautiously, though with trembling hands, to unfold the blanket which protected, but also impeded her. As fold after fold fell gradually off, her heart beat with a wilder and stronger pulsation; and when, finally, she found herself free, she could scarcely forbear springing to her feet, and rushing into Edgar's arms. By a great effort she restrained herself, and cautiously rose to her feet.

Full fifteen minutes—an age at such a time—had passed since Edgar approached the tree. But the suspense was amply compensated, when, without the least noise, he saw her, by his direction, gain the shadow of the first tree. He lingered still to see that she was unobserved, and then one moment brought him to her side, and joined their lips in a kiss as intense as was the danger by which they were surrounded.

Yet he dared not speak, and there was no time to be lost. The savages might discover the escape at any moment, and their last chance would be gone. He took her by the hand, and walkingly swiftly, though cautiously, began to retrace his steps through the wood. Five minutes brought them to the head of the ravine, and here he should turn to the left, if he wished to regain the path by which he had approached. But by this course, he must take a wide circuit to avoid the Indian encampment—and every moment was precious. Turning, therefore, to the right instead, he led her, as rapidly as she could walk, in the direction, as he supposed, of the dividing ridge, along which he had traveled in the evening. His observation of localities was usually so accurate, that there seemed no danger of missing the way. But he had been so much absorbed in the approach to the *bivouac*, that he had not noted the windings of the ravine, or even the points of the compass; and his surprise was very great on finding, after an hour spent in pushing forward, that he was apparently as far as ever from the ridge.

It was long past midnight, and but a short time could elapse before the prisoner's escape must be discovered. It was vitally necessary that he should recross the river before sunrise; and yet, without his horse, this was impossible. Jane expressed confidence in her ability to walk even much farther; but the speed of even so active a walker as she was far from sufficient for escape. Edgar grew silent and anxious, though the cheerfulness of his companion at another time would have drawn many a smile from the gloom of his face.

"We can only push forward, John," said she; "an enterprise so successfully begun should not be given up in despair."

"I can never despair so long as you are with me, Jane," he replied; "but I ought to tell you that, unless I can find my horse, our capture is certain."

"See, then, if I am not a better night-ranger than Captain John Edgar," she said; "I hear your horse, now!"

The Ranger drew her to him and kissed her warmly.

"I shall resign in your favor," said he. "I should have passed without hearing him!"

This was more compliment than earnest; for, as he spoke, a low nicker from the bushes directly in front, indicated the spot where his horse was still standing. The faithful animal was aware of his master's approach. A few moments sufficed to prepare him for retreat. Edgar doubled his blanket, and placed it behind the saddle. Lifting Jane to this *impromptu* pillion, he threw himself into his seat, and turned his horse's head toward home.

"What is that!" Jane exclaimed.

Floating up the ravine came a prolonged war-

whoop, ringing among the trees, and dying away in a thousand echoes along the ridges.

"They have discovered your escape," Edgar said.

He waited to hear no more, but regaining the dividing ridge, set off at a swift pace toward the south. The order was reversed—the chased were now the pursuers—and speed alone could decide the race. Edgar rode a powerful horse, who had borne him safely through many a fight as well as march; but the double weight he was now carrying, the journey he had made, and the efforts still expected of him, forbade the idea of rapid traveling. Yet the bloodhounds were upon his trick; and at the dawn of day, now scarcely an hour distant, Edgar knew that they would sweep down upon him like the wind. Escape seemed as difficult as before the rescue.

Yet the Ranger was not cast down, and the strong-hearted pioneer's daughter gave little thought to danger. As in all women of her class, excitement only evolved her energies; and she talked with a sort of cheerful elation, as if the peril were already passed, and home once more regained. Edgar was far from being so much at his ease; but he had never known fear, and, save on account of the loved one, whose arms encircled his waist, he would rather have made his dispositions for battle than for flight.

His only hope was that the Indians might be delayed in searching the woods around their encampment until he could gain a sufficient start; and this hope vanished almost as soon as formed. They had scarcely ridden three miles, when the thunder of many hoofs came rolling down the ridge. The enemy were in full chase, scarcely a mile behind.

"We must try the virtue of speed," said Edgar; dashing his spurs into his horse's flanks, he sprang away at a rate which gave promise of soon distancing the pursuers. Their footsteps soon died away in the distance; and, could he have kept up the pace at which he started, the captain hoped he might reach the river before being overtaken. But at the end of a few minutes, he was forced to draw his rein. The ridge had grown so narrow, that the ravines on either hand intersected each other, and broke it into steep and dangerous gorges. At the first of these his horse came to a dead halt, and neither voice nor spur could force him forward. Edgar sprang to the ground, and looking over the precipice, shuddered at the leap he had been endeavoring to take. A hollow, whose bottom he could not see, cut directly across his path, and extended both to the right and left, farther than his eye could penetrate.

"They are coming, John!" exclaimed Jane, springing to the ground; and he had scarcely time to lead his horse a few yards to the left, when twelve or fifteen Indians dashed furiously up, and, like him, came to a sudden halt. He could plainly see the dusky outlines of their forms, riding back and forward, searching for a crossing. He drew Jane, whose white dress might betray them, behind a tree, and breathlessly awaited their motions. At a word from the chief they all turned directly toward him. He seized Jane by the arm, and dropping his horse's rein, sprang down the precipitous bank. A fearful yell from the pursuers told him that he was seen; and a rush and a scramble, regardless of the crumbling bank, brought them almost upon him.

"Run, Jane! Down the ravine—run!" he exclaimed, and bringing his rifle up, the foremost warrior fell to the ground, pierced through the head. Another yell, more fearful than the first, heralded a wild spring upon him. But the ranger was more agile than any savage; with one bound he gained a tree, and before they had recovered from their confusion, his rifle was reloaded. Slowly he began to climb the bank—but his first movement was observed, and again they rushed toward him. He turned and fired his last shot—another savage rolled groaning down the bank. But the odds were too great. His enemies were too near to allow his again charging his gun, and an attempt to retreat up the steep ascent would be instant death. He gave himself up for lost—but, drawing his knife, resolved to die fighting to the last.

The click of a rifle-lock directly behind him caught his attention, and the next moment a volley of balls whistled over his head. A rush down the bank immediately followed. The company of rangers, led on by White, had arrived in time to save their captain. The savages, taken by surprise, were unable to make a stand; for with them, as among all undisciplined men, a panic was irremediable. Edgar joined his men, and assumed the command, pushing the charge directly home upon the confused and scattered party. But such as were not disabled by wounds sprang actively up the ascent, and gaining their horses, took to flight. They left seven of their warriors, among whom was the tall chief, lying dead in the bottom of the ravine.

Edgar called his men back from the pursuit, and mustered them within the gorge. Not one of them had received a wound.

"We are all safe," said George Fielding; "but where is Jane?"

"Here I am," Jane answered from the ridge above. Instead of flying down the ravine, as Edgar had directed, she had climbed the bank behind him; and, unwilling to leave him in peril so fearful, had determined there to await the issue. Had she been armed, he would not have been alone in the fight.

Day had dawned on the conflict, and now the shadows of the forest were fast melting away. Leaving their enemies to be recovered by their companions, who would soon return for them, the rangers remounted, and set out toward home. Edgar lifted Jane into his saddle, and with little difficulty, catching one of the Indian horses, rode, happy as if already her husband, by her side. On the morning of the third day they once more reached her father's house, where the rejoicings at her rescue were shared by the reassembled guests, at her wedding with the Ranger-Captain.

IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND.

BY FREDERIKA BREMER.

Asylum for Aged Governesses.—Home for the Young.—Queen's College.—Government School of Design for Women.—Ladies' Guild.—Some Thoughts.—Review of England.—Its Authors and Authoresses.—Departure.

I HAD heard some years since, whilst yet in Sweden I had listened to the news, as one listens to some beautiful, half incredible story; I had heard that persons of talent, rank and fortune, had united in England to establish a Home for Aged and Poor Governesses, to enable them to enjoy a bright evening of life, free from anxiety. I had also read Mrs. S. C. Hall's charming story, "The Aged Governess," and wished that it might be read and thought upon by many. This story, written solely for the promotion of this good object, describes one of the most common occurrences of life, as we all must acknowledge; namely, how the old instructress, neglected by the young whom she has brought up, often as a second mother—how they, not from badness of heart, not from premeditated neglect, merely from common thoughtlessness—leave her to her fate, after her long, laborious career in the family when they had need of her, and out of the family when they need her no longer—left alone, to live or to die, utterly forsaken.

This story had caused me to think the undertaking must succeed; it is an affair of humanity, and its advocate knows how to touch the heart.

I heard in America that the work had been accomplished; the Asylum for Aged Governesses had been erected, and I set my heart upon visiting it during my visit to London.

Nothing more was needed than that I should mention my wishes to my friends in London. One of the most effective promoters of the good institution, the excellent and cheerful Mrs. Laing, conducted me thither.

It was a beautiful afternoon. It was pleasant to drive with that agreeable and kind woman, in an open carriage, away from the crowded, noisy London into the pleasant suburb of Kentish Town, where the green fields shone in the sun, and trees and flowers nodded in the wind; it was pleasant to listen all this time to Mrs. Laing, who told me how that, ever since her earliest youth, she had wished above every thing to be able some time to be of use to the distressed of her own sex, whose smoother path of life she herself was beginning to tread; and of the happiness which she now experienced, in finding herself in a position to accomplish the warm wishes of her youthful years. Beautiful and cheering is the sun! But still more beautiful and cheering is the sun of human kindness in a human eye!

The carriage drew up at a pair of iron gates. Within these, upon an open space and with a free look-out, stood a large, splendid house, built of gray stone, in the beautiful antique style. This was the Asylum of the Aged Governesses, their last calm haven and home on earth. The building had been completed only in June 1849, and was calculated to receive twenty-two inmates. Rooms for more may yet be added. We passed through the garden, which, however, consisted principally of beautiful grass-plats and beds of flowers, shrubs and newly planted trees. Some of the old ladies were walking here, in the bright light of the setting autumnal sun, and tending the flowers. We entered the house. The steps, the doors, all, from foundation to roof-tree, were built as if for a thousand years' duration, beautifully and excellently—the sterling English spirit breathed throughout it.

In the large common drawing-room, adorned with pictures, book-cases, and all those various things which constitute the peculiar little world of a beautiful room intended for social enjoyment, sat two of the old ladies at their work. Mrs. Laing was received by all as one receives a messenger of joy. The old ladies evidently regarded her as one of their best friends. They were anxious to prove to her that they were well and full of the energy of life. For she had made them understand that no greater trouble could happen to her than that they should die; that she wished them all to live and be happy here, the longer the better.

A little, cheerful, bright old lady, more than seventy years of age, but very lively, and as agile almost as a young girl, went with me through all the different rooms. They were all exactly alike as to arrangement, had the same kind of furniture; carpets and all comforts equally alike. My little conductress was quite alive to all this, and showed me with how much thought every thing had been arranged for their convenience, how easily the bonnet-boxes under the tables were drawn out, how accurately and noiselessly the doors closed, because the edges were lined with listing; how every thing was so arranged that they might find life easy and agreeable. In one of the rooms sat an old lady, who was an invalid, and was no longer able to walk out. She sat in her comfortable easy-chair, the dim eyes, which shone like feeble lights in the still handsome countenance, gazed out from a window which commanded a lovely view over the distant green, church-crowned heights, behind which the sun was now sinking in the calm splendor of autumn, illuminating the room where the old lady sat. Her voice was weak, so were evidently the powers of life; the lamp was about to be extinguished. But within, as well as without, all seemed to be peaceful and bright as regarded her. Freed from the gnawing anxieties of providing for the day, protected from cold rooms,

shortness of food, from a desolate home, she may now calmly await the night, sinking quietly; like the sinking sun, which glanced into her chamber kindly, like the loving eye of a friend.

That aged governess, and all the aged ones there! my heart throbs warmly at the thought of them, and of their asylum.

It is in institutions of this kind that one sees the heart in a nation. Here the question was not about any "dangerous classes," whom society must take in hand in order to secure its own safety. Here the question was about a class, the least dangerous of all, the most defenseless within the range of society—about solitary women, who, after a life of toil and self-denial in the service of the young generation, go forth into silence, no one knows where, and hide an existence which they almost feel to be supernumerary, to be a burden—go forth, often, like the sick bird, which seeks out a gloomy solitude of the wood in which to die.

The aged governess! How hard is frequently her lot! How thankless is society for her labor, how indifferent toward her fate, how unsparing toward her faults—faults which arise precisely from the disproportion in her fate, which demands from the teacher all a mother's qualities and self-denial, without giving her in return any of the mother's recompense, the esteem of society, the gratitude of the child, or even a home.

During the several years' labor which noble-minded men and women in England have given to searching out and alleviating the silent misery which prevailed in this class of society, it has been proved that there is no class more deserving of esteem and attention; that no women better deserve the aid and esteem of society than the aged governesses.

Out of seven thousand teachers (it is estimated that the number of governesses in England amounts to about fifteen thousand) who during this time had come under the notice of the Committee of Direction which had been organized for their aid, several were found in lunatic asylums, but none in prisons. Many were without means of support in their old age, because they had maintained aged parents with the wages of their labor, assisted young brothers and sisters, or had brought up orphan nephews or nieces. Too many in consequence of their labor had weak sight, or were suffering from severe nervous complaints, of all suffering the worst.

Since the public attention in England has been so much directed to the responsible vocation of the governess, to her difficult position, and her unprovided-for old age; the public endeavor has increased with every succeeding year to elevate and improve the condition of the governess. Academies have been established for the education of young persons; annual pensions have been established for the old and needy; the crowning flower of this beautiful growth of human love and gratitude being the Home for the Aged Governesses, the asylum in which I now found myself, and which, when completed, will leave it difficult to imagine one more perfect.

Among the earliest promoters of this institution I found the names of—men. Men had been the earliest friends and protectors of the old, solitary ladies! The Duke of Cambridge, Dr. Thackeray, John Hatchard, (who lately closed a life full of good works) had long, both by word and deed, labored to improve the fate of these lonely beings. These good men, in connection with noble-minded ladies, such as Mrs. S. C. Hall and Mrs. Laing, had carried through this beautiful undertaking, and hence this final home for the aged governess.

Since then have the subscriptions for the support of aged governesses been so numerous, and so considerable in amount, that now a better future may be anticipated with certainty.

A payment of five hundred pounds entitles to nominate a lady to the asylum. And with all the conveniences and even luxuries of the establishment, all has been so well calculated that the cost of each inmate's support is remarkably small. A physician and medicine are also provided by the institution.

One agreeable thing for the old ladies seemed to me, that they were permitted to have their friends and acquaintance to tea, on the payment of a mere trifle for each guest.

I saw, finally, in the handsome, light dining-room, the greater number of the inmates of the asylum assembled. There, seated at the piano, I played to them Swedish ballads and dances, and afterward cordially shook hands with the kind old ladies, recommending them to follow Mrs. Laing's advice, to live long and remain well; they must take care and not die; they must take care and not grieve the good lady! They laughed, and seemed especially willing to attend to my admonition.

Why should they not? Every thing which makes old age bright—yes, perhaps, which makes it the most cheerful portion of a woman's life—quietness, a secure future, all the amenities of daily life, society, retirement, the kindest care, the most faithful guardianship, every thing which at their age might reasonably be desired, all this is theirs. With a joyful heart I left this institution, over which the most splendid autumnal sun seemed to cast its blessing, and drove with Mrs. Laing to the home of the younger governesses, which also, I was desirous of visiting. This institution—under the same direction as the former, is designed as a shelter and home for young ladies who come to London in search of situations as governesses; is intended to be self-supporting through the payments of the parties whom it receives, as well as that it shall afford them all possible comforts at as low a price as possible. Not far from this institution, which is calculated to receive somewhat above twenty young ladies, is *Queen's College*, a newly established academical institution, which enables young women to study and graduate in the same way as young men; and to advance as far in the acquisition of knowledge as their natural powers will admit of. The formation of a skillful class of teachers, of which it is said there is a great want in England, is the highest object of this college, which is under the direction of the Government

and the Established Church.* "The Ladies' College," situated at no great distance, is an academy of the same class, founded by dissenters from the Established Church. Both institutions are promising beginnings in a path, in which the youngest of earth's nations, the United States, has gone far in advance of the mother country, and of all the nations of Europe; namely, in its superior means for the intellectual development of woman.

Having long since become clear in my own mind as to the importance of this intellectual development, not merely for women themselves, but even for men, for the whole rising generation; I had inquired in England, as well as in America, what was being done for women? There was only very little to tell me of in England; they had, however, in London, the Asylum for Aged Governesses, (and a more beautiful institution cannot be exhibited in any land,) the Home for Young Governesses, the two Female Colleges, together with "The Government School of Design for Females." I had already noticed this inscription upon the door-posts of a house in the Strand, directly opposite to where I had my own excellent lodgings. I was very anxious to visit the Female School of Design in this great, magnificent London, the school which bore the grand appellation of "The Government School of Design for Women." It must be something really great and magnificent, thought I to myself.

The entrance did not promise much. It was narrow and rickety. But—that did not matter, the Englishman has sometimes a way of putting a simple outside to that which within is very splendid. I went up into a room, story above story, in the third floor. Ah! now had vanished all hope of and all esteem for the care of Government, as regarded the instruction of women, at least in the art of design. In a close, dark room, sat from sixty to seventy young women, so closely packed together that they took away from each other light, space, and, as it seemed to me, breathing-room. They had not even space in which to place their models, (some plaster of Paris casts stood on the floor in a dark corner of the apartment) they had not room to place any thing in a right light or proper perspective. In order to enable me to move along the room, the girls were obliged to stand aside, both they and their drawings. I saw two of them busy drawing a real—no, a *withered* plant which stood in a glass. And yet they came hither, and yet they sat here, day after day, industriously, crowded together as they were, the poor young girls! So great was their desire, so great the necessity for them to learn.

In the house on the opposite side of the street, in "Somerset House," was "The Government School of Design for Young Men," and they had every advantage which large rooms, models, teachers could give. And, nevertheless, and in spite of there being every unfavorable circumstance on the side of the girls, yet, in the two years, when public examination had been made of the productions of the two schools, the prizes had been awarded to the girls. So unquestionable was the superiority of their talent for decorative art, so nobly just the decision of the male judges. I heard much praise bestowed upon the head mistress of the Female School of Design, as being herself a distinguished artist. I cannot but deplore for her that she has not a better opportunity of developing her own talent and the talent of her young pupils than that which is afforded her by the Government School of Design for Women.

My thoughts involuntarily sped back across the sea to the country, to the people who preëminently among all the nations of the earth govern themselves, and to one of the Schools of Design for Women, which have lately begun to spring up there, with that fresh, vigorous growth, which all great, public, useful undertakings have in the soil of the New World. I saw the school which had been commenced in the first instance in the shade of private life, by Mrs. Sarah Peter, an English lady, with a warm feeling of fellow-citizenship; which had been taken up by the government, and incorporated with the Franklin Institution, at Philadelphia, with an annual endowment of three thousand dollars. I saw once more the large, light halls there; saw the kind, cheerful mistress happy in her vocation, happy in the progress of her pupils, and in the flourishing condition of the school.

I saw the young girls' beaming countenances, saw how a happy consciousness had arisen within them, as if they would say, "We also have now obtained work in God's beautiful vineyard!"

I saw them drawing vine-shoots and palms, as decoration for walls and floors; saw genius here unfold its youthful wings in joyful amazement at its own powers; and patient industry gladly take her place in the service of her more ardent sister; saw in the practical direction which the spirit of the New World gives to all work, an infinite future and sphere of operation opened for women in the employment of that talent which Mother Nature has given to them for the beautifying of life—the sense of the beautiful, a feeling for the tasteful and the ornamental—a talent which has hitherto been employed merely in a circumscribed manner.

"See!" said a warm-hearted, right-minded man, Dr. E., who accompanied me through the scholars' room, "this work by Elizabeth B.! fifteen dollars have been paid for it. And this second design for a carpet, by Miss ——, this has been ordered and twelve dollars are paid for it. This little pattern for calico-printing—see how pretty it is!—has been bought for two dollars—this for three. And these wood-cuts, are they not well done? The young girls who do these are full of orders for similar ones, and can command their own price. This lithograph is another work of Miss ——; and these lithographed groupes of flowers, ordered for a little book, are by Miss ——, and twelve dollars are paid for each. But I must introduce you to this young girl, Miss ——. She used formerly to maintain herself by her needle; she did needlework even for my family; but it was discovered that she possessed so remarkable a talent for drawing, that after only seven months' instruc-

* This is a misconception.—Ed.

tion, she is secure of provision for the whole of her life, by means of art."

Dr. E. and the head mistress together, selected specimens of the young girls' various works. "Take," said they, "this, and this, and this, and this, home with you to your fatherland."

This was in North America; in the country which preëminently opens a free field for the development of women. In Europe a few individual voices are raised for this object. In America it is the universal voice which says—

"He who points out a new field for the employment of female industry, ought to be regarded as one of the public benefactors. And every means by which such a field becomes accessible to woman recommends itself to society as an important agent in the civilization of the future."

It delighted me to hear that Charles Dickens, in his Household Words, had made some remarks upon it worthy of his warm heart and clever pen; also to hear that it was seriously contemplated to remove the school to a more favorable locality.

"The Ladies' Guild," is the name given to a Female Association in London, which I visited. It is as yet in its earliest commencement, and depends principally upon a discovery of a Miss Wallace, for the application of glass to the hitherto unknown purposes in ornamenting rooms, and the material of furniture. Miss Wallace has taken out a patent for her invention, which she uses entirely for the benefit of persons of her own sex. She was not at this time in England, but the ladies to whom she had communicated her art had united themselves for the formation of a guild, in which instruction in this particular branch of art is given, under certain conditions, to all such as wish to enter the association as working members. I saw here many original and particularly beautiful decorations of glass. I was, however, most struck with the branch of the art called "gems," in which pieces of cut glass crystals were set in flower-like groups of various colors, yellow, green and red; as well as with plates of glass prepared and burned, so that they resemble white marble, and of a strength so great that a man might stand and stamp his foot upon them without their being cracked. A room whose walls should be set with clusters of these gems, and some of the various brilliant paintings on glass which I saw here, would have the appearance of a fairy-palace, and would realize the most brilliant dreams of our childhood.

They were at this time desirous of preparing such a number of works as would enable them to have an exhibition, by which means the public interest might be turned to the undertaking.

May it succeed! May the well-intentioned, earnest women who commenced the undertaking be so happy as to carry it out for the benefit of their sex! How great the need of such institutions is, may be shown by the simple fact that a single advertisement offering work in this glass manufactory, called forth four hundred replies from gentle-women desirous of obtaining employment.

I saw several of these employment-seekers; for the greater part they were women of middle age, or in the latest youth; and the greater number were clad in deep mourning. They seemed to me like beings who had sat long in darkness, and now were come forth half astonished, half mistrusting, inquiring, "Is there any light, is there any life for us?"

Alas! That in God's rich, beautiful abundantly-living world, so many beings erected in His image, called to participate in His life, should need to ask thus!

"It must, it will succeed with us!" said the lady superintendent of this new undertaking, with the courageous calmness of conviction.* And I believe it will. The thing speaks for itself, and noble-minded men extend a brotherly hand to the ladies to aid them in carrying it out.

Yet once more: may the undertaking flourish, and may it be the precursor of many a similar one!

What a field of beautiful and advantageous activity lies waste through the neglect of rightly cultivating the talent which God has entrusted to woman! Thus, for example, her taste and her feeling for the beautiful are universally acknowledged, and she is permitted to cultivate it—merely for her own adornment and beautifying; and by so doing makes this heavenly talent minister to vanity and self-love. What if this sense of beauty were developed under the guidance of knowledge, for the use of society, for the beautifying of life? Does not woman's natural taste for ornament and for ornamenting give her an hereditary title in the realm of decorative art? And if she were allowed there to employ her single gift, if she felt herself, through it, living and working, as a fellow-citizen——?

Ought not every country to have its school of art, in which the artistic skill of women might develop itself, in a peculiar and national manner? Might there not, by these means, be a northern art, which, as such, might obtain acknowledgment even in foreign countries?

Might not the daughters of Sweden, so rich in natural feeling and fresh life, study the natural productions of Sweden; draw the pine and the linea borealis, the Apollo-butterfly, and such like beautiful things which God has given to the soil of their fathers; and arrange them in tasteful groups, in vases and baskets, for the decoration of walls and floors; and thus from northern scenes bring forth a northern art, tended by the hands of women, which might beautify northern homes, from the highest to the lowest; which might chase away ugly and common pictures, and let the brightest eye of home, the eye of the child, open into a world of beauty?

Is not, for all men and in all countries, one of the gates which opens into the sanctuary, like that in Solomon's temple—the beautiful?

*A worthy daughter is this lady of the well-known philanthropist, Dr. Southwood Smith. Dr. Southwood Smith stands at the head of the movement for Sanitary Reform in England, which is now being effectively carried out in many towns, and the main principles of which are, that every house and family shall have a constant and sufficient supply of fresh water, the erection of healthy dwellings for the poor, together with the careful removal and consumption of all impurity.

We are speaking now merely of a branch of art. But is there not in many other arts and in many manufactures—nay, perhaps in every art and manufacture and science, the more they are developed and ennobled—a department which ought preëminently to be cultivated by women, expressly because of that one talent which has been given to them by nature?

We merely ask. We acknowledge to a profound faith in our own questions. But we would beseech of thinking men and women to consider the subject with us.

For the importance of it lies not merely in the peculiarity of woman's work. There is something beyond this in woman, through her own work, being able to acquire a self-relying position in society, a noble independence for the life both of soul and body; that she may feel, may know from childhood upward that she may courageously look toward a future which she, through her own power of work, can prepare for herself; to know that creditable work is not disgrace. And that beautiful consciousness which already exists in the intellectual heights of society, may alike in the palace and the cottage of the peasant be acquired by all.

What is it that people are afraid of in this independence of woman? Are they afraid that thereby she will become less womanly? Are they afraid that any being, if it develops itself in freedom and in truth, can become any other than that which God designed in its creation?

Are they afraid that women may take the work away from men?

But all development, all natural division of labor in the world prove that its multiplication and affluence increases in proportion to the various powers which are employed upon it, each in his own way.

In truth, at the present moment, and with the mistaken purposes of existence which have so long depressed the life and consciousness of women, and with them those of men also, one can only wonder that women are what they are.

But when woman becomes that which God intended her to be, man's equal and helpmate in all spheres of life, *Manna*, or she-man, as the Bible calls her in the first morning of creation.

Amid many gloomy scenes, many sorrowful experiences, I yet live in the steadfastly joyful anticipation of the future, which will some time dawn for society, when the fettered woman shall become wholly free.

It enchants me when I think upon the beautiful relationship—and of this we already, thank God, have seen and still see many examples—which must take place when these two halves of life stand together—not master and slave—resting only upon God and upon themselves, relying upon each other, merely through the free homage of the heart and the intellect. He sees in her a noble, self-dependent being, who needs not and seeks not him for any lower object. And he loves her for that cause. She sees in him a free and noble being, who seeks not and needs not her for an unworthy object, advantage, or pleasure. And she esteems him for that reason. But each needs the other as a helper in the highest work upon earth—the perfecting of life. That they know, and for that cause they extend to each other the hand, as a married pair, as friends; two free, divine beings, united in the highest!

Thus is paradise regained on earth; no longer that first merely natural paradise; but the higher, spiritual paradise, where man and woman shall live together as the angels in heaven.

Is this sight too beautiful ever to become true?

It is too beautiful not to become true!

But if before this a new development of woman's life and consciousness must take place, the subject need not be further pursued here.

The Chinese cramped up their women's feet in tight shoes, that they might not go far from home. But the Chinese themselves have remained standing on the same spot, whilst all the rest of the world has gone forward.

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Often when the starling comes in spring to our northern land have I seen him sit in the top of the trees, saluting with his song the rising of the sun over the morning-illumed country. And at this moment, when I sit like the bird upon the bough ready for flight, ready to seek my nest, I feel like the starling glancing abroad over the country upon which a new day is ascending.

For the sight of England at this moment is the sight of a new birth, of an awakening life, calculated to awaken every soul in which are the principles of vitality.

Whilst Germany is mute in the sense of an internal chaos, and all her poets dumb, (since her last comet-like genius, wearied of elliptic circuits in search of the eternal, conceals himself in a cloister;) whilst beautiful Italy lies bound, like the Greek slave, yet noble in her deferred revenge—whilst heroically bold France, always foremost in the struggle for the advance of thought—foremost, though too impetuous, wearied by her own eccentric endeavors, allows a daring adventurer to put a rope round her neck, and a gag in her mouth—how vigorously and calmly England proceeds onward in her work for the future; how powerfully she advances under her banners, "the Law and the Gospel;" and in the spirit of these, works out her great destiny by means of her free institutions, her free public discussion; her constellation of statesmen, poets, authors; her scientific and industrial institutions, and lastly, by her movement for a general, unexclusive system of education throughout the nation; retaining through all this a clear consciousness of the foundation of all true freedom and happiness for the people of the earth.

May she advance triumphantly in her career for the new future of Europe, and with her the nations which stand in near alliance with her life!

No country in the world can at this time exhibit such an affluence of good authors as England. And their influence is founded upon the great principles of humanity, which they serve not merely by power of genius, but of practical reason. Authors of the most

varied political and religious opinions are united in this—the advocacy of some human right; some human advantage, the crown of which is in heaven, while its root is on earth; or they are rejected by the public mind; every thing must become subservient to the supreme claims of humanity. Merely to mention here some of the cultivators of polite literature: there is the aristocratic Bulwer, spite of his inclination for the merely strong; the democratic, warm-hearted Dickens; Thackary, the flagellator of much that is great and small, but by no means of the good; Charles Kingsley, whose warm sympathies for suffering humanity might make him unjust toward the self-indulgent if that life which inspires did not also restrain him; and lastly, him who, standing aloof from all parties, yet influences all.

So also, among the beautiful group of England's distinguished authoresses—women whose power is acknowledged by the whole cultivated world. Mary Howitt, Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. S. C. Hall, with many others still living, among the latest and most remarkable of whom stand Mrs. Gaskill, the Author of Mary Barton, and Miss Bronte, the author of the fascinating novel of Jane Eyre; all these are united in working for the moral elevation of life, although frequently regarding it from different points of view. Nevertheless are they sisters in the higher harmonies and the same fundamentally pure accords, the same holy anthems sound from their harps. They also have obtained free entrance into every noble home in the world, and great power over the life of the heart.

Novels such as Eugene Sue's and George Sand's cannot possibly become popular in England, although people are not blind to the gleams of light discoverable in the mysteries of the former; and the many beautiful things which there are in the glorious Consuelo of the latter. But they could not have been written there, nor could their authors live there with any success. The genius of England distinguishes itself from that of France, not so much by its genius, but by its sound reason. The dissimilar fate of England and France, at this time, may be estimated by the dissimilarity in the works of their romance writers. The romance of a people and of their authors have more in common than people believe.

Now that I am about to leave England, I feel with regret how much, from want of time, I must give up seeing, give up knowing—amongst which is the knowledge of persons whose acquaintance would be to me of great value, and of whom I saw sufficient for me to regret it all the more. This is often the sorrowful lot of the traveler, and I have no right to complain. If I should never again see England, yet I shall be eternally thankful that I have seen it, and for that which I have there seen. I thank England for the glorious Asylum which she afforded to a people who raised themselves in the consciousness of their own power, and with no lower object in view than the highest which humanity is capable of. I thank England for affording a new hope for the future of Europe, a new and a fresher courage. And seeing as I do that England is preëminently beyond all other nations designed to extend its dominions, I shall henceforth only rejoice in this, because it extends at the same time the Law and the Gospel, God's dominion upon earth.

Add to this, that the English race are also the handsomest now existing on the earth; no one can do other than wish that, in this point of view also, they should increase and multiply.

These Englishwomen—I am fond of them. They approach with a frank, warm cordiality which is irresistible, or with a quiet demeanor which expresses esteem both of you and of their own worth, or else—they leave you in peace. This dignity of manner, added to an agreeable kindliness, struck me particularly in the class of female domestic servants, whilst they are commonly as well dressed as the persons whom they serve; at once, as well dressed as unpretending.

And then—they are so handsome, these Englishwomen, that certainly, the whole figure included, they are the most beautiful women in the world.

I have no word sufficiently strong to express my grateful sense of the noble hospitality and good-will which were shown to me while in England. They live in the sanctuary of my heart, together with the names of the friends from whom I received them; I must call some of them my *benefactors*, because the human beings who awaken in us a warmer faith in and love to mankind, are our eternal benefactors.

And greater benefactors in this sense have I never found anywhere than in the United States, and in England, excepting in my own beloved fatherland!

SONNET.—CYDNUS.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

Cydnus! thou art a memorable stream!
Clear, crystal-like, thy proud waves roll apace,
As when with snowy plume and pallid face,
The daring Grecian felt thy cold extreme—
Two thousand summers have now passed away,
Yet, like white garments waving 'mid the gloom,
Seems thy bright water's foam. Many a tomb
Lines thy green banks, as when in sad array
The great procession passed, with viol's wail,
While underneath the canopy of gold,
Raised on the deck, lay Egypt's queen, as cold
As when the aspic stung her. Spectres pale
Still haunt thy shore; thy waves all uselessly
Sweep on; "no galley there—no ship shall pass thereby."

NELLY NOWLAN ON BLOOMERS.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"I PROMISED, my dear aunt," continued Nelly, "when I left you, to tell you every thing I saw! I little knew what a promise that was when I made it! but there 's something so mighty quare has happened lately in this great town, that I should like you to come to knowledge of it; it is so different from what 's going on in poor ould Ireland. I have n't much time for writing this month, so must tell it *out of the face*, and be done with it. Do you remember the watching we used to have when the war was going on betwixt Miss Mulvany of the big shop, and Mrs. Toney Casey of the red house, about the length of their gowns? All the county cried shame on Miss Mulvany, when the hem of her bran-new-Sunday-silk reached the binding of her shoe, and then they shouted double shame on Mrs. Tony Casey, all the way home from mass, when the next Sunday *her* dress touched the heel; sure it served us for conversation all the week, and every girl in the place letting down her hems—and happy she, who had a good piece in the gathers—and to see the smile and the giggle on Miss Mulvany's face! We all knew, when we saw *that*, that she 'd come out past the common, the next Sunday; and so she did, and a cruel wet Sunday it was, and she in another silk, a full finger on the ground behind and before, and she too proud to hold it up! and that little villain, Paddy Macgann, coming up to her in the civilist way and asking if he might carry home her tail for her! And then the row there was between Tony Casey and his wife, the little foolish *crayshur*, because he refused her the price of a new gown, with which she wanted to break the heart of the other fool, Miss Mulvany, by doubling the length, and how Mrs. Casey would not go to mass, because she could n't have a longer tail than Miss Mulvany! And sure *you mind*, aunt dear, when all that work was going on, how the fine priest stood on the altar, and 'Girls and boys,' he says—it was after mass—'Girls and boys, but especially girls, I had a drame last night, or indeed, to be spaking good English, it was this morning I had it, and I need not tell you, my little darlings,' (that was the kind way he had of speaking,) 'that a morning drame comes true. Well, in my drame I was on the Fair green, and there was a fine lot of you, all looking fresh and gay like a bank of primroses, and all sailing about like a forest of paycocks, with tails as long and as draggled as Mary Mulvaney *has* got, and Mrs. Tony Casey has *not* got.'

"'No fault of hers, plaze your reverence,' says Tony.

"'Hould y'er tongue, Tony,' said the priest, 'until you 're spoken to, and do n't be a fool; when a wise man wins a battle, he should n't brag of it; and it is ill manners you have, to be putting your priest out in the face of his congregation. Where was I?'

"'In a forest of paycocks, your reverence,' squeaked little Paddy Macgann.

"'That 's a fine boy, Paddy, to remember what your priest says.'

"'Your reverence promised me a penny the last time I held your horse,' squeaked Paddy again; upon which there was a grate laugh, in which his reverence joined. It was mighty sharp of Paddy.

"'Well, girls,' continued his reverence, 'you were all like paycocks, only some had longer tails than others, and very proud you were of them—mighty fine, and quite natural; showing them off, girls, not *to* one another, but *at* one another. Well, there is, as you all know, no accounting for drames, for all of a sudden who should come on the green but the Black Gentleman himself! It 's downright earnest I am. I saw him as plain as I see you; hoofs and horns, there he was; and when you all saw him, of course you ran away like hares, and those that had short gowns got clean off, tight and tidy, but as for poor Mary Mulvany, and all like her, (in dress, I mean) all he had to do, was to put his hoof on the gown tails and they were done for—pinned for everlasting. Girls! remember *the morning drame comes true!* If ye make a vanity of your gown tails, it 's a sure sign that the devil has set his foot on them. Now be off every one of you, and let me see you next Sunday.' Ah, aunt dear, the tails were cut off to the shoe binding.

"Now, aunt, it would be the greatest blessing in life if the fine ladies here had some little contrivance (those who walk) for keeping their dresses off the streets; it 's a murdering pity to see the sweep they give to the dirt and dust as they float over the pavements; my mistress says, that long ago the upper petticoat reached the ancle joint, and was of quilted silk, mighty handsome, and the dress drawn up so as to show it a bit, and could be let down at pleasure; it 's next to impossible to keep shoes and stockings clean, while what our good old priest called the 'paycock's tail' sweeps the streets as the lady walks. But, indeed, (as my dear, good lady says) 'extremes meet;' for will you believe it, that there has been an attempt made by some ladies from America (that wonderful uneasy country, that 's too big to contain itself, and must keep on a-meddling and a-doing for ever more) to revolutionize, that is, stir up a rebellion against every stitch we wear! There is reason in all things; and it would be both more clean and more convenient if the ladies left it to the dear little red-coated ragged-school boys, to sweep the streets; but these ladies (*Bloomers* they call themselves) are for turning all the women into men, by act of parliament. I do n't know if they have got any plan for turning the men into women, but my mistress says *that* must follow. You remember, aunt, that we

used to call the darling Miss Mildred a 'bloomer;' and there was a poem made about her, in such beautiful rhyme:

> 'Oh, you are like Cassandra fair,
> Who won great Alexander's heart;
> A bloomer, sweeter than the rose.'

I forget it, aunty, but it continued very learned—about

> 'O'Donaghoo and the great O'Brien,
> That banged the strength out of Orion.'

It was all about her, and her bating Venus for beauty, and went to the tune of 'Jackson's Morning Brush.'

"Only think of our darling Miss Mildred being thought of in the same day with *these* 'bloomers,' as if she wore a man's hat and waistcoat—to say nothing of *the other things*—in the broad light of day; and if *that* is n't enough, strapped over the *boot!* Our own, born, bred, and reared Miss Mildred, with the blush of innocence on her cheek, a brow as fair as if it had been bathed in May-dew every morning of her life, with the freshness of youth on her rosy lips, cantering through the country on her snow-white pony, man-fashion, to say nothing of boots and spurs!

"Well, this band of Bloomers is quite different to what you would expect from the name. My mistress bought the picture of one, and that was pretty enough to look at. But think of the dress of a slim young lady of ten years old, on a grown-up woman, particularly if she is rather fallen into flesh, and you 'll see how I saw a stout Bloomer look—certainly, that was not blooming. Any think looks well on youth and beauty; or rather, youth and beauty look well in any thing; but the deepness of the dress was that it was only a *cloak*, (though that 's not true, for *cloaks* are not Bloomer,) only a sign, or an all-over sort of badge, for another thing—putting us all into! counsellor's wigs, and turning us into Parliament men and ministers, and police-inspectors and generals, and rifle-brigades. The upsettingest thing that ever crossed the wild waters of the Atlantic!

"My dear mistress shook her poor head, and said to me—for I was greatly troubled at the first going off to think if it was passed into a law here, what I should have to turn to myself, or whether it would not be more patriotic for me to go back to ould Ireland and be a White-Boy at once, because if the women were turned into men, surely we 'd have the best of it then, any how. I *was* troubled, for I hate the law, and as for Parliament, I never could stand the arguments there, as I 'd like best to have my own way, without any contradiction, which a woman *can* do at home if she 's at all *cute;* so, seeing me bothered, (this as I say was at the first) my lady was quite amused, and 'Ellen,' she said, 'do not trouble yourself about it, there is little doubt but that the more civilized we become, the more employment will be found for women, and the more highly will they be respected; but to be either happy or useful, a woman must be employed as a *Woman*, not as a man; she must be employed where her tenderness, her quick perceptions, her powers of endurance, her unselfishness, her devotion, are called into, and kept in, action. She who is the mother of heroes does not covet to enter the battle-field herself,' said my mistress, all as one as if she was reading out of a printed book—(I never could handle any thing but a stone, and should dead faint at the sound of a pistol, but I was not going to *let on* that to her)—so, 'True for you, ma'am,' I said, though I was fairly bothered, but made *bould* to add, 'Sure no lady could attend to the Parliament-house and the wants of a large small family.'

"'Oh,' she said, smiling, 'no married lady, I suppose, would think of entering Parliament, it would be very awkward indeed when a right honorable lady-member was delivering her opinion on the malt tax, or on the duty on bread-stuffs, just as the ladies on the opposition benches cried out 'Hear, hear,' to be interrupted by a message from the *other house*, of 'Please, ma'am, the baby wants you.'"

"Well, I saw a great deal of good sense in this, and thought it would be better for women to be content to be women. I am sure we used to be very happy long ago, before this came into our heads, but the landlady I told you of did not think so: she has two or three friends that come and talk over all the domestic and un-domestic arrangements of all their 'gossips:' one of these ladies is a widow—for the second time; and they say she was the death of the first by her tongue, and of the second by her temper, maybe the one helped on the other against both the poor fellows! any how, they both are dead, and she makes a great boast of never taking a third; they say she was never asked: she is what 's called a 'strong-minded woman,' she would say any thing, or do any thing; and what I can 't understand—though she is forever abusing the men, and letting on she hates them and their ways—is that she does every thing in the world she can to seem manly. She tramps about in high-heeled boots, with straps; she speaks in—what she calls—a 'fine, manly tone,' and hates soft voices, because they are *womanly;* she has a way of her own, of turning the rights of women into the rights of men; she parts her hair at the side, and turns it in an under roll all round—'because it is like a man's;' and yet she calls 'them men' bears and brutes enough to fill the zoology gardens; and though she grumbles because men tyrannize over women, she is bringing up her *son* to have his way in every thing, and makes his sister give the cake from her hand, and the orange from her lips to pamper him.

"Now that 's mighty quare to me—she is the landlady's prime minister—her name is Mrs. Blounet. Then there are the two Miss Hunters—Miss Cressy and Miss Mary Jane. Miss Cressy is a fine stately woman—all bone—and high-learned, and has spoken more than once on 'Man, the oppressor;' but, though Miss Mary Jane dresses bloomer, she does not abuse her fellow-creatures as badly as Miss Cressy. She is five years younger, and very good-looking—by candle-light. To be sure it is wonderful how the tongues of the three go against mankind, when

they're all together, and the landlady making one little lament after another, how that her husband does this, and does n't do that; and this often makes me think of what I heard of often, from one we both loved—you will remember *who it was* when I tell you the advice. 'If you would lead a happy life, never tell your husband's faults to any ear but his own; a woman who makes her husband's failings a subject for conversation, is unworthy his respect or his affection.' And, if you mind, aunty, the same woman—the heavens be her bed!—used to say, we had two ears and but one tongue: a sign that we should not say all we hear. Anyhow, it would bother the saints to hear the talk of them—Mrs. Blounet hitting ever so hard at Miss Cressy and Miss Mary Jane for being old maids; and, Miss Cressy especially, turning upon Mrs. Blounet for having two husbands—not at a time, though. It was wonderful the talk they used to have, and the suppers; and then Miss Cressy disappeared in the evenings, and poor Mr. Creed—that 's the landlady's husband—declared she served at a confectioner's of an evening *in the dress;* and my mistress said that sort of thing would crush 'the movement altogether;' as if the dress was thought to be ever so healthy and convenient, its going into that class as a show, and a vulgar attraction, would prevent its ever being recognized as repectable in England. Then Mrs. Blounet took stronger than ever to lecturing in pink trousers—she weighs thirteen stone—and a gray 'tunic,' she calls it; but it is just a short petticoat pleated full. Oh! so short.

"And Miss Mary Jane was wonderful, except when Mr. Creed had any gentlemen visitors; *then* she would allow that Alexander the Great, and Bonaparte, and a few more, were equal to *us*. But the worst of it was that this spirit of Bloomer was quite upsetting our house: the landlady took to writing about the rights of woman, and left every one of her duties uncared for. Mr. Creed is a police inspector of the P division, and often wanted a hot cup of coffee, but Mrs. Creed downright refused to make it. The baby did as it liked. The only thing its mother corrected was *proofs!*—long strips of printed paper, like dirty farthing ballads; and Mrs. Blounet and she would sit all day, just making mischief, and writing the *botheringest* nonsense that ever was, while my mistress might wait for her dinner. Think of three guineas a-week for three rooms, and done for!—and yet not able to get a chop dressed, because the landlady is practicing the *rights of women*—by giving us no rights at all. Now, is n't it quare? And it was worse and worse she was getting, so that between her and the east wind, we had neither peace nor quiet—all the morning she was reading newspapers, and correcting them 'proofs;' all the evenings, attending public meetings. And the poor babby!—I have heard her tell her husband that if he wanted it washed, he must do it himself, for she had the rights of her sex to attend to, and it was as much his business as hers to mind it. Oh! it's wonderful when politics get into a woman's head how they drive nature out of it!—they beat small tea-parties, and fairs, and dances, and patterns—ay, and falling in love—out and out for making a woman forget herself. And yet if there 's a thing in the world she is proud of, it is the babby, and sitting at the head of her tea-table, pouring out tea, and laying down the law. You used to say, aunty dear, that a woman never went out and out to the bad, until her heart got into the wrong place: indeed, you and the landlady would not agree at all; *for in almost every thing she had reasoned herself out of nature*—and that 's what they try to do—but just wait until I tell you how things went on. We were very uncomfortable: my poor mistress kept waiting for her dinner, and if I had not studied a cookery-book as hard as ever Father Jonas—dear holy man!—studied his breviary, she must have gone days and days without a bit of proper food, for there is but one poor fag of a servant, who was born on her legs, and has kept on them ever since, to cook, and wash, and walk with the children, and lay the cloth, and wait the table, and go everybody's messages, and open the door, and bear the ill temper of the parlors, drawing-rooms, and every floor, and faction in the house. Well, since the landlady took up with the rights of women, no slave in the free states of America has been so overworked as that poor girl; among other things, the landlady reproached her for taking no pride in laying out supper for the 'great movers,' as she called them, 'in the cause of women:' and the girl asked what good the 'movement' was to her, except to give her more work. Well, you should have heard the landlady's tongue go after that—no one that did could ever forget it—how she reproached her for want of public spirit, and proper feeling—and 'sympathy.' Now the best of it is, that this good woman's husband is—as I said—a Police Inspector, though she tried hard and long to make me believe he had a 'situation in the city,' which did not sound like policeman. You see, darling, the English are grown very like ourselves in *that;* my mistress says, that a great deal of the pride and spirit they took in honest labor and its profits are gone; and forgetting the respect due to great people—I mean, aunt, great good people, and great good things—they run into every little dirty short cut to wealth they can find; and after all sorts and kinds of money—like mad: in fact, she says,—that there are as many at '*their dirty diggings*' in the city of London, as in that place, they call it by the name of California, in a far away country. Now, to take pride out of mere money there and then, seems of all things the most unnatural for those who have souls in their bodies: the understanding that two and two make four, does n't seem much to be proud of, and yet that 's the beginning and end of half the knowledge and pride going—of all the knowledge the gold-seekers care about, just as if grubbing up and counting up would make them all as one as the rale quality; and then, if you say a word, they get up a cry of

'A man 's a man for a' that,'

and bother ye'r heart out with 'it 's nothing what a man *was*, but what he *is*;' and so I say, but with a different meaning,

'A grub 's a grub for a' that;'

and do n't tell me! all the wealth of California and Australia to the back of it, wont change a man; what he *was*, he *is*, unless something brighter than gold comes over him; the seeking and loving money never purified a heart yet, nor raised a man the breadth of a straw.

'It 's not the wealth, but how you use it.'

I see and hear a deal about wealth, but something keeps stirring in my heart, and whispering in my ear, which, as a poor girl, I've no right to talk about; there are ways of working up like the little grain of mustard seed my mistress reads of, that grew into a great tree, and sheltered the houseless and homeless. Now *that* is a fine thing to think of, and I delight in a little story of a mouse letting a lion out of a net—there 's great comfort in *that*—and I feel

'A man 's a man for a' that,'

when I hear tell of a little old man who, blessed be God! first thought of INFANT SCHOOLS.—Oh! it 's them are the blessings. The things I love best, are the things that teach people how to keep from sin—of the two I like them better than what takes them out of it. And when I remember WHO sent Temperance abroad to the four quarters of the globe—so that even gentlemen are ashamed of being *tipsy*—and how as a regenerator that Temperance is only next to Godliness—there 's a glory for Ireland! And I think of a fine ancient white-headed saint in Manchester, Wright by name and nature, who remembers, as my dear mistress says, to tread in his Master's footsteps, who was sent, 'not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.' And I think of the charities, grander than the Pyramids of Egypt my cousin writes home about; charities purifying the great sins of great London; charities, Aunt darling, increasing every year, and as each new one starts up, from the brain maybe of some poor working man, the people cry out, as with one voice, 'This can't be done without.' I am glad of such thoughts, and such knowledge, for I'll tell you the truth, I mortally abominate them great bloated gold-finders. When I think of the *gold-loving* English, I could send all the Fathers of the Church against them, with bell, book, and candle. When I think of the *other things*, Aunt dear, why I can only pray that they may be remembered to them as a people, at the last day;—and I 'm willing to do penance for the prayer, if so be it 's a sin!

"But it 's high up above Bloomerism, and all other follies I've got, *sure* enough; only as the lark said, I must come down some time. At last the house became a fair Babel, worse than what I've heard of Donnybroke itself, when the boys used to cry out, 'Oh! the glory 's left ould Ireland—twelve o'clock, and no fight;' and when the poor fellows would be going about the Fair green, shouting, 'Who 'll fight me for the sake of St. Patrick.' The man of the house was sorely to be pitied, he was a mighty quiet man; and impossible as it may seem, very fond of his *vixen* of a wife (talk as you will, there 's mighty little reason in love,) and his baby; and moreover, he was very little at home at all, which ought to have made her all the pleasanter when he was in it, for it 's very easy to find words going sharp, when a man's ever and always *molly coddling* about a house, and bothering about every in and out, no ways becoming to him. Of late, she was always grumbling when he went out, though it was about his business—and yet never peaceable when he came in; I wondered how he took it so easy, but there is no use ever interfering betwixt married people; no matter how bitter they are to-night, they may be all like sugar and honey to-morrow morning, and whatever you say to one, is sure to go to the other—they're not safe to make or meddle with; if you want to make peace, you must never let one know what the other says when they're in their 'tiffs;' and to keep *quit* of that you must tell more *woppers* than is at all pleasant to carry, particularly when the priest is cross, and *puts heavy weights on the penances.*

"I kept as clear of both husband and wife as I could, though they would come now and again, and tell me their troubles; the landlady blaming the tyranny of mankind, and the badness of the laws—and the husband bewailing that she had got among the bloomers; I hinted that may be if the dress which she only wore at their meetings was burned, it might put her off her fancy; but he said, 'he could n't do that—she looked so pretty in it;' was not that foolish? but Aunt, dear, men is that—and think more of a pretty face with a sharp tongue—than of a plain one, that has nothing to say but goodness. Well, he gave in to her—it seemed so in every thing for ever so long, but I sometimes thought that smooth water runs deep. One evening he told her he was going to have a few of his friends come there, and he hoped she would do her best to make them comfortable; she rose at this, and said she was n't going to be no man's slave, and that if he had company, he must attend to them himself; and that she would dress as she pleased, and have one of her own friends with her, and sit at the head of her tea-table—like the queen; well, he said he hoped she would wear *the* dress, and have her friend by all means, and he would give her as little trouble as possible; instead of this putting her into good humor, it made her quite fractious, for she liked to be contradicted, that she might have something to complain of: they went on jangling all day—I heard her say:—

"'The world never will be right until we change places.'

"'My love,' he answered, 'I thought you wanted us all to be in the same place.'

"'Not I indeed,' she said, 'you are much more suited to be a slave than I am; content that every thing should be as it is, so that you may not have the trouble of moving it—augh!

"'Very true, my dear.'

"'I only wish they would make ME an Inspector of Police—I would soon get things in order—I only wish I was a man!'

"'I wish you were, my dear!'

"'You know you do n't wish any such thing—Oh yes! you would like finely to be trampled upon, as all poor women are—but *I* do n't wait on your friends,

you may depend on *that:* you may snub me as you always do, and set the baby crying, that my maternal feelings may be worked on to attend to it; you may spill the tea-kittle into the fire, that I may be forced —yes, Mr. Peter Creed—*forced* to light it again, you having first sent the other white slave out for cigars and muffins—but from this hour I 'll pluck up a spirit!'

"'Which spirit, my love?'

"And so they went on; I wondered how he could bear it; for she told him over and over again, he was only fit for woman's work; but my dear mistress says, its always the way—the gentle quiet men get the vixens; and surely young maids are so gentle, that one wonders where the old vixens come from! However, in the course of the evening, as she was flourishing down in her 'bloomers,' she told me that she had made up her mind not to do a hand's turn, let Peter manage as he might; but sit as grand as Cromwell, at the head of her tea-table—pour out her tea, and talk of the wrongs of woman! She was as proud of her beautiful chaney as of her baby. Well, about an hour after, before any one came, I met a strange woman on the stairs, a very tall, thin woman, and then there was a knock at the door; Mrs. Creed kept firm, the poor servant was out; but to my surprise, the tall woman sprang up from somewhere, and introduced the gentlemen to the bloomer ladies in the parlor—oh what a *skristch* the landlady gave. 'Why,' she said, 'that is Peter, that is my husband —in my best apple silk.'

"'Changed places—that is all,' said the Inspector of the P Division, coolly; 'we agreed, my good friends, (the first time we have agreed since the new movement,) that I was intended by nature to be one of the *fair* sex, and my wife—(according to the old fashion,) to be one of the *foul;* so I have taken *her* place, and when the hour comes, she will accompany you to Great Scotland Yard, and take my duty, while I attend to the house and baby.' After this speech, he plumped down at the head of the tea-table, the seat she delighted in, and began placing the things—or rather misplacing them—and pouring out the tea. Oh, if you could but have seen her! At first she and her friend, Miss Cressy, stormed; and when they did, the men laughed so loudly, as to drown the storming; then she flew at her husband like a mad cat, and tore his cap, and a cup and saucer were broken; upon which she sat down and went into determined hysterics—the men declaring it was the first time their Inspector had ever occasion to use vinegar and burnt feathers; then a basin of water was thrown over her to bring her to, and in the midst of it the baby cried; just as a fierce cat will run to its kitten—the screaming took another turn, and she called out 'My child, my child!' but the men would not let her move—and the Inspector rushed out and returned bringing in the baby, *hush-owing* it in his arms, and talking all kinds of nursery nonsense to it, and dancing it as a woman would, but far more roughly: then he placed it on his knee, and stuffed cake into its mouth; and then a knock came to the door, with a message that the Inspector of the P Division was wanted immediately, as there was a fire in Holborn; and Peter insisted that the new superintendent of the P Division should act up to her words and go; he had done all according to her wishes, and to please her, had resolved to dress as a woman, and perform all a woman's duties; and she must therefore take his place, and act his part; that she had declared publicly and privately that she was the better man of the two, and he therefore insisted she should now prove it, and that his friends would see that she did so. I could hardly tell whether to laugh or cry, I was so frightened for fear the poor innocent baby should get hurt; and because it continued screaming, the father went to the cupboard and emptied a whole bottle full of that wicked Daffy's Elixir, which the women here of that class, half in ignorance, half in laziness, give their infants to keep them quiet; and seemed as though he was going to pour it at once down the dear baby's throat. Oca hone! it was *then* I pitied the poor mother.

"'Oh, Peter, Peter!' she called out, "even a spoonful is too much. Do n't—do n't. Oh, just give my baby to myself again, and I 'll never be a Bloomer;" and then the dreadful instigator of the mischief shook her head at her, and cried, 'For shame, for shame,' and harangued about consistency, and called upon her 'to be worthy of herself, and go to the fire and command the force, not like a man, but—a woman!' And all the time the poor mother was struggling to get at her baby; and, for fear of mischief, I turned over the cup—though to be sure it did for the apple-green silk. Poor woman! she could see nothing but her child, and hear nothing but its cries. 'Give me my baby, and go to your duty, and I 'll never go near a Rights of Woman woman as long as I live,' she repeated.

"'Oh you unworthy member!' cried her *friend*. 'If you had a drop of the old Roman blood in your veins you would sacrifice home, husband, child, to the public good.'

"Now, aunt, think of that being said before *me*—and I being a Roman born, bred, and reared—as you and Father Doyle know well—as if female Romans did not care for their children! I gave it to her then. I never let my tongue go as I did then, since I 've been in the country. She said she should not forget me, and I told her the remembrance would be mutual. Roman blood, indeed! I saw her out of the house, and going down the street, with a gang of boys after her, calling out, 'There 's an old Bloomer—there 's an old Bloomer!'"

"While I was busy with her the poor landlady got her baby, and humbled herself—as was right—and in another hour the house was quiet enough, and the Inspector gone to his duty. The next morning my dear good mistress sent for the landlady.

"'I suppose,' she said to me, going up stairs, 'I shall lose my lodgers as well as my character.'

"Now my mistress says, that of all laws the law of kindness is the strongest; and, though the landlady entered the drawing-room with every nerve in her body set for a battle, the tears came into her eyes by the time my mistress bade her good morning and told her to sit down—of course, I came away. When

Peter came home that evening, I heard his wife go—rather slowly, but she did go—to the door; and I heard *him* say, 'Thank you, my love—this is very good of you.' And when I told my dear lady this, she smiled the old smile, and went on talking so sweetly to me, that I judged it was just the way she talked to her.

"'Ah!' she said, 'it is very wrong to go on laughing at follies that are likely to lead to evil. Not but what ridicule will sometimes gain a quicker victory than reason; but it leaves an ugly scar, which marks to the death.' (I always put down her exact words.) 'Whether the young or the ignorant listen patiently or not, to reproof or advice, it is no less the duty of the old to give it; but to be done usefully, Ellen, it must be done kindly. I should have talked to this young creature before, and not have suffered her to go on in her folly without remonstrance. It is a vain creature, as I might have known by the cards—that was one turn of the vanity, this is another. All love of notoriety is vanity; it's wonderful the forms it takes. One man wants to write a book before he can spell; another talks of joining the legislature because he has been listened to at a vestry; another's desire leads to heading charity lists—very useful, if he pays the money. One woman piques herself on small hands, and lays them on the top of a muff intended to keep them warm; another gets up an ancestry; another, (the vulgarest,) talks of her rich friends and her accounts at her banker's, or stuffs your ears with titles, committed to memory from the peerage. But these, Ellen, if you understand them, are innocent vanities, doing no harm. The ill-spelt book will never be published; if the would-be orator gets into parliament, he continues a 'single-speech Jack' to the end of his days; the small hands become chilblained; the rich friends get into the list of uncertified bankrupts, the titles are soon drilled off; but the vanity which takes a woman from the sacred duties of home to display her weakness abroad—and unsexes her—strikes at the root of our domestic happiness, and should be treated accordingly. I should have talked to her before, Ellen—I should indeed!—kindly, you know, and nothing daunted even if repulsed. And I am not sure but that kindness can turn even vanity to good account. There are plenty of mischievous people always ready to start new wrongs and new sorrows as causes for discontent; and, between you and me, Ellen, if more extensive employment could be given to women, they would not get into such imaginary troubles; they would have more to do. In gentle, profitable employment the legislature—law-makers, Ellen—have neglected our interests now and then; but short tunics and long trowsers wont alter laws, you know. That young woman confesses she never knew she had any thing to complain of until it was put into her head. And—it makes me smile—but she saw the folly of the thing never struck her until she saw that six-foot-two Peter of hers, with his black whiskers and broad shoulders, *in her dress*, spoon-feeding the baby! She bitterly resents his exposing her to the ridicule of his companions; but I reminded her she had exposed herself by her attempts at establishing so unblushing a notoriety. Certainly the landlady is a changed woman, poor thing! poor thing!"

"It will be some time, dear aunt, before I will be able to write to you again, for we are going to a fine watering-place—over the seas—to seek that health for my mistress that is so plenty on our hill-side. Oh, dear! if every thing in ould Ireland was as plenty as health, what a people we should be!

"Ever, with a heart and a half, your own

"NELLY NOWLAN."

YESTERDAY—TO-DAY—TO-MORROW!

BY CHARLES D. GARDETTE, M. D.

LAST NIGHT an aged spirit, worn with care,
  Forsook its earthly tenement—to soar
To that unknown, mysterious Refuge, where
  The troubled rest—the weary toil no more!

Gently and painfully the "Essence" crept
  From the o'ertasked clay, and all was still!
Dimmed eyes saw through their tears—the sufferer slept,
  And stricken hearts throbbed with a grateful thrill.

As prayers went up, hope-laden, to the throne
  Of the Omnipotent! All vain! All vain!
Death hath already one more life-blade mown!
  Rise, lone ones, see! kneel! kneel and pray again!

. . . . . .

The sun, *this morn*, looked with unclouded face
  O'er the new wakened earth, and Nature smiled
Upon her children with a freshened grace,
  From last night's harrowing vigil undefiled!

A festal scene! bright eyes beam doubly bright,
  And loving hearts thrill yet more lovingly,
A youthful pair in blissful bond unite,
  And Heaven approves their pledge of unity!

Thy brightest smile, oh Morn! thou need'st must wear!
  Thy fairest flowers, oh Nature! thou must strew!
To light these young hearts on their path of care,
  And with fresh fragrance wavering hopes renew!

. . . . . .

Drearily, heavily, through the thick air
Struggles the sunbeam to pierce with his glare!
Droopingly, listlessly, hang the wet leaves;
Slowly the mist trickles down o'er the eaves
Seeming, in monotone mournful, to say—
"Dust to dust!" "Time flitteth!" "What is to-day!"
Silently, solemnly, on the damp sod,
Kneel a few stricken ones, humbly, to God!
Tearfully, trustfully, goes up the prayer:
"Him they loved—him they lost"—may they meet there!

AMONG THE MOORS.

FROM HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

ARRIVED at Cadiz in 1847, after a ramble through Spain, we felt an irresistible desire to take a peep at Morocco. We strongly desired to see what Mauritania's children were like; whether they had black or copper-colored faces; whether they wore turbans or caps, sandals or hose, mantles or jerkins; whether they resembled our play-going recollections of Othello. Exactly at ten o'clock, one night late in October, this desire pressed so strongly upon us, that we decided that existence could not be tolerated an hour longer without an instant departure for Morocco. The beautiful blue Mediterranean was scarcely rippled by a wave; the moon shed a glorious light over its glassy surface, while its bed seemed formed of the myriads of stars which the deep, still waters reflected. A lazy felucca lay motionless on the shore; and, in her, a lazy boatman was stretched at full length. We questioned him as to the practicability of our instant embarkation for Morocco. He turned up his head, eyed us inquisitively, as if to satisfy himself how mad we were, told us to "Go with God," coiled himself up, and disposed his limbs in that posture of utter, uncompromising idleness, of which only the limbs of Spanish boatmen and Italian lazzaroni are capable. The master of a sailing-vessel had, however, more confidence in our sanity and in his own bark, and we struck a bargain with him.

The terms of this treaty were strictly fulfilled; for, aided by a light, fresh breeze, which sprung up soon after we had embarked, we dashed into the pretty bay of Tangiers early on the following morning. Our colors were soon hoisted; and, in obedience to conventional laws, a messenger was dispatched to ask permission for us to land. Meanwhile, we lay there at anchor under a heavy fire of telescopes. Although sailing under the Spanish flag our English faces were soon recognized, and the British consul politely came out in a small boat to receive and to conduct us on shore. Landing in these parts is a sort of national amusement, in which lookers-on take especial delight. It is a practical joke, performed by a party of Moors, who play with every gentleman who desires to land, a game of pickaback through the shallow water of the shore. Ladies are carried, more solemnly, in chairs upon a pair of swarthy Moslem shoulders. The Moors are a handsome race of men; not nearly so black as the Othello of the stage, not generally tall, but the turban and hiack add greatly to their apparent height. They also make the most of themselves by an upright and dignified carriage. Their black eyes are full of fire and intelligence. Their bronze complexions and long, swarthy beards, contrast strongly with their snow-white costume.

The circumstance of arriving on a Sunday was favorable to our first impression of a Moorish town. English, French, Spanish, and American flags were gayly floating from various buildings, with the colors of all nations who are civilized enough to afford a Tangerene consulate. The natives did their part to make the appearance of things cheerful; for it happened to be market-day, and the market-place presented a busy and sparkling picture. Moors gravely discussing matters of commerce, and totally indifferent to the appearance of foreigners: Arabs displaying their rich merchandise to the best advantage: Jews scrutinizing some curious relic on which they were asked to lend money (the rate of interest paid for cash so advanced is three-pence per month on the dollar): women sheeted up in their hiacks, with only one eye visible, hurrying through the crowd, neither looking to the right nor to the left, fearful of encountering with their one eye the rude glance of man: laden camels instinctively bending to be disburdened of their load of fruit, grain, or other load: bands of wild-looking negroes, with scarcely any covering, hooting in tones most dissonant to civilized ears. To all these discords was added a constant din of Moorish music, which appeared to give ecstatic delight to the negroes, whose wild gestures were marvelous to behold.

Our attention was, by this time, attracted to the houses which, from their peculiar construction, offer a complete contrast to any thing European; the rooms are built so as to form a square court, which is open to the sky; the exquisite climate precluding the necessity of using their painted oil-skin canopy, except as a protection against the heavy rains by which they are occasionally visited. This court is covered with a carpet or matting, according to the season; and in the centre there is a fountain, which—continually playing—produces a delicious freshness; the windows, instead of looking on to the streets, open generally into—and receive light and air from—this court. By this arrangement, the sun is entirely excluded, and the houses are frequently found cooler and more comfortable, notwithstanding the heat of the climate, than European dwellings. The roofs are quite flat, and form terraces, on which people walk in the evening, or whenever the sun is sufficiently temperate. Looking down, from this promenade, the town has a singular appearance; the minarets of the mosques alone standing out in relief from the flat, low, white roofs, give it the appearance of a large church-yard; and this impression is strengthened by the repeated call to prayer from the mosques. It begins at day-break, and is continued at intervals all day; the Moslem priest addressing himself alternately to the four winds.

A considerable part of the population of most Moorish towns is Jewish, and they form—it need scarcely be said—a separate and distinct class, being wholly different in habits, manners, and dress from the Mahometans. The male costume is prescribed by law: it consists of a tunic or gaberdine of dark blue-cloth, fitting close to the throat, and descending to the ankles, slashed at the sides, and trimmed with braid; a row of small buttons are ranged down the front, and the slashed sleeves are ornamented to correspond; there is an under-vest of white cotton buttoned to the throat, which one sees by the upper part of the blue dress being left open; the white sleeves are also seen under the open sleeves of cloth; the waist is encircled by a handsome Moorish scarf, of satin, with stripes of all the brightest colors worked in with gold thread; yellow slippers, and a little black cloth cap, resembling that worn by the modern Greeks, complete the Jewish dress worn throughout Morocco. It is a classic costume: the sombre tint of the tunic contrasting, not unpleasingly, with the white Moorish dresses on which the eye is constantly dwelling.

It is said, that many of the frail daughters of Israel offending against their own strict laws, become followers of the Prophet to avoid celibacy, which is the penalty of indiscretion inflicted on Jewish maidens; but, one never hears this charge of heresy brought against the men, who—having no indulgence to crave from Mahometanism, are proverbial for a scrupulous observance of their religious feasts and fasts.

We had not remained long in the city before I was afforded the rare privilege of being present at a Jewish wedding. The solemnization of the marriage rite is preceded by seven days' feasting and rejoicing at the house of the betrothed. Open house is indeed kept, where the friends and relations of the affianced couple meet every day to eat, drink, and be merry. The guests usually assemble before noon. On my arrival at twelve o'clock, the rooms were already filled with visitors. I was conducted first to a chamber where the bride, prettily attired and veiled, was seated on a bed to be looked at: Moorish modesty forbidding that she should take any other part in the merry-making than that of silently looking on. Passing through the adjoining rooms—where cakes, wine and fruit of every description were spread in abundance—I was ushered into the presence of the family group and their large circle of friends, all of the gentler sex: male visitors being rigidly prohibited. I have rarely seen any thing more classically beautiful than the faces of those Jewish women. One more beautiful and pensive-looking than the rest appeared to take a prominent part in the affair. She was magnificently dressed in amber-colored and crimson silk damask embroidered with gold, white silk with satin stripes; spangles; a jacket of pale blue velvet embroidered with gold and trimmed with gold buttons; sleeves of white gauze, curiously pinned together behind the back, leaving the arms exposed, the rounded form of which was set off by costly bracelets, in keeping with a profusion of jewelry in the shape of brooches, ear-rings, and necklace. A handkerchief was tied over the head, and red slippers, embroidered in silver, completed the dress.

Dancing appeared to form the chief entertainment, and was kept up with great spirit to the discordant sounds of sundry tomtoms and a fiddle. The want of harmony was, however, amply compensated by the singularity of their national dances. They are intended to represent the human passions. They were generally performed singly, though sometimes two persons stood up together, each holding a gay-colored handkerchief coquetishly over the head. They seldom moved from one spot, and their movements were nearly all with the body, not with the legs. Their figures were entirely unconfined by stays. The Terpsichorean part of the rejoicing terminated about six o'clock, and a sumptuous banquet followed, of which about thirty of the guests partook. The table was decorated with massive candelebra, and a costly service of plate, which is generally an heir-loom in the families of these rich Jewish merchants.

As a looker-on, I was not asked to join in the feast; but I am not unacquainted with the mysteries of the Jewish *cuisine*, and can pronounce them capable of satisfying even Epicurean tastes. We had already seen some portions of the viands which now smoked upon the board; for, according to the ancient Jewish custom, the animal part of their food undergoes a process of sprinkling with salt and water, and during this operation it is placed in the open court, and is, therefore, seen by all who may enter the house: indeed, the first thing which attracted our attention on arriving was the goodly array of some two or three dozen head of poultry, arranged in rows upon a wooden machine, resembling a common garden flower-stand, where they were put to drain out every drop of blood. The betrothed had, like myself, nothing to eat; being condemned to remain daily on her show-bed, until the departure of the guests.

I felt curious to know at what time a Moorish bride eats and drinks during the eight days of purgatory to which she is subject; for at whatever hour you enter you find her always in the same position. On the eve of the eight day she is exhibited until an unusually late hour, in consequence of the customary display of the marriage gifts; all of which are spread out upon the bed where she is sitting, to be curiously examined by the visitors. Amongst the gaudy display of silk and gauze dresses, scarfs, etc.—for the Jews are remarkable for their love of gay colors—may be seen the long glossy tresses, of which the intended bride is—according to the Jewish custom—always despoiled before marriage; being, as wives, strictly forbidden to wear their own hair. They feel no regret at losing what is said to be a "woman's glory," as it is certainly one of her greatest ornaments.

On the morning of the eighth day, the friends and relations—who are to be present at the ceremony—arrive as early as seven o'clock, to assist the bride in

the last duties of her toilet, which are somewhat onerous; for a Moorish woman indulges freely in the use of rouge, white lead, and powder. Her eyebrows and eyelashes are darkened, the tips of her fingers are painted pink, and her nails are dyed with henna. These operations over, scarf, head-dress and veil are put on by the woman of the highest rank present. The bridal head-dress is formed of pasteboard worked over with silk, and profusely ornamented with jewels: it is very high, and resembles in shape the papal crown. The toilet fairly achieved, the damsel is conducted to the principal apartment, and placed in an arm-chair, raised on a kind of dais about three feet from the floor; a bride's-woman standing on each side, holding in her right hand a long wax-candle, such as those seen on the altars in Catholic churches. There are no bridemaids; their office being always performed by married women: virgin eyes not being allowed to gaze on a marriage feast. The important moment was now at hand: the moment which was to decide the happiness or misery of the fair timid child, whose youth and beauty it seemed a sin to sacrifice. She was only thirteen years of age.

In proportion as the preceding seven days had been joyous, the eighth appeared solemn. The scene seemed to awaken sad memories in the minds of those present. In the expression of one woman I fancied I could read a mother's grief for her dishonored child: in another, imagination conjured up a wife weeping over her childless state; and—in the latter—I was not mistaken, for I was afterward informed that the beautiful, pensive-looking woman—whose dress we admired—had just been divorced from her husband, having been wedded two years without presenting him with a representative of his name. This alone was ground for divorce.

All eyes were now turned toward the door: the betrothed peered through her veil, as anxious to behold the ceremony as we were; and, as eight o'clock struck, the Rabbi entered, followed by the bridegroom. Taking his place in front of the bride's chair, the bridegroom standing on his right, and the guests in a circle round him; the Rabbi read aloud from the Hebraic ritual the moral and social duties to be observed by the man and wife. The greater part of the service is chanted—all present lending their voices. A massive gold ring, of a strange form, was given, to be worn on the forefinger of the right hand. The service ended, the bride was carried in her chair of state to the chamber where she had been exhibited during the preceding week; and—halting on the threshold—a piece of sugar was given to her by the Rabbi, who, taking a full glass of water, at the same time broke the glass over her head. The sugar is typical of the sweets of Hymen: the water of its purity: and the broken glass of the irrevocable character of the ceremony. The bride was then placed again upon the bed, and her mother took her place beside her, as if to guard the precious treasure until called upon to resign her to her husband.

The ceremony of the sugar and broken glass only appertains to Jewish weddings. The cutting off the betrothed's hair is also peculiar to them: but many of the Moorish and ancient Jewish rites have become identical. The eight days' feasting and the exclusion of male visitors are alike common to both. A pair of female slippers placed on the threshold of the door is a sign that no male visitor above the age of twelve may cross it. The costume of the Moorish and Jewish bride is also the same, except that women of the Shreefian family—or those descended from the Prophet—wear green. In rich families, the wedding is always followed by horse-races and fireworks. The women look on closely veiled, or—more correctly—sheeted. The bride is carried through the streets in procession, to the sound of music, in a sort of Punch-theatre, placed on the back of a horse. If the procession pass a mosque, all the persons composing it are obliged to take off their shoes and walk barefooted. Lastly—the Moorish bride on arriving at her husband's house is lifted over the threshold of the door, lest she should stumble while entering, which would be a fearful omen.

THE OLD MAN'S EVENING THOUGHTS.

The former days return again—
  I hear the cricket sing
From its pastoral nook in the shaven mead,
  And the lizard at the spring.

From the silent realm, wild images
  Come thronging round once more,
The bounding limb, the gentle eye,
  And the crooked form of yore.

At the still twilight's dewy hour,
  Their varied tones I hear,
As when I ranged these pastures o'er
  In childhood's sunny year.

On the evening air a lay is borne,
  Soft wandering up the vale,
Where smoky wreaths o'er cottage brood,
  Quiet as yon bright sail.

The hamlet has its voices yet—
  I hear them where I stand,
And I love to fancy them still the lays
  Of the olden minstrel band.

The time is like those fairy hours
  When life had no regret—
I seem to feel its vernal breeze
  Fanning these temples yet.

Nature is ever beautiful,
  Her form the youth of old;
These limbs are tending to their earth—
  Mind triumphs o'er the mould.

F. G.

MY FIRST INKLING OF A ROYAL TIGER.

BY AN OLD INDIAN OFFICER.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream—
The boy was sprung to manhood: in the wilds
Of fiery climes, he made himself a home,
And his soul drank their sunbeams: he was girt
With strange and dusky aspects: by his sleeping side
Stood camels grazing; and some goodly steeds
Were fastened near a fountain—— BYRON.

MANY years have elapsed since the occurrence took place which I am now about to relate; but the period is yet fresh in my mind, when, shortly after arriving at Madras, I was dispatched on a march of several hundred miles to join my regiment, then stationed in the Deccan.

No sooner had our detachment crossed the rocky bed of the Kishnah, and ascended the table-land beyond, than we found ourselves in quite a different climate from the Carnatic. We now inhaled a dry and bracing atmosphere; the mornings and evenings were deliciously cool, and a blanket proved, under canvas, a not superfluous covering at night—for it happened to be at that delightful period of the year when Nature, in these sunny regions of the East, is still arrayed in all her gayest holyday garb—the verdant garlands with which she is then decked out not being yet faded by the withering influence of that simoom-like blast, which, periodically sweeping across the desert, soon licks up with fiery breath every sign of verdure and vegetation, leaving—except where patches of hardy jungle intervene—naught over which the eye can rest save a brown, arid, and burnt-up soil, here and there dotted with still more bare, brown, and desolate-looking masses of stone and rock.

I must not, however, anticipate. On crossing the Kishnah, we entered a region quite different in feature and aspect from that which we had hitherto traversed since leaving the Coromandel coast. High, undulating tracts of land—in some parts covered with low thorny thickets, in others (at this season of the year) with high waving grass, amidst which might occasionally be caught a glimpse of the graceful antelope, or from whence the florikan and bustard were sometimes flushed; whilst peering from an ocean of jungle verdure—like the back of a huge whale—some dark denuded mass of rock, all bristling with native battlements and forts, would occasionally protrude from the surrounding jungle or "meidan,"* and pleasingly diversify the scene.

The nature of the vegetation, and agricultural products of the country, appeared likewise to be completely changed, the moment we entered the "Deccan," from what we had been accustomed to witness in the low and level plains of the Carnatic, which we had so recently left behind. The cultivation of rice, with its concomitant swamps, had in a great measure disappeared, and was replaced in the low grounds by waving fields of Indian corn, and occasionally—though as yet but rarely—by the tall and graceful sugar-cane; whilst Bengal gram,† and other stunted pulse, marked the sites of the higher, and consequently drier and more arid portions of the cultivated soil.

The feathery cocoa-nut and fan-like palmyra of the lower country had now given way to the no less serviceable—and hardly less beautiful—date-tree, which, although in this part of the world yielding a scarcely palatable fruit, is nevertheless applied to an infinity of useful purposes, and yields, moreover, a very considerable revenue to the state. For each individual of these

"Groups of lovely 'date-trees,'
Bending their leaf-crowned heads
On youthful maids, like sleep descending,
To warn them to their silken beds,"

was taxed to the annual amount of one rupee, which sum was strictly exacted from the poor oppressed Ryot, by the zemindar intrusted with the collection of the revenue of each particular district of the Nizam's dominions.

To the casual inquirer it might appear that such an impost would amount to almost a prohibition on the culture of this tree; they nevertheless abound in all parts of the country adapted to their growth; and this can only be accounted for, from the numerous and manifold purposes to which every portion of it is usefully and profitably applied. The fruit, although in this part of the world coarse and rough to the taste, is nevertheless made use of for different purposes by the natives; the stems and leaves are severally converted into baskets and mats, and are likewise employed to roof their lowly huts; but the chief produce of the Indian date-tree is the "tara," or, as called in English, "toddy," it so plentifully yields, and which is extracted by making deep incisions in the trunk, for here—

"The 'date,' that graceful dryad of the woods,
Within whose bosom infant Bacchus broods,"

when thus tapped, readily gives forth a sweet, pleasant, and abundant beverage, which, if partaken of at the cool hour of early morn, is both refreshing and salubrious, but soon becomes a deleterious and in-

* A Persian term, much used in Hindostan, and signifying a plain open space of ground.

† A sort of pea, on which the horses are fed in India, and which in Spain, under the denomination of "garbansos," constitutes a general article of human food.

toxicating liquor when fermented, by being exposed to the powerful rays of a tropical sun. The tara, or toddy, in this condition is a liquor much sought after, and often conducive to great irregularity and crime amidst English soldiery in the East; and the vicinity of a "toddy tope," or date-grove, should for this reason be sedulously avoided in the pitching of a camp.

On entering the Nizam's dominions, after the passage of the Kishnah, the sportsmen of our party found ample scope for the employment of their fowling-pieces; for although snipe and water-fowl were here much more scarce than in the low ground of the Carnatic, this deficiency was amply made up, in the far greater abundance of larger and nobler game.

The rangers of the "meidan," or open grassy "prairies," through which the line of march would now often lie for miles, therein found abundance of hares, of partridges, and every variety of quail—occasionally got a shot at a florikan, or a bustard; sometimes even stalked an antelope; and enjoyed occasionally an opportunity of breathing their nags in a gallop after the dog-hyæna, the wily little Indian fox, or a skulking jackal. Such as adventured into the jungle in quest of painted partridge or pea-fowl, sometimes recounted on their return to camp, that they had witnessed indubitable traces of animals of a more formidable kind, and described the appearance of what they concluded must be the foot-marks of the royal tiger, which they had seen imprinted in the sandy bed of the dry "nullahs," or water-courses they had traversed during their sporting excursions from the camp.

Although these conjectures of being occasionally on the trail of a "Bagh," (as the royal tiger is called in India) were repeatedly confirmed by the protestations of such of the camp-followers and other natives who might have been employed as "beaters," still such complete "Griffins"* were we all, that we could not bring ourselves to the belief of being actually in the vicinity—perhaps often within the spring—of so dangerous a customer, as, even in our profound ignorance, we were all perfectly aware that a royal tiger must undoubtedly have proved.

Rife with the impression that all "natives" are necessarily liars by nature, without any "old hand" in Indian sports, to instruct and inform us of the real state of things; and in spite of the repeated warnings we received from our servants and camp-followers, we began, after a few marches north of the Kishnah, to be extremely sceptical as to the very existence of any tigers, near so much-frequented a thoroughfare as that between Hyderabad and Madras; and it was only after a laughable adventure, which might have been attended with fatal results, that we at last found out our mistake.

Our camp was, on the occasion here alluded to, pitched near a large village, or more strictly speaking, a small Mahommedan town, situated between two lofty hills, composed of those bare and gigantic masses of granite, so characteristic of the strange geological features of this part of the country. I am however wrong in describing both these elevations as bare and denuded masses of blackened rock. The most northerly of the two possessed, in a most remarkable degree, those stern features of aridity, but the crest of its opposite neighbor, crowned with ruins—apparently the remains of some old stronghold or castle—rose from amidst huge chaotic masses of granite, whose interstices nourished the growth of innumerable parasitical lianes and creeping plants, mostly of a thorny or prickly nature; amongst which the wild cactus might be distinguished, even from the valley beneath, as luxuriantly flourishing and widely spreading its fantastic, fleshy, and thorn-covered growth.

The tents, pitched in the valley formed by those "ruins of some former world," had the full benefit of the refracted heat emanating from both; and to this moment I can well remember the grilling we underwent on that day, and the delight with which we hailed the prospect of the declining sun, in order to be able to sally forth, and take our usual evening stroll.

Accompanied by the assistant-surgeon doing duty with the detachment—a remarkably short and corpulent personage from the "land o' cakes," who stuttered intolerably, besides speaking the broadest Scotch—accompanied by this nondescript character, who, with all his national peculiarities, was, however, a most excellent fellow, and whom, for want of a better "*nom de guerre*," I shall here designate as Doctor Macgillivan; and attended by a single "ghorawallah," or "saïs" (*Anglice*, horsekeeper or groom) did I, at the period in question, sally forth from the stifling atmosphere of my tent, in order to breathe the cooling and refreshing evening breeze. Thus accompanied, the doctor and myself bent our footsteps toward the native town, in the vicinity of which our camp had been pitched. We were soon within the precincts of its narrow streets, and wandering through a densely-crowded bazaar.

To a "tazawallah" (a native term corresponding to that of a "Johnny Newcome")—to a young hand lately imported from Europe—in short, to the animal commonly yclept a "Griffin," in the East, the usual resort of a large concourse of natives generally presents an untiring source of interest and amusement. The different strange sights, sounds and "smells," which meet the eye, the ear, and the olfactories of the uninitiated, would in themselves require a long chapter to describe.

This was the first place of any size or note we had yet visited since entering the domains of His Highness the Nizam; and a single glance, as we sauntered along the bazaars, sufficed to show that we were amongst a people quite different from the long-subdued, slavish, and submissive Hindoo inhabitants of the Carnatic.

Here the general outward characteristics of the natives appeared to be a loftier bearing, and a lighter hue of complexion to what we had hitherto seen within the territories of the Company, to the northward of Madras. The predominant race—at least in the town itself—were (as Chiniah, my horsekeeper, informed us) followers of the Prophet—haughty-

* A term usually applied to a new-comer in India, and having a synonymous meaning to that of "greenhorn."

looking Mussulmans (Moormen, as they are often denominated by our countrymen in the south of India) who, with erect gait and swaggering step, moved proudly past us, their dark eyes flashing fire, their bearded lips curled with contempt for the uncircumcised infidel Nussaranee:* the hated "Ferringhees," whom they longed, but dared not openly to insult. Chiniah, who appeared to entertain a salutary dread of such formidable-looking customers, begged us in no way to interfere with their movements—

"Becase why," said he, *sotto voce*, as if fearful of being overheard, "Becase why—all Moormen great rascal, but these Deccanneewallahs bigger rascals than all. Give plenty 'galee' (abuse) to master; suppose master angry get, and strike 'em, then they quick take out tulwar or creese (sword and dagger) and kill 'em quick!"

"Hout mon! ye dinna mean to say so!" stuttered out the doctor, "come away then, we 'll hae nothing to say to such chiels, for I dinna at all fancy the treatment o' sic' like kind of wounds."

"Come along then, doctor—this way!" said I, perfectly agreeing with him in his conclusions; "but, Chiniah, what are yonder two groups of men in the choultrie, with plenty match-locks, swords, daggers, pistols, and shields?" asked I, pointing to two armed and distinct parties, who appeared to have lately arrived from a long and wearisome march; for they looked way-worn, covered with dust and sweat, and were now apparently preparing to rest, after the toil and heat of the day, but in different compartments of the same "choultrie" or caravanserai: one of those edifices appropriated in the East for the public use of all travelers.

"Ahi! Saïb, come this way!" earnestly said Chiniah, "neber go near them fellow. Deccannee Moormen—they big rascal: them fellow Seikhs and Arabs, bigger rascal still: them cut every man's, every woman's throat: them cut master's throat if fancy take 'em!"

"Hout mon! come away," interposed the doctor.

"But, Chiniah," inquired I, "how do you know so much about these people, whom I suppose you have never seen before?"

"I plenty know: I stop five year at Secunderabad in service of Captain M——; him one great shikarree gentleman; him plenty hunt, plenty shoot, plenty trabel, plenty speak Hindostanee. I plenty march with him—I plenty better than English speak Hindostanee—when master learn Hindostanee I can then plenty tings tell."

Chiniah, who remained afterward for years in my service, told the truth; he had really been long as saïs, or groom, in the service of one of the keenest and best sportsmen of the Deccan; and, as I subsequently became initiated into the "woodland craft" of this part of the world, I found him invaluable from his local knowledge, his capability of enduring fatigue, and often from the presence of mind which, on an emergency, he has more than once displayed.

* Meaning "Nazarenes," or Christians, who are likewise denominated "Ferringhees," or Franks.

He was, as he averred, far more of an adept in Hindostanee than in the English tongue; however, after his own fashion, he managed to enlighten us on the subject of the formidable-looking groups of warriors who were now assembled in the "Seral."

It appeared that they were Seikh and Arab mercenary troops, in the service of the Nizam, and, as I afterward learned, a most refractory and dangerous set of men, who, from their ferocity and numbers, had become the terror of the inhabitants of Hyderabad, and whose long arrears of pay were usually partly liquidated by obtaining grants from the collection of the revenues of certain districts, where they often exercised the most fearful acts of tyranny and oppression upon the poor, mild, defenseless, and unoffending Telougoo cultivators of the soil; for although the population of the towns in the Deccan be mostly composed of Mahomedans, the fields are still cultivated by the aboriginal Hindoo race of this portion of the formerly extensive and ancient empire of Telingana.

As my worthy friend Dr. Macgillivan expressed an equally great aversion to the treatment of gun-shot or match-lock wounds, as he had previously manifested for such as were inflicted by the sharp edge of a Damascus blade, we willingly turned from this dangerous locality, to perambulate the more peaceful regions of the much-frequented bazaar.

In passing through Southern India, the traveler, although he generally carries with him his own supplies, is never in want of the actual necessaries of life; he can generally procure rice and ghee, fowls and eggs, or an occasional sheep; but to every thing in the shape of luxuries—unless we include what he has providently furnished himself with—he must make up his mind to be a perfect stranger; and even fruit of the commonest description is seldom to be had.

Since our departure from Madras, it was only at the large stations of Nellore and Ongole that we had been able to procure this desirable accessory to our daily meals; and we now, therefore, gladly hastened toward a stall, on which were most invitingly displayed pieces of water-melon and sugar-cane, guavas, custard-apples, sweet lemons, plantains or bananas, and—what I have never before seen used as an article of food—the fruit of the cactus, or prickly-pear tree, which Chiniah assured us to be most palatable, and "very good body for!" provided no other beverage were used to wash it down, save the "pure element" in an unmixed and undiluted state.

Purchases of the tempting goods spread out before us, were soon made, with directions to have them sent immediately to camp; but in settling our account with the worthy retailer of the treasures of Vertumnus and Pomona, we were not a little surprised at the much higher value he set on the produce of the cactus, beyond that of his other horticultural stores.

On inquiring, through the medium of Chiniah, as to the reason of this difference of price, when from the very spot where we then stood, we could see the prickly-pear trees—the sources from whence this store of riches was derived—flourishing in all the

wild luxuriance of nature, amidst the lofty rocks towering high above, we were informed that it was owing to the danger and difficulty of obtaining this species of fruit, which, although growing wild in the stony crevices of the hill, was far from easy to be procured; the natives having a great objection to repair thither, through dread—as observed the worthy fruit-seller—of the many tigers which infested the place, no less than of a certain "Jinn," or spirit, which was, he averred, in the habit of haunting—particularly toward nightfall—the old ruin on the summit of the rock. As to the existence of the tigers, we turned as usual, an incredulous ear; but the "Jinn" excited our curiosity in no slight degree, and elicited the desire to follow this perturbed spirit through the dilapidated recesses of his romantic retreat.

"Ask the old gentleman," said the doctor to Chiniah, "ask him if he believes in the 'ghaist,' and wha it is like?"

"Albuttah! most certainly;" was the reply of the "phulwallah," or fruit-seller, when thus questioned as to his belief, "there is no more doubt as to the existence of the 'Jinn,' than of that of the 'Baghs' which nightly prowl amongst yonder rocks; although I have never seen either myself, but people of unquestionable veracity have undoubtedly beheld both. As to the 'Jinn,' sometimes he appears in one shape, sometimes in another; sometimes as the ghost of the Hindoo Rajah, who in the days of the Padshahs of Telingana, suffered himself and his followers to be starved to death, rather than surrender his mountain fortress to the victorious followers of the Prophet, who had besieged it for many months. Some again have seen the spirit in the shape of a Parsee, or Fire-worshiper, as those 'Sheitanees' (followers of the Evil One) are said at one time constantly to have exposed their dead, to be devoured by eagles and vultures on the top of yonder tower, of which the remains are yet visible amidst the ruined walls still covering the summit of the hill."

Such was the purport of the communication of the fruit-seller, translated by Chiniah after his own fashion, and the import of which so fully aroused our curiosity as to determine us to attempt an immediate ascent of the hill.

On being questioned concerning his personal knowledge of the localities in question, Chiniah said he well knew the way to the summit of the rock; and although ignorant of the abode of the "Jinn," professed his firm belief in the existence of tigers, having on one occasion accompanied his former "sahib" on a tiger-shooting expedition to this very spot; although he admitted that they had not been then successful in the pursuit. Chiniah was, however, a bold and willing fellow; and probably forgetting at the moment that he was no longer under the shadow of the unerring rifle of his former lord, but acting as dry-nurse to a couple of regular "griffs," he unhesitatingly offered to second our views by performing the part of guide. We accordingly forthwith started on our exploratory expedition, in spite of the warning voice of the old "phulwallah," who unsparingly censured the rashness of the Ferringhees, whom he stigmatized as being all "dewanah," or, as the doctor would have expressed it, "gone clean daft!"

Painful and toilsome to a degree was the ascent; but when breathless, almost exhausted with fatigue, with our limbs and garments lacerated by the numerous thorny brambles which had opposed our upward progress, we at last succeeded in reaching the summit of the rock, we felt ourselves amply repaid for all the toil and labor we had undergone.

Like a huge ball of fire, the eastern sun was just dipping its burning orb behind the dark ocean of jungle which bounded our view to the west; and whilst the rest of the landscape was already cast into that brief twilight which so shortly precedes the rapidly approaching darkness of a tropical evening, the white buildings of the town, and the whiter tents composing our camp, pitched in the adjacent hollow, were already looking dim and indistinct under the darkening shadow of the opposite hill: the ruined pinnacles of the lofty "Guebres' tower" (for such we were determined to consider it) was still lit up by the rays of that brilliant luminary in whose honor it had perhaps been raised by the old fire-worshipers of yore—the time-honored followers of Zoroaster, who was supposed to be the mysterious founder of this creed.

Both time and scene most appropriately combined in our favor to nourish this poetic—though, may-be, far-fetched—idea: the crumbling Cyclopean remains of many other massive ruins, which—as subsequent experience taught me—bore in their solid structure unmistakable evidence of the ancient architecture of the Hindoos, and whose solid and gigantic materials could scarcely have been misplaced save by some convulsive effort of nature: the huge disjointed and blackened fragments of rock cast in every direction around, and forming the colossal stepping-stones of our toilsome accent; all favored the impression that—

> "Each ravine, each rocky spire
> Of that vast mountain, stood on fire."

. . . . . .

The sun had set: the short twilight of the torrid zone was fast merging into darkness, still we continued to explore every nook and corner of the old ruined fort, until warned at last by Chiniah of the lateness of the hour, we reluctantly prepared to retrace our steps.

"Day-time, this bad place—night, 'tis plenty worse!" observed he. "Plenty dark come then: never can see road back to camp: then fall over these big istone. Suppose them tiger come—no rifle got—what we can do?"

"I suspect, Chiniah, your tiger is something like the 'Jinn' of the old fellow of the bazaar," replied I—"a pure creature of fancy!"

Although Chiniah was not sufficiently learned in the Saxon tongue to understand, to its full extent, this figurative mode of speech, he evidently caught the purport of the general meaning of what I said, and replied rather testily that, although he knew

nothing about the "Jinns," he could—if we wished it—show us the tiger's lair; which, although unsuccessfully watched by his former master, was undoubtedly the usual abode of the "Pharka Bagh," or "Tiger of the Hill," of whose existence there could not be the slightest doubt, from the many traces of him which they had then observed—such as hair, skulls, bones, and other remnants of the victims of his hunger, or his wrath.

"Come along, then," said I: "and since we have not been able to discover any signs of the 'Jinn,' show us now where this tiger of yours has pitched his tent?"

Readily did Chiniah comply with this behest: his veracity had been apparently called in question; and he seemed, moreover, gladly to avail himself of the opportunity of descending from the summit of the hill, around which darkness was fast spreading its leaden mantle, when—as he justly observed—there might be considerable difficulty, as well as danger, in finding our way back to camp.

Availing himself, however, of the still glimmering twilight, he unhesitatingly struck into a sort of goat-track, in the opposite direction to that of our ascent, which—winding down the face of the rock—led us to the brink of a deep fissure or chasm, partly overarched by huge masses of granite, and the "brown horrors" of whose depths our eyes could not fathom by that fast declining and uncertain light.

"There, sar! down there, big tiger, him live—look!" added he, in a whisper, as if afraid of being overheard by the grim tenant of the dark skeleton-strewed Golgotha, which yawned at our feet. "Look! them white things all bones—bullock-bones, buckra-bones, man and woman bones, children-bones, all sort bones, now plenty dark, can't see—day-time plenty can see. I go down there with Captain M——, but then tiger never find: him gone out. Captain M——, one great Shikar gentleman; wherefore tiger him plenty afraid: him then leave house: him go away to jungle."

Suddenly stopping short in his interesting discourse, Chiniah, raising his hand to enjoin silence, remained in a listening attitude; whilst, struck by his sudden action, we peered still more intently and in breathless silence into the depths of the abyss below.

A sort of rustling noise—as that proceeding from some large animal making its way through underwood or brambles—was evidently perceptible to us all: then through the nearly total darkness now pervading the cavernous opening below, suddenly glistened forth two round, bright, shining objects, glistening like living coals through the obscurity around—and, ere we had time to form any conjecture as to their origin or cause, an appalling roar issued forth from the yawning chasm at our feet; and so loud, so deep, and so terrific was this awful sound, that for a second it rooted us in silent horror to the spot, where we remained fixed as if suddenly stricken by an electric shock.

"*Sauve qui peut*," appeared next instant to have become—not the "standing" but "running" order of the day. Chiniah, in his terror, bounded downward, like a mountain goat, from rock to rock; and, being in those days tolerably active myself, and moreover, well accustomed to range "o'er the mountain's brow," I followed pretty closely in his wake; for awhile losing sight and—I am ashamed to say—all recollection of my more corpulent and less agile comrade, who was apparently quite distanced in the race. Chiniah and myself had now well nigh, and without accident, succeeded in reaching the bottom of the hill, which—as may well be imagined—was effected in a considerably shorter time than that occupied in our ascent; and whilst here traversing a broad, level, and slippery slab of granite, on a very inclined plane, my feet suddenly slipping from under me, during my still rapid course, I came heavily down "by the stern," as sailors would term it, on the hard surface of the rock.

Ere I could regain my feet, I heard immediately in my rear a sort of dull rushing sound. Making sure the tiger was now upon me, I gave myself up for lost, and mentally resigned myself to my fate—when, to my infinite relief and satisfaction, instead of being grappled by a deadly foe, the cause of alarm shot rapidly past and proved to be neither more nor less than the rotund corporation of my friend the Doctor; which—after continuing its rotatory course, with all the impetus and rapidity of a huge snow-ball or avalanche, along the steep, smooth, and slippery surface that had caused my fall—was projected over the precipitous ledge terminating the declivity, and then disappeared amidst the sound of crashing branches and opposing brambles, through a dense mass of underwood below. On regaining my feet and looking around, my first sentiment was one of gladness, to find that the enemy was nowhere to be seen; the next was a feeling of alarm at my companion's still unknown fate.

I cautiously approached the ledge over which I had seen him disappear, and through an intervening mass of jungle and foliage I could indistinctly perceive a white object struggling some twelve or fifteen feet below, and from whence proceeded piteous sounds of suffering and lamentation. This was the Doctor; who—after having shot over the ledge of rock—had been securely lodged amidst the thorny, complex, and massive leaves of a dense bush of cactus, or prickly pear, which grew immediately below.

After a long *détour*, and some considerable delay, I succeeded in approaching the spot where the poor Medico sat impaled, as it were, on his prickly throne; and, with the assistance of Chiniah, succeeded at last in liberating him from so uncomfortable a position, and then conveyed him to his tent.

The reader, who may chance to know the nature of the thorns of the cactus, will be able fully to appreciate the sufferings poor Doctor Macgillivan underwent, together with the time and labor it took to extract the innumerable prickles from that most prominent and vulnerable part on which, by the laws of gravity, he had naturally lodged.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Papers from the Quarterly Review. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 *vol.* 18*mo.*

Another volume of "Appleton's Popular Library"—books intended to "quicken the intelligence of youth, delight age, decorate prosperity, shelter and solace us in adversity, bring enjoyment at home, befriend us out of doors, pass the night with us, travel with us, go into the country with us." The present volume contains some happily selected papers from the London Quarterly Review, on "The Printer's Devil," "Gastronomy and Gastronomers," "The Honey Bee," "Music," and "The Art of Dress;" papers which are gracefully written, and abounding in interesting anecdote. Our favorite is the article on "Gastronomy and Gastronomers," in which the art of cooking is raised to its true dignity as one of the Fine Arts, and its great exemplars are generally judged according to the principles of the profoundest philosophical criticism. The great cooks have found in the author of this article one born to be their critic—the Schlegel of gastronomy. From the New Zealand cannibal, with his "cold clergyman on the sideboard," to the exquisite Brummel, who "once eat a pea," our author ranges at will, the interpretator of palates. And in truth the subject is worthy of such an analyst. It is generally conceded that the highest action of the mind, in the gladdest rush of its creative energy, is combination. From combination proceeds the picturesque, represented in literature by Shakspeare in England, and Calderon in Spain. The essence of the picturesque is the "union, harmonious melting down and fusion of the diverse in kind and disparate in degree;" and we suppose that in this quality of mind the great cook is preëminent. He creates, by combination, new dishes out of old materials; is the author of edible Hamlets and deliciously flavored Romeos; and appeals, not to gluttons and fat-witted beer guzzlers, but to the fine senses of the educated gastronomer.

It is impossible for an American, to whom a dinner is a mere filling up of an empty stomach, to realize the art and science of eating as practiced and taught in France. Our author tells us that no less a dignitary than M. Henrion de Pensey, late President of the Court of Cassation—a magistrate, says, or said, M. Royer Collard, "of whom regenerated France has reason to be proud"—expressed to MM. Laplace, Chaptol and Berthollet his views of the comparative importance of the astronomical and gastronomical sciences, in these memorable words: "I regard the discovery of a dish as a far more interesting event than the discovery of a star, *for we have always stars enough, but we can never have too many dishes;* and I shall not regard the sciences as sufficiently honored or adequately represented amongst us, until I see a cook in the first class of the Institute."

In this article we have also a complete account given of the lives and viands of the French masters of cookery, and minute directions given respecting the character of the chief Parisian cafés. It must be confessed that the celebrities of gastronomy have felt the dignity of their art full as much as the sculptors and poets. George the Fourth, by persevering diplomacy, and the offer of a salary of £1000, induced Carême to come to Carlton House as his *chef;* but the artist, indignant at the lack of refined taste at the monarch's table, left him at the end of a few months in disgust. Russia and Austria then attempted to bribe him to their kitchens; but, turning a deaf ear to imperial solicitations, and determined never again to leave France, he accepted an engagement with Baron Rothschild. Another of these dignitaries refused to accompany the Duke of Richmond to Ireland, though offered a liberal salary, because he understood that there was no Italian opera in Dublin.

The great book on the palate is M. Brillat-Savarin's "*Physiologie du Goût.*" Among other important facts established in this world-renowned treatise, there is one of great importance to ladies. "The penchant," says this profound writer, "of the fair sex for *gourmandise* has in it something of the nature of instinct, for *gourmandise* is favorable to beauty. A train of exact and rigid observations have demonstrated that a succulent, delicate and careful regimen repels to a distance, and for a length of time, the external appearances of old age. It gives more brilliancy to the eyes, more freshness to the skin, more support to the muscles; and as it is certain in physiology, that it is the depression of the muscles which causes wrinkles, those formidable enemies of beauty, it is equally true to say that, *cæteris paribus,* those who understand eating are comparatively ten years younger than those who are strangers to this science."

We have all heard that poets are born, not made; but M. Brillat-Savarin makes the same assertion respecting *gourmands.* The art of eating, it seems, cannot be acquired. Those who have an original aptitude to enjoy the luxuries of the table, are described as having "broad faces, sparkling eyes, small foreheads, short noses, full lips, and round chins. The females are plump, rather pretty than handsome, with a tendency to *embonpoint.* It is under this exterior that the pleasantest guests are to be found; they accept all that is offered, *eat slowly,* and *taste with reflection.* They never hurry away from the places where they have been well treated; and you are sure of them for the evening, because they know all the games and pastimes which form the ordinary accessories of a gastronomic meeting. Those, on the contrary, to whom nature has refused an aptitude for the enjoyments of taste, have long faces, long noses, and large eyes; whatever their height, they have always in their *tournure* a character of elongation. They have black and straight hair, and are above all deficient in *embonpoint; it is they who invented trowsers.* The women whom nature has affected with the same misfortune are angular, get tired at table, and live on tea and scandal."

In the same strain he speaks of *eprouvettes,* "dishes of acknowledged flavor, of such undoubted excellence, that their bare appearance ought to excite in a human being, *properly organized,* all the faculties of taste; so that all those in whom, in such cases, we perceive neither the flush of desire nor the radiance of ecstasy, may be justly noted as unworthy of the honors of the sitting and the pleasures attached to it."

As an awful warning to the eaters of America, it should be mentioned that Napoleon owed his ruin to his habits of rapid eating. At Borodino and at Leipsic he was prevented from pushing his successes to a victorious conclusion, solely from the indecision and weakness of mind proceeding from a disordered stomach. On the third day at Dresden—we have it on the authority of the poet Hoffman—he again evinced a lack of his usual energy, owing to his having eat part of a shoulder of mutton stuffed with onions—"a dish," says the writer in the Quarterly, "only

to be paralleled by the pork chops which Messrs. Thurtell and Co. regaled on, after completing the murder of their friend Mr. Weare." One instance of Napoleon's good taste, and the only one, we have reluctantly been compelled to give up as a fiction. Tom Moore, in "The Fudge Family in Paris," mentions Chambertin Burgundy, the most delicious wine in the world, as the "pet tipple of Nap;" but the Quarterly asserts that it was never taken on serious occasions, for after the battle of Waterloo there were found in his carriage two bottles—*empty*—one of which was marked *Malaga*, the other *Rum*.

We commend this pleasant volume to all readers who desire a cosy companion, full of wit, and anecdote, and information, and stimulating just as much thought as the brain can comfortably bear in the hot summer months.

The Napoleon Ballads. By Bon Gaultier. The Poetical Works of Louis Napoleon. Now first Translated into English. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1 vol. 18mo.

The idea of this volume is capital, but it is wretchedly carried out. The name of Bon Gaultier, a name associated with wit that "sparkles like salt in fire," raises anticipations doomed to be dismally disappointed. If written by him, he must have been muddy with beer during the hours of composition; but we presume that the English publisher had as little right to put his name to the volume as translator as he had to put that of Louis Napoleon as the author. One of the few good things in the collection is the Decree which prefaces it. It runs thus:

"LOUIS NAPOLEON:
Prince President of the Republic.

"*Art.* 1. Considering—that it is good for the people to read good poetry:

"*Art.* 2. Considering that few people can write it;

"*Art.* 3. Considering that he is one of the few, the Prince President has written the following work. Respecting which

"IT IS DECREED—That any person within France found without a copy, warranted to have been duly paid for, shall be liable to summary trial and deportation, with the confiscation of all his goods and chattels.

"Done at the Elysée, this first of April.

"LOUIS NAPOLEON.

"Countersigned,
"DE MAUPAS."

This is about as reasonable as many of the President's decrees; for a tyranny like Louis Napoleon's defies the powers of the coarsest caricature to reach the depth of its unnatural absurdities.

From the mass of trash which composes the volume, we extract the following clever parody of Tennyson's "In Memorium:"

"IN MEMORIUM. JUDÆ ISCARIOTTI.

Obit A. D. 1.

("The touching piety which has induced the Prince to devote a leisure hour or two to the memory of this remarkable man needs no praise of ours. *Translator.*)

"'T is well—'t is something—we can't stand
Where Judas in the earth was laid,
But from his pattern may be made
Our conduct to our native land.

"He joined the high-priests—so do I;
He took the money—it is true;
He was a very noble Do,
And planned his treasons on the sly.

"He hung himself on gallows tree—
He gently swung in Potter's Field,
And blessed crop that spot must yield
Of gracious memories to me.

"My Judas, whom I hope to see,
When my last treason has been done,
Dear as the rowdy to the dun,
More than my bottle is to me."

There are some spirited lines in the parody of Macaulay's Armada, and some felicity in the measure of "The Eagle," a poem after the manner of Poe's Raven; but the rich materials of the general subject for vitriolic satire and riotous humor, are very imperfectly used. The Prince President is the most accomplished rascal that Europe has yet produced, fertile as she has been in reprobate politicians, and he deserves a Juvenal. There is a meanness about his most vigorous actions which will prevent his being ranked high among the world's tyrants. He is essentially a robber and ruffian, and his *coup d'etat* was a piece of brilliant rascality which would have reflected great credit on a captain of a gang of highwaymen. He has not yet performed a single action which indicates a capacity in his nature to rise above vulgar perjury and murder into splendid crime.

Ingoldsby Legends; Or Mirth and Marvels. By Thomas Ingoldsby, Esq. (the Rev. Richard Harris Barham.) First Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 16mo.

It is strange that these curious pieces have not been reprinted before. Few contributions to periodical literature, during the present century, are so unmistakably original, and so irresistibly ludicrous, as these legendary audacities; and they are all the more notable from the fact that their author was a clergyman, and passed through life with the reputation of being a pious one. Their chief characteristic is irreverence, not only as regards divine things, but in respect to the sanctities of human life. Indeed, their comic effect results, in a great degree, from the electric shocks of surprise caused by their recklessness, the author's wit being nothing if not untamed. A spice of the Satanic is in every legend. A mischievousness, which is literally *devilish* good, plays its wild pranks even with horrors, and impishly extracts fantastical farce out of tragedy. The author's fancy is a worthy instrument of his tricksy disposition, and is every ready with queer images and quaint analogies, to support his most venturesome caricatures of sin, death, and the devil. His learning, also, is very great, especially in departments of literature which are unfamiliar to ordinary students, such as old treatises on magic, witchcraft, and astrology, and the like; and this, under the direction of his wit, increases the grotesque effect of his legends. As the result of all these qualities and acquirements we have the most audacious wit of the age, and one of its greatest masters of versification.

The Life and Letters of Barthold George Niebuhr. With Essays on his Character and Influence. By the Chevalier Bunsen and Professors Brandis and Lorbell. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

This thick volume of some six hundred pages is crammed with interesting matter. The letters of Niebuhr are among the most instructive in literature, and they range in subject over an immense extent of knowledge. The vigor of his character, and its sterling honesty, are as apparent throughout as the vast acquirements and vivid conceptions of his intellect. His comments on the poets and philosophers of Germany will be read with great interest, as he knew many of them intimately, and expresses his opinions of

their defects and merits with singular sincerity and acuteness. His views of Goethe, especially, are entitled to the most thoughtful consideration. The essays on Niebuhr, at the end of the volume, are excellent.

The Solar System. By J. Russell Hind, Foreign Secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society of London, etc. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

This is another of Putnam's admirable publications, the first of a series on popular science, and similar in form to his "Semi-Monthly Library." The present volume contains two hundred pages, is elegantly printed, and is sold at the low price of twenty-five cents, which is cheapening the solar system beyond all precedent. The volume is succinctly and clearly written, and contains the latest "news from the empyrean." The only defect we have noticed is in the account given of the discovery of Neptune. The author appears to be ignorant of the important connection which Professor Pierce, of Harvard University, has established with this new planet. He did not, it is true, discover it; but he demonstrated that the planet which was discovered was not the planet which Le Verrier was seeking.

The Diplomacy of the Revolution: an Historical Study. By William Henry Trescott. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

In this small volume we have a great deal of matter, which is both interesting and new. The author has studied the subject thoroughly, and exhibits many important transactions in the Revolution in a new light. He has gained access to a number of unpublished documents, and has used them with intelligence and discrimination.

Eleven Weeks in Europe, and What May be Seen in that Time. By James Freeman Clarke. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1 *vol.* 18*mo.*

This is a thick volume of three hundred pages, giving an animated account of a flying visit to England and the Continent of Europe. The author is a thoughtful and intelligent tourist, who understood beforehand what he wanted to see, and knew where he could find it. His volume is accordingly crammed with interesting matter relating to famous cities, public buildings, and works of art, and conveys fresh and original impressions of them all.

The Harpers have published the second volume of their edition of *Burns*, edited with great care by Robert Chambers, and containing his letters and poems in the order in which they are written. It is, in fact, a biography of Burns, illustrated by his works, and will probably be the most popular edition in the market, as it undoubtedly is the cheapest and the most perfect. The same publishers have issued Part 19 of Mayhew's *London Labor and London Poor*, a work which is full of important information gleaned at first hand. It promises to be the most complete book of the kind ever printed. Its revelations of poverty, disease, and vice, sound "bad as truth."

Lossing's "Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution," has also reached its 22d number, and will be completed in two or three more. If we consider the beauty of its typography and illustrations, this work must be admitted to be one of the cheapest ever issued. Its matter is intensely interesting to all who are interested in the history of the country.

The Harpers of New York have published, in addition to the works we have noticed—

"The Two Families," a novel by the author of Rose Douglass. In one volume.

"Courtesy, Manners and Habits. By George Winfred Hervey." A volume in which the principles of Christian politeness are enforced with much good sense and considerable force and brilliancy.

"Ivar; or, The Skjuts-Boy; a Romance," translated from the Swedish by Professor A. L. Krause. An interesting and attractive number of the Library of Select Novels.

The Cavaliers of England, or The Times of the Revolution of 1642 and 1688. By Henry William Herbert. New York: Redfield. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

This volume is composed of four exciting tales illustrative of English history, and are in every way worthy of Mr. Herbert's powerful and vivid genius. In pictorial faculty, in the disposition and creation of incidents, in the delineation of the passions, and, especially, in the unwearied fire and movement of the style, these stimulating stories are among the best which the press has given forth for a long period.

An Exposition of Some of the Laws of the Latin Grammar. By Gessner Harrison, M. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

The work of a ripe scholar, this volume is an important aid to all students of the Latin language desirous of comprehending the general doctrines of its etymology, its inflectional forms, and its syntax. It is not intended to supersede the common grammars, but to be their complement. The author is professor of the ancient languages in the University of Virginia.

Collections of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. No. 3. *Philadelphia: John Penington.*

This valuable work, in which are duly chronicled the researches of the Society, is issued in very excellent style; printed with bold, clear type, upon white, fine paper. The number before us contains, Extracts from Letters of John Quincy Adams—Letters of Thomas Jefferson—History of Moorland, by W. J. Buck—and some valuable Memoranda from the Journal of Henry M. Muhlenberg, D. D. The friends of the Society, and all interested in preserving the records of the past from oblivion, should encourage the circulation of the work.

The Illustrated Old Saint Paul's. By W. Harrison Ainsworth. Embellished with spirited Engravings. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

Mr. Ainsworth is not a writer in whose productions we have heretofore seen any thing to admire, but the volume before us is written with much ability, and is far less exceptionable than many of his works. The era of the story is that of "The Great Plague of 1665," and powerfully depicts the horrors of the time. There are two love scenes of marked interest interwoven with the narrative, which give it all the fascination of one of Dumas's most powerful romances. As virtue is rewarded and vice in some degree punished, the moral of the work will meet the requirements of novel readers.

The University Speaker: A Collection of Pieces designed for College Exercises in Declamation and Recitation. By William Russel. Boston: James Monroe & Co.

This is a very complete and able work by a competent hand, filled with appropriate suggestions on appropriate passages, designed for the practice of Elocution. The work is admirably printed, and is dedicated to Dr. James Rush of this city.

THE AZTEC CHILDREN.

Their probable Origin and peculiar Physical and Mental Developments; together with other Physiological Facts, connected with their History and Singular Appearance.

BY AUSTRALIS.

THE two extraordinary and interesting beings known as the "Aztec Children," have for some considerable time been exhibited in the city of New York, where thousands with an intense and excited interest have sought to gratify their curiosity as to the probable origin and history of these wonderful representatives of ancient Adam.

They have recently been removed from the great metropolis of the United States to the paternal city of the ever memorable and benevolent Penn, where they cannot fail to excite in the bosom of every enlightened freeman and philanthropist, the same lively interest as to their peculiar relations to the great family of man, and their claims to the sympathy and interest of their fellow beings.

It is not the purpose of the author of this sketch to recur to the account furnished by Mr. Stevens in his travels in Central America, which constitutes the source and foundation upon which many of the facts connected with the expedition of Velasquez rest, and from which interesting portions of the history of these children are framed. The admirable work of Mr. Stevens (particularly the account which he gives of the wonderful remains which were brought to his view by the intelligent padre of Santa Cruz del Quiche) furnishes strong ground for the belief of the actual existence of the idolatrous city of Iximaya. His description of the descendants of the ancient sacerdotal order of the Aztec guardians of the once flourishing temples of that people not unknown to Cortez and Alvarado, would seem to indicate a race answering in no remote degree to the present physical construction and appearance of the Aztec children. It is asserted by Velasquez, one of the principal conductors of the expedition which resulted in the capture and flight of these wonderful children, that they constitute a portion of the descendants of the ancient and peculiar order of priesthood called Kaanas, which it was distinctly asserted in the ancient annals of Iximaya had accompanied the first migration of this people from the Assyrian plains. Their peculiar and strongly distinctive lineaments, it is now perfectly well ascertained, are to be traced in many of the sculptured monuments of the Central American ruins, and were found still more abundantly on those of Iximaya. Forbidden, by inviolably sacred laws, from intermarrying with any persons but those of their own caste, they had here dwindled down, in the course of many centuries, to a few insignificant individuals, diminutive in stature, and imbecile in intellect." Such is the language of the conductors of the enterprise referred to—such the probable origin of these extraordinary representations of those who in Scriptural language were "called giants," now reappearing in what might be justly delineated as miniature editions of humanity—Daguerreotyped specimens of him "who was created a little lower than the angels."

The origin of these interesting little strangers must, we think, remain for the present involved in an obscurity which time and future discoveries can alone remove. Their history and relation to the community from which they have been removed, and their language, habits and occupations in the scale of rational and intelligent beings, are calculated to excite in no ordinary degree the active and inquisitive mind of the physiologist, the antiquarian and the Christian.

In their unusual diminutiveness as human beings—the singular and striking features which give animation to their countenances, and at times the fixed and unmistakable lines which indicate deep thought and feeling—they are objects of profound interest and intense speculation. To the reflecting and intelligent spectator their presence strikingly recalls the language of the Psalmist—"We are fearfully and wonderfully made." In contemplating them as a portion of the human family, governed by the general laws of Nature, and subject to the uniform operations of her unchangeable economy, we are nevertheless startled at that apparent degeneracy which, in the deprivation of physical strength and beauty, humbles our own pride while it enlists our sympathy.

These phenomena of the human species, in their personal action, the expression of agreeable features, and in the enjoyment of company and the attentions of the visitors who throng around them, afford no ordinary degree of interest and sympathy. The boy measures about thirty-two inches in height, and the girl twenty-nine. They are finely formed, and delicately fashioned in proportion to the reduced size and natural conformation which distinguish their structures. Their color is of the Spanish, or rather more of the Mexican complexion; the hair black and silken in its appearance, slightly inclined to curl, yet glossy and beautiful. Their features, deprived of that refined and graceful adaptation to regularity and beauty which distinguishes the Anglo-Saxon countenance, are nevertheless interesting. Like the representations of those Aztec heads which Stevens has portrayed, "the top of the forehead to the end of the nose of each of these children is almost straight, bearing an unmistakable resemblance to the features of their idolatrous images. They are gratefully sensible of the caresses and little familiar attentions of visitors, and appear always to be interested in the gambols and amusements of children. To their guardians they manifest a very warm attachment, and seem with an intuitive sense of their own helplessness and dependence for protection and security, to regard them with a strong filial affection.

In the relations which have placed them together, and in those associations where custom and habit would seem to produce a community of interest and a kindred sympathy, there appears but little affinity.

It is a curious fact, that there is little or no intercourse between these mysterious representatives of a by-gone race. In public they occasionally manifest some little displeasure toward each other in the petty jealousies and interferences in each other's objects of pleasure or pastime; but, apart from public exhibitions and in the retirement of domestic life, there are wholly absent those natural communications of childhood—the look of kindness, the inquiry of affection, and the remark of innocent and affectionate solicitude. How shall the want of these common and natural associations of social and conventual interests in these children be accounted for? Man, it is true, by his education and acquirements, loses much of the inherent feelings incident

to his early training. He can, by strict discipline, escape and defy speculation—elevate or depress himself by the skill and energy of acquired advantages, but it is difficult to stifle or overcome the first and benevolent emotions inspired by a mother's kindness.

It is impossible to contemplate these retrograde movements of Nature (for such they decidedly are) without acknowledging that an obscurity rests upon them which neither science nor physiology have as yet been able to remove. The facts, the astounding facts are before us—we see and contemplate a reality which baffles inquiry, rejects reason, and bewilders speculation.

The interest which these little beings have excited in the bosoms of the thousands who have seen them in the city of New York, has been unparalleled in the history and production of those natural phenomena which have in this or any other age been presented to the world. Such an exhibition is as instructive as it is wonderful. There is in such a presentation, inculcated a great moral principle, which it is to be feared has been overlooked, and which it behoves the Christian philosopher, as well as the learned physiologist and the distinguished naturalist, to consider. The great question in relation to the Aztec children is, for what purpose have they been made the representatives, before the civilized world and the American republic, of a supposed or unknown race, yet in ignorance, superstition and moral degradation? Are there no moral purposes in the just government of the Deity to be accomplished by such a revelation? If there yet exists such a race as have produced the unnatural disclosures of moral and physical degeneracy so singularly apparent in the development and unnatural organization of these children, it is certainly the duty (it should be the pride) of government, the boast of philosophy, and the glory of religion, to explore, regenerate, and restore such a race to that moral and mental elevation in which man finds his greatest happiness and his noblest employments.

Such a subject commends itself with an absorbing interest to the labors of the statesman and the mind of the patriot, and should find a ready and zealous advocate in the bosom of every intelligent freeman who cultivates the soil of liberty, or in any way desires the glory and happiness of his fellow man.

The moral regeneration of that country, the very ruins of which have acquired such interest from the pen of Stevens—the exploration of its hidden resources, and its re-establishment to its ancient grandeur, renewed by a moral and political regeneration, would outvie the advantages of twenty expeditions for the purpose of improving the commercial condition of the Japanese, or humbling them into unconditional subjection to the power of a superior enemy.

GRAHAM'S SMALL-TALK.

Held in his idle moments, with his Readers, Correspondents and Exchanges.

THE PRESENT VOLUME.—The volume from July to December, just commenced, opens with great promise in the way of an increase of subscribers; and the press from one end of the country to the other gives us the most cheering encouragement in the notices of the July number. When we determined to increase the amount of reading matter—to give our readers 112 *pages in every number*—we felt assured that the resources at our command, and the intimate acquaintaneeship with the taste of our readers which years of editorial efforts on their behalf have given us, would enable us to present a Magazine of far higher literary value than any which had preceded it. Nor were we mistaken. From the first number of the year, the voice of the press and of subscribers, has been emphatic in praise of our new plan. We have gone on adding attractions to the work of various kinds, and trust we have shown a disposition not to be excelled in the general ability and excellence of "Graham" by any competitor or imitator.

Our change, has changed the course of others, and we feel that we shall do no violence to truth in publishing the following notices, selected at random from thousands of similar expressions of appreciation by the American Newspaper Press.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—This magazine is last in order of reception, but first in order of merit. It has some very fine embellishments, and is filled to the brim with the rich contributions of the best talent in the country. What a revolution Graham has brought about in the Philadelphia Monthlies. "Milliner Magazines"—a soubriquet to which they were justly entitled, for they did little else than record the changes of fashion, and furnish sickly, mawkish tales for milliner's apprentices—is now, applied to them, a misnomer. From Graham's the fashion plates are entirely discarded, in the others they form an unimportant feature; and these magazines are now filled with reading matter of an entirely different character—so that where was once "milk for babes" is now "meat for strong men." As this is all Graham's work, we hope he will have his reward.—*Eastern Mail, N. Y.*

Graham for July, surpasses any thing in its line that has come under our observation. It is well filled with the choicest of reading matter and some beautiful embellishments. Graham never brags about his Magazine, but he is always sure to rival every attempt, no matter by whom made, to throw him in the shade; he seems to know just what the ladies want, and he sees that they have it.—*Lansingburg Gazette.*

Nothing but enterprise and untiring energy could produce such a Magazine—and these Graham possesses. Bear in mind that while *some* publishers give 112 pages of reading matter *now* and *then*, (beginning and end of a volume) Graham gives 112 pages *every month*.—*Gazette Ellicott Mills, Md.*

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE for July was duly received. It is the very best Magazine published in the United States. It cannot fail to suit all kinds of readers. *American, Albion, N. Y.*

J. K. MITCHELL.—The Masonic Mirror for June contains a capital likeness of Doctor John K. Mitchell, R. W. Jr. Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge of Pa. The many friends of this eminent gentleman will be gratified with this delicate testimony. Dr. Mitchell is too well known as an able medical and literary man to require eulogy at our hands. His popularity as an able speaker and writer, and as a polished, refined gentleman, is second to that of no man among us, and his manly and unselfish stand for the principles to which he is attached, have endeared him to the people. The publishers could not have made a selection better calculated to attract attention and subscription to the work.

"KNICK KNACKS."—Our friend Clark of the Knickerbocker, has in the press of the Appletons, a volume under the above title, embracing the best of the many good things which for years have filled his Editor's Table and Gossip. That the volume will be readable and popular we have assurance from the avidity with which even his monthly jottings down are looked for. With "the cream of the correspondence," as Tony Lumpkin says, we shall have a feast of rare wit, with quips and jokes cracking like almonds at the desert of a grand dinner. We bespeak an early copy of the first edition of 10,000.


CONTENTMENT

ADAPTED TO THE MUCH ADMIRED AIR OF

"LA SUISSESSE AU HORD DU LAC."

Published by permission of LEE & WALKER, 188 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia,

Publishers and Importers of Music and Musical Instruments.

Piano.

p

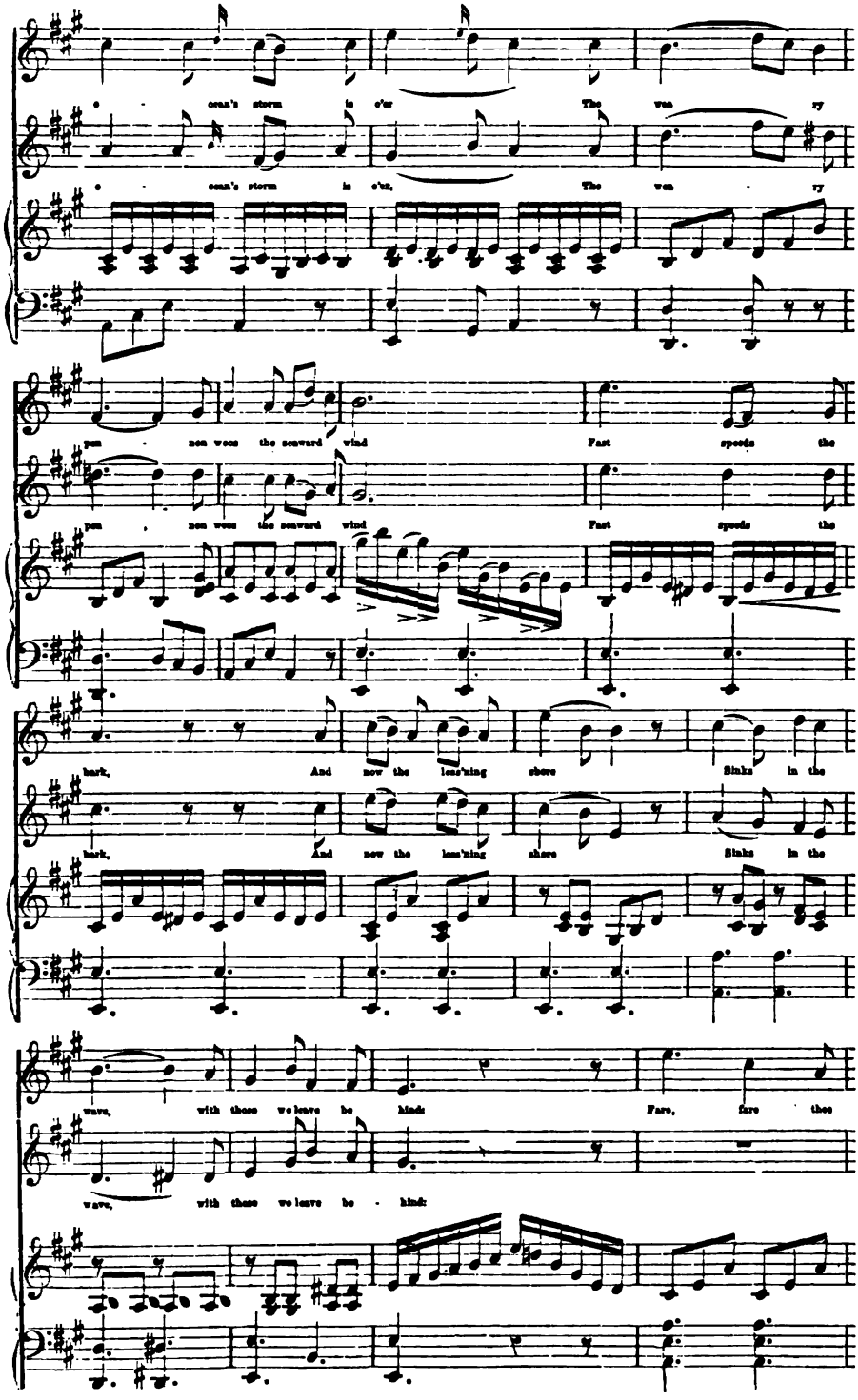
p Home fare thee well The

p Home fare thee well The

p

p

OUR WAY ACROSS THE SEA.



well! Land of the free! No tongue can tell the love I

Fare, fare thee well! Land of the free! No tongue can tell the love I

bear to thee. Fare, fare thee well! Land of the

bear to thee. Fare, fare thee well!

free, No tongue can tell the love I bear to thee.

Land of the free, No tongue can tell the love I bear to thee.

2

We wreathe the bowl to drink a gay good bye
For tears would fall unbidden in the wine,
And while reflected was the mournful eye.
The sparkling surface e'en would cease to shine.
Then fare, fare well;
Once more, once more,
The ocean swell
Now hides my native shore.

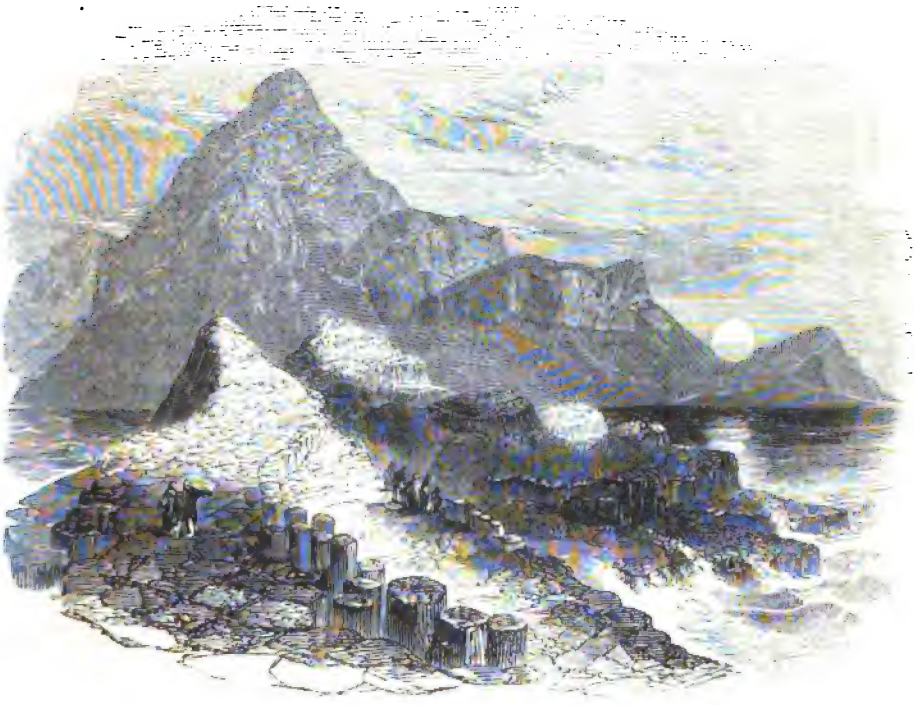
3

See where yon star its diamond light displays,
Now seen, now hid behind the swelling sail,
Hope rides in gladness on its streaming rays,
And bids us on, and bribes the fav'ring gale.
Then hope we bend
In joy to thee,
And careless wend
Our way across the sea.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLI. PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1852. No. 3.

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.



ONLY imagine yourself, says a writer in the Journal of Commerce, in a little row-boat, passing around the northern coast of Ireland. In the distance, you seem to look upon an immense castle, flanked by double rows of cylindrical columns. It seems so fortress-like, this massive structure rising from the depths of the sea, that you expect to find guards and wardens, soldiery and arms; but as you approach nearer it loses that castellated appearance, and gradually lessons in magnitude until there remains only a huge stone wall, extending around the coast for miles. It is composed of gigantic pillars, cut into prisms, three-sided, five-sided, eight-sided—side fitting to side—variously jointed, joint corresponding to joint, innumerable irregularities conformed into such beautiful regularity, that you are struck with awe at so perfect a monument of skill, and ask involuntarily to what great artist your praise is due; what year marked the foundation-stone; what force formed each cylinder, and joined in uniform contact such irregular masses? The toil of many a lifetime has been spent on far meaner designs, and proud wealth has gloried in much less wonderful relics of man's invention.

Passing onward and still onward, for this columnar structure bounds a great extent of seacoast, you come upon a vast gateway of stone work, like the rest, but formed into a wide arch, not Gothic, nor Norman, but unique, and perfect as peculiar. Its entrance is kept by huge waves, that for centuries have been rolling higher and higher, to bar the gateway that is open still, so your tiny boat rises with their swelling, and you pass through, not, as you had expected, to find the sky above you still, but into the

recesses of a mighty cavern, whose vaulted roof is formed of stones, many cornered and many colored. You should be there at sunset, as we were, to see the dashing waters sparkling with gold, and the stones radiant with crimson light. You would be awed into silence; for there is something fearful in the thought of a chamber built without hands; but should your feelings find vent in words, your ears would be stunned by the deafening sound of even your sweet voice, dear Bel, so heavy is the echo there. I had been always very anxious to see the inside of this famous cave, with its ocean door, and its stony wall hung with sea-weed tapestry, but I assure you I was not less eager to see the outside of it again; I had no ambition to interfere with a solitude too desolate for aught save the cawing of rooks, and the twittering of swallows.

The average height of the basaltic columns constituting the Giant's Causeway is thirty feet; but the whole neighborhood is strewn with detached fragments of the same species of rock, that in their picturesque confusion seem the broken pillars of some ruined temple. These columns in combination, these heptagons, hexagons, octagons and triangles all joined in perfect symmetry, as if hewn for corresponding measurements, form, when you have climbed the rocky ascent to their level summit, a tesselated pavement, where one may promenade in scorn of the fierce waves that incessantly dash against their base, as if they sought to hurl the firm rocks into oblivion. It is quite amusing to listen to the wonderful harangues of the numerous barefooted urchins that follow you all the way along the shore, offering themselves for guides, and their tongues for teachers. They were all born within sight of the "auld Giant's" dominions, and the only history they ever learned is comprised in wild legends about the stones and crannies that the giant once ruled. From morning to evening they walk before you, behind you, and seem to rise from the stones on every side of you, offering their "spacermens" of the "Giant's Punch Bowl," "his honor's walking-stick," and various other remarkable relics, "the very last" of which has been sold and resold for twenty years back, and will be for twenty years to come, to every visitor who will "lend them the loan of a sixpence to break their fast with."

The little ragamuffins tell you that their father is dead, and their mother is poor; and in the grief of your heart you buy, and buy, and buy, until you have no more money to pay, and no more hands to carry their useless pebbles; and finding new faces and hearing new tales continually, the plot thickens so unmercifully, that you cease to believe any thing because you have believed so much, and in self-defense are forced to turn away from the masonic pile that owns no mason—from the old arm-chair that no cabinet-maker ever planned—from the huge bowl where none but a giant could drink—and the organ-pipes to whose identity the roaring waves lend so real an illusion. But a sight of the Giant's Causeway, in spite of its nonsensical traditions and its fabulous legends, is a commentary too impressive ever to be forgotten, on the power and might of its great Creator. And long years hence it will stand, firm and enduring, as it ever has stood, in its solemn, awful grandeur, to annihilate the atheist's doubt, and to silence the sceptic's sneer.

HYMN,

FOR THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

BY REV. S. DRYDEN PHELPS.

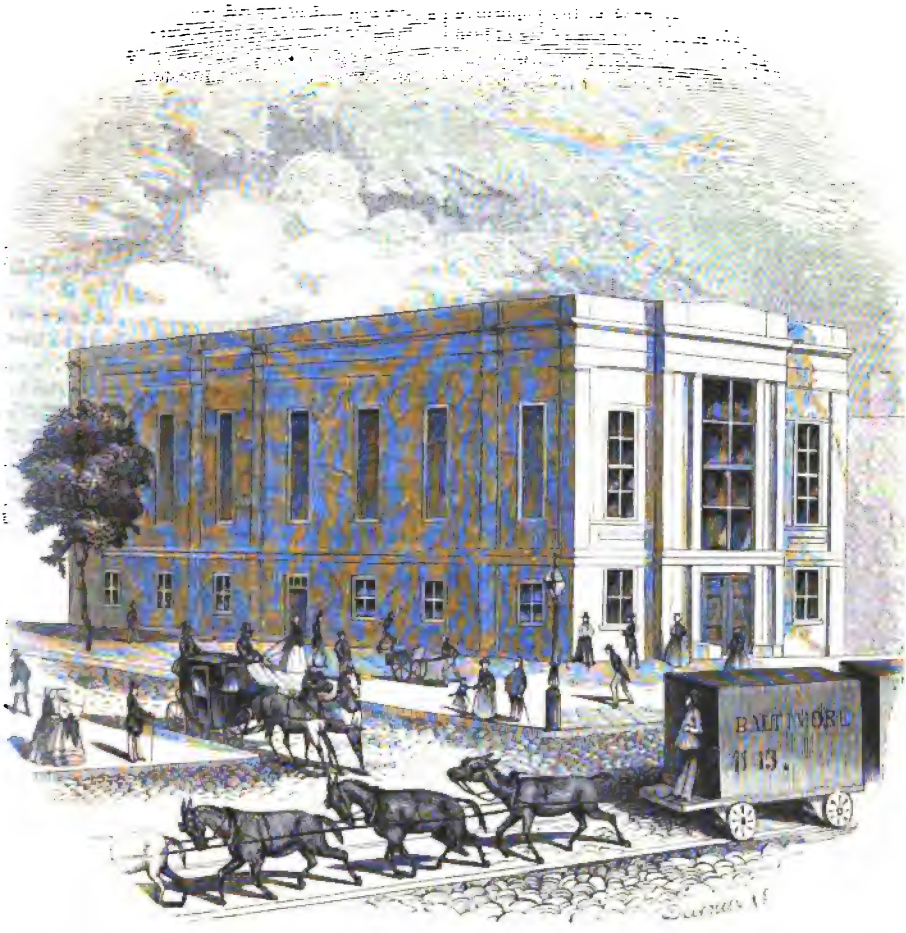
How glorious is thy dwelling,
  O Lord of Hosts, on high,
Where angel anthems swelling
  Fill all the boundless sky:
In more than Eden splendor
  The heavenly mansions shine,
Where praise the ransomed render,
  In worship all divine.

On earth, among the lowly,
  Thou hast a gracious reign—
The kingdom of the holy,
  The church, the born-again;
And temples, reared by mortals,
  The homes of truth and love,
Are hallowed as the portals
  Of Paradise above.

Make this thy habitation,
  And here thy name record;
With blessing and salvation
  Our prayers and toils reward;
Let dews of grace descending,
  On every heart distill;
And humble throngs come bending
  To know and do thy will.

The Spirit's living beauty
  To all thy servants give,
And strength for every duty,
  That each to thee may live;
Till, in his chariot gleaming,
  The Saviour comes to bear
The souls of his redeeming
  To heavenly mansions fair.

THE ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES OF PHILADELPHIA.



It has been frequently said the building at the north-west corner of Broad and George streets looks poverty caste, that is, its external indications lead to a suspicion it is of a poor family, while if it were rough-caste it would have such a tidy, smart look, that no mere passer-by would suspect there are any poor relations connected with it. That edifice is a small arena where a few courageous men do battle for Truth. Were they to consent to rough-caste, or stucco, or plaster over the unsightly surface of their street fronts, while they are in debt, they would make a false show to the public which would be altogether inconsistent with the object of the Society to which that edifice belongs. The object of that Society is to ascertain the truth, and to point it out to the human race, beginning of course with citizens of Philadelphia. It must not be imagined, reader, gentle or fair or both, that the Society to which the rough brick walls alluded to belongs, is engaged in any fanciful or visionary or transcendental occupation It does not spend time in listening to testimony or seeking evidence of truth of the kind asserted to exist in the doctrines of Hanneman, of Preisnitz, of Broussais, or in the published certificates of the efficacy of Perkins' metallic tractors, or somebody's galvanic rings, or anybody's sarsaparilla syrup, or in Kossuth's theory of intervention, or in the editorial predictions printed in the daily newspapers; but the members of the Society in question battle for Truth which is truth, and not for the flimsy dictum of men. They seek to ascertain the facts of the Creation, and the yet hidden causes which bind them together in relations of eternal harmony and peace. They seek in the atmosphere for signs to lead to the comprehension of the laws which regulate its movements; they study the vegetable growths of forest and field to learn how to increase the products of the soil; they inquire into the nature and habits and structure of the living inhabitants of the air, the earth, and the seas, to know the best and easiest modes of rendering them profitable to society; they dive beneath the surface of the land, and drag to light the buried remains of those animals which dwelt on earth countless years before man made any mark of his presence in the universe, indeed before he had existence: and in that building they bring together, under one

view, the physical, palpable evidence of their statements, and expose all to the gaze of the inquisitive without charge. The inquiries or researches of men of the class constituting the Society to which the not very polished structure belongs, have led to the discovery of various coal-beds and mines of metallic ores, and the means of illuminating our cities with gas. They are plain, simple, unostentatious citizens, who seek the truths, the facts of the creation for the common good of all. This circumstance is in itself almost enough to satisfy any intelligent man of the world the Society must be pecuniarily poor, and therefore, at present, unable to plaster over the walls of their workshop, merely to make them agreeable to the eyes of those who do not care to view the wonders within.

The building of which we speak was founded on the 25th of May, 1839, by the "Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia," a society which was begun on the 25th of January, 1812, and incorporated by an act of the Legislature of the State of Pennsylvania on the 24th of March, 1817.

The object of the Institution is to cultivate the Natural Sciences exclusively, and to diffuse a knowledge of them amongst the people. Of the 409,000 inhabitants of Philadelphia, about 150 only are now engaged in this laudable enterprise, which is little known and little understood by the community. Its members include representatives of almost all vocations; clergymen, physicians, lawyers, merchants and mechanics, who devote simply leisure moments to the study of natural history. For this purpose they have formed a museum and library of books on the natural sciences and on the arts. At this time, the museum contains nearly 150,000 objects of natural history, and the library almost 14,000 volumes.

The "Hall of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia" is forty-five feet front on Broad street, and one hundred and fifteen feet on George street, with an elevation of fifty feet. The style of architecture is plain and unpretending; and, as already intimated, the exterior remains unfinished for want of funds, all the resources of the Society being required to meet the current expenses incurred for preserving the objects in the museum, binding, books, warming and lighting, etc. etc.

The visitor is admitted at a door on Broad street, and ascends a flight of stairs, on the left hand as he enters the vestibule. He finds himself in a spacious saloon, one hundred and ten feet in length and forty-two feet broad, lighted from the roof and tall windows at the east and west extremities. Three ranges of galleries, supported on light and graceful iron columns, surround the apartment. The walls are hidden by glass-cases, filled almost to overflowing with specimens of natural history. Three ranges of flat cases occupy the floor, in which are arranged fossil organic remains, illustrative of that department of natural science termed palæontology. The American specimens are in the southern, and the foreign in the middle and northern range of cases; the whole constituting a collection of more than 60,000 individual specimens. Among them are some of great rarity and interest. There are several of those gigantic fish-lizards, called ichthyosaurians, imbedded in massive limestone; teeth and bones of the mastodon, of elephants, of an extinct species of bird, found in New Zealand, called the Dinornis; impressions of coal-plants, etc. etc. On the southern side of the hall is a collection of skeletons and parts of skeletons of mammals, birds, reptiles and fishes; and the extraordinary collection of human skulls, brought together here from all parts of the world, by the late Dr. Samuel George Morton, so extensively known for his publications in various departments of the history of the human race. On the northern side is a collection of mammals, representing about 200 species of the various quadrupeds. The cases on the galleries are occupied by the extraordinary collection of birds, which is three times more extensive than that of the British Museum; it contains at this time 27,000 specimens, of which no less than 22,000 are labeled and beautifully mounted, and as well displayed as the want of space will permit. Among the mammals are a specimen of the polar bear, obtained during the voyage recently made under the command of Capt. De Haven, in search of Sir John Franklin, and a fine male specimen of the Rocky Mountain sheep, a very rare animal, this being, it is believed, the second specimen ever brought to this city; the first was obtained by Capt. Lewis, during his famous expedition with Clarke to the Rocky Mountains, more than thirty-five years ago.

Besides the collections alluded to, there are others of great interest which are not exhibited for want of space. The collection of crustaceans or crabs, and that of reptiles, are equal to any in Europe. The specimens of shells number 25,000; and of minerals more than 4000; but they are not at present accessible to the public for want of room to display them The herbarium or hortus siccus, contains 46,000 species of plants.

The value of the library is not easily estimated by the number of its volumes. It contains many works which are not possessed by any other library in the United States; and on this account is often visited by scientific men from a distance.

The Society meets every Tuesday evening throughout the year; and publishes periodically a journal of its proceedings, which is circulated among the learned societies of all parts of the world.

Since the year 1828 the museum of the Academy has been open gratuitously two afternoons in every week; tickets of admission on Tuesday and Friday afternoons, from one o'clock P. M. till sunset, are furnished on application to any member of the Society

The Institution is sustained by the annual contributions of the members, and by donations from those generous persons who are friends of natural science. The names of donors to the museum and library are attached always to whatever they present, and are published in the journal of proceedings.

A full history of this most valuable but little known institution has been recently printed; copies of it may be obtained, at a trifling cost, from the doorkeeper on days when the hall is open to the public

DISTRIBUTION OF THE HUMAN RACE.

BY THOMAS MILNER, M. A.

In the scale of being man rises above mere animal life and sensation, however delicate and varied, and beyond mere instinct, whatever that mysterious faculty may be, to rational existence, which constitutes him "the minister and interpreter of nature." The most sagacious and instinctive of the brute creation live and die without the least comprehension of the vast system of which they form a part; but man is capable of surveying the whole with thought and reflection, of understanding its economy and purpose, of tracing the Author of the work, and marking the display of his perfections, of yielding to Him adoration and homage, and sanctifying the varied scene to moral uses. Sometimes, in the spirit of lurking infidelity to the announcements of Scripture respecting the attention paid to our race by Divine Providence, philosophy has paraded before us its demonstrations concerning the plan of the universe, and called upon us to contemplate its stately forms and vast dimensions. We may obey its summons, and return from the contemplation with renewed ability to "vindicate the ways of God to man." For what knows the sun of his own brightness, or the lightnings of their force, or the planets of their velocity, or the ten thousand stars of their mighty proportions? The universe of material things can neither think nor feel, but is perfectly unconscious of itself; whereas man can appreciate to a certain extent its design, derive enjoyment from its objects, track their course, comprehend their laws, gather from them an intellectual apprehension of the wondrous Artificer, make them subservient to morals and devotion; and thus the grandeur of nature illustrates the greatness of man.

Linnæus placed man in the order of *Quadrumana*, or four-handed, in fellowship with the monkey tribe, and even considered the genus *Homo* as consisting of two species, the ourang-outang being the second, the congener of the human being. Cuvier, with an obvious propriety, has departed from this classification, and placed man in an order by himself, that of *Bimana*, or two-handed, in allusion to the prehensory organs with which he is furnished. They are instruments of essential moment to their possessor, and form a characteristic mark of his nobility, for, strictly speaking, he is the only bimane. In several physical respects, man is far inferior to many of the lower animals. The elephant is his superior in bulk and power, the hawk in sight, the antelope in swiftness, the hound in scent, and the squirrel in agility. No animal, in the infancy of existence, continues for so long a period in a state of helplessness and dependence, or suffers for an equal interval infirmity in age. To every other animal nature supplies an appropriate clothing, for which they "toil not, neither do they spin"—the office of man; without which, he would live and die in the nakedness of his birth. No parallel to his case can be found in the animal kingdom, in relation to the slowness of his growth, the variety of his wants, and the numerous diseases to which he is exposed; and while animals directly adapt to their support the food that is suited to them—the lion his flesh, and the ox his grasses—the greater part of the human aliment, according to the practice of all nations, is subject to preparing processes, more or less rude or perfect, in order to be rendered agreeable and nutritious. These are apparently the hardships of the human condition; but a regard to their moral and intellectual effect will strip them of the character of disadvantages. If endowed with a high degree of physical force, if free from the necessity of culinary preparation, if naturally arrayed against the exigencies of climate, and thus constituted with a greater amount of personal independence—it may reasonably be inferred, that civilization would not have made its present advances, that mental capacity would have remained largely undeveloped, and the career of man have exhibited a succession of melancholy oscillation, between intemperate ferocity and selfish indolence. The sense of his weakness and the pressure of his wants have contributed to call forth his resources, to stir up "the gift and faculty divine," to rouse inventive powers to action which would otherwise have continued dormant, and to excite benevolent affections, by the demand he is compelled to make for the society of his kind; and thus the very disabilities of his mere animal being tend to evoke his higher nature, and to accomplish one of the designed ends of his creation by sheer intellectual power, that of having "dominion over the fowl of the air, and over the fish of the sea, and over the cattle, and over every creeping thing that creepeth on the earth."

The human population of the globe has been commonly rated at eight hundred millions, but this is probably an error in excess. The statements of geographers vary considerably, as appears from the

following estimates of two of the most distinguished, MM. Malte Brun and Balbi. The former justly remarks, that all the calculations that have been made upon the subject are chimerical, and that it is impossible to state any which shall even approximate to the truth.

	Malte Brun.	Balbi.
Population of Europe	170,000,000	227,700,000
Asia	320,000,000	390,000,000
Africa	70,000,000	60,000,000
America	45,000,000	30,000,000
Oceanica	20,000,000	20,300,000
Total	625,000,000	737,000,000

But however uncertain the numbers of the human race, maritime and inland discovery show the wide dispersion of the species, to the extreme bounds of vegetable life; and the extraordinary facility of the human frame in accommodating itself to diverse circumstances. There are but few tracts of land which have not within their limits an indigenous human population. The antarctic continent, the Falkland Isles, and Kerguelen's Land, with Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen in the northern zone, are the principal exceptions. St. Helena is also another; for when that island was discovered, in 1501, it was only occupied by sea-fowl, occasionally visited by seals and turtles, and covered with forest-trees and shrubs. However small the coral islands of the Pacific, and remote from continents, they have in general their families of men. The New World, though very scantily peopled, has the Esquimaux at its northern extremity, within ten degrees of the pole, and the Fuegians at its southern end, perhaps in the lowest condition in which humanity exists upon the face of the globe. In the Ancient World, we every where meet with traces of man and of his works, except in the zone of deserts; and even here he has planted his race in the oases, the verdant islets of the great ocean of sand. In situations, high and low, dry and moist, cold and hot, we find members of the family to which we belong, enduring the extremes of temperature; a degree of heat which on the banks of the Senegal causes spirits of wine to boil, and of cold in the north-east of Asia which freezes brandy and mercury.

This wide diffusion of the species, occupying every variety of climate, soil, and situation, necessarily involves the fact of man being omnivorous, or able to derive support from all kinds of aliment: for otherwise, if the nourishment depended exclusively upon animal or vegetable food, various regions where the race exists and multiplies would be incompatible with the easy maintenance of human life. In the cold and frozen north, beyond the range of the cereal plants, where excessive poverty marks the only vegetation that appears, the tribes of Esquimaux draw their support entirely from the land and marine animals, principally from fish and seals; and this is also the case with the miserable Petcheres, inhabiting a corresponding district in the southern hemisphere, the chill and barren shores of Tierra del Fuego. On the other hand, the condition of many interior tropical countries is not propitious to the subsistence of an extended population of the domestic animals and the common cerealia, owing to the number of the beasts of prey and the interchange of a flooded and a parching soil, and there we find large families of men chiefly sustained by a peculiar farinaceous diet, the fruits of the plantain and the palm. In the temperate zone, a plentiful supply of both animal and vegetable food is met with, which mingle in the aliment of the inhabitants. Thus, as we approach the poles, man does not live by bread at all, the Esquimaux being unacquainted with it; while approaching the equator he is mainly supported by vegetable nutriment; and intermediate between them, he is strikingly omnivorous, various kinds of grain and flesh composing the staff off life. Some naturalists have proposed a classification of mankind, according to the species of food by the use of which they are distinguished. Thus we have *carnivorous*, or flesh-eaters; *Ichthyophagists*, or fish-eaters; *Frugivorous*, or fruit and corn-eaters; *Acridophagists*, or locust-eaters; *Geophagists*, or earth-eaters; *Anthropophagists*, or man-eaters; and *Omnivorous*, or devourers of every thing. But we have no tribes of men that exclusively belong to any one of these classes. The only clear division that can be made of the human race, taking their food as a characteristic, is the very general one already stated, between the inhabitants of polar, temperate, and tropical regions; and growing intercommunication is constantly lessening the amount of difference even here, by transporting the aliment yielded in abundance in one district to another naturally destitute of it. The locust-eaters include some of the wandering Arabs of northern Africa and western Asia, where the crested locust, one of the largest species of the tribe, is made use of for food, both fresh and salted; in which last state it is sold in some of the markets of the Levant. Morier, in his Second Journey to Persia, observes, that locusts are sold at Bushire as food, to the lowest

Esquimaux Hut.

of the peasantry, when dried; and he adds, that "the locusts and wild honey, which St. John ate in the wilderness, are perhaps particularly mentioned to show, that he fared as the poorest of men."

In considering the distribution of mankind, it is an obvious reflection that, to secure the general diffusion of human life, the same necessity did not exist, as in the case of plants and animals, for parent stocks to be originally planted in different regions of the globe. It has been correctly remarked, that had an individual of each tribe of plants, and a pair of each tribe of animals, been called into being in one and the same spot, the Linnæan hypothesis, large regions, separated by wide seas and lofty chains of mountains from the country containing that single spot, would forever have remained almost, if not entirely, destitute of plants and animals, unless at the same time means had been provided for their dispersion far more effectual than any which we behold in operation, and a constitution more accommodated to diverse climates had been given to them. To accomplish the dissemination of animal and vegetable life, to an extent commensurate with the capacity of the globe, separate regions were supplied with distinct stocks of plants and animals. But the case of man required no such arrangement to secure a large occupancy of the earth with his species. Endued with a constitution capable of accommodating itself to extreme diversities of climate, and with intelligence to invent methods of protection against atmospheric influences; enabled also by the same intelligence to devise means of transport over the most extensive seas, and across the most formidable ranges of mountains, it is clear, that, possessed of these capabilities, the whole habitable earth might be replenished with his race from the location of a single pair. This is the doctrine of the Mosaic history, and also of another part of the sacred record, which declares that God "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth;" and notwithstanding numerous and important diversities, the conclusions of philosophical inquiry are clearly in harmony with it, establishing the unity of mankind.

Before touching upon the question of the common nature and origin of the human race, a necessary preliminary to the question of their diffusion, it may be requisite to state the sense of certain terms of common occurrence in natural history, as *species*, *genus*, and *varieties*. A race of animals, or plants, which constantly transmit from one generation to another the same peculiar organization, constitute what is technically called a *species*; and two races are held to be specifically distinct, where a marked difference or organization exists, which is unvaryingly transmitted. A species, therefore, includes those animals and plants which may be presumed to have sprung from the same parent stock. "We unite," says De Candolle, "under the designation of a species, all those individuals who mutually bear to each other so close a resemblance as to allow of our supposing that they may have proceeded originally from a single being, or a single pair." The term *genus* has a more comprehensive signification. It is applied to a group of animals or plants, the several tribes of which seem constructed after a common general model, each being distinguished from the rest by a peculiarity of organization, for which we cannot account but by supposing them to have proceeded from originally different individuals. Animals of the horse kind, which includes the ass and the zebra, furnish an example of genus. They display the phenomena of general resemblance, but with such marked differences, which are regularly transmitted, that we cannot suppose them the common offspring of the same individuals, but to have descended from originally different pairs. Animals of the feline race, as the cat and the tiger, and of the bovine kind, as the ox, buffalo, and bison, are similar instances of genera. A genus, therefore, embraces several species. But within the limits of a species varieties occur, or deviations from the type exhibited by the parent stock, which are due to external causes, climate, soil, food, and other agencies, which have an obvious and marked effect upon animal and vegetable forms, however little their operation is understood. Some of these varieties are transient, but others become fixed and permanent in the race, and are so optically striking, as in several cases to suggest the idea of a specific difference, where the species is identical. Now, the question to be considered in relation to man is, whether the diversities which he exhibits in different parts of the globe are compatible with his race coming under the denomination of a species, having a common ancestry; or whether it forms a genus including several tribes, having a general resemblance, but so characteristically different as to lead the philosophical investigator to the verdict, that the diverging streams of humanity have originated independent of each other, and have not proceeded from the same fountain head.

In prosecuting this inquiry, one method to be adopted is to review the principal external differences observable among mankind, as to complexion, structure, and stature; and examine, whether analogous diversities appear among the lower animals within the limits of the same species. If it is ascertained that corresponding phenomena to the human variations occur in the case of animals belonging to an identical species, the chief objection is obviated to the unity and common origin of the human kind.

1. The most obvious distinction displayed by mankind is that of *color*, in relation to the skin, hair, and eyes, which, with few exceptions, are well known to have a certain correspondence, intimating their dependence on a common cause. Thus light-colored hair is very generally in alliance with light blue or gray eyes; but a relation of the complexion of the skin to the hue of the hair is still more invariable. Persons of light hair have a fair and transparent skin, which assumes a ruddy tint by exposure to the light and heat of the sun, while the complexion of black-haired individuals is of a darker cast, and acquires a bronze shade in proportion to the intensity of the solar influence admitted to it. The dark-haired women of Syria and Barbary are indeed frequently very white; but this is owing to the careful avoidance of

exposure to the effect of climate, which Prichard calls a being "bleached by artificial protection from light, or at least from the solar rays." He discriminates three principal varieties of mankind, taking the color of the hair as the leading character, which he styles the *melanic*, the *xanthous*, and the *leucous*. The melanic or black variety, includes all individuals or races who have black or very dark hair; the xanthous or fair class embraces those who have either brown, auburn, yellow, flaxen, or red hair; and the leucous or white variety comprises those who are commonly called albinos, whose hair is either pure white or cream-colored.

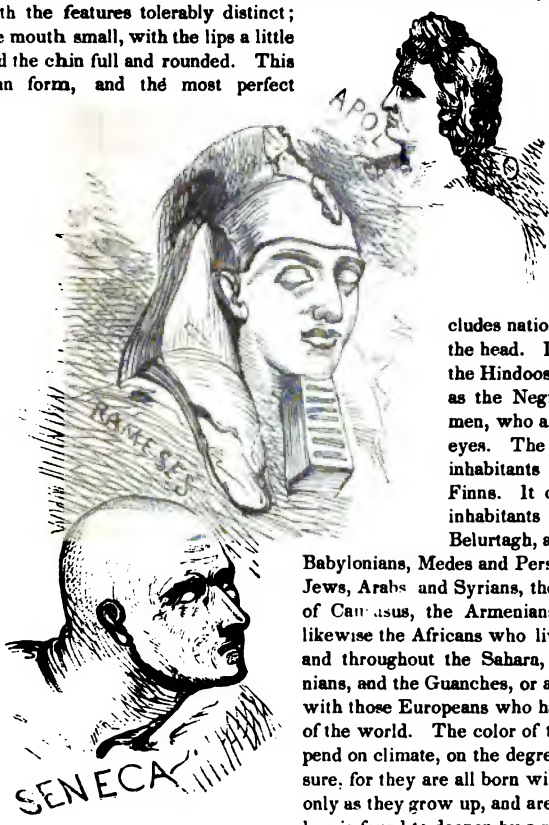
The great majority of the human race belong to the melanic or black-haired variety, with a corresponding hue of the skin. This hue varies from the deepest black to a copper and olive color, and to a much lighter shade. The Senegal Negroes are jet black, and the natives of Malabar, with other nations of India, are nearly so. In some races, the black combines with red, and in others with yellow, as in the instance of the copper and olive colored tribes of America, Africa, and Asia; and the same indigenous population furnishes examples of great discrepancy as to the character of the tint. "The great difference of color," says Bishop Heber, of the Hindoos, "between different natives struck me much. Of the crowd by whom we were surrounded, some were black as Negroes, others merely copper-colored, and others little darker than the Tunisines, whom I have seen at Liverpool. It is not merely the differences of exposure, since this variety of tint is visible in the fishermen who are naked all alike. Nor does it depend on caste, since very high caste Brahmins are sometimes black, while Pariahs are comparatively fair. It seems, therefore, to be an accidental difference, like that of light and dark complexions in Europe; though where so much of the body is exposed to sight, it becomes more striking here than in our own country. Two observations," he elsewhere observes, "struck me forcibly; first, that the deep bronze is more naturally agreeable to the human eye than the fair skins of Europe, since we are not displeased with it even in the first instance, while it is well-known that to them a fair complexion gives the idea of ill health, and of that sort of deformity which, in our eyes, belongs to an albino." The same class includes the swarthy Spaniards, and the inhabitants of southern Europe in general, who have dark hair, with the melanic complexion only strongly dilute, which characterizes the olive, copper-colored, and negro nations. In the xanthous or light-haired variety, who have commonly gray or azure-blue eyes, combined with a fair complexion, which acquires a ruddy instead of a bronze tinge on exposure to heat, some whole tribes in the temperately cold regions of Europe and Asia are included. Red or yellow hair and blue eyes peculiarly characterized the old Gothic races according to the testimony of Tacitus, and are prevalent among their descendants at present. But examples of the xanthous variety present themselves in every dark-haired race, and we gather from Homer, that it was not uncommon among the Greeks of his time to find a melanic family. "The Jews, like the Arabs," says Prichard, "are generally a black-haired race; but I have seen many Jews with light hair and beards, and blue eyes; and in some parts of Germany, the Jews are remarkable for red, bushy beards. Many of the Russians are light-haired, though the mass of the Slavonian race is of the melanous variety. The Laplanders are generally of a dark complexion, but the Finns, Mordouines, and Votiaks, who are allied to them in race, are xanthous. Many of the northern Tungusians, or Mantschu Tartars, are of the xanthous variety, though the majority of this nation are black-haired." Even among the more swarthy races of the melanic class, as the Negroes of Senegal, examples of fair-haired individuals, with the corresponding complexions, occur; and the native stock of Egypt supplies similar instances, as appears from the light brown hair of some of the mummies. The leucous or white variety includes no entire race of people; but occasionally albinos, with perfectly white hair and skin, and red or pink eyes, appear in all countries—among the xanthous tribes of Europe, the copper-colored nations of America, and the pure blacks of Africa. The phrase, white Negroes, though a literal contradiction, exactly expresses the physical fact—a white individual of a black stock. In some instances, pure white and black children have mingled in the same family, the offspring of black parents.

The cause of the introduction of these varieties of color among the inferior animals of the same species, which have become permanent, is involved in great obscurity; but we have good reason to suppose that differences of climate, situation, food, and habits, are some of the influential agencies in their production, chiefly perhaps the former, which appears to operate to a considerable extent in the various coloring of the human race. Both the plants and animals of hot regions display the deepest colors with which we are acquainted, while lighter shades are characteristic of those that are situated in cold countries. Within the tropics, the birds, beasts, flowers, and even fishes have the respective hues of their feathers, hairs, petals, and scales uniformly very deeply tinctured; while, as we recede from the equator, the color of the animal races progressively becomes of a lighter cast, till, approaching the poles, white is their common livery. The same remark is true very generally of the complexion of mankind. The black, dark-brown, and copper colors prevail in equatorial districts; the lighter olive is distinctive of the nations immediately north of the tropic of Cancer; and still lighter shades become more universal in the higher latitudes. The Abyssinians are much less dark than the Negro races, for though their geographical climate is the same, their physical climate is very different, the high, table-land of the country placing them in a lower temperature. Shut up within the walls of their seraglios, and secluded from the sun, the Asiatic and African women are frequently as white as the Europeans; while, in our own country, exposure to the sun is well-known to produce a deeper complexion, and artifical protection

from its influence is adopted to preserve a fair and unfreckled skin. The larvæ of many insects deposited in dark situations are white, and acquire a brownish hue upon being confined under glasses that admit the influence of the solar rays. Facts of this kind indicate the powerful operation of diverse climates in the various coloring of the human skin, and are sufficient to show, that the different complexions of mankind are mere varieties of species, introduced and made permanent by the continued action of local causes.

2. The next most obvious and important of the human differences involves variety of structure, especially in the *shape of the skull*. Taking this as the basis of a classification, Professor Blumenbach proposed a division of mankind into five grand classes—the Caucasian, Mongolian, Ethiopic, American, and Malay, which has been very generally adopted. The principal descriptive particulars of each, as given by that distinguished naturalist, are the following:

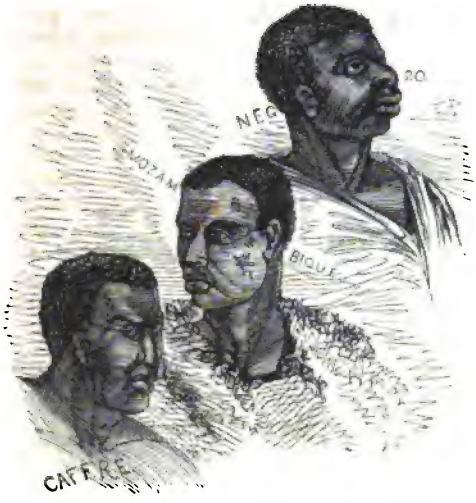
In the Caucasian race, the head is of the most symmetrical shape, almost round; the forehead of moderate extent; the cheek-bones rather narrow, without any projection; the face straight and oval, with the features tolerably distinct; the nose narrow, and slightly arched; the mouth small, with the lips a little turned out, especially the lower one; and the chin full and rounded. This is the most elegant variety of the human form, and the most perfect examples of it are found in the regions of Western Asia, bordering on Europe, which skirt the southern foot of the vast chain of the Caucasus, from whence the class derives its name, and which is near what is supposed to be the parent spot of the human race. Here are the Circassians and Georgians, the most exquisite models of female beauty. But the Caucasian class includes nations very dissimilar apart from the form of the head. Its members are of all complexions, from the Hindoos and Arabs, some of whom are as black as the Negroes, to the Danes, Swedes, and Norsemen, who are fair, with flaxen hair and light blue eyes. The class comprises the ancient and modern inhabitants of Europe, except the Laplanders and Finns. It comprises also the ancient and modern inhabitants of Western Asia, as far as the Oby, the Belurtagh, and the Ganges—such as the Assyrians, Babylonians, Medes and Persians, Sarmatians, Scythians, Parthians, Jews, Arabs and Syrians, the Turks and Tartars proper, the tribes of Caucasus, the Armenians, Affghans, and Hindoos. It includes likewise the Africans who live on the shores of the Mediterranean, and throughout the Sahara, the Egyptians and Copts, the Abyssinians, and the Guanches, or ancient inhabitants of the Canary Islands, with those Europeans who have colonized America and other parts of the world. The color of the Caucasian class seems mainly to depend on climate, on the degree of solar heat to which there is exposure, for they are all born with light complexions, and become dark only as they grow up, and are more freely acted on by the sun. Their hue is found to deepen by a regular gradation from the farthest north, where the members of this class are very fair, through the olive-colored inhabitants of Southern Europe, and the swarthy Moors of Northern Africa, till the gradation ends with the deep black natives of the African and Arabian deserts, and of inter-tropical India. The lighter shades of color, however, prevail among the Caucasians, and hence they are correctly styled the white race, though some of them are jet black. Their hair is variously melanic and xanthous, always long, and never woolly like that of the Negroes.



In the Mongolian class, that of the brown man of Gmelin, the head, instead of being round, is almost square; the face is broad and flat, with the parts imperfectly distinguished; the arches of the eye-brows are scarcely to be perceived. The complexion is generally olive, sometimes very slight, and approaching to yellow; but none of this class are known to be fair. The eyes are small and black; the hair, dark and strong, but seldom curled, or in great abundance; and there is little or no beard. This division embraces the tribes that occupy the central, east, north, and south-east parts of Asia; the people of China and Japan, of Thibet, Bootan, and Indo-China, the Finns and Laplanders of Northern Europe, and the Esquimaux on the shores of the Arctic ocean. Climate influences the color of many of this class, those parts of the body protected from the sun being much lighter than those that are uncovered. Dr. Abeel mentions, that when he saw the Chinese boatmen throw off their clothes, for the purpose of entering the water to push along the boats, they ap-

peared, when quite naked, as if dressed in light-colored trowsers.

In the Ethiopic division, that of the black man of Gmelin, the head is narrow and compressed at the sides; the forehead very convex and vaulted; the cheek-bones project forward; the nostrils are wide, the nose spread, and is almost confounded with the cheeks; the lips are thick, particularly the upper one; the lower part of the face projects considerably; and the skull is in general thick and heavy. The iris of the eye, which is deep-seated, and the skin of this class, are black, as well as the hair, which is generally woolly. These characteristics of the Negroes vary less than those of the two former classes, because they are chiefly confined to one climate within the tropics, whereas the Mongolians and Caucasians are spread through every variety of temperature, from the equator to the polar circle. The division comprises the native Africans to the south of the Sahara and Abyssinia, and of course those who have been transported to the West Indies and America, the natives of New Holland, and various tribes scattered through the islands of the Pacific Ocean and the Indian Archipelago. Though, for the reason stated, this class exhibits a great general uniformity, examples are not wanting of beauty of feature, and fine stature and proportions, in several races belonging to this department of mankind.



The American variety, that of the red man of Gmelin, approaches to the Mongolian, but the head is less square; the cheek-bones are prominent, yet not so angular as in the Mongol; the forehead is low, the eyes deep-seated, and the features viewed in profile, are strongly marked. The skin is red, or of an obscure orange, rusty iron, and copper color, sometimes nearly black, according to climate and circumstances. The native American tribes and nations, excepting the Esquimaux, and the descendants of African and European colonists, belong to this class.

In the Malay class, that of the tawny man of Gmelin, the top of the head is slightly narrowed; the face is less narrow than that of the Negro; the features are generally more prominent; the hair is black, soft, curled, and abundant; the color of the skin is tawny, but sometimes approaching to that of mahogany. The division embraces the principal tribes of the Indian archipelago, and all the islanders of the Pacific excepting those which belong to the Ethiopic variety.

The preceding five great divisions of Blumenbach are reduced by some naturalists to three, who consider the Malay class to be only a sub-variety of the Caucasian, and the American a sub-variety of the Mongolian. Cuvier gives only three distinct, well-marked divisions, the white or Caucasian, the yellow or Mongolian, and the Negro or Ethiopic; at the same time stating that several tribes diverge so remarkably, that they can scarcely be referred to any one of these varieties. In reality, the more extended

arrangement of Blumenbach is but a very imperfect classification of mankind, for not only individuals

but whole tribes, incorporated in each particular division, have distinctive characters which separate them from the rest of the class, and some peculiarities of one division are frequently traceable in the others. The Caucasians might be readily divided into a large number of races, each having definite characteristics. This is the case also with the Ethiopic class, for there is nearly as much difference between the New Hollanders and the woolly-headed Africans, included in the same department of the human species, and between a Bosjesmen, a Caffre, and a Negro of Soudan, who are also comprised in the Ethiopic variety, as between a Caucasian, Mongolian, and Malay. It has also occurred, that from the spirit of conquest and peaceful colonization, nations belonging to the divisions of Blumenbach have become commingled, and have produced, by intermarriage, races which cannot be distinctly traced to either the one or the other of the parent classes. The Mongols, for instance, have spread out from central Asia and largely intermixed with the Caucasians, especially toward their western frontiers, while the Caucasians have intruded into every quarter of the globe, and blended themselves with the native inhabitants of the countries they have overrun. The Europeans and Negroes produce Mulattos; Europeans and Mulattos produce Tercerons; Europeans and Tercerons produce Quadroons, in whom the alleged contamination of dark blood is no longer visible, and the Negro character disappears. On the other hand, the offspring of a Mulatto and a Negro, pairing with a Negro, the decided African character appears in the children. Indians and Europeans produce Mestizos; Indians and Negroes produce Zambos; Europeans and Zambos and Indians and Zambos produce respective varieties. It is obvious, therefore, that the preceding divisions of mankind, principally derived from the supposed origin of nations, can only be regarded as extremely general.

Attending exclusively to the form of the human skull, Dr. Prichard discriminates three leading varieties:—The symmetrical or oval form, which is that of the European and western Asiatic nations; the narrow and elongated skull, of which the most strongly marked example is perhaps the cranium of the Negro of the Gold Coast; the broad and square-faced skull of the Mongols afford a fair specimen, and the Esquimaux an exaggerated one.

3. The other principal physical variations observable between different nations refer to the *proportion of the limbs*, to *stature*, to the *texture of the skin*, and to the *character of the hair*. Large hands and broad and flat feet are among the peculiarities of the Negro; and in general, the arm below the elbow is more elongated in proportion to the length of the upper arm and the height of the person, than in the case of Europeans. But among the latter, individual examples of the same constructions occur; while among the former, instances of structure after the European type may be found. As it respects stature, the variations are not remarkable in relation to the majority of mankind; but a striking discrepancy appears upon comparing a few isolated tribes. America exhibits the extremes of stature—in the Esquimaux who are generally below five feet, and in the Patagonians who are usually more than six, and frequently as much as seven; but individual specimens of both extremes are observed among the inhabitants of almost every country. Europe has often presented the human form developed in gigantic and dwarfish proportions. The contrasts are striking with reference to the texture of the skin; that of the Negroes and some of the South Sea islanders being always cooler, more soft and velvety

than that of the Europeans. Connected probably with varieties of the skin in texture are the various odors which it is well-known belong to different races. "The Peruvian Indians," says Humbolt, "who in the middle of the night distinguish the different races by their quick sense of smell, have

formed three words to express the odor of the Europeans, the Indian Americans, and the Negro." The diversities are great and obvious in the character of the hair from that of the Negro, which is short and crisp, and has acquired the name of wool, to the long, flowing, and glossy locks of the Esquimaux, between which there are many gradations.

Precisely parallel varieties are ascertained to arise in the same race of animals. Those of the domestic kind "vary from each other in size much more than individuals the most different in stature among mankind." The small Welsh cattle compared with the large flocks of the southern counties in England; or the Shetland ponies with the tall-backed mares of Flanders; the bantam breed with the large English fowls, are well known examples. More striking instances are mentioned by naturalists. In the isles of the Celebes, a race of buffaloes is said to exist, which is of the size of a common sheep; and Pennant has described a variety of the horse in Ceylon, not more than thirty inches in height. The swine of Cuba, imported into that island from Europe, have become double the height and magnitude of the stock from which they were derived. The disproportionate arm of the Negro and leg of the Hindoo meet an exact parallel in the swine of Normandy, the hind-quarters of which are so out of keeping with the fore, that the back forms an inclined plane to the head; and as the head itself partakes of the same direction, the snout is but a little removed from the ground. Among domesticated animals, no species afford more striking specimens of modification in structure than the hog tribe. The external forms which the race has assumed surpass in monstrosity the most extraordinary diversities of the human frame. "Swine," observes Blumenbach, "in some countries have degenerated into races which, in singularity, far exceed every thing that has been found strange in bodily variety among the human race. Swine with solid hoofs were known to the ancients, and large breeds of them are found in Hungary and Sweden. In like manner the European swine first carried by the Spaniards in 1509 to the island of Cuba—at that time celebrated for its pearl-fishery—degenerated into a monstrous race, with toes that were half a span in length." The texture of the skin of several species of animals is different in a wild and in a domesticated condition; and the character of the hair exhibits analogous variations to that of the tribes of mankind. In the instance of a neglected flock of sheep, the fine wool is soon succeeded by a coarser kind, and the breed approximates to the argali, or wild sheep of Siberia, the original stock, which are covered with hair. The covering of the goat and dog displays the same variety. Thus, the several external distinctions from each other which the nations of men develop, must be admitted to be plainly compatible with their forming a single species, when distinctions of a parallel nature, but more numerous and singular, have arisen within the limits of a species in the inferior animal creation. It may be difficult, nay impossible, to explain the phenomena of external variation—but surely it would be a matter of surprise if it did not exist, considering the variation of external circumstances—artic cold and tropical heat—flowery savannas and arid deserts—civilization and barbarism—liberty and oppression—scantiness of food and an abundant supply—nutritious food and a feebly supporting fare—the feeling of security and the sense of danger.

If the existence of varieties of structure and complexion offers no argument against the common nature and origin of the millions of mankind in the slightest degree valid, their identity as a species is strongly supported by adverting to the general laws of their animal economy. These have reference to

the manner of their birth, the period of gestation, the duration of life, and the casualties in the form of diseases to which they are subject; and, in all these respects, a general coincidence proclaims the unity of the human population of the globe. As to longevity, it is the case indeed that the barbarian tribes are shorter-lived than the cultivated races; but this is owing to the physical hardships under which they suffer, and to ignorance of the appropriate remedies to use under the assailments of sickness, freedom from the former and a knowledge of the latter being possessed by all civilized nations. Facts prove that, in circumstances favorable to extreme longevity, the Europeans, the most polished communities, have no preëminence over the tribes of Africa, among the least advanced in the social scale. Mr. Easton, of Salisbury, gives the following instances of advanced age from the Europeans and Asiatics—

	In A. D.	Aged.
Appollonius of Tyana .	99	130
St. Patrick . . .	491	122
Attila	500	124
Leywarch Hêw . .	500	150
St. Coemgene . .	618	120
Piastus, King of Poland .	861	120
Thomas Parr . . .	1635	152
Henry Jenkins . .	1670	169
Countess of Desmond .	1612	145
Thomas Damme . .	1648	154
Peter Torton - - .	1724	185
Margaret Patters . .	1739	137
John Rovin and Wife .	1741	172 & 164
St. Mougah or Kentigern	1781	185

In juxtaposition with this list, we may place the following observation of Humbolt relating to the native Americans: "It is by no means uncommon," he remarks, "to see at Mexico, in the temperate zone, half-way up the Cordillera, natives—and especially women—reach a hundred years of age. This old age is generally comfortable; for the Mexicans and Peruvian Indians preserve their strength to the last. While I was at Lima, the Indian, Hilario Sari, died at the village of Chiguata, four leagues distant from the town of Arequipa, at the age of one hundred and forty-three. She had been united in marriage for ninety years to an Indian of the name of Andrea Alea Zar, who attained the age of one hundred and seventeen. This old Peruvian went, at the age of one hundred and thirty, a distance of from three to four leagues daily on foot." Dr. Prichard, from various sources, collected a variety of remarkable instances of Negro longevity, of which the two following are samples—

December 5th, 1830—Died at St. Andrews, Jamaica, the property of Sir Edward Hyde East, Robert Lynch, a negro slave in comfortable circumstances, who perfectly recollected the great earthquake in 1692, and further recollected the person and equipages of the Lieutenant-governor Sir Henry Morgan, whose third and last governorship commenced in 1680; viz.—one hundred and fifty years before. Allowing for this early recollection the age of ten years, this negro must have died at the age of one hundred and sixty.

Died, February 17th, 1823, in the bay of St. John's, Antigua, a black woman named Statira. She was a slave, and was hired as a day-laborer during the building of the gaol, and was present at the laying of the corner-stone, which ceremony took place one hundred and sixteen years ago. She also stated that she was a young woman grown, when the President Sharp assumed the administration of the island, which was in 1706. Allowing her to be fourteen years old at that time, we must conclude her age to be upward of one hundred and thirty years.

The same authority received from a physician at St. Vincent's as an answer to his query this statement—

"I have known a great many very old Negroes, whose exact ages could not be ascertained. At the time of the hurricane in 1831, I had a record of the mortality in the whole of my practice from the year 1813, and in every year there were deaths of Negroes computed to be sixty, seventy, or eighty years of age, and upward. My father will be eighty-four years old in May next, and the Negro woman who carried him about as a child is still living, and at the age of ninety-six enjoying good health, upright in figure, and capable of walking several miles." It may be true that the Negroes regarded in mass exhibit a shorter term of life than the European average; but this is sufficiently explained by the privations of their lot in the colonies to which they have been transported, and by an unfavorable climatic influence and geographical site in their native country. The preceding facts show, that there is no law forbidding the Negro to attain a longevity equal to that of the European, in circumstances friendly to it; while placing the European in subjection to the same amount of toil in the West Indies, or planting him amid the swamps, the luxuriant vegetation, the inundations, and heat of Western Africa, and his term of life in general would not come up to the Negro standard. It appears from the researches of Major Tulloch, as embodied in statistical reports printed by the House of Commons, that neither the Saxon, nor Celtic, nor mixed race, composing the troops of Great Britain, can withstand—even under the most favorable circumstances—the deleterious influence of a tropical climate. It is shown, also, that this result is not to be attributed to intemperance, the besetting vice of all soldiers; for though temperance diminishes the effects of climate, and adds to the chances of the European, it is by no means a permanent security. So far as regards the vast regions of the earth, the most fertile, the richest, the question as to their permanent occupancy by the Saxon and Celt—as Britain, or France, or any other country, is now accupied by its native inhabitants—appears, from these reports, to be answered in the negative. "The Anglo-Saxon is now pushing himself toward the tropical countries; but can the Saxon maintain himself in these countries? It is to be feared not. Experience seems to indicate that neither the Saxon nor Celtic races can maintain themselves, in the

strict sense of the word, within tropical countries. To enable them to do so, they require a slave population of native laborers, or of colored men at least. The instances of Cuba, Brazil, Mexico, and Columbia, where the Spanish and Portuguese seem to be able to maintain their ground, do not bear so directly on the question as many may suppose; for, in the first place, we know not precisely the extent to which these have mingled with the dark and native races; and secondly, the emigrants from Spain and Portugal partook, in all probability, more of the Moor, Pelasgic, and even Arab blood, than of the Celt or Saxon."

A careful comparison of different tribes leads to the conclusion, that the general phenomena of human life, or those processes which are termed the natural functions, the laws of the animal economy, are remarkably uniform, making allowance for the influence of climates, of modes of living, of localities, and of the accidents which interrupt the natural course. The age of puberty announces itself by corresponding symptoms, and that of advanced life by analogous signs of decrepitude, the decrease of the humors, the loss or decay of sight, and of the other senses, and a change in the color of the hair. All communities of men appear open to the attack of all kinds of disease, though a few haunt particular districts, and of course only prey upon those who are exposed to their invasion. In some cases, it is only the old inhabitants of these neighborhoods that are attacked, as in the instance of the *plica polonica*, which afflicts the Sarmatic race on and near the banks of the Vistula, from which the German residents are in a great measure free. But this proves no specific difference between the two, but only shows that, to acquire a predisposition to certain local complaints is a work of time, and will probably appear in new settlers after the lapse of centuries. There is a well-marked variety in the constitution of nations, and in their liability to certain given disorders; but the difference between the torpid American and the irritable European is not greater than the common varieties of constitution which meet us within the bounds of the same family, and which render its different members peculiarly subject to different complaints. The conclusion to which these considerations point—that of the identity of mankind as a species—is strongly supported by the fecundity of the offspring of parents of different races. Hunter and other naturalists have advanced it as a law, that if the offspring of two individual animals belonging to different breeds is found to be capable of procreation, the parent animals—though differing from each other in some particulars—are of the same species; and if the offspring so engendered is sterile, then the races from which it descended are originally distinct. This is a position to which there are many exceptions; but it is undoubtedly true, that the energy of propagation is very defective in the product of a union of different species. Tried by this test, the inference is in favor of a common nature belonging to all mankind; for the mixture of originally far-separated human races has repeatedly resulted in a numerous population, physically equal, and in many instances superior, to either branch of the ancestral stock.

A variety of evidence—psychical and moral, physical and philological—rebukes the ancient boast of Attica, that the Greeks descended from no other stock of men; the first occupants of the country springing out of the soil—an opinion held by the populace, but not the creed of the philosophers. One of the most distinguished anatomists of the day, who cannot be suspected of any prejudice upon the question—Mr. Lawrence—draws this induction from an extensive series of facts and reasonings—"that the human species—like that of the cow, sheep, horse, and pig, and others—is *single*; and that all the differences which it exhibits are to be regarded merely as varieties." In what particular spot the location of the primal pair was situated, and what race now makes the nearest approximation to the original type, are points of some interest, but of no importance, and are now involved in an obscurity which it is impossible to remove. That the primitive man occupied some part of the country traversed by the Tigris and Euphrates appears to be the best supported opinion, as it is the most general; and from thence there is no difficulty in conceiving the diffusion of the race to the remotest habitable districts, in the course of ages. In the infancy of society, an increasing population would speedily outstrip the means of subsistence to be found in a limited district, inducing the necessity of emigration to an unoccupied territory—a proceeding which the natural love of adventure, with the spirit of curiosity and acquisition, so influential in later ages, could not fail to facilitate. Considering the connection of Asia, Africa, and Europe, the approximation of the northern parts of the two great continents, with the contiguity of the islands of Asia to it, we cannot marvel that the races spreading out to these points, should devise means to cross rivers, scale mountains, penetrate into deserts, and navigate the sea. The spur of necessity, the excitement of enterprise, the stimulus of ambition, the occurrence of accident, and sometimes the influence of fear, created by the commission of crime, have all contributed to this result; but perhaps man has more frequently than otherwise become the involuntary occupant of isolated and distant isles. Three inhabitants of Tahiti had their canoe drifted to the island Wateoo, a distance of five hundred and fifty miles; and Malte Brun relates that, in 1696, two canoes, containing thirty persons, were thrown by storms and contrary winds upon one of the Philippines, eight hundred miles from their own islands. Kotzebue also states that, in one of the Caroline isles he became acquainted with Kadu, a native of Ulea. Kadu, with three of his countrymen, left Ulea in a sailing-boat for a day's excursion, when a violent storm arose, and drove them out of their course. For eight months they drifted about in the open sea, according to their reckoning by the moon, making a knot on a cord at every new moon. Being expert fishermen, they were able to maintain themselves by the produce of the sea; and caught the falling rain in some

vessels that were on board. Kalu—being a diver—frequently went down to the bottom, where it is well known that the water is not so salt, taking a cocoa-nut shell with only a small opening to receive a supply. When these castaways at last drew near to land, every hope and almost every feeling had died within them; but, by the care of the islanders of Aur, they were soon restored to perfect health. Their distance from home, in a direct line, was one thousand five hundred miles.

EXCERPTS

FROM AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

BY ERASTUS W. ELLSWORTH.

Good Friend—dear heart—companion of my youth,
Whose soul was honor, and whose words were truth;
Methinks I see your smile of quick surprise,
As o'er these rhymes you glance your curious eyes.
But is it strange, if in an idle hour,
I cull these blossoms from the Muses' bower?
Frail though they be, and blown but for a day,
The heart's best language they may best convey;
In climes more genial, more adorned than ours,
The poet and the lover talk with flowers;
Then, though some richer gift were mine, to send,
This should be thine, my old familiar friend.
If for a while it cheat thee of a care,
With fond remembrance of the things that were—
Renew a thought, a hope that once was dear,
Or hint an adage for a future year,
I scarce shall think these lines were vainly writ,
Nor quite disown my Muse's random wit.

Time, that has made us boys, and makes us men,
Will never, never bring the past again;
But winged memory half the wish supplies,
Which he who bears the scythe and glass denies:
He—the grim sexton of our dying years—
She—"Old Mortality" of sepulchres—
Both lay their fingers where our lives have flown,
And touch, in turn, each monumental stone.

Recall, my friend, the days when sent to school,
We framed our first idea of tyrant rule.
Long ere we turned the world's dark pages o'er,
Glued with the vassal's tears, the martyr's gore—
Knew that a Cæsar passed a Rubicon,
Or wrongful Britain laid a Stamp-act on,
We drudged in study at another's will,
While the free light fell warm on wood and hill—
Wrought with the service of an eye askance,
Beneath a master's rogue-detecting glance:
Possessed with fear, lest trick or task might draw
The rod that fell without the forms of law;
Possessed with wrath to see our wealth expire—
Tops, apples, penknives in the penal fire.
How oft the slate, whose sable field should show
Platoons of figures ranked in studied row—
Squadrons of sums arrayed in careful lines—
Victualled with grocer's bills of fruits and wines,
Betrayed a scene that crowned a day's disgrace,
Before that sternly, sadly smiling face—
Trees, houses, elephants, and dogs and men,
Where half the Arabian's science should have been;
And only this much learned, of figured lore,
That time subtracted—always left a score.

But when those long-loved hours were come, that took
From those reverted hands the rod and book,
Our, like all vassal hearts, set quickly free,
Sought at a bound the largest liberty.
Self-exiled then, to meadow stream and wood,
We dropped half-read the tale of Robin Hood;
Though guiltless of his suits of Lincoln green,
Dear, as to him, was every sylvan scene.
Shade of old Crusoe, with thy dog and gun,
And thy lone isle beneath a southern sun!
Shades of the lords that made such rare disport
Beneath the oaks of Arden's rural court!
As o'er my little day I cast my view,
Contrasting what I know, with what I knew,
Your lot no hardship seems: to you were given
The world of nature and the lights of heaven,
What time the sun came flaming from the deep,
Bursting the curtained clouds of morning sleep,
Or night, majestic, paced the solemn skies,
Wrapped in a woof of starry mysteries—
All times, all seasons, as they came and went,
Soothed with sweet thought the ills of banishment.
No rude, unbidden guest invaded there,
Nor the harsh din of congregated care;
The heart, all ruffled in the haunts of men,
Like to a quiet sea became again—
Like to the deep reflection of the skies,
Its faith-born hopes, and sage moralities.

This much, at least, my devious muse would say:
Our golden age, my friend, has passed away—
Passed, with the careless dress, and elfin looks,
That showed our books were trees and running brooks.
But something more I would awhile recall,
Then let, with lingering hand, the curtain fall.
Dear to this heart—O now how passing dear,
With the sad change of each dispatchful year!—
Seems every waif of hours when life was new,
Though home's small scene contained its little view.
Home that, however mean or grand, supplies
A gay kaleidoscope to youthful eyes.
Say not, gray Wisdom, that its wonders pass,
The mere deceit of beads and broken glass.
Here, to thy rugged front, and locks of snow,
Thy solemn eye, and beard's descending flow,
I dare avouch, of life's most pleasing way,
The best is gilded with the morning ray.
See all our life the coinage of our eye;
(O shut thy book—let go philosophy!)
In Youth the pennies pass, 'tis no less strange
That Age and Manhood clink the silver change.
Through all estates our joys alike are vain;
Then chide not one who turns to youth again.
One rainbow vision of youth's earnest eyes
Is worth a stack of staid philosophies.

Fields, waters, forests where we roamed of yore,
What thronging memories haunt ye evermore:
In yonder glen the brook is gliding still,
Whose turf-dammed waters turned the mimic mill.
Yon wood still woos us to its deep embrace,
Whose shadows wrought a summer's resting place,
When from our brows the caps were careless thrown,
The hunter's tackle and the game laid down,
As the long daylight, wearing towards a close,
Breathed the soft airs of languor and repose.
There, stretched at length, we mused, with half shut eye,
To the leaf-kissing wind's light lullaby,
That, ever and anon, with murmur deep,
Did through the pine's Æolian organ creep.
Tired with the varied travel of the day,
The sound of game unheeded passed away—
The bursting thunder of a partridge wing—
The frolick blue-jay's nasal caroling—
The tawny thrush, that peeped with curious look,
A rustic starer, from his leafy nook—
The crow, hoarse cawing as we met his eye—
The squirrels, bickering on the oaks hard by;
Red-liveried elves, who taught their brains to say—
"Whene'er the cat doth sleep the mice may play."
No more they feared the gun's successless skill,
Banged with clear malice, and intent to kill,
But shelled their nuts with self-complacent air,
And chid us, plainly, for invading there.
Through loopholes of the intertwisted green
Came the far glimpse of many a sylvan scene—
Parts of a smiling vale, a glorious sphere,
Warm with the vigorous manhood of the year;
Deep-bosomed haunts, where honest-handed toil
Renewed the strength that dressed his native soil,
While the gray spire, towards the drooping west,
With heavenward finger, showed a world of rest.

OH, WOULD I WERE A CHILD!

BY MARIE DELAMAIE.

Oh, would I were a child again!
A child with spirit free,
Singing glad songs of merriment
Beneath the hawthorn tree,
Watching the many-colored clouds
Pursue their course on high,
Trying to count the silver stars
That gem the evening sky,
Weaving, beside bright sparkling streams,
A wreath of sunny flowers,
Or reading wondrous fairy tales,
In green, sequestered bowers.
The lights, the sounds of Nature then
My happy hours beguiled;
Would I could feel their power again—
Oh, would I were a child!

I chose my sprightly playmates then
For simplicity and mirth,
I cared not for the lofty
Or the great ones of the earth;
Rich in the love of cherished friends,
I asked no monied store,
Save to relieve the beggar's wants,
That wandered to my door.
I wrote my artless verses then
Without effort, toil, or aim,
And read them to a list'ning group,
Without a hope of fame;
By worldly views, ambitious dreams,
My thoughts were undefiled;
Would I were now as free from care—
Oh, would I were a child!

Yet soon my youthful heart began
To spurn a life like this,
I deemed the far-off glittering world
A fairy land of bliss;
I left my playmates to their sports
And castles built in air;
I dreamed of scenes through which I moved
A lady, proud and fair,
And, while my short and simple tasks
With careless haste I conned,
I longed to study learned lore
My feeble powers beyond—
Like Rassalas around me
The Happy Valley smiled,
Yet I longed to leave its limits
And cease to be a child.

The magic circle of the world
I now have stood within,
Yet I turn from its frivolity,
I tremble at its sin.
And Knowledge! my long cherished hope,
The object of my love,
She still eludes my eager quest,
Still soars my grasp above;
I add from her bright treasury
New jewels to my store,
Yet miserable, I murmur
That I cannot grasp in more,
Before me seem exhaustless heaps
Of mental riches piled,
Yet still, in learning's brightest gifts,
I feel myself a child.

Oh foolish, oh repining heart,
Thus willfully to cast
Vain wishes to the Future,
Fond longings to the Past!
Panting to overleap the bounds
Of childhood's simple track,
Anxious to 'scape from woman's cares
And trace the journey back;
Should I not rather be content
To pass from youth to age
Striving to do my appointed work
In life's short pilgrimage?
Then let me school my rebel heart,
And calm my fancies wild,
And be in meek, submissive love
Indeed a little child.

A NIGHT IN THE DISSECTING-ROOM.

BY MRS. LOUISE PIATT.

Fatherly, motherly,
Sisterly, brotherly
Feelings had changed:
Love by harsh evidence
Thrown from its eminence,
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged. *Bridge of Sighs.*

MEDICAL STUDENTS are merry fellows. This is one of the settled convictions of the world. Any one who dare assert that medical students are not lively, reckless youths, would be considered very ignorant, or devoid of truth. And the world in a received opinion is right for once. The majority of them, bred at home, the sons of wealthy parents, are sent to large cities, to pass in crowds the season of lecture; and, being suddenly removed beyond restraint, and countenanced by each other, it is little wonder they break into youthful extravagance, that too often ends in habits of sin and misery. The short passage between the hospital and dissecting-room rings with laughter, and the wild exuberance of youth blooms like a flower, rich and rank among graves. The hotel in which I have passed the winter, is in the neighborhood of a medical college, and my two little rooms look down upon the street along which troups of students pass laughing and chatting—in their queer dresses, made up of sacks, blouses, and caps. From time to time, as my health would permit, I have, reminded by these youths, given the history of a medical student, who came from the same sunny plains upon which I passed three of my happiest years. I give it here much curtailed, and only regret that facts cannot be made more entertaining.

The scenery of the U-na-ka plains is exceedingly beautiful and peculiar. Yet one traveling from early morn till even, over roads level as a railway, may at last become wearied with a sameness of quiet beauty that seems to be without end. But to see the specimens preserved in Frankenstein's sketches, is to have a life-pension in pictured loveliness. The green sward, cropped close by huge droves of cattle, stretches out for miles and miles, dotted by groves of bur-oak, interlacing their gnarled boughs, upon which the bright green foliage hangs denser than that of any other species of American tree, or threaded by silvery rivulets that glide slowly along between flowery banks, as if they seemed loath to leave the paradise they adorn, or broken by little wood-covered mounds that swell up like islands in a flowery sea; or one sees a little lake calmly mirroring the quiet heavens above, like a beautiful nun in a cloistered convent. No rocks, no distant mountains melting in the hazy noon—no wide seas or sweeping rivers—no swelling uplands, yet in their own quiet way the U-na-ka plains are as beautiful as they.

As the Frankensteins selected knots of still beauty to immortalize on canvas, so the Hon. William Fletcher selected a scene of exceeding beauty in the midst of which to place his home, and gratify his taste for retirement, where he could look the fairest nature in the face. A dreamy, indolent man of fine intellect, he had struggled for years at the bar with various success, when, through the influence of some friends, he was elevated to the bench, and shortly after, a near relative dying, left him an immense fortune. The judge gave up his judgeship, presented his fine library to a nephew, and, with wife and only child, retired to his U-na-ka farm, to settle down over books and dreams for the remainder of his useless life. He would have certainly accomplished this sleepy purpose, but for the only child—a boy—who acted upon the Hon. Mr. Fletcher like a corn, with the difference that love, not hate, made the young development of himself exceedingly troublesome.

The younger Fletcher, humored by the indolent father and fond mother, had every whim gratified, every wish anticipated. When the educated selfishness proposed breaking his neck by riding a colt that seemed unmanageable, the proposition was acceded to by the foolish parents amid earnest protestations, prayers, and loud lamentations. From the time he fell from the table, in a fit of indigestion, having gorged himself with plum-cake, to his nineteenth year, when he discharged a load of small shot from his double-barrel Manton into the back of John, the coachman, and cost his father a large sum to keep his heir out of jail, Dudley Fletcher had his own way—and a bad way it was. Yet Dudley was popular. He had plenty of money, and no care for it. His selfishness was ignorant thoughtlessness, for he did many generous acts—if they cost him little trouble. His hand went to and from his well-filled purse quite easily—and he flung his father's money from him like a lord.

When in his nineteenth year, one pair of sparkling black eyes at least saw Dudley dash by upon his blood mare without dislike. These eyes belonged to a little girl, the daughter of one of the Hon. Fletcher's tenants; and however beautiful the orbs were, the setting was in keeping. A prettier specimen of Heaven's choicest handiwork never peeped out in hill and woodland. Upon the most

exclusive carpets she would have been a distinguished feature, so delicate, graceful and beautiful was she; but in the U-na-ka wilds, she looked like a water-lily turning up its pure, pale face from a marshy pool. Dudley, just at the age when youths, like creepers, stretch out their arms to cling to something, saw and loved the little cottager—the tenant's daughter. Dudley had ever been gratified with all he sighed for, and, of course, saw no obstacle in the path to obtain what he so earnestly admired. He waded in to pluck the lily, never seeing the slime and earth that might cling to him in the act. To do the youth justice, however, he was as sincere and honest in his hopes, as thoughtless, selfish youths ever are. He paled apace—his appetite came like country cousins, unexpectedly; he read much poetry, and wandered about at unseasonable hours. His fond, good mother, said the private tutor kept Dudley too close at his books. The Hon. Fletcher said the boy had the dyspepsia—the tutor hinted the truth, but no one listened.

How the youth prospered in his wooing, the tutor himself soon had striking proof. This private pedagogue was a large, dirty man, who wore his hair standing on end, and kept his nails in mourning. Somewhat indignant at not being heard when he suggested the real cause of Dudley's trouble, this mortal made himself a committee of one, to investigate and report. By close watching he discovered that his pupil was in the habit of stealing out at a late hour of the night to stroll past the cottage, whistling as he went a popular melody. By closer observations he discovered that soon after this performance, a white little fairy flitted by and disappeared in the willow grove, that fringed the brook. Ah! ha! thought the tutor, we will have occular proof. He gave himself up to a few days' hard thinking, which resulted in a plot. One dark night, shortly after he had the Hon. Fletcher and his hopeful closeted in deep discourse, while the mother sat with her knitting close by, throwing in a few maternal remarks upon Dudley's ill-health and close application, the redoubtable tutor wrapped himself comfortably in the idea of a successful trick, and stalked past the cottage and whistled, well as he was able, the popular melody. Then he stole into the willow grove. The night, as I have said, was dark and stormy. The heavens, veiled by heavy clouds, gave no light, and the willows swung to and fro in the fitful winds that swept through them. The tutor listened—he heard a quick, light step, and turned. Alas! no loving arms were clasped around his neck, no gentle words were whispered in his ears, but, in their place, a cudgel fell upon his nose, breaking down that important feature. The blow knocked the tutor down, but recovering, with a wild cry of murder, he fled—his speed greatly increased by a shower of thumps that for awhile rained upon his back. He reached the house, and, with a face like Banquo's, rushed through the library, frightening the Hon. Fletcher, wife, and son terribly.

The next morning the elder Mr. Fletcher was wondering what confounded scrape that fool tutor had been in. Thomas Wickley, the father of the pretty Mary, entered his apartment. He came in, as justly indignant fathers always do upon the stage, and told his story very much as Reynolds or Coleman would have had him.

"You say my son has been paying improper attention to your daughter?"

"I do."

"And that you beat him for it?"

"Yes—and I guess he carries the marks this morning, for I made them last night."

The Hon. Fletcher opened wide his blue eyes, and then burst into a roar of laughter. Wickley looked at the unseasonable merriment sullen and indignant. The Hon. Fletcher smoothed his wrinkled front immediately.

"Excuse me, sir; my merriment is out of place. I feel deeply for you—but I can soon convince you of a slight mistake."

"No you can't," was the rude response.

"Yes, I think I can; and let me assure you, I give no countenance to such things. If you wish, they shall be married, or this fellow must quit my house. Wait one moment, I have sent for my son."

"Judge Fletcher, you are an honest man, if you are rich," began Wickley, when he was interrupted by the entrance of Dudley. The young man started when he saw the visitor; but his face was as smooth as youth and soap could make.

"You say you beat my son last night—he did not leave the house: You say you beat him—he certainly does not look in that plight."

The man stared, evidently puzzled; but fumbling at his pocket, he pulled out a bundle of letters, and spread them before his honor.

"I don't know who I did beat last night. I did beat some one, that 's a fact. But maybe you 'd tell me who writ them?"

The judge took the first papers. It was Dudley's writing, and, at arm's length, looked frightfully like poetry. He examined it closely, and found a lyric of seventeen verses, of an amorous, mystic character. The reader must not think me romancing if I give as specimens a few lines of the best. Men in love will spin out just such gossamer threads, that, floating in the merry sunlight of youth, look very beautiful. A steady member of the bar, who, I doubt not, is at this moment in his dull, grim office, pouring over musty law books, looking as if the jingle of a rhyme would be as annoying as a poor client, did, once upon a time, address volumes of verse to me, until he found that I was in a fair mood to label all as "rejected addresses," when he suddenly took to special pleading with eminent success. To poor Dudley's poetry.

'T is sad, sweet May, to part with thee,
  More sad than words may tell;
To give thy form to Memory,
  To breathe a last farewell;
How long thy every thought and tone
  Of mine have been a part;
And now to tread life's path alone,
  Oh! well may break my heart.

As dew is to the drooping flower,
  As night-stars to the sea,
As sunlight to the summer hour,
  Is thy sweet voice to me.
Oh! gentle May—soul of my heart—
  Oh! wild-bird of the wood;
Thy holier nature grows my part
  Of all that 's pure and good.

"Did you write this stuff?" asked the father, after he had, with cruel deliberation, read the seventeen verses, while Dudley stood by, his face covered with blushes.

"I did, sir."

"And what do you mean by it—am I to understand that you have been secretly addressing this man's daughter?"

"Yes, sir. I love Mary Wickley, and intend to marry her."

This little speech had been carefully prepared in anticipation of just such a scene; and Dudley intended to speak it boldly and well, as the preface to an eloquent effort in behalf of virtuous love and a cottage ornée. But, alas! between the resolution and the act lay a wide difference. He faltered out the first sentence, and the last words died, suffocated in his throat; and he stood before the cold, calm face of the judge, more like a criminal than an advocate. Mr. Wickley was quite astonished and puzzled at Judge Fletcher's not following up his bold, virtuous sentence of marriage or expulsion. Mary's father was dismissed with vague promises of justice, and Dudley locked in his room. After which, Judge Fletcher, wife, and tutor, went into solemn deliberation with closed doors. The result of that consultation was a determination to send Dudley into honorable exile. "He is old enough to enter upon the study of a profession," said the judge, "and we will place him in Doctor Calomel's office, and let him live with his aunt, Mrs. Col. Hays. He will see something of the world, and be cured of absurdities in behalf of love and poverty."

The dim twilight of the next early dawn saw Dudley seated by the driver upon the stage, and, as he felt the huge affair swing under him, the horses trotting briskly along, the cool fresh breeze fanning his cheeks, and birds making vocal the road-side, the sensation was not that of the utter desolation that fell upon the heart of the little girl who saw the blushing morn and merry birds through tears. The one had change of scene, and elegant solitude, leisure and quiet to minister to his miseries—the other choked down her grief before a harsh unfeeling parent, and turned to weary drudgery, lightened by no kind words, no looks of gentle sympathy. Save us from our friends should read—Lord, save us from our natural guardians.

Dudley, in the midst of the vast city, opened his books under the guidance of Doctor Calomel, and entered society under the guardianship of Mrs. Col. Hays. Dr. Calomel taught him the grand mystery of dosing—Mrs. Col. Hays gave him lessons in the sublime mystery of being dosed. This lady, elegant, beautiful, and rich, had great sway in what is considered "the world." Her house was thronged with fashionable nonentities—her will undisputed, and her wishes carefully considered by a dozen other families, who held in common with her iron sway over society. She was cold, correct, graceful—in fact, a thorough-bred woman of the world. No stain had ever fallen upon her snowy character; she turned with freezing dignity upon the slightest departure from rectitude, and yet was the most perfect teacher of vice Satan ever commissioned. Dudley was dazzled and delighted; and when he compared the splendor of his aunt's drawing-room, satined, slippered, powdered and perfumed, the contrast between Mary—poor little Mary—and those fashionables in his mind, was great; and when Mrs. Col. Hays made a casual allusion to that "little love-scrape" in the country, shame entered and took side with love. He did not love her less, but he pitied her more; and the brave thought of an humble home and happy fireside took flight, never, never to return.

Mrs. Col. Hays—lady of Col. Cabell Hays—had some unseen spirit whispered harshly in your ear, while you were sitting in your cushioned pew, listening to that divine man, the Rev. Theodore Smoothe, preach from a marble pulpit, upon the righteousness of right and the sinfulness of sin, that you had opened a rosewood door and shown the downward path carpeted and beautiful to a poor, innocent boy, that, under your care, was hastening on to misery and death—what an awful chill would have fallen upon your soul. Yet this is what you have to answer for; and no beautifully sculptured stone, telling of a virtuous wife and Christian neighbor, will save you!

Dudley continued to love the little May, he could not help that; but it was not with the pure love that once made life so beautiful. He wrote long, burning letters frequently to her, and received long, truthful letters in return. With what a beating heart she stole in the crowd that thronged the village post-office upon the day the great coach came in, and sitting timidly upon a coil of rope, heard her name called out by the greasy postmaster, as he sorted over the letters. With what a trembling hand she gave the pay and hastened away with the dear unopened letter. How she hid herself in retired places, in the woods, in the cellar or garret, and read and read, through tears of joy, the delicious poison. What Dudley received in his gay life he transmitted in letter to the poor girl. How the heart sickens at the miserable lies that line a way like this.

A year rolled by, and Dudley returned to pass a summer's vacation at his father's house. How changed they found him. No longer a willful, bashful boy, he now came out in all the colors of an accomplished, impudent, empty-headed scamp. I will not pause to tell of his meetings with Mary—of the many hours passed together without the knowledge of parents or friends. Six weeks fled by, and Dudley returned to his books, to society, to vices he now followed up with an eagerness that can only be accounted for by a restless desire to drown all remembrance of the past. He received letters frequently

from Mary, long, sad, wretched letters, blotted with tears. He answered them with hasty scrawls, one note to a dozen letters, and at last ceased to answer them at all. He ceased to study, his nights were passed in brawls, drunken orgies, his days in sleeping off the effect of bad wine and exhausting revelry.

I have not the heart to detail the sufferings of poor little Mary. How she toiled on from day to day, between sleepless nights of agony and shame, until her cheeks seemed washed away by tears. Her parents, suspecting the truth, treated her harshly. Summer had faded into autumn, and autumn into winter. Weeks and weeks had gone by without a word from Dudley. When filled with despair, one night, after a harsh lecture from her misguided father, she promised on the morrow to tell him all. With this promise she was permitted to retire, but not to rest. Soon as the door of her little room was closed, she sat down and wrote for her parents the bitter truth. Then gathering her cloak about her shoulders, she fled into the dark, wintry night. She would go, she would seek Dudley, for what purpose she could not say—but at home there was no hope, no life.

Through the long dismal night the poor girl walked along the rough frozen road that led to the city. Over wide dreary fields that seemed to stretch out in the gloom of night, miles and miles away: through groaning woods, that shrieked in the winds as they rubbed their giant arms together: past farm houses—with windows, from which twinkled little lights, and where the deep-mouthed watch-dog bayed fierce and honestly: through sleeping villages—where the winds swept, making the signs creak dismally, the once timid and delicate girl pushed on. She had no fear, for she had no thought for the present. In the present, there lay a dull, aching pain about her heart; all the rest of her fevered being was far off, in the huge, great city with Dudley. The little, timid, commonplace girl was now a heroine. In her father's cottage her mother walked quietly about her pleasant duties, singing a low, sad melody that her children might sleep—the fire was sparkling brightly upon the hearth, lighting up the walls and rafters of that holy place, while she, the dearest, loveliest of all, was fleeing alone, in the stormy night, far, far away.

That night wore slowly on, and toward morning the rear-guard of the northern storm came hurrying by. In scattered groups of hosts, as if flying from a foe, the great clouds rolled down over the distant horizon, and left the bright stars sparkling coldly in the clear atmosphere of the winter's night. Then came morning, and the winds ceased. The earth seemed waiting in breathless silence for the glorious morn. Little Mary—sick, tired Mary—saw nothing of this. She staggered on, sometimes falling; but again getting up and hurrying on. About noon the stage came by, and the driver, seeing a frail creature—almost a child—walking wearied, invited her to ride. She mechanically accepted. Inside the vehicle—all closed in with carpet lining, that seemed to flap the cold air about, and smelled of old leather—she found two passengers. One, a countryman, shivering in a woolsey over-coat; the other, so lost in the folds of a buffalo robe, he could not be made out. Mary seated herself upon the middle seat, but a lurch of the stage threw her forward upon the buffalo robe, which unrolled, and an old gentleman peered savagely out, displaying a wrinkled front, in which age had more to do than anger. He was about uttering an ugly exclamation, when the sight of Mary's sad, pale, young face checked him; and, moving over, he not only gave her a seat, but insisted upon folding a part of the warm robe about her.

In a few moments, the poor girl fell wearied upon the shoulder of her companion into sleep. The old man looked kindly down on the pale, thin face, over which he saw traces of tears, and beneath the cross exterior, a heart throbbed kindly for the suffering girl. Wondering what could bring grief to one so young, he saw the lips quiver, and tears well out from the veiled eyes—then sobs that came up like bubbles from drowning hope; and these passed away, and a gentle smile settled upon the fair face, as a mellow sunset upon a wintry scene. She was dreaming—the voice of her mother broke upon her ear, kind, gentle, forgiving; and he was there—the past all forgotten, the future all brightness. Sleep on, poor wretch: let the rough vehicle rock gently, and the strong horses trot evenly along, for she who now, in happy forgetfulness, moves swiftly on to death. Could the impenetrable curtain of the future be lifted from before each of us as we take our last ride, not only the criminal seated in his rude cart would shudder. What gay equipages, flashing along, would be turned to funeral marches, with at least one sincere mourner for the doomed and lost. What humble family groups, with hope in their midst, wending their way to church or home, would see earth darken down in gloom and tears. But, thank kind Heaven! the dread Unknown comes silently on, with all shadows behind; and we laugh or cry, as joys or cares possess us, up to the very second when his iron hand is at our heart, and eternity opens before us.

Through long hours she slumbered—still dreaming—sometimes smiling, oftener in tears; but still sleep sealed up her aching sense. The stage stopped, and driver and horses were changed; and still on rattled the rough stage, now over a wide MacAdamized road, thronged with vehicles of all sorts, going and coming. The passengers were called to sup in a town possessed of one brick street, two or three frame streets, and then, on every side, thinly populated suburbs, consisting of stables, smoke-houses, and shanties. The old gentleman led his little charge into the dirty-white barn-like hotel, at the door of which a negro began ringing a discordant bell, whereupon a number of slippered gentlemen, who were tilted back on chairs, chewing and smoking, suddenly disposed of their tobacco, and rushed into the dining-room, as if the tough beef-steak, heavy hot bread, and muddy coffee, were positively the last eatables left upon earth. Mary sat down, but could eat

nothing; her old friend insisted upon her swallowing a cup of the hot coffee, and they returned to the stage.

Evening found them still upon the road. The stage lamps were lit, and they were whirled past carriages and wagons, through towns, and by glaring forges, where the sparks flew in showers around sinewy arms, to the music of heavy hammers and ringing anvils. This changed as the night stole on, and, in the dark stage, they seemed moving through a slumbering world—all shadows, and so still. Between feverish sleep and long fits of crying, the hours passed slowly away with Mary. About one o'clock the stage stopped, and the old gentleman, who had volunteered his guardianship, said he was at home.

"Wont you stop, and stay all night with us?" he asked kindly.

"O, no," she responded hastily; "I must go."

"Remain, and go on to-morrow. You will suffer, I fear."

"No, no—I must go on. Is it far, now?"

"Yes, 't is some distance yet. But, see, I must take this robe," he added, hesitatingly.

"Oh yes, never mind me. I am much obliged, I thank you."

She could say no more. The old man hesitated—walked a few paces, stopped—then entered the gate, and the stage was driven away. She did suffer, no longer protected by the robe, her little cloak afforded small shelter from the bitter cold night that blew into the stage, and was whirled about; and nestled she ever so close into a corner, still the cold would penetrate, and she shivered, suffering terribly. How long—Oh, how long the painful hours were! Between that midnight and the morn seemed an age. At last it came, and found the stage jolting over the pavements of the city of ——. She looked out in wonder and dread at the tall houses, towering up on either side, and the men and women hurrying to and fro in such strange haste.

The stage stopped in front of a large hotel, and a crowd of servants rushed out and surrounded the frozen vehicle—some mounting to the top like apes, others struggling at straps, pulling out trunks and carpet sacks, putting all in a pile upon the pavement, amidst screams, curses, and cries, perfectly stunning.

"Your baggage, Miss?" asked a clerk, with his pen behind his ears, and a good deal of impudent pomposity before.

"Is there any thing to pay?" answered the poor girl, perfectly bewildered.

"John, the way-bill?" shouted the clerk.

"No—nothing, Miss: marked paid—all right—walk in?"

Mary sat before the glowing grate in the handsome parlor, trying to determine in her own mind what next was to be done. More and more the painful reality of helplessness among strangers in a strange place impressed itself upon her mind. Her head ached dreadfully, her limbs pained her, and while the face was burning as with fever, it seemed impossible to get warm. She at last asked a servant timidly for the office of Dr. Calomel.

"Just round the corner, Miss. Here, I'll show you," he answered politely, and running to the corner, pointed out the old tarnished sign of the eminent practitioner.

Mary sought the place designated, entered a wide hall, and knowing nothing about bells, walked in and knocked gently at the first door. The knock was responded to by a thin old man, of very sombre appearance; who, with broom and brush in hand, seemed fresh from cleaning the rooms.

"Come in quick, young female, you 're too early for consultin', but the doctor will be about directly. Come straight along, you 're lettin' in considerable atmosphere."

Thus strangely addressed, Mary was ushered into a large room, well-furnished and adorned with hideous pictures of various diseased heads, arms, legs, etc., that made one shudder. Cases of books, bones and preparations stood against the walls, while upon a rosewood table, in the centre of the room, were piled books and prints, all treating of the same disagreeable topics. Through an open door she saw another room, got up in the same style, and beyond this yet another, and in all three, the polished grates roared with bright coal fires.

Mary sat and waited nearly two hours, while the stately servant went on silently dusting and sweeping, answering the bell every few minutes, but never saying a word to the little visitor. At the end of that time, others came in and sat by her. Pale, wretched, distressed-looking women—some with babes afflicted with sad diseases; while men limped in, almost groaning with pain. Young gentlemen, handsomely dressed, sauntered in, and throwing off cloaks and coats, sat down to books in the adjoining room. They carried on conversation in a low tone, broken by occasional laughs that contrasted strangely with the half-suppressed complainings of the group around her. The doctor at last came hurriedly in. He was a small, spare man, with a gray head, and wrinkled, cross face, that, guarded by a pair of cold blue eyes, looked as unfeeling as the man really was. He passed from patient to patient—scolding this one, abusing that, and treating all as if they were dogs. Having run through his catalogue of poverty-stricken specimens of humanity, he turned abruptly to Mary, and asked—

"What do you want?"

"I wish to see Dudley Fletcher, sir," was the frightened reply.

The doctor eyed the little visitor with a cold, half-suppressed sneer for a second; and then, making no reply, looked at his watch, and left the house—having thus humanely disposed of his charity patients. As his buggy rattled away, the grim janitor told Mary that Dudley Fletcher was seldom about the office now-a-days—he might be in before dinner, but it was very doubtful. If she would leave a note, he would see that Mr. Fletcher received it. Mary was disposed to wait; but her presence had attracted the attention of the students in the adjoining room, and

she noticed they whispered together and stared at her—so writing hastily a note, telling Dudley of her arrival and where she could be found, she sealed and directed it, then with a heavy heart returned to the hotel.

It is difficult to say what the deserted and heart-sickened girl proposed doing when Dudley did see her. She had no definite idea, no realization of aught save fevered suffering; but, if she could only see him once more, hear his voice, feel his arm about her aching form, it seemed as if all would be well again. But time stole slowly on, and no Dudley came: she started at the approach of strangers, expecting the familiar face of her betrayer. She escaped the impertinent stare of servants by going to the window, and looking down the thronged streets until her eyes were dim with tears. The noise of life around fell without a meaning upon her ear—it seemed a continual roar like a senseless rush of waters. She still stood by the window as evening came, and the shades of night fell upon the street, and saw the crowd thin, and the lights twinkle from post and store—still no Dudley came. The servants treated her so rudely, that, at last, she was forced to go; and fearing he might come yet and not find her, for more than an hour she lingered upon the street, in front of the wide flight of steps that led to the hotel.

It was now quite dark, and Mary still hung about the steps, when a man handsomely dressed came down them—passed, looking at her as the lamp-light fell upon her pale face, then turned and asked in a low tone if she wished to see any one. Thinking the questioner might be from Dudley, she answered quickly—

"Yes—I want to see Dudley Fletcher."

"Ah! yes, yes, you will scarcely find him here."

"Where can I find him, sir?"

"That is easier asked than answered, my little maiden, unless you know something before hand."

"I don't know—I came into town to-day. I wish to see him. Can't you tell me where to go?"

"I will go with you, little one," answered the man, looking uneasily at the lights around. "Come, I will take you where you can send for him—come with me." He walked hastily on, and Mary followed: for some time he continued a few paces before her, but turning down a narrow street in which there were no gas-lamps, he put her arm in his, and said—

"Now, my little girl, tell me all about it. Where did you come from, and what is it about Dudley Fletcher?"

"I came from Un-a-ka, sir—and I wish to see him."

"A little love-affair now—eh! You're his little sweetheart?"

To this Mary making no reply, her companion withdrew her arm, and placed his own around her. Frightened at this, she shrunk away, and, as he persisted, she suddenly sunk to the ground, and burst into tears. Had there been sufficient light, a very puzzled expression might have been seen upon the face of the gentleman as he lifted her from the pavement.

"Come," he said, "don't cry. I'll not offend you again—where shall I take you?"

"To Dudley Fletcher," she sobbed out. "Only show me his house, and then leave me."

"Why, yes—he lives with his Aunt, Mrs. Hays; but I'll take you there, so do not cry."

They moved on in silence, and in a few minutes were in front of the marble mansion, blazing with light.

"Here," said her companion, "is the house. Mrs Col. Hays gives a party to-night. Go up those steps, ring the bell, and ask for Mr. Fletcher. I cannot accompany you farther."

Scarcely stopping to thank her conductor, Mary staggered up the marble steps, while he turned hastily away, as if shunning a denouement. She paused at the door, weak, frightened and doubting, when a carriage stopped, and from it a party ran up the steps. Mary shrank from sight behind a pillar as they came. A gentleman rang the bell, and had scarcely touched the silver knob before the door swung noiselessly open and the party entered. Not daring to follow their example she still hesitated. From the door by which she stood ran a narrow porch of ornamented iron-work, and along this she stole to where the high window came to the floor and looked in. For a second she was dazzled. The magnificent rooms blazed with light from cut-glass chandeliers, the soft light fell upon delicate furniture of the most costly kind—upon pictures rare and beautiful—upon soft carpets over which fairy forms moved so exquisitely, while strains of delicious music came up from some distant room, that to the unexperienced eye of Mary all seemed a fairy scene—a creation of the imagination.

As the poor girl stood shivering in the cold, the snow began to fall, and shrinking closer to the warmth she could not feel, the whole scene presented a realization of Barry Cornwall's exquisite poem of "Without and Within." With only that diamond-pane between—a world wide contrast had existence. Upon one side was a piece of God's exquisite workmanship, shivering, suffering, half-crazed, trampled upon and outcast—while upon the other, wanton luxury rolled in sin. Ah! who comes here, pacing so proudly, while bright eyes turn admiringly—what exceeding loveliness is led by the arm. The blood rushes to the pale face, the little heart throbs aloud, she presses closer to the pane, for it is him—it is Dudley. She of the bright complexion, large, soft eyes and mass of ringlets, is seated near that fated window, and he bends over her. She hears him speak—no, his low voice cannot come through the heavy pane, but she knows too well—ah! too well—the persuasive words that are falling from his lips, for she has learned to read his looks—the lessons have been burned into her heart.

The lights shine on. To strains of witching music forms pass to and fro in the mazes of the dance—jest and song, laughter and wine, flash and ring out for unheeded hours and hours—but she is gone. The

pale wretch that pressed shivering against the window pane is gone. Down the dark thoroughfare, with the cold snow beating in her face, maddened, sobbing, sick to death, she flies. Oh! where? What demon leads her on? Why down that silent, deserted street? On, on, past quiet homes where the night-lamp yet gleams on peace and happiness—past shops where low drunkenness revels in late hours—on she unheeded flies. And now she stumbles over loose stones, and the air blows keener. Down the steep bank she reels—poor little Mary—she pauses for a moment. A mighty river, shrouded in darkness, sweeps on before her. Boats, tied to the bank, rub against each other, making a moaning noise, while the waves flap under their bows—this is all she hears, for the great stream sweeps on in silence. From the opposite shore a furnace glares, that glittering out red, sends a long line over the waves and lights her way to death. She steps along the plank to the deck of a boat—over that to the very edge—and then disappears. Disappears in the dark flood silently as the snow-flakes. The mighty river moves on like fate to eternity. Into its deep bosom it took what God had made and man cast out. For many hours after the music still sounded in the marble palace, and dancers gracefully answered the strains, for the silent street had no tale—the great river no revelation for the heartless throng.

A party of medical students were lounging round a billiard-table in a celebrated restaurant, the evening after the event just narrated. They were smoking, drinking, laughing, and at intervals knocking idly the ivory balls over the table. Their light sacks, or black velvet coats, with fancy caps, variously fashioned and tasseled, showed them to be youths whose fathers could pay for something beside the improvement of their brains.

"Will you be at class to-night, Tom?" asked one, of his comrade, as he rattled down his empty glass.

"To be sure, I do n't intend to miss a muscle of Crosstree. We had too much trouble in getting the infernal rascal.

"We had that, and Cross. is a beauty, besides having been hung."

"I want to see him carefully dissected," said a handsome, light-haired youth, joining the group.

"Why, Ned, do you expect ever to undergo the innocent operation of being hung?"

"Can't say. No telling what a fellow may come to in such a crowd as this. If Strong ever sings another sentimental song in my presence I 'll murder him—now mind."

"Crosstree is a magnificent subject. I was looking at him to-day—old S. says he never saw a finer."

"Class B has a finer, they say—a girl. They gave two hundred for her."

"They wont be outdone. But I believe in the rope yet. Come, fellows—it 's getting late—let 's be off."

"Where 's Dudley?"

"Drunk as usual."

"Come, old boy," said the first speaker, approaching our hero, who, stretched upon a sofa, was looking in the fire with a drunken stare. Come, we 'll be too late."

Dudley mechanically started to his feet, drank a quantity of brandy, and rushing forward, was caught by two of his brother students, and the whole party left the house together, laughing, chatting, whistling and singing, they wended their way toward the medical college. Dudley Fletcher, as his comrades afterward remarked, was unusually silent and even morose. Arriving at the college, the party mounted long flights of dark stairs ending in a door, that one of them unlocked and threw open, and all entered the dissecting-room. The janitor had left a bright coal-fire sputtering in the stove, and save this no other light fell upon the ghastly gloom. The large, square windows were open, as gusts of wind making the fire roar indicated, but in spite of this a dreadful, sickening odor of decay filled the room. Several lamps were lighted, and then the frightful reality became apparent.

Upon either side of a large room were placed narrow tables, on each of which lay a specimen of the desecrated dead; over the floor were scattered limbs strangely mutilated, bones with particles of flesh yet hanging to them, snow-white skeletons and grinning skulls. Upon the table nearer the fire was the body of a man lately hung. The frame was heavy and muscular, but the head presented the most awful sight the heart of man ever shuddered over. It was one swollen mass of purple blood, while around the neck lay a red line where the cruel cord had sunk in and disappeared from the force of the struggling weight. He had been found guilty of a fiendish murder, yet no heart could look on this and not shudder at the punishment. Why do the students leave this table and crowd around the next? Why hold up their lights and gaze in breathless awe? Do youth and innocence carry admiration and respect with them to the charnel-house? They whisper as they gaze upon the gentle form, so beautiful and still, that with wild hair disheveled seems to sleep upon the rude couch of death. Where is Dudley—why does he not gaze and whisper too? Upon entering the room he threw himself upon a low seat behind the stove, and falling from that to the floor, sleeps soundly in his drunkenness.

Star-eyed Science walks unmoved among the dead. The students are busy about the table of the murderer. Nothing is heard save the voice of the instructor, or noise of his instruments as he lays bare the hidden mysteries of life. Dudley sleeps on.

The fire burns down—the candles, flickering in the wind, are dim—the lesson is over. Putting out their lights, the students gather their coats and cloaks about them and leave. The last one is gone. The janitor, casting a hasty look at the fire, goes with them. The great bolt is shot into its place—the door is locked, and Dudley, forgotton and alone, sleeps on!

Hour after hour steals by. The fire, dimmer and dimmer, at length goes out, and darkness fills the room. The storm, with its sky of heavy clouds, sweeps away, and now the full moon comes up in

silvery brightness. Cold, clear and cheerless the flood of light poured in at the open windows, lighting up like the ghost of day that chamber of death. Chilled through and through, Dudley awakes.

For a moment he gazed in startled wonder at the strange scene around him. Then a dim recollection of the night stole over his now sobered brain, and seizing his cap he strode toward the door—to find it locked! In vain he pulled and knocked, the echoes that rung through the silent room were his only answers. The stout door resisted all attempts to break it open. Foiled and disheartened he returned to the stove. Dudley shook with the cold that had numbed his limbs while sleeping, and now seemed to be penetrating to his very heart. Stooping, he raked among the ashes and found one live coal. Taking this gently up he made many efforts to kindle it to a blaze, but this last spark died out in the midst of his exertions. Nothing daunted, he looked to find some covering to shield him—nothing could be seen save the sheets thrown carelessly over the dead. These he proceeded to gather. Pulling the frail covering from form after form, leaving exposed the emaciated remnants of consumption, the half-destroyed remains of quick disease, without a shudder—why starts he at this over which the moonlight falls so brightly—why gasp for breath and stare so wildly?

This cannot be—this is a hideous dream. He strikes his forehead, wrings his hands, staggers forward. No, no, he cannot look again. A chill horror curdles about his heart and he reels toward the door. He had one look—but one—yet that is frozen into his very soul. How long in dreadful agony he stood gazing down the hall, peopled with the dead. He dared not turn to where she lay—the poor little timid girl—she who so confidingly had trusted him, and now rested among thieves, murderers, and cast-out poverty—claimed by Decay alone. He dared not look again—over her innocent form stood fearful Retribution—silent as the grave—terrible as Death. His eyes wandered from table to table, one by one, slower and slower, until they rested upon that long, grinning monument of consumption, upon which the moonlight fell, silvering the hard and bony points, that seemed like a skeleton covered with yellow parchment.

Oh! how he longed for liberty and life—for some power to lift the awful punishment from his soul. A confused thought of escape crept in—of the dark well running the length of the house down to vaults where the refuse flesh was cast. How deep and dark to his mind it seemed—deeper and deeper, miles and miles into the earth. The hall seems to lengthen out—how huge it is? Again he turns to the body that consumption owns—he tries to look from that to her—in vain. His eyes are fixed, they see no farther. Did that hand move?—it seemed to move. It did—the body turns—it raises and points its long, skinny arm at her—and shakes its horribly mutilated head. Another and another—and all raise slowly up and point at her. And now they speak—what confused blasphemy—what groans and cries! Hark! that well-known, once-loved voice, hear it—hear its gentle tones and die—

"Oh! Dudley, come to me."

He sees no more, he hears no more—gasping he falls, striking heavily against the oak door.

Early next morning the janitor found him lying senseless where he had fallen. He was carried to his room, and all that medical science could do was done. Slowly he returned to sense, but not health. The cold had perfected its work—his limbs were without life, and after many days he was carried back to his father's house helpless as a child. So he yet remains, humble, sad and repentant.

In the little church-yard, not far from his home, is a green mound, where the soft falling snow of winter and the wild birds of spring see no name—no marble tomb, but where the long grass whispers in the summer winds, Dudley Fletcher may be frequently seen reading or musing silently, having been carried there, his only haunt from home.

THE DEAD AT THERMOPYLÆ.

FROM THE GREEK OF SIMONIDES.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

Bright was their fortune and sublime their doom,
Who perished at Thermopylæ—their tomb
An altar of their sons—their dirge, renown.

Their epitaph not rust shall e'er efface,
Nor Time, who changes all things else, debase,
Nor later ages insolent disown.

Their tomb contains, enshrined beside the dead,
A mightier inmate, her for whom they bled,
Glory—their country's unforgotten fame.

Witness the royal Spartan, who in death
Did win high Valor's, more than Pythian, wreath,
A crown immortal, an unfading name.

THE OPIUM EATER'S DREAM:

OR THE MODERN FORTUNATUS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GEORGE DÖRING.

I PASSED some time, a few months ago, in the seven-hilled city of the Bosphorus—in beautiful, but muddy Constantinople. I had seen and admired every thing that was to be seen and admired, as far as the Turks allow to a Christian dog. Often had I stood at the portal of the mosque of St. Sophia, and gazed with longing sighs upon the imperial seraglio just opposite, in the vain hope that some veiled beauty would appear at one of the balconies, observe me, and then raise her veil, that I might at home, in my native place—Gelnhaus—describe a Turkish Sultana; for my susceptible heart had been trained in every way, by repeated journeys to large towns and capitals. One evening, however, I remarked that several black slaves eyed me attentively and suspiciously: I imagined also something threatening and dangerous in their gestures; and as, at the same time, several shots were heard from the interior of the seraglio—which seemed to intimate that capital punishment was being inflicted upon criminals, whose crimes were, perhaps, nothing worse than a few longing sighs, wafted to the imprisoned fair ones—a panic seized me, which drove me from the spot in tempestuous haste, whilst I inwardly swore a solemn oath never again to venture within a hundred yards of the sultan's palace.

Be it known to the world that I am the traveling agent for the house of Messrs. Steinlein & Son, wine-merchants of Frankfort on the Main. I myself am called Gabriel Mostert, born in the town which, on account of the old legend, I call the Barbarossa town; and which deserves quite as wide a reputation as the town of Pisa, in Italy, for it contains just such a leaning tower. My countenance is round and ruddy, my eyes are lively and intellectual, my form powerful and muscular—five-feet-three. I am possessed by a spirit of speculation. I am determined to establish a famous house—not what they call famous in Frankfort, Leipzig, or Hamburg—no, I will establish the firm only for my Barbarossa town, and my little Kate, whose father gives her to me only upon condition that I settle down respectably in Gelnhaus, as a dealer in dry goods, in *Drap de Zephire*, in *Crêpe de Chine*, and in veritable *eau de Cologne*. On this account, I persuaded my honored principals to a Constantinople speculation, which offered a fair profit. I had, in fact, read in the best papers of the day, that the present sultan was busy in placing every thing upon a European footing. There can be no European footing without a European head; and what is a European head without the inspiration of Champagne, Burgundy, and Johannisburg? My principals agreed to every thing: I sailed from Trieste with casks and bottles, anchored in the Bosphorus, and the next day was employed in preparations to attract the worshipers of Islam to my European inspiration.

The thing succeeded; my wines disappeared with charming celerity. Even the Mufti honored me with a visit, and assured me—while he tried my costly Johannisburg, of 1822, with the smack of a connoisseur—that his friend, the Abbot of Fulda, had done well to exalt this wine to his closet—it did indeed deserve to be drank in solitude, when not a breath, not a word could disturb the full enjoyment of the liquid gold. He tried a couple of bottles, and the European inspiration began then to beam so brilliantly from his eyes, that I verily believe, had any cunning missionary been at hand, he would have embraced Christianity.

My affairs then were prosperous, and yet not so; for although the wines had found purchasers, the money for them was not forthcoming. From time to time I paid a visit to my Turkish debtors. I was kindly received with pipes and coffee, but of my money—not a word. I took care never rudely to remind them of it, having been assured by some Armenian friends that the Moslems could bear no dunning, and that unpleasant hints were often rewarded with a most unpleasant bastinado. I was sure of my money in the end, for I had already heard that it was the custom of all distinguished Turks to pay off all their debts on a certain day of the year, just before the Ramazan. The Ramazan was not very distant, and until then I had to wait with patience. It is a dreadful thing for a fiery young merchant, whose fancy revels in interest and commission, to have to parade up and down the streets of Constantinople in useless, idle patience.

Thus, one beautiful afternoon, I sauntered toward Bujukdire, the summer residence of the European ambassadors. Here their many beautiful daughters dwelt, but now my heart was filled with thoughts of Kate, and the future establishment for the sale of fancy articles and *eau de Cologne*. Nevertheless, I trembled with excitement; for my eye rested upon the dome of St. Sophia, and involuntarily the oft-recalled wish stirred in my soul—"Wert thou only, O dearly loved Gabriel Mostert, as prosperous a house as this venerable church, which receives, according to well-accredited testimony, an income of ten thousand guilders daily."

Ten thousand guilders! What a sublime thought! Shakspeare, Schiller, and Goethe had had great thoughts, and Bethman and Rothschild have carried the poesy of trade to a wonderful extent—but this mosque of St. Sophia—I must control myself—I must clip the wings of my speculative fancy, or it

will carry me too far—to Golconda or Potosi. Return to thy home, to the old town, where bloomed for Barbarossa the fair Gela, and where blooms now the burgomaster's daughter, thy violet, and beside her, a shop stocked with all fancy articles, and with the delicious perfume of *Karl Maria Farina of Cöln*.

With such reflections I was obliged to moderate my lively imagination while I approached Bujukdire, when I was awakened from my dreams of home, and brought back to reality upon the Bosphorus by a hearty slap upon my shoulder.

"*Salam, aleikum!*" I cried; and warding off the Turkish greeting, I sprang aside. I was too well acquainted with the proofs of esteem with which the Turks honor us poor Christians, when they find us in their way, not to immediately suppose that the slave of some noble Turk had chosen this means of informing me of his master's presence. A loud laugh in my ears corrected this false idea. As I turned round, I saw my two worthy friends, Mynheer Jan von Delpt—the Dutch Ambassador's cook, and Monsieur Fleury—the French Ambassador's butler. We were right good friends, and had passed many a jovial evening together. They came now just at the right time; they would serve to divert me, and we could enjoy a social hour, for this evening they were, as they assured me, free; their masters had accepted an invitation from the Reis-Effendi.

"Come," I said, as I seized both by the arm, and stopped them, "we'll contrive quite a charming supper together. In wine you shall have free choice. You, Van Delpt, like something heavy—Port wine, or genuine Madeira. It shall not be wanting, and we will drink to the health of your Margery von Minderhout, in Amsterdam. You, M. Fleury, shall have Champagne from Sillery, and *vive* Demoiselle Manon Larochière, rue Montmartre. I stand by the true German. O, ye honored grapes of Rudesheim, with what shall I compare you, if not with little Kate of Castle street, Barbarossa town; your sweet flower, with the flower of her beauty—your animating fire, with the fire that gleams in her eyes. Come, friends, let us bring down the high ideal to actual life. The trio of our loves shall sound in Madeira, Champagne, and Rudesheim; and inspired fancy shall present to our raptured gaze the gracious forms of our beloved ones."

I had, I thought, outshone myself in the poetry of this invitation. I wished to touch and win them—but my friends seemed neither touched by my resemblance of their loved ones, nor won by the picture of the costly wines that awaited them at my lodgings. They looked thoughtfully at each other, shook their heads, and withstood all my attempts to lead them back to the city. Then Van Delpt shook himself loose from me, and taking me by the shoulders, turned me round as the wind would a weathercock, and said, pointing to a little wooden house, upon the top of which floated a red silk flag—

"Do you see that booth, and do you know what you can obtain there for a mere nothing?"

I answered in the negative.

"Then I will take the cover off the dish for you," continued the cook; "you shall learn how we can enjoy Mahomet's seventh heaven here on earth. Yes, Mynheer, there, in that unpretending booth, the bliss of earth and heaven can be enjoyed for a few paras."

I was perplexed. Van Delpt was usually a quiet matter-of-fact person. He did not seem to have taken more than his usual allowance of Genivee, the old Dutch phlegm had not vanished in the least from his features, only there was to be seen there an inspired expression, not before observable, which beamed forth very brilliantly as he looked at the little red house.

"Yes, monsieur," chimed in the Frenchman, "you will not take it ill of us if we refuse your invitation. With you we should only intoxicate ourselves, there we shall be entranced! It is a delight which we have enjoyed once a year since we arrived in Stamboul. To-day, the Reis-Effendi has procured us this opportunity—who knows when it will come again? Come with us, M. Mostert, and inhale rapture, bliss, enchantment. Yes, M. Mostert, no champagne can procure for us that bliss to which I now invite you. I am a butler, and you know how much what I say must mean. I surely know all the joys which the grapes of Constantinople, Canary, or Vesuvius can yield. But what are they to the rapture that awaits us? Does empire please you—a kingdom is yours the instant you think of it. Would you be Grand Vizier, Kapudin Pacha, or minister plenipotentiary—in a flash it is as you wish. Come with us, and you will thank your friends, the fat cook and the lean butler, for procuring for you an unknown, but incomparable delight. I have determined to-day to be Henry the Fourth, but only until the moment when the rascal Ravaillac murders the excellent monarch; then I change myself into the Count St. Germain, who, it is well known, was three hundred years old when he visited the royal court of Versailles, and probably is still living somewhere, under a feigned name, in the fullness of youth and strength. *Vive*, Henri Quatre," cried M. Fleury, while my brain whirled, and I allowed myself to be drawn toward the house with the red flag.

I knew Fleury, and could rely upon what he said. I might be a king, a sultan, or a Rothschild. There I paused—it was a grand idea—a poetical excitement made my heart beat faster in my breast. But prosaically enough came the change of faith between me and my wishes.

"No," I said, "I must always remain a good Christian, according to the Augsburg confession; a different happiness awaits me in the little red house—money, plenty of money, and little Kate, in Geinhaus."

"You are, and always will be an enthusiast, Fleury," replied Van Delpt to the Frenchman's invitation. "You are, in spite of your employment for so many years in the diplomatic line, a true Frenchman, devoted to the fair. For my part I hold a middle course. I must have something solid. I will to-day be no happier than my renowned countryman, Wil-

liam Benkels, after he had discovered the salting of the herring. I aspire to the delight only of one moment, but that moment shall last—the great moment in which William Benkels stood before the first cask of successfully-salted herrings. It was in the year 1416. Imagine the man to yourselves, when he stood at last before the completed work, over which his mind had brooded for so many years, and which brought such a blessing upon his Fatherland. He foresaw in this moment, a thousand inventions to which this one must give birth; soused fish, pickles, sardines—every thing which can gain immortality through salt. He saw, by means of his invention, tons of gold pouring into the coffers of his Fatherland, and he heard his name lauded by posterity. Yes, thou immortal William Benkels, to-day I will be thou, and enjoy the rapture of that moment, when, standing before that cask, thine own greatness and the happy future thou hadst prepared for thy country was revealed to thee."

These representations were not without their effect. My curiosity was excited. We now stood before the little house with the red flag. I saw some Turks staggering out, pale, hollow-eyed, and trembling in every limb. "Are those the devotees of your temple of bliss?" said, I to my companions. "They seem to me far more like the inmates of a hospital than men who have just succeeded in a speculation in rapture."

Van Delpt pushed me in, and Fleury pressed forward eagerly. "Those are stupid Turks," he said, "who wish to be always happy, and when one bliss ends they desire always another, which is contrary to the whole order of nature. But forward, Gabriel Mostert! you shall learn every thing within; light shall spring up for you there like the conflagration of Moscow. *Vive Henri Quatre*," he shouted, and pushed me on.

"William Benkels forever!" cried the cook, who passed his arm around me and swung me into the little house. I stood, giddy from the sudden movement, in a large, darkened room. Although without it was perfectly light, here all illumination proceeded from a dimly burning lamp, hung in the middle of the apartment. Windows I could see none, and a strange, bewildering perfume filled the room. My friends bore me on, and before I could observe distinctly the objects which surrounded me, I felt myself seated upon a cushion, and Van Delpt and Fleury took their places beside me. I could not collect my ideas, I only saw a grinning Turk, dressed in red, who stepped forth from the darkness and approached with a silver plate, upon which were a number of little, reddish-brown balls, while a crystal goblet of water stood in the middle of it. My friends seized the balls and swallowed several of them.

"Now eat, Gabriel," cried Van Delpt, while his left arm encircled me powerfully. "Feast upon delight. *It is opium*—the manna of immortality."

His eyes started from his head—I seemed to gaze upon a madman. I tried to extricate myself from him but in vain. He endeavored, in the meanwhile, with his right hand to slip some opium balls into my mouth, but I set my teeth firmly, and shook my head.

"*Bon appetit, Monsieur*," said the Frenchman, who seized me upon the other side. Two hands with the horrible little balls, hovered before my eyes ready to force me to partake. You must eat like us, you must be blessed as we shall be. *Vive Henri Quatre!*"

"I will not," I cried with horror. "If you do n't release me I 'll complain of you to your masters, and foreswear your friendship forever. What would my little Kate say were she to learn that I had taken opium—had dreamed like a Musselman, and been happy in such an unchristian way. Away with the balls of Satan. The Evil One with horns and hoofs has prepared them."

"He must eat them," cried the Dutchman and Frenchman in chorus, and the Turk grinned more frightfully. In the struggle, for a moment, my senses left me. A shout of triumph from my tormentors called me back to life.

"He has swallowed them!" cried they, and released me. In the same moment I saw them sink back upon their cushions, their eyes were fixed, a happy smile expanded their features; they were enjoying the happiness of the theriake, or opium-eater.

"He has not swallowed them!" cried I raging, and sprang up. "I closed my mouth and your cursed pills fell into the cushion beside me." I ran out like one possessed. The Turk laughed scornfully after me, and I heard the Frenchman murmur in his sleep—"*Vive Henri Quatre!*" and the Dutchman groan out his "William Benkels forever!"

In the air without I recovered myself. I seemed open to all blissful influences—I was again happy and light-hearted. With what an exquisite display of colors did the sun mirror itself in the Bosphorus! how the domes of the mosques sparkled, as if composed of diamonds and rubies! How brilliant were the streets through which I walked—no, through which I floated. And at this moment I felt myself richer than the richest houses of which I had ever heard. Thus I arrived at a shady forest of dates. Here I sat me down in the overhanging shade of a palm, and gazed toward the west where the sun was setting, and where was the Barbarossa town, with its leaning tower and my charming Kate.

CHAPTER II.

I carried always with me a costly Turkish pipe, with a long stem of rose-wood. The head I carried in my pocket, carefully wrapped in soft silk; the stem was so contrived that I used it for a cane.

Without knowing what I did, whilst my gaze was riveted upon the glorious landscape, and my thoughts were busy with my home, I pushed my cane in among the dry leaves and roots of the palm. Suddenly it was caught by something which attracted my notice, and I tried to draw it out quickly. The costly stem broke, and I looked, half-vexed and half-curious, to know what had caused the mischief.

With difficulty I extricated from the roots of the palm an old leathern purse, the strings of which

were tied round another old leathern article. A wondrously joyful sensation stirred in my soul at the sight of these objects. What they were I knew not, and yet they filled me with delight. But when I had cleansed them from the dirt and mud, when I held an old, richly-embroidered purse in my hand, and in the other article recognized a little, pointed cap, then arose from the glowing memories of my childhood the wonderful story of the inexhaustible purse of Fortunatus and his wishing cap. Then all creation beamed around me, and a chorus of voices from the sky seemed to say to me, "Thou art the new Fortunatus. Fortune has favored thee with her most valuable gifts, which have remained so long in the lap of earth, hidden from all mortal eyes."

I laughed aloud like a child. I was firmly convinced that it was all true, and I danced round the palm, with the purse and cap in my hands, like a madman. "What are lotteries, stocks, and Rothschild's speculations in comparison," cried I; "do I wish for a million—I have to use my purse for a day, and my cap serves me better than the swiftest courier."

My reason at last returned, and the madman became again the prudent, calculating merchant.

"Make a calculation, and produce an exact facit," said the merchant. I seated myself again, with tolerable composure, at the foot of the palm. I wished calmly to prove the power of the purse, but my hand trembled as I put it into it. My fingers twitched convulsively, the fascination of the noblest of metals penetrated every nerve, and there, in my hand, before my wondering, blissful gaze, lay a hundred franc piece, with the new stamp, "Louis Philippe, Roi des Français." "O, Heaven! life is still fair," I cried with Schiller's Marquis Posa, and proved the power of my purse again and again, until the lap of my Turkish dress was covered with hundred-franc-pieces.

My eyes feasted upon the treasure, my soul reveled in rapture.

"Prudence, prudence," said the merchant within me. "May not the gold be false, or coined in the devil's mint, and if you attempt to use it destroy your honor and reputation?" I tried it upon the leather of my sandals, and upon a little stone that I carried about with me for the purpose. It was pure Parisian coin. I put up my gold and filled my pockets with it. How blessed was I that I had withstood Van Delpt's and Fleury's entreaties. What was their happiness now—their manna of immortality? Dreams and froth! But I possessed the most desirable, glorious reality—my pockets full of gold, the inexhaustible purse, and the wonderful cap. Ay—the cap—its power must also be proved; I must know if by its art I could be this moment in the date forest on the Bosphorus, and the next in the cherry grove in Frankfort on the Main. In a flash I placed the little thing upon my head and thought of the Barbarossa town, and of the little balcony which looked into Kate's room. What is a royal dispatch in comparison with the cap of Fortunatus? Without inconvenience from the elbows of neighbors, without the least change in my worthy person, I stood before the window through whose curtains I could look into Kate's little room. I looked round me; the leaning tower, with its straight brother, were at my back; I was in my native town, the breeze of home stirred around me. Just then Kate stepped into the room. She carried a candle, was negligently dressed, and was humming an air from "Der Freischütz." Was the girl altered, or had my too lively fancy deceived me, and presented to me at a distance as charming, what in reality seemed to me extremely vulgar? Where was the variety of charms that had so excited my love in Constantinople? Where was the airy grace that had surrounded the image of the absent one, as the air of Paradise encircles a Mohammedan houri? Kate was, in truth, no disagreeable-looking girl, but excessively commonplace; she had cheeks as fresh and round as an apple, pretty hair, *a la giraffe*, eyes whose color was rather undecided, and a form which, although it certainly was not wanting in roundness, did not move with exactly the grace of a dancing-master. I felt my heart grow cold at the sight of her. Heaven knows, my taste must have become wonderfully refined since I had been separated from her; knowledge of mankind and of the world must have sharpened my judgment. I never could love this creature—that was ineffaceably written in my soul. The purse and cap had given me the right to other claims than to be the son-in-law of the burgomaster of an obscure German village, and to demean myself by selling crêpe de Chine and eau de Cologne.

"Away, away from here, to the fairest of the fair!" I cried, inspired. "Who will dispute with me the possession of the most beautiful woman upon the earth?"

In an instant I stood in a high vestibule, upon a marble floor; from the frescoed walls shone the light of a hundred tapers; the fragrance-laden air of the tropics was around me, and silver fountains were playing without in the moonlight. A great mirror opposite reflected my image. I was clad in black, in my finest European suit. I wore the breast-pin with the turquoise and brilliants, which I had bought two years before in Frankfort, and I knew that I was in the palace of the Duke of Silvio Cremonio, in Rio Janeiro, to whose beautiful daughter I was about to be introduced. All this the wonderful cap had arranged and declared to me.

Fifty lackeys, in rich livery, flew to my assistance. Two ushers opened the folding-doors, and at their announcement, "The Marquis della Mostarda!" I stepped into a brilliant saloon.

I was in a maze—the dresses of the ladies, which blazed with diamonds and other precious stones, dazzled me. What was the home-made splendor of my former employers, Steinlein & Son, which I had so often admired in my yearly visit to them, compared with this.

What was the finery of the richest merchant's daughter compared with the splendor of the ladies of Rio Janeiro. I noticed that my entrance created a sensation. The ladies remained standing, looked

at me and whispered among themselves. A little stout gentleman pushed forward from the crowd toward me. It was the duke. He wore a richly embroidered dress, with ribbon and star.

He spoke to me, bidding me welcome, and although he spoke Spanish, and I had never learned the language, I understood it perfectly and conversed in it as easily as in my mother tongue.

"You are a welcome guest, dear friend," said the duke, and graciously pressed my hand. "You have been introduced to me as an excellent and wealthy lord. Wealth is always well received; wealth is the key to every thing; wealth captivates all hearts; permit me to present you to my wife and daughter."

Oh, what joy and rapture! The moment had arrived in which I should behold the fairest of the fair—the most beautiful woman now dwelling upon the earth! I saw her! Words cannot describe her, thought cannot picture her, only the imagination may venture to conceive of her.

Her voice was song—her glance a revelation of heaven.

The young rose had touched her cheeks with its soft tint; the enamel of the lily was upon her brow; her charming lips vied with crimson coral; her soft, blond hair waved in natural curls around her lovely face, and a Persian poet would have compared her graceful form to the gazelle. Beside the heavenly Angelica sat her mother, who would still have been called handsome, although there was about her an air of pride and haughtiness, which was wholly wanting in the daughter. I felt that, by the possession of the purse and wishing cap, I had become an entirely different man. How often I had trembled and been agitated as I stood in the antechamber of some great man, waiting to present my catalogue of wines for the firm of Steinlein & Son. What trouble I had taken to learn by heart the conditions of sale, that I might not stutter and stammer when they were asked for. And now I stood like a cool, self-possessed man of the world before a Brazilian duchess and her beautiful daughter, while the duke, her father, held my hand, which did not tremble in the least, and said, laying a significant stress upon his words, "The Marquis della Mostarda, the stranger whom the imperial secretary has so kindly introduced to us. He is just from Europe, and can tell you of the latest fashions. He is a man of great merit, and, as I well know, all means will be tried to induce him to take up his residence here in the capital."

The stout nobleman moved on to make room for me by the ladies. The duchess beckoned me toward her, and her proud bearing gave way to a gracious condescension. She cast upon me a smiling glance, the tender expression of which I recognized at once from the descriptions in the best romances of the day. Then, pointing to her daughter, she observed, "The child there will listen only too willingly to stories of strange lands. She is wonderfully interested in geography. Talk with her—tell her where the most costly shawls are made, of Brabant laces, and Parisian bijouterie; tell her of your Italian home, of fire-breathing Vesuvius, of the Colosseum at Rome and the Lagune in Venice."

The duchess turned from me to a pale young man, simply dressed, whose eyes had been fixed upon me whilst I stood by the lady with a singular, I might almost say sinister expression. His features were finely cut, but it could not escape me, with my knowledge of mankind, that there played about the corners of the mouth a contemptuous, scornful expression; just such as Hoffman always gives to his diabolical characters. It seemed to me that, looking through me, he saw the wishing-cap in my bosom, and the purse in my vest pocket. With an uncomfortable sensation I turned from him to the angel-face of the Princess Angelica. Her musical tones broke upon the ear like the singing in Sebelble's Cecilia-chorus. A whole opera by Rossini seemed to fill my senses as I listened to her; trills and roulades, crescendo and decrescendo, adagio and allegro. Now it sounded mournfully as in the cavatina from "Tancredi," now it exulted like the song of victory in the "Siege of Corinth." O thou heavenly Angelica, thou wast at once the music and the director, and if I looked at thee, I seemed to see the Venus de Medici, dressed in tulle, embroidered with gold, sleeves *à la Gigot*, brilliants in her ears and upon her fingers, and rubies around her neck. Her remarks were acute and witty, while, at the same time, she raised her forget-me-not eyes so beseechingly to my face, that I imagined I read in them Goethe's "Sorrows of Werther" and the loves of Herrman and Dorothea. She was curious about literature and the stage. Then I was in my element. I told her of Madame Sontag and Paganini; how the former, before her marriage, had sung variations for the violin, and the latter had played the charming song "cara mamena." I told her of the public favorites, and hummed several airs for her from "Der Weiner in Berlin." All this with an ease and grace which stamped the Marquis della Mostarda as a most accomplished cavalier. Then I spoke of the great lights in modern poetry—of Heine and Count Plateu Hallermande—how the former lavished the flowers of his fancy in lamentations over an unhappy love, and the latter poured himself forth in metrical praise of Friendship. She listened attentively; then suddenly she sighed deeply, so deeply that I was alarmed, and asked her in my confusion whether, in speaking of these renowned poets, I had said any thing unpleasant to her?

"No, no!" said she, mournfully. "I have had a German governante; I understand German, and read the German poets. Both poets of whom you speak are dear to me, particularly the touching Heine. But there are other glorious things in Germany beside art and poetry. Do you not love Nüremburg gingerbread, my lord marquis? As you have lived so long in Germany, you cannot be a stranger to this delicious production.

"Alas! it is now two years since my father received a little package of it, and since that time all the delicacies of this country have lost their charm for me. In vain do I breathe this delightful atmosphere, its

fragrance is nothing to that of this rich manufacture from Germany."

The princess was silent; she appeared to sink into a profound melancholy. The duchess leaned over to us, and said, in a confidential, motherly tone, "What is the matter, children? You seem troubled, my lord marquis; and, Angelica, your eyes are swimming with tears."

"We were speaking of Nüremburg gingerbread," answered the princess, softly.

The duchess also seemed troubled, looked up to heaven, and said, "Yes, there is something truly divine in that Nüremburg gingerbread."

"To-morrow I shall have the honor of bringing you some," replied I, hastily, as I bethought me of the wishing-cap. At this moment I heard a scornful chuckling near me; I looked up, and the pale stranger stood at my side. He looked contemptuously down upon me, then turned his head, and seemed to whisper something to the air. This behavior I considered assumed to mock me; but I determined not to heed the man, for how could he harm me, the possessor of the cap and purse of Fortunatus.

Suddenly a stir arose in the assembly. Exclamations of astonishment were heard from all sides, and a lackey, richly dressed, pressed forward to where the ladies were, with a large silver plate of fresh Nüremburg gingerbread in his hands. I stood amazed; the stranger smiled contemptuously. A stranger, the lackey said, had brought him the salver in the anteroom, with the express command to carry it directly to the Duchess of Silvio Cremonio. As they were about to question him, he unaccountably disappeared. A quiet joy lighted up Angelica's charming countenance, her mother glanced inquiringly at the stranger, who answered her by a bow of acknowledgment.

"Doctor Joannes, of Ingolstadt," said the princess, introducing the stranger to me. "Doubtless we must thank him for the beautiful present, which has so enriched our fête to-night. He knows how to prize the treasures of his fatherland, and has foreseen, with his usual tact, that here also he would find friends who would value the productions of his country."

The doctor bowed smilingly to both ladies. The impertinent fellow hardly looked at me as the princess introduced him. And he was only a doctor and I a marquis. "There is, fortunately, a to-morrow," thought I; "and although your gingerbread may gratify the taste of the moment, their eyes will be dazzled, and their souls enraptured with the exquisite jewelry, that I intend purchasing for them to-morrow at Rundell & Bridges, in London." There was witchcraft in the appearance of the gingerbread—that was beyond a doubt. I now observed the man more closely as he conversed with the ladies. His manner toward them was humble and modest, but the diabolical expression about the mouth was not to be concealed.

"Let us make up a party for a game of marriage," said the glorious Angelica, in her most dulcet tones, as she took my arm. "There is the card saloon. The rest are busy with roulette and faro, but I love marriage beyond every thing."

"It is also my favorite game," I replied, full of love for this beautiful creature. "For its sake have I come hither from Constantinople upon the Bosphorus."

The princess gave me a significant look, and secretly pressed my hand. As I looked up, I saw Joannes gazing upon me with a threatening expression of hate. He then leaned over Angelica, and smilingly whispered something in her ear. Impertinence! He imagined himself all-engrossing with his gingerbread. I gingled the one hundred-franc pieces in my pocket—and the sound made a favorable impression upon the duke's daughter.

"Yes, we will play marriage," said she, looking tenderly at me. "Come, marquis, every moment of delay is lost."

The doctor impatiently stamped his foot, but composed himself immediately, and said in his gentlest tone, "Only two seconds, your grace, I hear the horses now—they are here."

In fact, at this moment a vehicle drove furiously into the court-yard. The snorting of fiery horses, and the voices of servants were heard. Several of the company hastened to the window, and Angelica moved toward it also.

"It is only my new Viennese chariot and Andalusian ponies," said the doctor, humbly, but so loud, that every one could hear him. "Will you come and see my establishment? I am rather proud of my choice."

"See," growled an old gentleman, in a brilliant uniform, "who could see any thing in this Egyptian darkness."

"I beg pardon," said Joannes, gently; "I had forgotten that you are not accustomed to see in the dark. That is easily remedied."

He snapped his fingers, and in a moment the whole court-yard was as light as day from the blaze of many hundred torches secured to the palace walls, and the equipage stood revealed in their brilliant glare. A unanimous and admiring exclamation burst from all present. But I cried scornfully, "That is nothing new, I have often seen it done by Professor Dohler—an electric machine and dry weather are all that is required." No one listened to me. Every one broke out in praises of the magnificent equipage. Harnessed to it were four horses of wondrous beauty, of the true Andalusian breed. I was forced to confess that I had never seen any thing like them, and to hide my annoyance in admiration. And then the coach—an easier, more gorgeous or graceful thing of the kind could not well be imagined. It rested upon the springs like the shell of Venus upon the waves. It was worthy to contain the fairest of the fair. This seemed to strike the fair Angelica herself. She relinquished my arm for the doctor's, and said, with a heavenly smile, "You are a happy man, doctor; I cannot imagine a more exquisite sensation, than the possession of such an equipage would create."

"It is yours, adored one!" whispered Joannes tenderly, yet so loudly that he evidently intended I

should hear. The world has no treasure too great for the queen of all hearts."

"O heavens! what generosity!" cried Angelica. She hastened from the doctor to her mother, to tell the joyful news.

I looked angrily out of the window, and saw how the doctor's coachman performed the most wonderful manœuvres, in the confined court-yard, with his fiery steeds. "Witchcraft! a real devil's trick!" said I to myself, as I stepped back into the saloon, and walked hastily up and down.

I was jealous, furiously jealous—and what wonder? Did not Italian blood course through my veins—was I not the Marquis della Mostarda, from Naples? Thoughts of daggers and aqua toffana coursed through my brain when I looked at Joannes. Two persons in serious conversation passed me, a stately gentleman and an elderly lady. "They may say what they choose, but all is not right with the German doctor. He practices the Black Art, and ought to be thankful that the Holy Inquisition no longer exists. He gives presents here which an emperor could hardly afford, while he inhabits a miserable room in the suburbs, attended by no one but a dirty black poodle, who brings him his meals every day from the restaurateur's."

"And how every thing has altered here in this house since he arrived and paid his court to the beautiful Angelica," continued the lady. "Before we saw poverty everywhere—the servants had no livery, and there had been no parties given since Olini's time. Now the servants shine in rich embroidery, and at these rare entertainments, delicacies appear upon the table that one has hardly ever dreamed of, such as the gingerbread to-night, after Angelica had expressed her wonderful desire for it. We shall soon see the daughter of the Duke of Silvio Cremonio wife of Doctor Joannes."

"No, no!" said the gentleman, thoughtfully shaking his head, "I thought so until to-night; but now I see that her parents have other views with regard to her."

His glance rested upon me, and appearing to observe, for the first time, that I was near, he walked away. But I, knowing now that others regarded my rival as I did, prepared myself to contend with him for the incomparable Angelica.

CHAPTER III.

"Shall we not then play marriage?" sounded the nightingale tones at my side, and I felt her delicate hand rest upon my arm.

"To my latest hour," I cried, enraptured; and every thing was forgotten but the exquisite creature before me. We went to the saloon, and took our places in a quiet niche. In the centre of the apartment they were playing faro. There stood the doctor losing huge sums, and looking as if he were cursing his unlucky stars.

Oh heavens! how beautiful she was with her graceful head bent over the table, her heavenly eyes resting upon the cards, and her features composed to an expression of thoughtfulness. How could I think of the miserable game while she was sitting opposite to me? I thought of only one marriage, and that was with the fair one herself.

She played eagerly, but in her eagerness displayed the most child-like, guileless soul. When she won—and I always let her win—when my one hundred-franc pieces slipped over the green cloth toward her, and she looked at the heap of gold beside her, she clapped her hands like a child beaming with innocence and simplicity. I was blest; I looked at her, and lost with the greatest delight—for was not my purse inexhaustible?

"That is enough for to-night," said she at last, smiling graciously as she entrusted the heap of gold to an old servant. "One must not go too far, even in their favorite enjoyments. To-morrow I hope to give you your revenge, dear marquis."

She tripped away to her mother at the faro-table. I was intoxicated with delight—I was beside myself. She had called me dear marquis, and in a tone of voice which rung through my soul. In this blissful state I looked toward the faro-table, but Joannes was no longer there. "He must have lost all," I said to myself, "and will trouble me no more with his Viennese chariots and Andalusian ponies." I longed for solitude, and retired to a little room, lighted only by the tapers of the great saloon. Throwing myself upon an ottoman, I thought upon my love and my happiness. I compared my present with my former prospects. Poor Gabriel Mostert! How often hast thou been compelled to wait before great men's doors, waiting for the permission, which was necessary, before I could venture to intrude. And now, when the Marquis della Mostarda appears, all doors are thrown open, and cringing lackeys attend everywhere to wait on him—all the treasures of the earth are spread out before him for his choice. To be sure just now the finger upon which Kate had put the forget-me-not ring pinched me a little. But why need the marquis keep a promise which the tradesman had made? The thing was not to be thought of. Spite of this reasoning, my conscience would not let me think of the burgomaster's daughter without a twinge. But I called Angelica's image to my aid, and little Kate vanished. "She is an angel from heaven, this duke's daughter," cried I aloud. Just at this moment a loud, distinct voice in an adjoining dark room enchained my attention.

"Dog, hateful monster!" I heard Doctor Joannes say, "bring me more money, or the compact which binds me to thee is null and void. Of what use is it to me if I must stand now, like a naked beggar, by the side of this Italian, who appears to possess the gold mines of Golconda, and who loses thousands to the beautiful, avaricious Angelica—and smiles all the while, as if he were playing for beans. Money! money! or I will torment thee! I will turn Christian and take thee with me to church." Then I heard a suppressed whining. It was evident that Doctor Joannes was conversing with the dog, of whom I had already heard something in the saloon. He appeared to understand the poodle tongue, for he

answered, when the dog ceased whining, in increasing rage. "Do you say I should have bargained with Moloch, if I wished for gold and jewels? That I cannot compete with the Italian in expense, for he is under some mighty influence, which has at its command all the treasures of the world? That you fear he will marry Angelica, and so destroy all my plans? Dog! cursed monster! Angelica must be mine! Do you dare to fear where I hope? Wo be to you if my forbearance comes to an end." Then the poodle growled more angrily, and whined no more. It seemed as if the growling in his throat deepened into thunder. But again he was silent, and the doctor replied scornfully, "Your threats I despise, for you are my slave. You must serve me until the old fellow in Wiemar has completed me; it will be a long time before that happens. I shall enjoy life for many years, and you must fill up my cup of pleasure. I say again, Angelica must be mine. And money, money I must have, and that to-night. My old friend may never complete me, or I may turn Christian; and in either case you are balked of my poor soul!"

The dog replied by a tolerably distinct growling.

"Steal, steal—always steal," replied the doctor, peevishly. There is something so vulgar in it. Why do you not steal for me, and have it ready for me when I want it. You think stealing is something so purely human that hell itself can have no part in it. But I care not, and will be off with you again for booty. But not from the merchant's safe or the miser's chest shall the money come to-night; take me to the treasury of the Emperor of China; there, perhaps, I may find something worth the stealing."

An icy shudder ran through me. It was beyond a doubt I was in the vicinity of a horrible magician and his *famulus*. There was a strange rustling in the room; something flew out of the open door, the windows clattered, and a violent wind blew suddenly without. Something impelled me to go into the room. The air was hot and sulphurous, the high folding-doors were open, and on the distant horizon I saw a meteor which vanished in an instant. Half-senseless, I staggered out again. Strange thoughts rushed through my mind. I seemed to have known this doctor and his dog before, and to recollect walking and rioting with them in Frankfort on the Main. But such ridiculous fancies I banished quickly from my mind. "I shall have to deal with him," said I to myself; "but he can do me no harm, for if the worst comes to the worst, my cap can easily rescue me."

Satisfied with this reflection, I entered the eating saloon. The trumpets had already announced that supper waited, and the duchess led the fairest of the fair to me, that I might conduct her to the table. How can I describe those moments of bliss! What were the English oysters and Steinberg wine to me? I valued them not at all; I said nothing, but gazed upon her, while in silver tones she revealed to me her whole child-like soul. The dear child was, as is the case with all innocent children—all wishes. She wished for several dresses of the finest and broadest Brabant lace, for a set of Oriental pearls, and for diamonds of larger size and purer water than those she was then wearing. Then followed a multitude of fashionable trifles, and sweetmeats, which last appeared particularly attractive to the lovely girl. I noted down every thing in my memory, and resolved that all should be presented to her at dinner the next day.

Doctor Joannes did not appear at table. It seemed to disturb the duchess, who made many inquiries concerning him, but could learn nothing satisfactory.

I thought it best to guard with diligent secrecy the fact that he had gone to China upon a light-fingered errand. In his absence I was relieved and happy. I might have been the star of the evening, and should have made many excellent observations upon men and manners, had I not infinitely preferred to listen to my gracious princess, who appeared well pleased at not being interrupted in her prattle.

Thus the moments flew by, and the hour for departure arrived. I was in no little embarrassment; richly dressed servants began to announce to the various guests the arrival of their equipages. How could I sustain the dignity of the Marquis della Mostarda? What could I do but retire to some obscure corner, and wish myself in my gloomy lodgings on the Bosphorus. But it was not so to be. A stately Moor, more brilliantly apparelled than the rest, approached me, and, as my servant, announced that my vehicle was waiting. I took leave with the utmost dignity of my princely entertainers, who declared that they should certainly expect me the next day at noon, to accompany them on a drive to San Solario—the duke's château. These, their last words, were accompanied by a heavenly smile from the princess.

In a state of perfect bliss I descended the marble steps, and saw by the torchlight a magnificent chariot and two footmen in waiting. The Moor assisted me to enter, and the horses, which might well vie with the doctor's Andalusian ponies, flew through the streets of Rio Janeiro. We stopped before a stately mansion, my hotel, as an inward voice assured me. Footmen stood ready to receive me, and chamberlains to attend me to my sleeping apartment. In short, I should have fallen from one state of bewilderment into another, had I not been perfectly conscious of my position as fortune's favorite. I slept under a silken coverlet, upon eider down. But my dreams were excessively stupid, not of the charming Angelica, as I had hoped, but of Van Delpt and Fleury, with their nonsensical William Benkels and Henri Quatre, and of little Kate, with her vulgar burgomaster papa.

CHAPTER IV.

In the morning, however, in spite of my restless night, I was early astir. I visited all the jewelers in Rio Janeiro, and bought all their most costly jewelry. The tradespeople were astonished, and the Marquis della Mostarda was the object of universal admiration. For the pearls which the lovely child had expressed such a desire for, I was obliged to

take a little trip to Calcutta. I came back by the way of London, Mechlin, and Paris Every thing lay before me in my room; exquisite stones from the Brazilian mines, bijouterie of all kinds from Paris, and a superb golden dressing case from Rundell & Bridges. These should secure for me the favor of the mother and daughter, while I endeavored to conciliate the father, by requesting him, in a most polite note, to accept a deposit of 20,000 double pistoles. Every thing was packed up and sent off. The consequences were a note of transporting sweetness from the daughter, upon silk paper, stamped with forget-me-nots, and a business-like letter from the father, assuring me that my money had not been thrown away. O, Angelica, thy beaming smile was with me at all times; for thy sake I could even have forgotten all the obligations of honor and honesty, and have stolen from the Emperor of China. But as yet I had paid for every thing, and the receipts were in my portefeuille. While my servants imagined that I was taking my siesta, I was dining sumptuously in the Rocher de Cancale, in Paris. A little excited by the champagne, I came back to Rio Janeiro, and at the appointed time my chariot stopped before the ducal palace. Need I say that both mother and daughter received me most kindly, and that Angelica, dressed in Mechlin lace over pink silk, with the bandeau of pearls, looked like a goddess.

"Loveliest one," cried I, "there is no jewel upon earth which would not be ten times more brilliant upon your fair brow. Command me, I beg. Every thing that you desire shall be yours in a quarter of an hour—the mammoth diamond from the turban of the great Mogul."

"Another time," said the innocent creature, smiling. "Enough for to-day; now we will drive to San Solario."

I offered the use of my carriage, but Angelica was bent upon trying her Andalusian horses for the first time. Indeed, it hardly seemed safe to trust ourselves with the suspicious animals, and there was something unpleasantly strange in the idea of being driven by a poodle-dog; but Angelica desired it, her mother coincided in her wishes, and I, as cavalier-servante, must obey. However, I quietly calculated the chances of the venture, and seized an opportunity, when Angelica and her mother were looking another way, to put my little cap upon my head, under my hat, and then felt prepared for any emergency. Should the horses run away, I had only to seize upon the princess and wish myself, with her, upon the parade ground in Berlin, or any other place I might choose—and we should be at once safe and concealed. In the meanwhile, I observed the coachman narrowly. Our glances met, and he regarded me with a fierce, penetrating expression. He wore a beard of enormous growth, and his moustaches were large in proportion. His fiery eyes, his flat nose, and his broad mouth, which was always showing his glistening teeth, gave one the vivid idea of a snarling, rascally poodle.

"You can do me no harm," I said to myself, as I entered the coach, "for I can remove myself from your rascally neighborhood at any moment that I think best."

The ponies flew through the streets. Ladies and gentlemen crowded to the balconies and windows to see us pass. The devil certainly drove magnificently, never deviating a hair's breadth from the right line, and avoiding obstructions in the most skillful manner, though so narrowly, that it was enough to make my flesh creep with horror. The gates of the city now lay behind us. The duchess commanded him to drive more slowly, that we might enjoy the beauty of a charming South American landscape. And now, through my forgetfulness, and all absorbing love for the beautiful Angelica, an accident occurred, which well-nigh destroyed my credit with the duchess and her lovely daughter. We were speaking of all imaginable things—of the Carnival of Venice, of St. Peter's, in Rome, and of Mahomet's tomb, at Medina. I was describing the wonderful manner in which the Prophet's coffin hung suspended between heaven and earth, and expressed my astonishment at the incredible circumstance.

"Indeed, that must be very wonderful!" said Angelica, with child-like sympathy; "I should so like to be there."

"So should I," I replied, mechanically, without reflecting that the cap which instantly fulfilled all such wishes was upon my head. Scarcely had the three syllables passed my lips, when I found myself in an immense vaulted apartment, whose high ceiling was undiscernible to the eye. Pillars of marble, porphyry, and jaspar, reared themselves from the floor, which was covered with the most costly carpets. I saw before me the silver doors of a smaller apartment standing open. In the midst hovered, without losing its balance, an object which resembled a coffin. "Allah! Allah!" resounded around me, and everywhere I saw prostrate the pious worshipers of Islam. I tried to collect myself. "A Giaour!" cried many voices, suddenly. "Seize the Christian dog, who defiles the tomb of the Holy Prophet—stone him." They had recognized me, and were thronging toward me with cries of "Death!" The danger was imminent—but relief was close at hand. In the next moment I was sitting quietly in the carriage of the Duchess of Silvio Cremonio, opposite to the fairest of the fair.

A pallor overspread the features of both ladies, and they trembled excessively. The mother regarded me with terror and astonishment, the daughter more with curiosity.

"By all the saints!" began the mother, in a trembling voice, "I have never met with so remarkable an adventure in a drive before; suddenly, in the midst of an intensely interesting conversation, my lord marquis, you vanish, as if blown away like a mote tossed about by the wind. And now, just as wonderfully, and, as if created from nothing, you appear again in your seat. What does this mean, dear Mostarda? You certainly owe us an explanation."

"'T is nothing! A mere trifle," I replied, confused. "It is a disease that I inherit, but the attacks are very rare, nor do they, as you have seen, last long.

It is a very peculiar kind of cramp. One is drawn entirely into himself, into the merest speck, into the plexus solaris of the soul. There is no danger in the case—before one can turn round, it is over. I shall be extremely sorry if such a trifle has alarmed you, ladies."

I thought I had invented an extremely plausible lie; but the old duchess shook her head, and after a few moments, said, her anxious glance resting, meanwhile, upon her daughter, "But this cramp is a terrible thing; you should consult our physican. It is of very little consequence as long as you are single; but if, when you are a husband and father, you should be seized with your plexus solaris, or whatever you call the thing, and should not be able to recover from it—think what a dreadful thing it would be for your poor family. And what respect could any children have for a father who, perhaps, in the middle of some edifying reproof, was to vanish from their eyes, and then, just as suddenly, shoot up before them again, like a mushroom. You must take something, marquis; you must confine yourself to a solid, strengthening diet, that your body may gain such force as to be able to resist this plexus solaris of the soul. I will send you some chocolate, and some of the wonderful plant, Anakatscha; and I hope to see you well in a few weeks."

In the anguish of my soul I promised every thing; I would drink the chocolate, avoid all hasty movements, and take a three hours siesta every day. Angelica's innocent spirit had already found something else to busy itself with, which absorbed all her attention. While the duchess was talking, I had taken out a little *bonbonniere* of gold, which I had bought for my own use in the morning. The *bonbonniere* was musical, that is, it played the bridal chorus from "Der Freischütz," and the Barcarolle from "La Muette de Portici." I offered bonbons to the ladies, and made the box play these little airs. The charming princess was delighted; she touched the pretty toy, gazed wonderingly at it, and then held it to her ear, exclaiming, "Ah, how delightful to possess such a darling; how charming to have it in one's boudoir, always ready to beguile the weary hours with music." Of course, the *bonbonniere* was instantly declared to be her own. She blushed, cast down her eyes, and assured me that nothing but her great esteem for me would permit her to receive this gift, after all the costly presents of the morning; but I was thankful that the chapter of the plexus solaris was over, and that the villa of San Solario was at hand.

CHAPTER V.

At the grated gate of the park Doctor Joannes received us. He was dressed with much more care than on the preceding evening, for, although he still wore the same common black dress, and his hair hung in simple curls on either side of his pale face; in his lace jabot sparkled a diamond of the first water; his fingers were loaded with costly rings, and upon his light cane of bamboo shone in all its native splendor, a ruby as large as a billiard-ball. He did not appear to notice me, but bowed humbly to the ladies, and begged their forgiveness for intruding himself without an invitation; being driven to San Solario, as he said, by the desire to know whether they were satisfied with the Viennese chariot and Andalusian ponies. His whole manner expressed that tender sensibility which is in such favor with the ladies of the present day. They appeared delighted to see him. The lovely princess, sweet innocence, began, in her winning way, to admire the ornaments with which the doctor was adorned. She admired the diamonds and the rings; but when she saw the ruby, she broke out in most musical laughter, and declared that it must have belonged to Gulliver's Ghlumdalclitch, for none but the queen of the giants could wear such a stone.

"O, gracious princess," said I, casting a scornful glance upon Doctor Joannes, "these stones are never worn by ladies. They are marks of distinction among the Chinese mandarins; and I do not think such a one is to be found anywhere but in the imperial treasury at Peking."

The doctor colored slightly, and his glance threatened me with revenge and ruin. But he soon turned quietly to the ladies, smiled himself at the great size of the stone, and confessed that it was this very peculiarity which had induced him to purchase it of a mandarin, who had left Rio Janeiro this very afternoon.

I was obliged to acknowledge that he had extricated himself from the difficulty well, and to leave him in peace for the present.

It was a magnificent afternoon, and the villa San Solario was a place of perfect enchantment. All the public gardens and squares in Gelnhaus and Heidelberg, were as common linen to cashmere, compared with San Solario. In Gelnhaus, if I chanced to hear a nightingale chirp, or a cricket sing, I fell immediately into a poetical ecstasy; and here there was a whole orchestra of woodland musicians performing overtures and symphonies on the boughs of the cedars and palms, while gorgeous birds were flitting about like animated flowers.

That rascal Joannes took his place by Angelica's side, and, while the ladies were occupied with some sentimental love story, I gave myself up to my strange, wild, poetical dreaming. But I was wakened from my profound reverie by the sharp tones of the duchess. "Have you another attack, my lord marquis?" said she; "you indulge in strange reveries. Why do you not listen to the exquisite story which the doctor is relating to us—it would melt a heart of stone. But you are so buried in thought, that you hear not a word of it; and if we did not pardon much to the weakness of your nerves, we should really be offended." The doctor looked at me with the most impudent malice, and the princess Angelica smiled strangely, as if she suspected that I was not all right in my mind, or that I was an unrefined sort of person, who had yet to learn how to conduct himself toward people of rank; but I collected myself, and said, "These affecting stories have an injurious effect upon my nerves, it is true, and the physicians have

forbidden me to listen to them. Even in early childhood my nurse's tales always affected me strangely, and the story of a doctor who journeyed through the air upon a fiery dog, to visit the Emperor of China, or rather his treasury, made such an impression upon me, that it always seems to me as if it had really occurred only yesterday."

Now, it was my time to stare maliciously at the doctor. Astonishment, rage, and curiosity were painted in his countenance. He had a hard struggle to prevent a self-betrayal; the veins in his forehead swelled fearfully, his cheeks glowed, and his eyes would have killed me if they could. But he recovered his composure again before the ladies noticed his confusion, and became just as interestingly pale as before—gentle and retiring as a young maiden, who is just entering the gay world; he coincided with them in their observations upon the beautiful country, and especially praised the situation of the villa, and the plan upon which the grounds were laid out.

This pleased the duchess—for the plans were her own.

We had now reached a spot where the whole beauty of the park and the surrounding country was spread out before us; but so oppressive were the rays of the evening sun, that it was almost impossible to remain for a moment in contemplation of the glorious landscape. The duchess declared that she would erect a public pavilion here, which should enable people to enjoy the charming scene without, undisturbed by the burning heat.

"In the meanwhile, I can assist you for the moment, with a little piece of chemical art," said Joannes, very gently, as he detained the ladies. "It were a pity not to remain here until evening, and enjoy all the beauties of the sunset." With these words he opened a box, which he took from his pocket. I regarded it curiously, but could discover nothing but common snuff. With a solemn air he scattered a few grains of the brown dust in a semicircle on the ground; and, lo!—in a moment—roses and jessamines, vines and fig-trees, peach-trees and dwarf-palms sprouted up from the earth. They soon grew to a convenient height, and then arched themselves overhead in a roof, the green of which was charmingly relieved by many gay-colored flowers. But the doctor performed even more than he promised. With the arbor, there appeared also luxuriant ottomans, and an elegant table, upon which were crystal dishes, filled with the most delicious *confitures*, and glasses of lemonade and almond milk. The ladies appeared entirely satisfied with every thing; were not much surprised, and were very glad that the knowledge of natural magic had been carried so far, because it permitted one so easily to serve a friend in time of need.

I was vexed, and another cutting remark was upon my tongue, when an unexpected sight filled me with sweet memories of my home upon the Rhine, and excited my appetite. The arbor had borne fruits. Juicy figs and magnificent peaches were seen among the dark green leaves; but, better than all, there was the genuine fruit of Rhineland—the delicious grape. My heart leaped up within me, and I could scarcely refrain from singing—

"The Rhine, the Rhine, 'tis there our vines are blooming."

"Does it please you, most honored friend?" asked the doctor, with extreme politeness, as he pointed to the rich, full bunches. "Pluck them yourself, while I wait upon the ladies. You will find them of the finest species, and just in the right state for eating."

I could not withstand him. I plucked and eat—and the more I eat the greater became my hunger for them. Oh! how my spirits warmed, as I tasted the well-known Rutland grape, the Orleans, Riesling, Traminer, and the delicious, cooling Muscatel. The world around me vanished, and this fruit of the Rhine was—for the moment—life and love. A loud laugh from the ladies and the doctor awoke me from my dream of delight. Amazed, I looked up and around. Angelica pointed maliciously to the stripped vines, and I saw, to my horror, that I had eaten all the fruit, and that I was just stretching out my hand for the last grape upon the arbor. I was deeply mortified, but in the next moment my mortification was changed into dismay. What had I done? How could I have so forgotten myself as to enjoy the fruits of the witchcraft of my rival: I was—if not poisoned—at least bewitched. He gazed at me maliciously; and as he laughed contemptuously, the wicked fire that he had stolen from hell darted from his eyes.

"What is the matter, my lord?" began the duchess, who must have noticed the change in my manner and countenance. "Are you bewitched? Are you going to have another attack?"

"How bewitched? What attack?" cried I, almost beside myself. "We—all three—your gracious highness, the heavenly Angelica, and I—I, the Marquis Della Mostarda, are bewitched by the devil's arts and a cursed dog. Doctor Joannes will lure on our poor souls into the power of his poodle, with Nüremburg gingerbread, delicious confectionary, and magic fruit. But his power reaches not to me—I am under mightier protection."

I rushed away, and directed my steps toward the shadiest part of the garden. "What a pity that the poor man suffers from such attacks," I heard the duchess say behind me. "What a pity," echoed the princess, sweetly. But the doctor was well content that I had left the field clear for him.

CHAPTER VI.

In the shady palm-forest, I walked wildly up and down. What was the use, to me, of my wondrous gifts, if this doctor, with his witchcraft, always contrived to humble me, and to obliterate from the minds of the ladies all that I might effect by my gold and rich presents. I could no longer spare him. The duke and duchess were worthy, God-fearing people; and Angelica went every day to mass, and every week to confession. They should know who they were entertaining as a friend—who was luring their lovely daughter on to her destruction. But what could I adduce against him? That he had

journeyed to China upon a poodle-dog, and there stolen money and precious stones from the emperor's treasury? Good Heavens! If I had advanced such a statement Angelica would have looked suspiciously at me, and the duchess would have felt my pulse, and anxiously asked—"Are your nerves again excited? Is this a fresh attack, my lord?" No, no; nothing was to done in this way. Only some mighty blow at his credit could free me from my rival. How was it, that from the depths of my soul I seemed to hear a distinct voice, saying—"You know well both him and his poodle; bethink yourself where you have seen them before; he is a person of distinction, well known throughout Europe." But I thought until my head ached, and could remember nothing. Suddenly, a plan occurred to me, which would put an end to all my embarrassment. Was not the doctor occupied at this moment in creating arbors for the ladies—and was not his poodle sitting upon the coach-box, whistling Caspar's song from Der Freischütz? Could I not instantly repair to the doctor's studio, and procure proofs of his dealings with the evil one?

No sooner thought than done. I set my cap more firmly upon my head, and in the next moment I was sitting in the doctor's studio, surrounded by the most ordinary articles of furniture and dress. The papers upon the table were of no consequence, but the handwriting appeared to me remarkable. The ancient form of the letters, and the various flourishes with which they were adorned, belonged to the Middle Ages. I stepped up to another table, upon which lay several books and a map.

"He loves reading," thought I: "from the reading in which a man delights, one can easily discover the bent of his mind; and perhaps he has made marginal notes which will betray him, and afford sure proofs of his guilt." The first book that I opened was the earliest edition of Faust—it was the merest fragment; and nowhere through the book could I find a scrap of writing except at the end, where, in red ink, in the doctor's easily-recognized handwriting, was the single word, "good." Did this word refer only to the masterly genius of Goethe, or did it characterize the escape of Faust from his well-merited punishment; an escape which probably filled the doctor with hope that he also might continue unharmed in his league with the Evil One. I opened another book: it was another edition of the same work, with the same blood-red "good" at the end. It was the same with every book that I could find—nothing but Faust, with the same comment at the end. In the latest edition, however, where Faust and Mephistophiles leave Margaret in prison, in the last scene, there was a distinctly-written "very good" at the end.

This "very good" made the strangest impression upon me. At last I lighted upon a handsomely bound book, which proved to be an edition of the admirable drawings with which Ramberg has illustrated Goethe's great work. As I held this book in my hand I had the distinct impression that the riddle was about to be solved—and so it proved. Was I dreaming?—No. In the first picture upon which I cast my eyes, I recognized in Faust and his Demon Doctor Joannes—my rival, the wooer of the heavenly Angelica—and his hateful poodle, who was now figuring as coachman to the Duke of Silvio Cremonio. My glimmering recollection became a living picture; and I understood well, why the doctor had defied the demon dog—"because the old fellow in Weimar had not completed him." And because he was as yet only a fragment—because M. von Goethe had delayed his conclusion he was permitted to live in the world, and make me and my Angelica miserable. I would write to Weimar, to M. von Goethe, instantly, and represent to him the dreadful consequences of his delay. No—it were much better, by virtue of my cap, to present myself before him, and plead my own cause in *propriâ persona*.

But now the most tormenting fears took possession of me. I seemed to hear in the distance Angelica's cry for help, and the shrill tones of her mother entreating my aid. O, Goethe, Faust, and Mephistophiles! I feared the worst. In a flash I was at San Solario. The coach was no longer there; and the old gardener informed me that, at the approach of evening, the ladies had returned to town, accompanied by Doctor Joannes. I still seemed to hear Angelica's cry for help, and the entreaties of her mother. A moment more, and I stood in the door-way of the palace of Silvio Cremonio; and, looking into the court, saw the direst confusion reigning everywhere. Footmen were running hither and thither with burning torches, and I heard Angelica's name pronounced in tones of pity, and the doctor's accompanied with curses. I pressed through the bewildered crowd, rushed up the marble steps, and into the drawing-room. There stood the stout old duke, who came toward me with outstretched arms, but unable to articulate a word. The duchess came also; and with the rage of a lioness robbed of her young in her face and manner seized my hand, and said—

"O, welcome, marquis; more welcome now than ever. Angelica has been torn from us by that demon doctor. You warned us, but I was foolishly deaf to your warnings! O, help us; for you, too, possess the most wonderful natural gifts—else, where could you have procured the beautiful jewels and rich lace!"

"Torn from you by the doctor?" cried I, almost frantic. "Is it possible that this miserable villain, who only exists in print and copperplates, has dared to carry off a Brazilian princess?"

"Dared it before my very eyes!" replied the duchess. "He was this afternoon, as you saw, extremely polite, and more charmingly pale than ever. He assisted me into the coach; but when Angelica was about to enter he flung to the door, seized her, and seating himself with her upon the box, drove through the streets in the wildest manner. Just the other side of the city gates the horses reared, snorted fire, and something like a fiery chariot bore away the doctor, Angelica, and the coachman to the east, where they vanished in that thunder-cloud that you see there."

"There I recognize *Faust!*" I cried. "This driving off in flames is an old trick of his; but he shall not long rejoice over his beautiful prey. In a few moments, I will restore Angelica to your arms; you will again be a happy mother, and the princess—"

"Shall be your reward," said the lady, interrupting me. "I have seen your passion, and am convinced that your love for her is the cause of the weakness of your nerves. Bring the dear child back to us, and you shall receive the blessing of a happy mother."

"And of a happy father," added the old duke.

"Away then to the strife with the doctor and his dog!" cried I, entranced. "What is the laurel of fame, in comparison with the prize for which I strive?"

The duchess commanded the chaplain to attend in the chapel, and I put on my cap. With a wish only I was hovering in the air in the fiery car, and lightnings were quivering around, while the thunder rolled beneath me. Beside me lay fainting and motionless the dear innocent child, the graceful Angelica. She knew nothing of what was passing around her, and lay there like a careless, sleeping child.

Faust and Mephistophiles were talking together.

"On the peak of Teneriffe we will rest," said the former.

"And the marriage shall take place at Gretna Green," said the latter.

"The bride is mine," cried I, boldly; and in an instant I laid her at the feet of her parents, who were expecting us at the chapel door. As if awakening from a dream, the beautiful being lifted her head, and stroking back her curls, cast an inquiring glance around. But this was no time for explanation. The storm had broken fearfully over the palace, and the duchess foreboded danger.

"You will be happy in marriage, dear children," said she. "You, Angelica, because you will want for nothing; and you, my lord, because you will gratify every wish of hers. How much pin-money shall you allow her—a hundred thousand pistoles a year?"

"A million!" cried I, "if she is only mine." My head burned, my heart beat as though it would leap from my breast. The storm grew more fearful, the high Gothic window of the chapel was illuminated by the lightning, and the doctor's face was plainly seen, grinning frightfully in, and by his side that accursed poodle.

"Hey, hey, Gabriel Mostert!" the doctor seemed scornfully to say. "You are a sad rogue, and the devil will have you, too."

"I 'll have you, too," howled the dog, in echo.

I could not fling off the horror that seized me. The priest had now reached the place where my audible assent was necessary; I grew dizzy, and my hand clutched at the altar—a thunder-clap of indescribable violence at this moment burst from the sky—the light of the tapers threatened to be extinguished. All grew dim before my eyes. Then, like shadows, the forms of Van Delpt and Fleury rose up as marriage-witnesses near the altar; the priest, the ducal parents, the princely bride, and the whole retinue dwindled away into infinite littleness, and then into nothing. The marble pillars of the chapel sunk into the earth—the lofty dome bowed down, and became a common ceiling, and out of the dimness gradually appeared, before my uncertain sight, the red interior of the—opium-booth, in Bujukdire, and a row of slumbering Turks against the walls. My two friends, Van Delpt and Fleury, were standing before me, shaking me roughly by the arms and shoulders, in order to bring me entirely to myself.

"Every thing has its time," said the cook, with melancholy phlegm, "and you must now abdicate. Your sleep was rather restless at the last, and so we awaked you. I was very happy, I assure you, as William Benkels, but all earthly happiness is a dream, and the dream vanishes like a vapor."

"What do you mean?" cried I, without understanding him. "Where is my charming Angelica? Where's my purse? Where's my wishing-cap? I 'm not here, I 'm in Brazil—in Rio Janiero."

"Nothing but a dream," cried M. Fleury. "You swallowed opium as well as we, *mon cher*, and so you've had heavenly dreams. But that is all over; be quiet now, my good fellow, and we 'll have some strong coffee; that will prevent disagreeable consequences."

Pale, and trembling in all my limbs, with the assistance of my friends I reached Van Delpt's room, where we spent the night in drinking strong coffee, and relating the glories of which we had dreamed.

While I pen these lines to while away the time, I am in quarantine at Trieste—an excellent provision against the plague, but very disagreeable is it to be detained as a suspicious person. But my time will soon be over. I shall hasten on the wings of love to little Kate, the burgomaster's daughter.

As to my business in Constantinople, it all ended happily. The Mufti, Reis-Effendi, and all the other dignitaries of the Sublime Porte, settled their accounts before the Ramazan; and Messrs. Steinlein & Son were as well satisfied with the balance, as I was with the commission that fell to my share; by means of which I shall set up a shop, with a good stock of *Crêpe de Chine* and other fashionable articles, as well as veritable *Eau de Cologne*. My arms are stretched out toward my home, and my heart laughs to greet it; and in the new ledger of my life stand entered in golden letters—"Little Katy for ever."

THE TUTOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. M. A. FORD.

On a calm, but very clouded summer evening, I entered a beautiful valley, bordering on the Juniata river, from which I had been absent nearly three years. Many of my happiest days had been spent amidst its rural shades and warm-hearted people. One, whom all the neighborhood held in veneration, had been my tutor during several years of my youth, and in the family circle under his roof, my heart had found much to contribute to its enjoyments. His two sons filled the places of brothers to one who had none, and their young sister, lovely and modest as the violet of the valley, had won a yet dearer title to my affection. Nearly three years seemed a long time to pass far from these associations, but I had spent it in acquiring a profession on which would depend my future advancement in life, and was now hastening to revisit the valley, and receive from her venerable father the hand of my gentle Linda.

How often during the bright and beautiful days which had hitherto favored my journey, the joyful anticipation of the warm welcome which would greet my return, came with gushing fullness over my heart.

After leaving the stage on the public road, I had hired a horse, and entered a lane leading, through embowering woods, to that portion of the valley which contained the endeared home of other days. In the lightness of my heart I sang catches of songs as my horse gayly bore me along the well-remembered road. But night came on while I was yet in the thick forest, with a mantle darker than usual. Heavy clouds veiled the scene around, and as the gloom increased, my meditations assumed a more serious nature. I might lose the way, and my horse was a stranger to it. The few stars visible gave so little light through the foliage of the woods, that the track soon became undefined. The silence of this darkness was not broken by the night-wind which seemed to have died on its winged way. Thus circumstanced, it was more prudent to proceed slowly.

Was that a footstep? Did not the underwood rustle as if parted by something passing through it? I looked around, but saw nothing amidst the deep gloom, when suddenly the reins were snatched from my hand, and an attempt made by some one to drag me from the horse. I had just time to draw and fire a pistol, a groan followed the discharge, and the strong arm that had grasped me loosed its hold, while a person fell heavily to the ground. Giving my horse the spur, I was soon borne out of the wood.

On reaching the open country and looking back, I saw no one, but hastily resumed my journey.

It was the hour of retiring to rest, when the welcome light from the window of the Grange, the Mr. Milton, met my view. How eagerly I dismounted and hurried across the lawn in front of the mansion. My hand was on the latch of the door, the next moment it was opened, and I felt myself pressed to the heart of my kind old tutor, to whom a letter had announced my coming. As we entered the parlor another form approached, a little hand was clasped in mine, and Linda, covered with blushes and looking more lovely than ever, faltered my welcome. Late as was the hour, they had yet waited supper for me, and we sat down with hearts too full of joyful emotions to do justice to the bountiful supply of the table.

Although my cup of happiness was so full, the strange and unpleasant adventure in the forest shared my thoughts, and the uncertainty of the fate of my assailant pressed rather heavily on one whose habits had always been peaceful. The scene of the encounter was not more than four miles from the Grange.

And yet I delayed informing those so interested in my welfare of the occurrence, partly because their earnest inquiries related to the period of my absence, and I would not interrupt the first gushings of joy and tenderness by any thing unpleasant.

"And where are my friends James and Ernest?" I asked, for their vacant chairs were placed at the table.

Some one entering the door behind me, covered my eyes playfully with his hands; I caught those hands, and turned to embrace my early fellow student and warm-hearted friend James, who had waited until my meeting with his sister was over, and now poured out the frank greeting of his kind and generous nature.

"But where is Ernest to share our happiness?" he inquired. "What can detain him to this late hour? He rode out this evening to meet you, Charles, and I expected to see him with you."

"I regret I did not meet him. There is another road to meet the stage route, perhaps he took that."

"Oh no, he went by the same which you traveled. It is strange you did not see him."

As James spoke, he directed a look of anxious inquiry toward his father, who sighed, and turning to me, said "Ernest has caused me much pain lately He is sadly altered."

I looked surprised, but he did not explain, and the silence of the next few minutes left me to ponder on his words.

Ernest altered!—the studious, mild, spiritual Ernest? How altered?—in what way? It could not be favorably, for he had already been my standard of excellence, and in my enthusiastic admiration he could rise no higher. Was it for the worse? Heaven forbid! Yet some years had passed since we

parted, and, alas! for changeful man, even Ernest might have fallen into error.

In his continued absence the time seemed slowly and anxiously to pass away. Linda rose to retire, and as I pressed her hand in saying "good-night," I observed a look of sadness, and a starting tear had changed the expression of her sweet face. As had always been her custom from childhood, she knelt for her father's blessing, and when his venerable hand, pressed on the rich clusters of her dark brown hair, and "God bless you, my child," came from his lips, she earnestly added, "And may he protect my brother from all danger."

I could not help sharing the general anxiety, and felt more unwilling to impart to them the late encounter in the wood, lest it should increase their fears for the safety of Ernest. Yet what enemy had he? and the road leading to his home would be plain to him on the darkest night. But I might with the same reason ask, What enemy had I? And who was my assailant? If a highwayman, he would have demanded my purse.

As I turned on my pillow after retiring to the chamber alloted to me, I vainly sought repose. The journey of the day had been a long and weary one, although supported by the joyous anticipations of a buoyant spirit: tired I felt, but not sleepy, for a strange feeling of uncertainty and anxiety was now upon me, which was not relieved by the murmur of voices in the next apartment. My chamber, which was the same I had occupied in boyhood, was only separated from the next by a wooden partition, so common in country houses, and what was spoken there, even in a low voice, could be heard with a little attention by me. Shall I confess this attention was not wanting on my part? For the first time in my life I listened willingly to the communications of others not intended for my ear. My conscientious scruples were quieted by the reflection that long-existing ties bound me to the interests of the family, and besides, was I not about to unite myself to its dearest member, and had I not something like a brother's right to learn what were the sorrows or troubles of Ernest, whose name was more than once spoken in the subdued but agitated voice of my venerated old friend, his father, whose chamber I knew adjoined mine. My name was also mentioned, and regret expressed by James that he had not confided in me and entered into an explanation. This certainly exonerated me from all blame in eaves-dropping, and I listened without dreading the admonitions of my inward monitor.

"I will share your pillow to-night, my dear father," said James, "for I fear you cannot sleep."

"As you please, my dear son," he replied, "and surely we have cause for alarm. Oh! Ernest, Ernest, you whom I thought by intellectual culture and literary acquirements to place above the trials and troubles of this world, that after all you should act so rashly."

"Nay, my dear father, I trust nothing wrong has happened. My brother received a note just before his departure; but I do not know that it was from Bertha. It is true his love for her is most fervent, and another insult from Durell would arouse him almost to frenzy."

Here they spoke so low I could not connect the words, but "encounter—revenge—insult—Bertha—attack—ride—chastise"—and others as strange met my ear.

And who was Bertha? I now recollected a lovely girl of some fourteen summers, that bore that name, and at the time I left the valley, resided with her widowed mother in a neat cottage about three miles from the Grange. The name was an unusual one, unlike the simple appellations of her neighbors, and it is one of the pleasing effects of the settlement of our country by colonists from so many different nations, that some of the wildly beautiful names brought from other lands may still be heard in the deep shadows of our valleys, on the rugged brow of the mountain, by the gush of the waterfall, or in the flower-studded prairies of the West. To this also, may be attributed the varied style of beauty in our land which travelers have remarked.

There is no true standard of American loveliness; the blonde, the brunette; the eye soft as the gazelle or bright as the glancing meteor: features so differently moulded, some full of commanding dignity, others replete with

Forms rounded into the freshness of a Hebe, or delicate and graceful as the tendrils of the vine. Figures, tall and majestic in their proportions, or small and fairy-like in their beauty. Each have their peculiar charm: but I have digressed too far, and must return to the scenes of that distressing night.

Bertha was now no longer a child, but a beautiful woman, and had taken possession of the heart of my friend Ernest, in defiance of the nine Muses, and all the brilliant array of classic dames and ancient heroines with which study had stored his memory. How relieved I felt to know that this was the change which had come over him; how unjust it was to his merits to suspect for a moment that he could act unworthily. But he had a rival and might be in danger, and again I listened; when what was my dismay and horror to hear the father and brother express their fears that he had attacked his insolent rival, and been injured in the contest. My heart beat as if it would have burst from my breast. What if my friend had in the darkness mistaken me for this Durell. What if my unknown assailant was Ernest, and alas! what if—but I could think and listen no longer, and sank back on my pillow, with an intense feeling of agony it is impossible to describe.

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Recovering myself by a strong effort, I sprang from the bed and hastily threw on my clothes. I believe my intention was to rush out of the house, and seek in the forest the relief or confirmation of my fears.

The noise I made drew the attention of James, who soon entered the chamber. He was not undressed, yet seemed surprised to find me up.

"Why are you rising, Charles? It is yet two hours before day,"

I could not answer for some moments. At last I faltered out,

"I have overheard your conversation with your father, and like yourselves, must feel unhappy."

"My dear friend," he cried, "I wish we had explained all to you before. My anxiety about Ernest will not allow me to sleep. I will arouse the gardener to go with me in search of him, and would have done so before, but knowing my brother's sensitive and delicate feelings, I feared if he was safe he might be displeased."

"I will accompany you," I replied, "do not awaken Richard."

"No, no, you are not well, Charles. How you shake. Why, you are as pale as ashes. Richard can go, for my father will not let me venture alone."

Still I persisted in following him down stairs, and with cautious footsteps we passed Linda's door; but our care was useless, it was ajar, and a light burning on the table. Her brother looked in, Linda was not there, but on re-entering the passage we caught a glimpse of her form leaning from a window at the extreme end, and gazing out on the road.

She started as we approached, and an exclamation rather of distress than alarm broke from her—"My brother! my Ernest!"

"Be calm, dear sister," said James; "I am going to seek him. He may have gone to the next town, and the night being dark, his friends have detained him until morning."

"Alas! I cannot hope this," said Linda; "for Ernest would not willingly give pain and anxiety to our father. I fear some evil has befallen him." And she burst into tears.

I could not approach to soothe her anguish, for her words were torture to my heart, as I accused myself of being the cause of all this distress.

"Are you going, too, Charles?" she inquired, raising her tearful eyes to mine. Before I could answer, the voice of Mr. Milton called me, and I hastened to his chamber. He was sitting up in bed, and the painful anxiety of the last few hours had visibly affected his usually healthy appearance. His had been a green old age, so beautiful in its gradual decline, but now his features appeared sharp, and his face very pale.

"Charles," said he, "I can scarcely tell you how wretched I feel. You cannot comprehend the reality of our alarm, as you know so little of the circumstances that cause it. In a few words, then, I will inform you. Ernest loves and is beloved. A stranger, without character, came lately into the neighborhood, and struck with the beauty of Bertha (whose sweet childhood you must remember) has rudely pressed his attendance on her when walking, and intruded frequently into her mother's dwelling. Finding his suit rejected, and hearing of Bertha's engagement to my son, he has spoken of him in the most insulting manner, and Ernest, learning his inexcusable conduct, has forbidden him ever to enter the cottage again. To this he has only returned insolent language, and perseveres in his annoyance when my son is absent. Ernest, naturally so mild, is now quite changed, and has threatened him with chastisement. The note received by my son I fear conveyed the knowledge of some fresh intrusion on our sweet Bertha, and we dread his meeting this insolent stranger again. In riding through the forest he may have crossed his path, and been provoked to chastise him, and in the struggle may have received some fatal injury from one so devoid of principle and honor. And now, do you not think we have great cause for alarm at the continued absence of Ernest?"

I was too agitated to answer, and he continued:

"My kind Charles, I knew how deeply you would sympathise in our feelings Ernest ought to have met you at the stage, and returned with you. This would have prevented any collision with his foe. Oh! why did he not do so? My dear, my unhappy son!" and tears coursed his venerable cheeks.

Linda and James had followed me to the chamber, and now hastened to soothe and console him with hopes that cheered not their own hearts. Suddenly he addressed me again with startling energy:

"Why do you not speak, Charles? Can you suggest nothing to comfort me? Was all silent in the forest as you passed through, or did you hear a noise? I adjure you by your hopes of heaven to answer me! Do not fear my weakness. The great Being who sustains my age will not forsake me now."

I had advanced to the bedside, and sinking down, buried my face in the covering. The truth was on my lips, struggling for utterance—but could I thus destroy all their hopes, brand myself as the murderer of Ernest, and be separated from Linda forever? I sprang, in the energy of despair, to my feet.

"'T is madness to remain longer," I exclaimed, clasping my hands in agony, "we are losing time; come, come. Oh, wretched me!"

"He is beside himself," cried Linda, in a voice of terror; "speak to him, James."

I was rushing from the room, when he intercepted me.

"Stay one moment, dear Charles, I will go immediately. Linda, support our father. Alas! I fear my friend has heard or seen something in that forest that makes his alarm even greater than ours. Heaven grant we may be in time to save my brother."

I broke from him and ran along the passage, he followed, and swift as lightning we descended the staircase. By this time the housemaid and gardener were aroused, and running from opposite directions, increased the confusion. James gave the necessary orders, and assisted Richard to saddle the horses, when we hastily mounted, and attended by him, galloped toward the woods I had so lately entered with such different feelings.

As we moved silently and swiftly along, the gray dawn began to appear in the east, but the increasing light cheered not my oppressed heart, for I dreaded its revealings.

How often in my happy youth, before I left the

valley, had I watched with delight the gradual unfolding of the landscape, as the magic glances of the dawn lighted the rock, the hill, the wood, or when it mounted higher, heralding the glorious sun, and reflecting its rosy hues on the waters of the Juniata. Young life, with its dewy freshness, joyed in that which was congenial to its feelings, but how little suited to the darkness within me now; I almost shrank from the playful breeze that fanned my cheek.

As we entered the deeply shadowed wood I dreaded to look forward. Would I see the pale form of Ernest, fallen by my rashness, for worse than rashness it now appeared to me? Why did I fire so suddenly? If I had grappled with the person who attempted to drag me from the horse, I might have overcome without fatally injuring him. Had I spoken one word, the sound of my voice would have convinced Ernest of his mistake. But to reason thus was now useless, and only added to my anguish.

"Charles," said James, in a low agitated voice, "what is that beneath yonder oak?"

One plunge of my horse brought me to the object; a white handkerchief, stained with blood, lay on the spot which I thought must be that of last night's assault.

I raised it quickly, exclaiming—"Thank God! he is not here!"

James could not understand my feelings, and replied—"True, but whose is that blood? Oh! if it is my brother's he may have been dragged away!"

Alas! I knew too well I had left him there, but hope dawned in my breast. The wound had not been immediately fatal—he might be alive—might yet live long to bless his family, and to forgive me. Hope made me strong again. We searched every thicket around, and then hastened toward the main road. A lane on the right led to the little village, near which Bertha resided. We turned into it, and in a short time the cottage was in view; its lowly roof almost hid by overhanging branches from the trees around it.

The distressed James hurried me on, in the hope of hearing something to relieve our anxiety. We soon reached the gate, and springing from our horses, entered the little flower-garden in front. Although the sun had not yet risen, the sound of footsteps passing rapidly through the house was distinctly heard. Presently two persons, who appeared to be neighbors, came hastily out of the door to meet us.

"Is the doctor with you?" inquired one of them.

"What doctor? Who is injured?" exclaimed James, rushing past them into the house.

I followed him, trembling in every limb. Several persons were in the room we entered, but I saw but one—and what a sight was that?

Stretched on a bed, lay a tall form motionless. The face was turned toward the wall, but the pale hands were white as the counterpane. With a cry of agony and grief, James threw himself on his knees by its side. I saw no more, for nature gave way, and I sunk on the floor in a state of insensibility.

. . . . . .

When restored to perfect consciousness, I found myself lying on a sofa in a small parlor. The window shutters were half closed to exclude the light.

"Where am I?" I exclaimed, attempting to rise, but a gentle hand prevented me, and turning I saw a lady, advanced in life, but with a most benignant countenance, who had been watching by my couch. It was the mother of Bertha, the widow of an American officer.

"Be composed, sir," she said, "we have all suffered much anxiety on your account, and your friend Ernest would not leave the house until assured you were in no danger."

"Ernest!" I exclaimed, "is he alive? Oh, Heaven be praised!"

"He is alive and well," she replied, with some surprise; "but now I recollect that you and his brother were both shocked by supposing the wounded person was Ernest. It was the stranger who has so constantly annoyed us, and yet we regret he is hurt. He had only fainted from loss of blood when you entered the room, but has been shot in the leg, and probably will be lame through life."

It is impossible to describe the sudden and joyful change in my feelings. I thought not of the stranger, but of Ernest my friend, the brother of my Linda, restored to us safe and well. How the happiness of my overcharged heart struggled for utterance at my lips, but I could not speak it, and having listened almost breathlessly to the recital of the lady, now rose once more from the sofa. But again she stayed my steps.

"Listen to me a moment longer," she said. "Your friend Ernest after leaving the Grange last evening to meet you stopped here, and this delay prevented him from arriving at the stage-road until too late to see you, but he learned that you had proceeded on horseback toward his father's residence, more than an hour before. Thick clouds shadowed the sky, and it was dark and late when he returned through the forest, when his attention was arrested by the groans of some person. Hastily alighting, and following the sounds, he discovered this man wounded, and having raised him with some difficulty, he placed him on the horse, and brought him here as the nearest house. But Ernest has since been arrested on suspicion of wounding him, although we all know he is innocent. His brother has gone with him and the officers of the law to the next town."

"Do not detain me a moment," I exclaimed, "Ernest is innocent! It was I who, in self-defense, shot at Durell, who attacked me in the forest last night, no doubt mistaking me in the darkness for my friend."

The party with Ernest had been gone but a short time, and were soon overtaken by one of the neighbors, when they immediately returned to the cottage, and I, certainly the happiest of the group, with a face too full of truth to be doubted, told my story, which entirely exonerated Ernest, and myself too. The officers then departed, and a surgeon having examined and bandaged the limb of Durell, who had only received a flesh wound, he appeared so mortified and chagrined at his mistake and exposure, and

so anxious to leave the cottage, that it was thought best to remove him on a litter to the village inn. He soon recovered, and one morning made an early departure, leaving his bill to be paid by me. Subsequently we learned he was a gambler, and had probably sought the seclusion of the valley to evade the pursuit of the law. But enough of him.

What a joyous party returned to the Grange, to which Richard had been dispatched at an early hour, to relieve the anxiety of Linda and her father. Bertha, whose beauty had wrought all our past trouble, accompanied us, but I scarcely looked at her, as she rode by the side of Ernest, for I could for some time think only of him, and surprised my friend very often by the tight pressure I gave his hand whenever I could reach it.

On our arrival at the Grange, I explained the cause of the distress and anxiety I had shown there on the night before, and oh! how sincerely my heart joined in the pious and simply beautiful thanks to God, from the lips of my old tutor, as we surrounded his hospitable board. How truly I felt that a benign and overruling Providence alone could bring joy out of sorrow.

Years have passed since then, years of happiness with Linda, but the memory of that night and morning can never be effaced from my mind. Yet it has taught me a grateful dependence on the Giver of all good, and one of the earliest lessons learned by the little happy group who call us parents, was to look on the bright side of life, and never imagine sorrows which may have no reality.

AMBITION.

BY RUFUS WAPLES.

Aurora smiles! the sun is on the sea!
  Angels are painting pictures in the sky;
Eolian breezes warble wild and free,
  Singing the infant giant's lullaby.
He comes to bless; he smiles to beautify:
  But lately laving in a sea of glory,
New-born, new-crowned, he reigns a prince on high,
  With brightness god-like and with mission holy,
The brilliant hero of a day's brief story.

Sun of the Morn! in gilded car ascend;
  Give gold to dew-drops; silver to the spring;
Thy light and heat harmoniously blend,
  The earth to gladden in thy journeying.
Eagle of heaven! outspread thy glorious wing—
  Onward—and upward! higher yet—and higher!
Ambition's hero, day's unrivaled king—
  Millions of mortals see thee to admire,
The prince of planets wrapped in robe of fire!

Enthroned, exalted, beautifully grand!
  Clothed in a mantle of effulgent light;
Crowned by the eternal King of kings, whose hand
  Arrays in majesty each satellite—
Courtiers that dance around thee with delight;
  A band of guardians ever watching o'er thee,
Beaming with thy own beauty through the night,
  Veiling their faces when they come before thee,
Like Gheber worshipers when they adore thee.

Sun of the Noon! thy highest good is won!
  The zenith of the heavens is thy throne!
In all his pride the "Man of Macedon"
  Ne'er ruled an empire mighty as thine own,
Stretching from shore to shore, from zone to zone!
  Thy frown can wither and thy smile create—
Thou goest forth companionless—alone!
  Thou sittest like a god in royal state:—
Was ever seen so great a potentate?

Behold, great monarch, thy declining reign!
  Ambition bade thee over all to tower:
Full was thy fame! Alas! 't was doomed to wane—
  To fade like meteor glare or summer flower!
'T was thus great Cæsar gloried in his power,
  Till Rome was startled by his funeral knell:
Thus Cromwell shone, the starlet of an hour:
  And thus Napoleon rose—and thus he fell!
List, Phœbus! hearest thou the vesper bell?

Sun of the Eve! thy sceptre is departed!
  Clouds come as kinsmen round thy dying bed:
But whilst they gaze as mourners broken-hearted,
  They wrap them in thy royal robe of red;
They steal thy golden crown from off thy head—
  Ay, pluck thy locks and soil thy silver sheen!
The heavens with bonfires the glad tidings spread,
  "Sol is no more, and Cynthia is queen!"
Earth shouts "Glad tidings!" happy at the scene.

Glad tidings? Yes, the sun was merciless—
  He withered flowers—he parched the prairie plain!
With Galileo many now confess
  His character was not without a stain.
Of spots upon his visage they complain
  Who late extolled his brightness to the skies;
And thousands censure his declining reign
  Who sang "*Excelsior!*" when they saw him rise.
Thus lives Ambition's hero—thus he dies!

SONG.

Tears for the weary,
  Smiles for the gay:
Hearts that are dreary
  Dream far away.
Vows have been broken—
  Tears have been shed—
Love's gentle token
  Lies withered and dead.

Dead and forsaken!
  O leave me alone!
I would not awaken
  The memories gone.
Then utter no whisper—
  Breathe not a sigh—
Like evening's last vesper
  Affection must die.

O. J. V.

GANGA.

BY D. WILLIAMS.

STILL flows the Ganges the mightiest of Eastern waters! As erst it flowed when rocking the cradle of our common humanity with its green waves—laving the shores whence issued all our race—as like the Heraclean boy it fought and conquered in its tossing cot rolling on the Ganges' breakers, all hydras which would smother its birth and growth, so do its descendants turn with affection to their natal stream, like the returning Heraclidæ to Greece of old. How rich in scenes of human joy and wo—how replete with the misty *veddahs*—how full of the corpses of India's children, sacrificed to its beatific current, rolls the ancient river, its banks green with the growth of ages, with tropic vegetation stretching its umbrageous arms like huge *antennæ* over the waters of many colors, as they borrow their dolphin-hues from the thousand suns dipped in its waves, from the multifold reflections of the hoary Himmalayeh. And still its fertile flow marks no flight of time or change in the religion of its children. Still wanders the Brahmin, continent and secluded, on its banks, and offers his all to the three-fold Divinity. The air whispering its light *susurrus* amid the purple and scarlet flowers that form the home of the humming-birds, whirring in their sweet-laden journey like the home-coming bees of Hybla—the ripple of the foaming tide as the lily-tops bow to its inspired influence—the song of the mourning mother as she strips her child for the sacrifice, commune with the mighty Bramah, and repeat the tales of Seeva. And the darkness comprehends it. . . . . .

"O Ganges," rose the wail of the mother, "ever beneficent as when thou sprangest gushing in maiden purity from the front of Sivah, as kind as when thou visitedest this our chosen land, scattering blessings on every hand, receive now in thy divine bosom—the last, greatest offering of a mother's heart, and bear it gently on to happiness." She ceased; no sound but the swaying of the forest-boughs met the ear. Hush! there is a plash, a feeble cry, a dark object floating slowly down the stream! It is the sacrifice. Will it, must it perish, that fair, fragile image of its Maker? Is there no hand to save it? Naught human—naught but the spirit ever-watching. Look! it does not sink, it rests on the broad-leaved lotus, and passes slowly out of the shade of the banks and down the whitening current. Fragrant lilies, with sustaining leaves and petals uphold it from the yawning waters, even as the reedy Nile with conscious wave upheld the destined prophet. As Moses on the sacred stream was saved for future good, so was the infant on the rolling Ganges. Gently floating on its flowery bark, the child went down the eddying current, its soft Indian features upturned to the silver moon-beams, and the stars in the shadowy distance, now rocking fearfully over some little rapid of the stream, now circling round some green-clad point, where the pendent branches swept its cheek, the unconscious mariner floated on; and ever the kindly lotus, strengthened by the will of Bramah, extended its pressed leaves, gemmed with a thousand forms of insect life, still wider for its protection. The sweet echoes rang through the lily-cups to the vibrations of its fragrant petals. Soft melody of innocent life mingled with the voice of the waters. The good spirits sent by Bramah soothed the child now sleeping, and fanned its cheek with their breath, like the smoke of the welcome incense to the divine one. No eye saw the frail burden save Bramah's, and the holy Ganges, on whose faithful bosom it reposed. And thus they passed down the stream, undisturbed, in the gray of the morning.

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The old hermit, Nikaiyah, who, in the early twilight, pursued his devotions on the banks of the river, was making his orisons to the Ganges when the reddening water and glowing east gave tokens of the dawn. As he stooped to perform his ablutions, an object, dark upon the water, caught his eye. It was the lotus-cradle and its burden. The old man's heart was moved, and, despite the voice of religion, which forbade to rob the Ganges, he listened to the voice of nature, and with many deprecations of the divine wrath, he took up the child and carried it to his humble dwelling. There was no name for the child, and, partly as a peace-offering to the wronged divinity, he called it Ganga! He brought up the infant until its sixteenth year, though troubled by many misgivings as to the propriety of the responsibility of which he had relieved the Ganges. Here, then, the child's youth was passed in the wilderness. And she grew to be as fair as the hues of her cradle, with eyes glittering like the lotus-leaves when sparkling with the foam-fretting waves of the Ganges, as the first sunbeams strike upon the buds, and the grateful heat unfolds the flowers to the pleasant air of the morning, and the glory of floral existence. Swift passed the days of her childhood; and as gayly as the gaudy butterflies that flitted all day round her dwelling, she passed from day to day, and from object to object, in the bloom of youthful happiness. Bright as the glow-worm, when wooing his mate, was the time of her childish experience. To follow the gayly-painted parrots through the odorous groves of spices, and watch the busy dragon-flies as they chase each other among the blossoms; to bathe in the limpid stream which had kindly borne her thither, and recline on its ever-green banks,

watching the flow of the waters; these were her daily occupations, and these she pursued alone, for the old man was absorbed in devotion, and always rapt in pious contemplation. But anxious for her future welfare, he would sometimes, after they had finished their simple meal of vegetables, take her by the hand and unfold the ancient *veddahs*, or sacred records, and tell her of the Metempsychosis; tell her of the holy Trine, that threefold-unity—the Creator, the Preserver, the Destroyer; the all comprehended in Bramah, the parts in Seeva and Vishnu. How by inferior eyes it is interpreted, the earth, the generator; water, the fructifier; fire, the annihilator. How was born the Ganges, the adored one, by the beneficence of Bramah, described its primal course, and how at last,

> ——"To India's favored land
> It rolled o'er fields of nard and spicy meads,
> And won its heaven-directed way."

That the divine, the incomprehensible, heed not the rage of the evil, undisturbed by foes in sacred peace. That he who would join their presence must, for his earthly sins, in others' bodies do expiation; and after the lapse of purging ages, can alone be admitted to taste the heavenly fruit and enjoy the society of the godlike. Then, to please her maiden heart, would he narrate the tales and the sufferings of the unmarried dying, their miseries here and hereafter. And when the virgin Ganga, used to the forms of wilder nature, and remembering only her old protector, would wish to cling to her rude life in the wilderness, then, with a sigh at his own reverses, the old man would recount the ceremonies of the nuptial-feast, and gazing fondly on the Ganges-offering, pray that she might atone for all past offenses by a holy youth and a happy union. Sweet visions of the future, when he might behold his adopted at the solemn ceremony, modest, in the home of the bridegroom, kindly receiving the votive offering—the corn-crowned feast—the joyous revel, the sacred mysteries. Then recurring to the old mythology and the sacred rites, he describes the festival of the *Vasanti*, the genial goddess of the spring; when, like the bursting out of nature, the people throw away the fetters of caste and custom, and mingle in indiscriminate revelry; the rites of Sitala, the goddess of children, which the mothers celebrate on the hill-top, assembling, crowned with chaplets of roses, jessamine, and oleander, for the purposes of mirth; and the "nine days festival of flowers," sacred to Ganri, the wife of Siva, the goddess of the harvest, whence comes her golden name. That this takes place at the vernal equinox, when the matronly Ganri casts her golden mantle over the ripened beauties of the verdant Vasanti. Then nature is in perfection—the air is impregnated with *aroma*, and the crimson poppy contrasts with the spikes of golden grain to form a wreath for the beneficent Ganri. She bears the lotus in her corn-stained hands, and often the implements of death, denoting that the goddess, whose gifts sustain life, is sometimes accessory to the loss of it—thus resembling the Isis and Cybelle of the Egyptians. The corn is sown, and when it germinates, they invoke the blessing of Ganri, and bear her image in solemn procession. Then on the glassy lake the effigy is borne in boats as primitive as those which bore the Argonauts to Colchis. The rising borders of the lake swarm with devout and joyous multitudes. The fair Hindostanee, fragrant with garlands, wave their scarlet tokens, reflected from the transparent water, and chant their festal hymns. The procession winds slowly down the steep descent with the image of the benefactress, the propitious Ganri, in the centre, blazing with gold and gems, glittering in the tropic sun; the solemn music reëchoes among the narrow passes, announcing the approach of the divine one. The hoary sages bear with reverence the sacred burden. All is joy and innocent happiness. They reach the shore, passing beneath the long, black tresses of the attendant maidens, and embark with sober state to voyage around the lake. This rite performed, the sun ever shines more brightly on the harvest, and the dews descend gently on the young promise of the meadows. Ganri propitious smiles upon the undertakings of her favorite race. Ganga, then, would spring up in delight, and with sparkling eyes wish to remove from their quiet retreat and visit these brilliant festivals. Gently the old man reproaches her, and warns her of ambitious wishes. His kindly words fall as quiet and soothing on the soul of Ganga as the shades of evening on the silent leaves of the forest. But hark! from the distant jungle resounds the howl of the panther, and the muttering of the king of the beasts! The child shrinks fearful and awe-struck into the arms of her protector, as the timid leaves bow before the blast of the tempest. Faltering rose her voice as the quivering notes of the songster, when the thunder rolls in the ether, when fleeing its dread approach, she seeks her sheltered nest, her callow and expectant young. seizing the opportunity when great emotions bare the inner soul, and adapt it to softer impressions. Nikaiyah would speak of the love, the providence always waking; tell her of her perilous voyage on the Ganges, describe her preservation, and ask if she feared the wild beasts, who obeyed their master's orders. Then the old doctrine of the transmigration would glimmer on her young mind, when explained with persuasive eloquence, like the faint first twinklings of Hesperus, and with as mild and benignant an influence. She would hang upon his words with large, attentive eyes, as he told her that even the ferial nature of the wildest monster was filled by a penance-doing spirit that once had felt as she did—alas! the expiation! Therefore the pious Brahmin forbore to destroy a living thing, fearful of injuring a brother—for then would the unfortunate begin his weary pilgrimage anew. Beware, mortal, of defeating the purposes of Bramah! That to avoid or shorten this term of suffering the good man lived secluded from the world, devoting himself to the study of his own breast, and seeking to know his Creator, or subjected himself to privation, to torture, and to death, to gain the reward of martyrdom unspotted by earthly taint, unwearied by earthly

transmigration. Thus did the priests for themselves and others atoning, as did of old in Christian infancy Simon Stylites. For this had Nikaiyah shut himself up in the forest, in voluntary retirement, for a term of years which was even now expiring. Then to the mind of Ganga would come the thought of a previous life, when she might have roamed under some different form through the forest, returned by an accident to her human probation. Vague thoughts like these would steal upon her spirit, like the waves of a distant ocean, an indefinite sea of former existence, surging, rising on the memory, breaking on the shifting sands of the present; and she the storm-tost mariner struggling on the crest of the waves, ever mistaking the foaming phosphorescence of the surf for a light of friendly assistance; or if she turned to the future, that mist-shadowed nothing, she would alternate fancy herself floating smoothly on an unbroken sea, and gazing into its purple depths, sinister yet tempting; or pushing for some unknown shore, prone for great discovery. Thus is life to us all; we stand on the golden sand of an ever-changing present, listening to the echoes of the past receding with the ebbing tide among the hoarse-mouthed caverns; more often, unheeding, gaze upon the calm, open sea of the future, and, regardless of the billows that break tumultuous around us, think only of those serene hopes to come, those *halcyon* days of peace shining undimmed in times of deceptive distance.

The old man ceased. Night had fallen, and the unwholesome exhalations warned to retire from the unwholesome air—Ganga, soon wrapt in the sweet sleep of youth, lay dreaming over in ever new and magnified forms those doctrines of the Metempsychosis which Nikaiyah had explained to her. She was doomed, it seemed to her, to pass through the stages of an infinite change, and like the banyan tree, as fast as having reached a certain height she seemed to have attained perfection, and must needs bend down to take fresh root in earth. Unconscious that all this was but enlarging her soul and her sphere of good, as the banyan with fresh trunks enlarges its cool and refreshing circumference, and gives wider shelter to the weary and the oppressed. First, she was an ant, busy and careful as the proverb, toiling to increase the glory of the realm and queen; but a hostile invasion of robber tribes relieved her from that insignificant though useful existence—instantly she was rolling, a vast, glittering length, through the crackling under-brush, a gigantic boa; the angry lion, defiant to the last, retreated from those shining meshes, which slow curling in golden folds, could have hugged to death a generation of lascoons. Undisturbed monarch of the wood the monster coiled his serpentine length, glaring—O, horror! that such expression should come from Ganga's eyes—angrily at the retreating beasts. But with a pang *that* was finished—she had been struck unawares. Where was she now—how cold! how bleak!—and the feathers! A vulture on the Himmalayah peaks, looking over to the southern sea's blue on the horizon's verge—nothing but snow—where were her beautiful valleys—she could fly down, at any rate. What a sensation—to be floating in mid-air unconscious of motion, for want of a standard to measure by; passing through the variously-tinted clouds, seeing naught—the dull flapping of noiseless wings. But now the primeval forest grows green upon the vision—now she swoops at a parrot, all green and yellow, chattering on a dead bough; unconscious she is struck by the arrow of a wandering boy. Now she is happy—a nightingale, singing melodiously in harmonious concert with a thousand sisters amid the sacred grove—fair girls, with jet-black eyes and locks darker than the night, come to hear the song of the nightingales—how sweetly the evening breeze, cool from the water, soughs through the whispering branches! There is something in yonder aisle of trees!—a youth and a maiden walking under the shadows, their arms encircling each other's waist—soft hours of confidence, of fond anticipation never destined to be realized. They are just passing under the low, vine-covered sandal-tree, when the nightingale sees the leopard crouching among the branches that variegate with green his spotted sides—see the lovers, with heads mutually inclined, engaged in sweet converse—see the fierce beast, bending on the enormous machinery of his huge muscles, preparing for the spring! She will warn them—she flies rapidly to attract their attention—they are just exchanging farewells. O, Heavens! are they not eternal ones! The monster is in the act of rising on his spring—the lovers embrace—the nightingale flies with utmost, but as it seems, fruitless speed—when——

Ganga awoke to the sweet reality of a peaceful security and her quiet home upon the sacred stream. The morning sun was shining brightly. Where was her old friend? Why had he not called her at dawn to perform her matin devotions? Alas! he was sitting dejected by the door, thinking of the trusting charge he was to commit to the tender mercies of the world; for the term of his vow had expired, and he must rejoin his brethren, the Brahmins, in the ministerings and services of the temple.

Sadly they collect their little property—weary prepare for their pilgrimage. Mournfully Ganga bids farewell to her tame favorites, who, conscious as it were of the sanctity in which they held life, had congregated fearlessly around their dwelling, fed daily by the hands of the maiden. Sadly, they turn their backs upon their happy home and journey on to worldly experience. The sun's rays have scarce reached their noontide severity when they pass up the banks of the river, casting many a glance behind to the forest so long familiar; accompanied by their feathered favorites, who soon must miss the fostering care of Ganga. The river, like the course of life, ever rushing on and onward, awakens new reflections, and they heed not the voice of the birds nor the waving *arbutus* beckoning them homeward.

Years after the Ganges rolls by a ruined hut scarcely distinguishable from the rest of the forest, overgrown with green, and hung like funeral weeds with the vine and the trailing *arbutus*. Still cluster the lilies by the nurtured shore which had been

trained by the hands of childhood—no longer do they raise their expectant heads to receive the caress of the maiden—no longer do their *corymbi* deck the jetty locks of Ganga. In the brightness and joy of the morning she had come thither directed by the hand of the goddess. From that natal morn of infancy she had dwelt in innocence by the sacred stream—full of life and the glory of beauty, she had arrived at full-blown maturity. At the noon, when the sun, like her life, had reached its culmination, in the ripened noon, she departed. Anon comes the silence and darkness of evening overtaking the pair in the forest—the drama of life is advancing, and sorrows must obscure her path like the shadows from the mountains descending—like the clouds which hide the evening red and fleck the glorious sunset.

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Spirit of innate devotion! alike thou directest the rude and the cultivated, the peasant and the prince to avert at times their gaze from lower things and turn them to the Infinite Author—yet oftenest by adversity thou drawest the spirit heavenward, and by sundering the golden links of earthly affection preparest the soul with stronger wing to follow the fleeting yet much loved object—alike in every clime, in every age thy influence is acknowledged. Whether to the Roman thou breathest on the trembling leaves of the sybil; to the Greek neechest in thunder tones from the Delphic; to the Zenton floatest in the mists that shroud the northern hills, or the shore-coming waves of the Baltic—to the Dane resounds in the mighty Valhalla with the ponderous strokes of Odin; to the Copt glitters in the morning beams that gilds the sands and deserts, or to the Druid whispereat amid the foliage of the sacred oak—within the burning tropic thy power is recognized in the bountiful forms of exuberant Nature, in the wayside shrines that glisten in the forest and the vast temples that penetrate the bosom of the fruitful earth our mother.

Thus do the tropic luxuriance and the polar cold alike furnish ever new symbols for the Infinite, and by change contrast with the Eternal. The yellow glories of the fertile harvest but bear new witness to thy bounty, the pale beams of the Boreal light represent alone thy purity.

How many have fallen victims at thy shrine! victims of a mistaken zeal! Yet in India hast thou been most misrepresented. There have perished the human hecatomb yearly in thy service—there thou hast assumed those distorted forms borrowed from the visible effects in tropic nature—there have thy attributes been measured by the violent passions of thy dusky worshipers—yet, while thou hast thus sacrificed India's race, thou hast left for later eyes those striking monuments of thy power, thy temples and shrines—those stupendous fanes which though sometimes grotesque are often sublime. In India's lotus has arisen the leafy capitals of Grecian pillars. Thus is thy task not all in vain—thy bounty not all misplaced—for as the Goths have borrowed their arching aisles and groined roofs from the similitude of their sombre forests, so have the more graceful forms of Egyptian simplicity and Corinthian elegance had their origin among the lilies of the Ganges. The stupendous subterranean temples at *Elephantum* are destined to receive the returning priest Nikaiyah and his gentle charge; and within those awful precincts many a stout soul would have shrank with as timid horror as did Ganga.

Many days and nights had they passed in the wilderness, when, wearied with their long journey, the pious pair at length emerged from the forest. How pleasant the return of the sweet sunlight, the birds and the fragrant meadows. By day they had wandered on through the devious maze, pathless mid the thickset jungle, often forcing their way through the tangled vines and creepers which had with parasite embrace overcome some stately trunk which, withered now, lay lifeless in their tortuous folds. Gayly the old monarch of the forest had stood decked in his gorgeous livery, adorned with borrowed foliage—soon had they surpassed his towering height and wound him in as fatal a shroud as to Hercules was Creusa's bridal garment. Thus ever shines most beautiful the destined one at the moment of ruin's approach. By night they would retire to some sheltered nook, and there, lighted by the fireflies and lulled by the monotonous *cicada*, pass the hours of darkness—the tiger prowled round them and respected their sacred mission—the serpent averted his basilisk gaze when he met the full eye of the maiden. Now were all these perils past—they had come to the holy place guarded by the care of the Brahmins—and now Ganga, curious, surveys the open, fertile country—sees other maids as fair as she, and other men more manly than Nikaiyah—but the untaught child of nature was free from the vices of civilization and clung steadfastly to her old and well-tried protector. Anon they pass by the groups of penitents, whose distorted limbs and painful postures denote their self-imposed penance—these linger round the outer limits of the holy of holies like the thieves round a wonted prison, or as it seemed to them, like the wicked at the gates of Paradise. These all are left behind, and now the solemn silence betokens some revered and oft-honored shrine. They are at the bottom of the valley in which lies the cave-temple of Elephantum. Hills all around—receding, impending, bowing their leafy summits clothed in rich tropic verdure, gorgeous in the season of bloom—silence unbroken, save the dove as she laments her absent mate with wo as meek and patient as the injured *Philomela*. Silence, solemn silence—no sound but their echoing footsteps repeated on the hill sides. The air dull and motionless, pregnant with the aroma of the thousand-hued flowers which wind round the murmuring tree tops—no signs of human desecration to mar the temple of Nature. A heat of noon, like the scorching glow of a furnace. The hills rise with loftier summits and more precipitous sides as they advance—nearly excluding the sunlight. Mossy was now the way to their tread—soft were their silent footsteps—and from the rocky walls and moist underwood the deepening gorge exuded the silvery dew, which

trickled noiseless and refreshing down. The humid exhalations softened the fierce heat of noon-day and quieted the burning thirst of the travelers. A holier influence seemed, soft as zephyrs, to breathe within these sacred glades and to refresh whomsoever it fell on. Thus with reverent step they journey noiseless on, when from some great distance the sweet sound of vocal harmony stole softly on their ears—rising, quivering, pausing, dying away among the whispering leaves—now rising loud and triumphant like the joyous clamor of victory; now lingering sadly sweet, with scarce audible vibration, like the sigh of the parting spirit. And ever as they advanced, bowing in silence to its solemn influence, it seemed to grow fainter and louder, but still to be ever removing, like the verge of the retreating horizon. They pass the bend of the valley and the whole scene of worship bursts upon their astonished eyes in all its sombre grandeur. The long troop of priests are winding in ever changing measure among the pillars of a vast subterranean hall, under-reaching the opposite hill side. Like pigmies they march beneath the colossal arches of the temple.

The gigantic shafts—of singular and fantastic shape, adorned with stony faces, glaring with jeweled eyes in the flickering torch-light—uphold a lofty roof, which seems yet near the base of the mountain—so towering rises the impending *fortalice* of nature over the works of man. Gigantic figures, in *bas-relief*, shine dimly portentous in the farther gloom. The solemn chant reverberates among the lofty arches, and the pale light of the sacrificial fires sickens the wan visage and circling fillets of the priestess. Four rows of massive columns divide the vast hall into as many avenues, retreating, narrowing in the distance, penetrating the heart of the mountain. From the inmost depths of the temple arises, faintly remote, the wail of the victim, lost in—and yet distinguishable amid the din of the clamorous musicians, and the clanging echoes of trumpets. The shuddering resonance of the trembling gong shivers the rocky arches—yet, wild above all is heard the occasional shriek of the sacrifice. Typical of the horrid rites, on the walls are carved the statues of a male leading a female to the glowing pyre, modest, and timidly reluctant; while in the blue gloom of the interior, from floor to roof, rises the Cerberus-headed statue of the Trinity, of Brahmah, Vishnu, and Sheva, with three-fold face—on all sides ever watching. Reverent the old man bows his head, and passes 'neath the sacred portal. Once more worthy, since his penance has expired, he mingles with his brethren. The awe-struck Ganga is delivered into the care of the attendant maidens.

The Hindoostanee, if unmarried, are obliged to enter into the service of the priests of the temples, of whom they become the virtual wives, although polygamy is allowed and practiced. These unfortunate creatures perform all the menial offices of worship, and have the care of the sacred things in and about the temple. Among this wretched sisterhood of infamy was Ganga thrown. Many of them were fair, though lacking the virgin innocence of the Ganges maid. Her simple story gained credence—her character won respect, and her beauty inflamed the susceptible hearts of all the holy brethren—yet more than all contributed the presence and influence of Nikaiyah to preserve her pure; for the old hermit had gained great fame for sanctity, well earned in his long exile. His voice was ever among the first in the holy council. Will the silent deference which honor the living continue to respect the dead?

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The days passed quiet and undeeded by at Elephantum. Six moons had waxed and waned their crescents monthly, silvering the pillars of the temple; Nikaiyah, growing gray and hoary like the fading year, was bending under the burdens of life. As he neared the boundary of existence, he was ever more eagerly gazing into the future—more than ever wrapt in devotion. Yet he would often seek to amuse his charge; and, by his authority, she had free scope to roam about the island. This she constantly did, when tired of the monotonous life in the temple, the silent reveries of the priests, the servile obedience of their menials, the never-varying round of duties, and the din and confusion of some high festival. With nature for her nurse, she had naturally become an ardent admirer of her beauties. Why was it she so often met the young Demetros in her rambles? Why was she constantly detecting him dogging her footsteps? Had he any commission to her?—if not, why did he follow her?—if so, why avoid her open presence?

Demetros was formerly one of the most zealous priests in the temple. His golden locks, however, owned some milder sun than that of Hindoostan. His clear and handsome brow and classic profile contrasted strongly with the swarthy and stern expression of the elder, and the lewd leer of the younger priests. Yet he was treated by all as a brother. All save one old Brahmin seemed ignorant of his origin, and he was silent.

One bright day, Ganga had wandered far from the precincts of the temple, and stood on a crag overhanging the sea, which she had once crossed with Nikaiyah. The waves played up at the very base of the rock; and, as she stood and gazed at the mimic breakers rippling against the shore, she almost fancied herself once more in her happy valley, watching the flow of the Ganges. Absorbed in the glorious prospect, she inadvertently approaches too near the edge of the rock. Look how the white foam chases the advancing wave. A crack—the rock crumbles: a plash—and Ganga is once more at the mercy of the treacherous element. Years have, however, added strength to her limbs, habit has rendered her fearless. Boldly she breasts the tide, and seeks for some shelving spot along the banks whereon to land. A sandy beach glistens in the sun a few rods before her; she makes for it. A seething, foaming rush in the water causes her to turn her head, and, oh! Heavens! the blue fins and greedy jaws of a shark are close behind her! Tearing through the water, which whitens in the spray of his wake, the monster gains upon her. She grows

fainter, the waves beat in her ears with a dull, hollow sound; her efforts are feebler. The dazzling light of the glistening water blinds her as to the proper direction She hears the shark; almost feels the ripple which precedes his coming. There is a cry somewhere, a loud rushing of water, and she knows no more until she opens her eyes upon the shore, to see Demetros, wet and bloody, bending anxiously over her.

Silence—the silence of a heart too troubled with conflicting emotions to trust itself to uttered thanks—could alone express the gratitude of Ganga.

Flushed with his exertions, the Apollo-like youth stood the picture of manly beauty, save where the trickling blood betrayed his recent battle with the monster. He kindly offered to escort her to the temple; and as they proceeded with increasing confidence, and guessing the meaning of her curious looks, he confessed to her that he was not her countryman: that years since, when he could scarce lisp his native tongue, he remembered a vast and glittering city, dedicated to Athéna, in a country far to the North-West, which looked out on the sparkling Ægean. He then—a Greek—had wandered or been taken captive, he scarce remembered how, and had come to Elephantum. All these things were as a day-dream to him: a dream of the morning of life, which the rising sun of manhood had well nigh dispelled like the gray haze of dawn. He had heard them talk of King Philip, and he thought of the war of the allies. He tells her how well he remembered his mother, for there was memory, like affection, strongest, that she must now sit bereaved and weep the absence of her fair-haired boy. To him, there was no hope of return, indeed he would not wish to now: and the tender glance awoke a sympathetic flutter in the heart of Ganga, when they entered the vale of the temple. What was that sound afar, and the confusion as they draw nearer the temple? They run to and fro, and chant the dirge for the departed. Why did the echoes howling through the vault repeat the name of Nikaiyah?

The old man was dead.

Little time was left for reflection. As if to assuage the poignancy of her grief, the Gods had sent a new and imminent danger to divert her attention. Scarce is she allowed to take a farewell look at her old friend, or shed a tear over his corpse, when the increasing clamor in the court of the temple rouses new fears and most horrible suggestions. Why were they making this indecent tumult, while their eldest and most revered fellow had just breathed his last? Alas! the loud tones of the controversy showed, but too plainly, how little his past influence was regarded, while it made her painfully aware of the dangers that surrounded her.

"Ganga to the pyre!"

"Ganga shall be mine!" reiterated alternately the older and the younger priests. What! then those whose passions were cooled with age would sacrifice her as a burnt-offering to the manes of the departed; the others would cast her into that pit of infamy which the priestesses shared in the temple. Dreadful alternative! Yet could Ganga hesitate? Ah! but would they leave it to her choice? It was but too evident that the stronger party would rule, and thus her fate would be decided. In agony, the young girl invoked the assistance of the Gods—above all, of the Ganges goddess, Sivah; the Ganges, in whose purifying stream she had at infancy been cleansed from sin—could she now but seek an innocent death in its waves!

But hush! there is a sudden silence. They have decided, and the rapid footsteps come to announce her fate. Shuddering, the poor child is dragged before the assembled multitude. It needs but one glance to see that both parties are baffled; and that, after all, the choice will be left with herself. She looks round on the eager crowd, thirsting for her life or for her honor, and her heart grows faint within her.

"Ganga," rose the solemn voice of the oldest priest. "Ganga, choose between serving the Gods here, and joining them above."

Proudly the glorious eye of the virgin beat down the lecherous looks of the priests, as she calmly replied—

"I choose the pyre."

"To-morrow then prepare the sacrifice."

"Ay, to-morrow," thought the victim, "my body will smoulder into ashes." She raised her tearful eyes, and met the anguished look of Demetros. She saw no more, until—she awoke bound and in darkness.

Where she was, in what part of the temple confined, the gloom prevented her from distinguishing. Her fetters she could *feel*. She had awakened from a dream of childhood, a dream of innocent happiness, to the bitter reality of her situation. It was not then the voice of birds hailing the returning day which had aroused her, but the clanking of chains. How cold they felt upon her numbed limbs. How their icy pressure gnawed at her heart, and sapped, by slow degrees, her failing courage—her resolution of a few hours since. Thus was she bound for fiery atonement like that Iphigena at Aulis, of whom Demetros had told her. And should she, the fiery daughter of Hindoostan, give place in courage or in resignation to the Grecian maid. And yet she was so young to die, so unprepared to leave those pleasant scenes, in which she had roamed for a few short years, so unprepared for any purer state. How faint with hunger! how worn with anxiety, that refuses to dissolve into tears. And then—but what is that noise like a piling of faggots, the heavy fall of trees! Oh Gods! they are preparing the funeral pyre, she must be then near the front of the building. Yes, in that dark cell she never had, when free, looked at without shuddering. Ay, had not one of the priestesses pointed to it as the prison of the condemned! Hear the careless laugh of the laborers, as they mingle with their work congratulations on the morrow's festival! The harsh voice of the presiding priest. And where were now her countrywomen? How were they passing the last night of her life? She seems to see the lights shining from their huts, as

they arrange their gayest dresses for the procession, and wait the dawn to pluck fresh flowers to adorn the victim.

On the morrow, they could see her last sunrise without emotion, save as it announced a holyday and a joyous relief from labor. Fair girls would come to see a sister's agony, and leaning caressingly on the arms of their betrothed, would exchange love-tokens by her death-bed. She would be tossing helpless on her fiery rack of torture, with the flames licking up greedily her dark hair, once bound with roses. Lovers, sitting under the broad shade, would converse of her happy release, as they plaited each other's shining locks with jessamine for the dance. And then she should see the rigid features of her loved protector blackening under the flames, as they hissing rose to receive her in their fiery arms—curling like a serpent to enfold her. Her parching thirst would be heightened by the volumes of smoke rising from the burning, smouldering limbs of Nikaiyah. But the mothers would recline under the boughs of the opposite forest, and feed their children with soft, cooling fruits of the orange-tree. Why was not Demetros—known but too late—why was he not there to console her? Alas! were these not the ravings of madness? Yes, mad—mad! Why is not her lover too a god to preserve her: and senseless she repeats the old song of the Bayadere. She was saved, though a mere dancing-girl; why not an innocent virgin? Thus the poor girl sings the song of the God and the Bayadere, lost in the wild charm of the harmony and the picture, too flattering, of preservation.

> "So the choir, without compassion,
> But increase at heart her grief;
> And with eager hands extended,
> She leaps into the fiery death.
> But the God-youth now arises,
> From the circling flames removed,
> Clasping in his arms protecting,
> Soars upward with his well-beloved.
> The Gods are pleased with sinners repenting;
> And raise their once-lost children, immortal,
> With fiery arms to heaven above."

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"Ganga!" mingles with the dying echoes. What is it? That voice!

"Ganga! Ganga!" repeats a low well-known tone near her, and she is raised by the hand of Demetros. Noiseless he releases her from her fetters, and throwing the robe of a Brahmin over her shoulders, bears her away in the darkness. Swift and silent they pass into the open air—cool to the hot brow and fevered lips of Ganga. Half-leading and half-supporting her, her preserver conducts her down the rocky path to the sea-shore. Hurried was their conversation—it was but a whispered caution on his side; on hers, a murmur of gratitude. Demetros hastens to unmoor the boat, which, hid under the banks, awaited the needs of the priests. They embark on the quiet waters, and Ganga begins to breathe more freely and to express her thanks to her deliverer. With quick motion he signs to her to be silent, and bending his powerful frame with strong but quiet stroke, urges the boat—reeling under the shock—through the rippling tide. Soon they reach the main shore, and pass under the leafy protection of the banks, just as the torches and cries on the island give token of the aroused and baffled Brahmins. Saved, they pass on like shadows under the arching boughs of the forest.

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Verdant in summer are the shores of the foaming Hydaspes. The broad, yet impetuous stream roars on its rocky, seaward course. Itself in breadth resembling the vast expanse of ocean: yet not with the slow, mighty surging of the great deep, does it lave its confining banks; but rolling with struggling wave it rebounds from the repulsing strand, like a ball from the head of the buffalo. Yet it is no shallow stream, that, with puny murmur, frets impatient on its rough bed; but the yawning waters disclose abysses which could swallow the mighty elephant. On its banks reposes the lion, when tired with hunting the antelope. On the crags sits the rapacious eagle, watching his finny victims. One mightier than the lion, one more cruel than the eagle, now waited for his human prey, wary and shrewd in watching, on the Indian side of the river.

Why do the youth and the maiden start and pause on the skirt of the forest? They gaze with impatient, hollow eyes on the long-sought banks of the Hydaspes. Their emaciated forms and tangled hair, their sun-scorched features and cautious mien betray their long wandering, their contest with a thousand perils. Why do they not hasten to pass the goal of their journey, and escape from the fury of the pursuing priests into neighboring, friendly Indo-Scythia? Is it not the hope of this result with which the young fugitive has cheered the heart of his weary though courageous companion? And will they, who have long months been traversing the dangerous wilds of the forest, hesitate to plunge into the fierce stream and swim to the region of safety? Farewell to all fond hopes, they recognize all around them the swarthy race who bow to the rule of the Brahmins. If but a scattered few were tilling the soil, they might still escape their attention. Alas! there is a mighty host encamped on the stream, with arms and warlike engines, with *holy* priests, with banners and vigilant sentinels.

The quiet camp was disturbed by the neighing of horses, the shouting of their drivers, and the shrill blast of the war-elephant. A long row of these cumbrous but terrible animals was placed in front of the waiting army, and nearest the bank of the river. The murmur of a vast multitude, that confused sound of many voices, was mixed with the echoing hoofs of thousands of horses, while the occasional beat of the drum united with the swelling chant of the war-song. Glittering with bright armor, the warriors moved around the camp, eager for the deadly conflict.

The terrified wanderers were seized and conducted into the presence of the king—Porus, the ruler of the country. Porus, the gigantic in stature, the Indian Hercules, and in cunning the Indian Nestor, there awaited the coming of Alexander, the attack of the great Macedonian, whose fame had preceded his approach. The world's conqueror had turned his ambitious arms to the

fair land of India. Her "barbaric pearl and gold" had tempted his soldiery—her vast domain the ambition of the general. He had even then crossed the Indus, and advancing to the outer bank of the Hydaspes, was now preparing to pass this bounding stream and assault the power of Porus.

Here, then, the cunning Indian had placed his army, burning to protect their native soil, where the steep banks of the river afforded a natural fortification. Here, most unfortunately, had the fugitives from Elephantum first emerged from the friendly shade of the forest into the open, fatal light of day. Thus again captives, they are led before the monarch. There, fearful of betraying their fatal secret, their confused answers arouse the suspicions of Porus, and by him they are committed to the care of the guards, to await through the long and anxious night the announcement of their fate on the morrow. Conscious that their pursuers must now overtake them, Ganga, now wholly despairing, refuses the empty consolation of Demetros. Wearied nature, however, asserts its sway—the worn-out fugitives pass the night in dull, dreamless sleep, in the camp of their enemies.

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How goes the night? The clouds in the angry south-western sky announce the approach of the thunder. What picture do the winds behold as they cross to the farther shore of the Hydaspes? Is it a sleeping camp? It is the busy note of preparation—the bustle of a moving multitude—the tramp of soldiers moving toward the stream with steady step, unheeding the war of the elements and the clashing of steel upon steel, as they pass. It is the march of the Greeks. The great phalanx, now divided for secrecy, advances with quiet firmness to cross the stormy Hydaspes. Their skillful leader, taught by many campaigns, has chosen this tempestuous night, when the tumult of nature may drown the noise of the army. Perceiving the advantages of his adversary, he has thus determined to outwit him, and by crossing the dangerous river in secrecy and silence, to meet the enemy upon the level plains on the farther side of the stream. Occasional flashes of lightning are the only guides to their path. The rain patters upon the metal helmets of the infantry, and the war-mail of the horses. Snorting with terror, the animals are forced along by the governing will of their masters. The heavy peals of thunder roll through the sky like the rumbling of a thousand chariot-wheels, as they fly over the field of battle. The great host reaches the banks of the stream, which, roused by the storm, rages doubly threatening, chafing with white foam like the steed impatient of his rider. The affrighted horses start back from the leap into the boiling current, seething and hissing like the swift-winged flight of the loosened arrow. With hardly less of terror the soldiers recoil from the roaring waters, rolling sullen now in silence with vast depth, now rushing swiftly over some protruding rock vainly opposing their progress. Shame on the warriors who heedless of death when animated by the despair of defeat, or roused by the clamor of victory, now yield to the power of water! And will the great Polemarch, for whom Macedonia was two small, who sighed for other worlds to subdue, be tamed by the rage of a brooklet when he has crossed the mighty Indus? On! on, good horse! Hasten foot-soldiers, and overcome the pride of the Indian! Will you rather cross this stream in light of day, when every wave will be tinged with your arrow-spent blood? Will you rather climb yon craggy banks, when crowned by the glittering columns of the enemy, and overhung with the trunks of the destroying elephant? On! and trust to your well-tried strength, the kindness of the gods, and the response of the auspicious omen! There is for a moment a gleaming in the air—the flashing steal of the youthful hero—then a loud plunge in the water, and all save one shining crest has vanished. It passes on and on, away from the gaze of the hesitating army; then instantly a mighty rush, and the river is alive with horses, curling under the strokes of the swimmers. The resounding plates of the armor sound faint and hollow beneath the water. The howling blast sweeps ever new waves over the heads of the struggling soldiers. The flashing in the heavens illumes for a moment the stormy scene—shows men and horses mingling in wild confusion, tossing, rising above the black waves—shows some far down the stream, mounted on panting steeds, struggling to regain their foothold, plunging in the yielding water—shows the brief expression of dying agony ere it sinks down in the darkness—the glad look of triumph, as some one more fortunate gains the opposite strand and climbs the beetling precipice—shows all silent and unmoving the shore where Porus is waiting—shows the great war-horse and his rider clear against the dull sky, as they watch the progress of the swimming army—and then the black pall shuts down over all, and envelops in one common gloom; and naught more is seen until sunrise, naught more heard but the surging of the angry Hydaspes.

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This, then, is the eve of battle. Porus, wrapped in a false security, puffed up with the sight of the host of dependents around him, awaits, unconscious of danger, expecting the enemy will cross the river on the morrow. The vigilant and active Greeks once more on the level plain, await the day to point the way to greater achievements.

As the warm sunbeams awaken the expanding flowers, and arouse the harmony of the birds in the morning, so with the first light the noise of the waking camp, and the matin worship of the Brahmins who accompany the armies, dispel the happy oblivion which had lulled in brief repose the anxious minds of the fugitives. Confined within the narrow circle of a tent, and closely guarded, they can only judge by the ear of the events which are passing around them. They hear, early as the dawn, the muster of soldiers, the marshaling of squadrons, and the united step of the moving ranks. Then there is silence for a moment. Then the sharp, echoing gallop of two thousand horses, and the jarring sound of an hundred and twenty chariot-wheels revolving on their creaking axles, approach rapidly, sweep by

the tent, and die away in the distance. Then a long pause, broken only by the low, confused murmur of the remaining and expectant multitude, the adjusting of arms, and the repairing of tinkling armor. Presently a solitary horseman is heard approaching at a wild gallop, then another, and another, apparently fleeing from some danger behind—they can almost hear the palpitating hearts of the horses as they panting approach, seeking the safety of the main army. But why no sound of chariots?

Ganga knows not that her lover's countrymen have already crossed the Hydaspes, and that the noise of horses and chariots was the departure from the camp of a detachment sent out to sustain the first brunt of the engagement under the command of the son of Porus. Neither learns she of their defeat, and the loss of their chariots, except as she may argue some great calamity from the confusion and noise without among the Indian warriors. And now they hear the departure of the noisy host, and then must await the announcement of their fate on their return, or on the approach of the Macedonian. The camp seems deserted, except by a few guards, and a small number of elephants, left for its defense. We must follow the fortunes of the departing army.

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Glorious and worthy of their king appeared the camp and the army of Porus. The sun scarcely risen, looked down upon the thousand banners of rich and varied colors that fluttered above the tents, hanging loose and flapping gently in the morning breeze. The scene resembled the splendor and the pomp of some great festival, rather than the stern realities of war. To this appearance added greatly the numerous throng of merchants, sutlers, and attendants, that wait upon an Indian army. The camp-followers, who in number far exceeded the soldiers, consisted of magicians, soothsayers, rope-dancers, sharpers, thieves, fakirs, blind-beggars, jewelers, carpenters, tailors, tent-makers, corn-grinders, and farriers. Attached also to each division of the army were a number of clerical Brahmins, who regularly officiated, offering up prayer and sacrifice to the deities, as in the temples. On this gay scene of Asiatic splendor the sun gazed no longer than while reaching half the way to the zenith—for then had returned the defeated detachment, warning them to be on the alert for the enemy. Porus, well knowing that his present situation was ill-adapted to receive and repulse an attack, hastily collected his army and removed to a level, sandy plain, where his cavalry and chariots might wheel about with ease on the firm soil. The four great elements of an Indian army are the elephants, chariots, cavalry, and infantry. On the cavalry little dependence is placed, the infantry being regarded as the strength of the army, and the elephants, but more particularly the chariots, being used as powerful auxiliaries. The immense height of the elephants was supposed to fill the enemy with fear; the chariots were used to carry the principal officers, the cavalry being principally employed in pursuing the defeated. The main body of Porus' army was composed of thirty thousand foot, flanked by four thousand horse, three thousand chariots, and two hundred elephants. These last bore towers upon their huge backs, filled with soldiers armed with arrows, darts, and other missile weapons. The animal himself was often more terrible and destructive than his riders. The chariots were of vast dimensions, and drawn oftentimes by five horses. The horses of the cavalry were covered with a fine netted-armor, and their bridles, cruppers, and saddles, adorned with gold and gems, with dyed hair and silver roses. The infantry, armed with every species of weapon—some rough and indented, for hacking, others long and barbed, and others still heavy and obtuse, resembling the ponderous mace wielded by the knights in the middle ages. With all, the sword was indispensable. These vast columns, then, moved on in glittering ranks to meet the enemy, led by the royal elephant on which sat Porus, shining with gems, and conspicuous for his great size.

Calmly, and conscious of his power, the crafty Indian drew up his line of battle. In the front line were placed the elephants as a bulwark for the infantry, who were immediately behind them. The cavalry were extended as wings on either flank, and in front skirmished the chariots. Such the array of Porus, as he awaited the attack of Alexander.

The major part of the Grecian army had crossed the river in safety, and meeting with the detachment sent out by Porus, had attacked and defeated it with great slaughter, and captured all the chariots. Among the slain was their leader, the son of Porus; and this bereavement had filled the breast of the king with double indignation. Inflamed with various passions, the Indian might well have felt confident of the result of the battle, as he turned from surveying his own mighty force to contemplate the numbers of his enemy, who were but 11,000 strong—being made up of 6000 foot, and 5000 horse. But in the front rank rode the great Alexander, mounted on the now aged Bucephalus. The steed had borne his master safely through many a field since his fiery, generous ardor had first yielded to the stern will of the young hero before the court of Philip. And behind the great conqueror was the far-famed *phalanx*, whose solid columns, like the Imperial Guard of Napoleon in modern times, whenever they were ordered to advance, decided the fate of the day. The bristling pikes, dense and threatening, gleamed before the advancing ranks like the foam as it sparkles on the crest of the breakers, and, like the destroying wave, they fell with overwhelming force upon the enemy, sweeping all before them. There, too, were the *hippotoxotai*, the mounted bowmen, equally expert to lead the attack with death-dealing shafts, or cover the retreating army. The hardy veterans were not allowed defensive armor for the back, as they were never to turn to flight. Instead of the cumbrous though secure *thorax*, which protected alike the shoulders and the breast, they wore the lighter *hemi-thorax*, defending the chest alone. In addition they bore the shield, (*aspis*,) made either of light wood or hide, and covered with metal. The *pezoi*, or foot-soldiers, bore ashen spears, and swords

suspended from the shoulders. The archers'-bow was strung with horse-hair, or hide, and the arrows were pointed with iron, and winged with feathers. The phalanx was sometimes rectangular, sometimes crescent-shaped, and again often in the form of a Roman wedge, (*cuneus*;) this latter form was especially used in the attack, in forcing or cleaving a path among the columns of the enemy—the first being employed in resisting a great shock, like the charge of cavalry. In this respect it somewhat resembled the hollow-square of the present day. The Hipparchs lead the cavalry to the charge—the Strategi have the general control of the infantry.

These varied elements of the hostile armies being arrived in sight of each other, prepare for the contest whose result is to decide the fate of Ganga.

Alexander, being in advance with his cavalry, found himself suddenly face to face with the whole army of the enemy and unsupported, for his infantry had not yet arrived. They however soon came up, and as they were much fatigued, he caused his horse to make many evolutions, and by feigned attacks thus gained time to rest the foot soldiers. The same reason which led Porus to draw up his infantry and elephants in the centre, induced Alexander to avoid that part of the army in the attack. Accordingly with his cavalry he charged the left wing, while Coenus attacked them in the rear. A thousand bowmen are at the same time detached for the same service; sweeping round in ever diminishing circles, like the swift flight of swallows, the archers overwhelm the enemy with a cloud of arrows. Confused by this sudden attack they face about to defend themselves, and are instantly charged by Alexander in person. They now retreat, as behind an impregnable fortification, to the rear of the line of elephants. But look! by a rapid and simple counter-march the elephants are in the centre of the phalanx, surrounded by the pikes of the infantry. Their huge sides are thrust full of spears, with little apparent effect, and the wounded and now furious beasts rush impetuous through the ranks of the thickest battalions, and while the Macedonians are collecting again, down come the rallying Indian horse. Beware, Alexander, or your seaward progress is stayed, and your new empires as yet unwon, will remain so forever. See! the great hero is equal to the emergency—the charge of the heavier Macedonians breaks a second time the Indian ranks. All is now confusion—the enraged elephants trample down friend and foe in indiscriminate death. Most opportunely the phalanx now advances—surrounded, the Indians are cut down by the heavy swords of the infantry. Then Catoras, who had remained with the rest of the Greeks on the outer banks of the Hydaspes, crosses, and his fresh troops finish the defeat of Porus. That valiant prince, the last to fly, and conspicuous from his great height on the back of his elephant, brought up the rear in the defeat, as he had led the van at the commencement of the battle. At length he, too, surrenders under promise of regal treatment. The victorious Greeks now fly to despoil the camp of the enemy—for this was ever a prominent characteristic in the ancient soldier, that as he was brave during the battle so he was mean and cruel at its close—often stopping in the most critical moment of an engagement to plunder the dead. Here rich spoils await them, and the gorgeous luxury of the east finds but little mercy at the hands of the rude Macedonians.

Demetros, as he listens to the cries of the victors, detects the accents of his native Greek. Joyous he reassures the maiden, trembling before at the power of the Brahmins, and now equally shrinking from the shouts of friends—for how knows she that she shall not be torn from her lover and delivered up to the lusts of a brutal soldiery? And even if she gains unharmed the presence of the king, may he not refuse to release or preserve her? The tumult approaches nearer—the curtains are torn rudely open by bloody hands, and the trembling pair are saved from the hands of the spoilers by a *taxiarch* who chances to be passing, and by him they are conducted into the presence of Alexander. The hero stood refreshing himself with wine, from the hands of the attendants, after the fatigues of the battle. Still young and small in stature, the conqueror did not evince by his general mien the genius that burned within him; his face, however, showed the marks of a sprightly disposition and of great determination, although marred by the traces of excessive drinking. Alexander was not at this period so wholly sunk in sensuality as to be incapable of an occasional act of justice, even where the supplicant was a beautiful woman. Convinced of the truth of their statements by the answers of Demetros and by his Grecian look, he promises them a return to Athens in the fleet.

All their trials, as they fondly believe, now over, they prepare for the voyage and journey to Greece. Why was it that Ganga could not share entirely in the joy of Demetros? He was but returning to his native soil, revisiting the scenes of his childhood—for him his country's gods prepared the welcome home—he had been absent on a weary pilgrimage and now brought back one jewel, one precious treasure, for so he thought as he gazed on the lovely maiden, to the paternal hearth. What though the vestal flame of affection had been extinguished in the death of his relatives, and the hearth-stone of his race had become cold from neglect—he now brought a fresh, warm heat to re-enkindle the sacred fire which he fondly hoped would burn with ever increasing brilliancy, and unite their hearts with ever increasing warmth of affection. But she, born under the burning sun of India, ever associated the name of fire with the glowing pyre of sacrifice—she must leave her native land in which, alas! she has no bonds of affection, no ties of sympathy, save the pleasing remembrance of her innocent childhood in the wilderness, and the kind old man, her real parent, who was now no more. She could not avoid the comparison between the natural beauties of her tropic forests and the artificial embellishments of more northern Greece. Were the flowers as fragrant, the moonbeams as soft? Did the birds sing as sweetly, the streams flow as pure there as in her fa-

ther-land? In vain, Demetros, you talk to the untutored child of Nature, whose poetry, whose life and happiness consist in Nature's beauties, of the splendors of the great Attic city, the magnificence of its edifices, or the wisdom and the eloquence of its children. Will those ravishing strains of music with which the Greeks are amused at their luxurious banquets, sound as sweet to the ear of the exile as the murmuring breeze of the morning and the droning wings of the humming-bird? Can the waters of the scented bath be as pure, as limpid and refreshing as the stream of the matronly Ganges? Can the ornate roofs of the *Coustron* be as pleasing to the eye of the bather as the vault of a tropic sky when half-seen and half-concealed by the branches thickly interwoven of the luxuriant tropic forest? And if you mourn the loss of a friend, you may at least visit and strew flowers upon his tomb, and thus derive a sadly sweet consolation. But the Indian girl must yearn in vain for the graves of her fathers—and standing on the Grecian strand, she gazes with wistful eyes over the blue sea's *margent* where repose the remains of Nikaiyah, the waves will bring to her sighs only hoarse tones roaring back.

And yet, what had she to wait for or to love in India? Were there not cruel priests thirsting for her blood, urged on by what they believed the voice of the gods? Besides, as her ripened intellect began to unfold in maturity, she feels those affections and aspirations peculiar to every female heart, more and more enlarged and developed, she conceives a passion, softened by the most maidenly modesty, for the noble youth who has twice rescued her from death; once from the monster while she was bathing on the coast of the Elephantine isle, and once from the glowing funereal pyre where smouldered the limbs of Nikaiyah, and who now affording her every proof of affection, offers her an asylum in his native land. These conflicting emotions disturb the heart of Ganga. But the stern voice of fate gave her but one choice—death in India or life in Greece. Nature, the love of life, prevails, and they depart for their northerly journey.

It was nearly sunset when, after following for nine months the course of the conquering Alexander down the mighty Indus, they reached the sea-shore, where eight hundred galleys and boats were, under the command of Nearchus, about to coast the southern borders on their homeward voyage, and enter the mouth of the Euphrates to join the conqueror at Babylon, where his career was to be disgracefully closed.

The rocking tide, strong at this point from the influx of the Indus, bore upon its broad bosom the fleet of the Greeks, reflecting from its glowing surface the numerous ensigns of the various chiefs. Here were the lofty *triremes*, the men-of-war, whose progress through the water was effected by oars alone—while from their bows projected the *émbola* or hostile beaks, the iron-sheathed prows which often transfixed the vessels of the enemy—corresponding to the Roman *rostra*, which, when captured, adorned the stand of the orator as well-earned trophies. Here, too, were the lower, flat-bottomed transports, or merchant-men, who, lacking the numerous oars of the many-banked war ships, accelerated their sluggish course by sails. Here the *chenískos*, the carved goose upon the bows, floated in its native element, seemingly in advance and the guide of the following vessel. At the bows and stern were sheltering decks; in the open centre, tier above tier, rose the seats of the laborious rowers, increasing in number as the greater height and longer sweep of the oars required more hands to control them. Here were distinct, the laboring oars-men, the officers, the sailors proper, and the marines, who were cased in heavier armor than the infantry. Demetros and Ganga, embarked in a transport, stood upon the prow watching the quiet progress of the fleet. Immediately in front of them was a vessel, whose loftiness and numerous banks of oars would have sufficiently indicated its warlike character without the distinguishing mark of the brazen helmet which gleamed at the mast-head. The sides were protected by walls of hide, designed to shelter the combatants in battle from the missiles of the enemy—the sharp beak of metal cut with scarce visible ripple through the water—the sides were painted with gay colors—the *parasemon*, the figure-head, carved upon the bow representing the threatening fangs of a serpent—behind, rose the lofty stern, and on it was sculptured the guardian image, the tutelar deity of the ship. Here the carved *Rossidon*, the Grecian Neptune, god of the whole expanse of ocean, rose as it were from his watery abode, which sparkled in the wake of the vessel beneath him. The shaggy monarch, with beard as coarse as the *algas* of his native waters, drawn, with upright trident, in his sea-shell car, coursed over the foaming breakers, his stern visage softened by the presence of the lovely Aphrodite (Venus,) her name representing her birth (*Aphros*—from the foam of the sea.) Attendant *Eros*, with fatal quiver, nestles beside her, and with loosened *cestus* she guides by her charms the will of the aquatic king. Tritons and nymphs sport gayly in their train. To him the mariner sacrifices, for

> "——Where'er he guides
> His finny coursers, and in triumph rides,
> The waves unruffle and the sea subsides."

The fugitives as they stand gazing upon the fair scene converse of these old Hellenic *myths*, and talk of the power of Zeno, who is the Grecian Brahma. No sound is now heard but the soft breeze upon the water and the measured sweep of the oars, keeping time with monotonous beat to the song of the *trieraules*, the ship's musician, as he encourages the rowers with the old legends of the Trojan war, as narrated by the prince of bards, the blind Chian, Homer, ever the favorite of Alexander. The plashing oars respond and chime with

> "Achilles' wrath to Greece the direful spring
> Of woes unnumbered."

Chime with the Ilian chant of the "crest-waving Hector," and "Ares the sacker of cities."

Absorbed in the charm of the harmony and the soft Grecian rhythm, they stand intent and heed not

the passage of time until a silvery light recalls their attention to the rear, and there, beyond the bright track of the moonbeams, appear the low shores and forests of India, dim in the distance, fast sinking beneath the horizon.

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"————————Behold
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil;
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence————
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There flowery hill Hymethus with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious musing;————
————Within the walls then view
The schools of ancient sages; his who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world.
Thence what the lofty, grave tragedians taught,
High actions and high passions best describing.
Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democracy,
Shook the arsenal, and fulmined over Greece.
To sage philosophy next lend thine ear,
From heaven descended to the low-roofed house
Of Socrates; see there his tenement,
Whom well-inspired the oracle pronounced
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
Mellifluous streams that watered all the schools
Of Academics old and new————."

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It is the 15th of the month Bœdromion, when commence the Eleusinian Mysteries—the greater mysteries celebrated alone in the city of Cecrops—those sacred rites founded by Demeter herself (the Grecian Ceres) when wandering in long search for her daughter Persephone, she was kindly received and entertained in Attica, when she rewarded their hospitality by giving them the fruits of the earth, and these holiest and noblest institutions of the Hellenic religion. What parent bends to take a farewell of his wife and child ere he departs to perform his duties of *dadouchos*, or torch-bearer, to whom alone it was permitted to marry? The golden-hair of the Grecian father mingles with the dark locks of the woman and her son as they unite in the parting embrace. She is not of the *Autocthones*, no child of the soil, or she would join her husband in the initiation. Far other rites has she early bowed to in the flowering forests of India—these she has changed for Grecian faith, but yet yearns for something purer—may she not hope for it? Faith ever rules all hearts more or less, and often most the weakest—thus to the most erring child of earth is given return and repentance—thus to the feeblest soul the sublimest trust is granted. Will not Demetros "point to other worlds and show the way" for Ganga?

Curious the mother and the delighted child have watched day by day the progress of the Eleusinian, observed during the nine days festival, Demetros leading the procession. That first night he had entered the holy of holies—that mystic temple he had entered crowned with myrtle—there, pure and cleansed from sin, washed with holy water, he had listened to the reading, the exposition of the holy mysteries, from the rigid leaves of the stone volume which contained the divine inspiration—then followed the long processions in which the child might one day join, but never the foreign mother—the pilgrimage to the sea-shore for purification—the fasting and sacrifice—the sacred procession with baskets of pomegranates and poppy-seeds, borne on a wagon drawn by oxen—the torch procession to the temple at Eleusis—the bearing of the image of Jachus, the son of Demeter, and on the night of the sixth day the final initiation, the entrance into the lighted sanctuary, where they beheld what was permitted to no other eyes. But why cannot the mother share in the Dionysiac festival, the nocturnal orgies of Bacchus? Educated under the stern rule of the temperate Brahmins, this principle of continence would be alone sufficient to restrain her, where she not also withheld by that innate modesty which belongs to every child of nature.

It is evening, and two persons recline in the cool shade on the summit of Mount Anchesmus, near the temple of Jupiter. A child sports round them occasionally, withdrawing their attention from the contemplation of the red-tinged top of the *Acropolis*, the silver stream of the Ilissus, the murmuring Cephissus and the maritime port of Piræus, where the waves of the Ægean mingle their solemn roar with the hymns of the sailors, the buzz of the populous city, and the strains of the tortoise-formed lyre.

The sun is slowly sinking in the west, with the clear radiance peculiar to happy Greece, but, as it seems to the mother, with less majesty than when it dipped its burning orb, as into Lethe's wave, in the lotus-filled waters of the Ganges. Solemnly they converse of their happy youth when all things to come wore ever brightening hues, when future deeds surrounded them like the stars now emerging countless from the night. And now the *eulic* tones whisper softly in the ether around them, filling all things with sweet melody, and catching the ear of the listening child; recalling to Demetros the period of infancy, when in like manner at eventide he had raised his head from the lap of his mother; to Ganga the time when, in the protecting arms of Nikaiyah, she had hearkened to the notes of the Indian nightingales.

Sadly Ganga speaks of them as those she shall never behold. Hopefully the Eleusinian priest unfolds his faith in immortality—pure and sweet fell his words on her mind, when divested of Brahmin superstition, as the placid moonbeams now silvering his golden locks and kissing the brow of the sleeping infant. Here was no hideous transmigration to pass through atoning, but all was clear and blessed as the innocent period of childhood—there, where the starry points showed glimpses of the radiant heaven, they would rejoin, in the happy company of the gods, their friends now made immortal. There, as true Olympians, enjoy the happiness of the blessed.

Their prophetic eyes seem to behold in the misty future the deified reclining, on the golden-clouds which cap the hill of Musaeus. Silently descend the shades of evening on the city of Athens, and on the pair as they muse on the mount by the temple of Jupiter.

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Centuries have passed since the times of Elephan-

tum and Eleusis. The "eye of Greece" now desolate, still courts the shade of Hymethus—the suns rise and set no more on the home of the Arts and the Muses—no longer gild the morning rays a glittering *Acropolis*—no longer chime the *aulic* notes with the song of the Chian-Homer. Still wanders the Brahmin, no longer at Elephantum, in India's groves alone, unchanged amid the changing scenes around him. Still flows the Ganges, the mightiest of eastern waters.

MEMORY'S CONSOLATION.

BY W. W. HARNEY.

When the beauteous rose of morning
  Wears her diadem of dew,
And the foot-print of the zephyr
  Rests upon the waters blue;
When the moon is softly waning
  'Neath the morrow's ruddy light,
And the cool breath of the morning
  Fans the jeweled brow of night;

When the maiden morning blushes,
  As it wakens from repose,
And the jealous zephyr brushes
  Off the dew kiss from the rose,
Then I watch the starbeams fading,
  As the light comes up the sky,
Until with the morn they whisper
  That the loved one still is nigh.

When the god of day is shining
  As it rides a car of light,
When the glory of the mid-day
  Wears a crown of purest white—
When a train of breathing flowers
  With their incense load the air,
And the breath from southern valleys
  Tell of all things bright and fair;

When the snowy clouds are floating
  In the summer's sunny sheen,
And the splendor of the mid-day
  Adds a glory to the scene—
Then I wander sad and lonely
  'Mid the beautiful and fair,
For my soul is still with Mary,
  And I feel her spirit there.

When the gentle hour of evening
  Wears her robe of blue and gold,
And the castles, plains and valleys
  Are in airy clouds unrolled;
When the night-birds trim their plumage,
  And the flowers meet the dew—
When the moonbeam greets the sunset
  In her home of crimson hue—

When the sunset and the moonlight
  Are commingled into one,
Like to molten gold and crimson,
  When the gorgeous day is done—
Then I think 't is heaven's portals
  Brightly glowing in the west,
And my lost one seems to beckon
  To the regions of the blest.

When the cold and fearful midnight
  Wears her coronet of jet,
And a jeweled veil of darkness
  Round the form of earth has met—
Or the frowning clouds are tossing
  The disheveled hair of night,
And the angry lightning flashes
  With a fitful, fearful light—

When the night is dark and stormy
  As the passions of the soul,
And the knell of fleeted glories
  Echoes in the thunder's roll;
When the lurid lightning flashes
  With its angry light above,
It is naught I see beyond it
  To my lost, my early love.

WE LAID HER DOWN TO REST.

BY C. C. BUTLER.

The summer winds were lightly strung,
  The golden eve drew near,
The gentle zephyrs sweetly sung,
  To call from us a tear;
Oh! sadly sweet that mournful strain
  That called her to the blest,
As 'neath the green and fertile plain
  We laid her down to rest.

The smile of love that rested there
  Upon her blooming cheek,
Doth shine in that bright world of prayer,
  Where angels only speak.

We look to see that face in vain—
  That gentle heaving breast—
But 'neath the green and fertile plain
  We laid her down to rest.

That gentle voice is hushed in death—
  She closed her weary eyes—
While angels watched the parting breath,
  And took her to the skies.
Yes! Death, to break the golden chain,
  Appeared a welcome guest—
And 'neath the green and fertile plain
  We laid her down to rest.

THE PEDANT:

OR CHAPTERS FROM A LIFE SPENT PARTLY IN CAROLINA.

BY HENRY HOLM, ESQ.

(*Concluded from page* 167.)

CHAPTER XI.

I think that the better half, and much the most agreeable one, of the pleasures of the mind is best enjoyed while one is upon one's legs. MALTHUS.

DREADING as I do any thing which might tempt my patient readers to anticipate adventure, plot, or catastrophe in these chapters, I must premise that the bit of episode, which I am about to relate, is all for the sake of introducing a friend, whose gifts and example wrought a critical change in my studies. It will transfer the attention to certain localities of our neighboring state.

Americans need not go to Vaucluse or Vallambrosa for the picturesque; there are scenes among our mountains and our virgin forests which, though different from any thing in the old world, are yet unsurpassed. Especially among the solitudes of that great chain of mountains which runs like a spine from north-east to south-west across many states, there are spots where the sublime and the enchanting meet, and where the most longing soul might find itself sated with the exuberance of beauty.

Amidst such seclusions had dwelt my neighbor De Mornay, while yet a youth. He was not a native, indeed, for he was not an American. During the latter years of our Revolution, when Pulaski, Gallatin, and other distinguished foreigners, came to share our fortunes, a Breton gentleman arrived, and disembarked at City Point, below Richmond, with certain mercantile claims upon the State of Virginia. Shortly after his arrival, he made large purchases of land upon the upper waters of the James River; but he had scarcely completed his bargain when he was carried off by one of the fevers of the country. The only representative whom he left was a beautiful boy of fourteen, Albert de Mornay, already mentioned as the subject of this chapter.

With all the acumen and warmth which prevail in the best French character, Albert had a decided turn for the contemplative and the mystical, which was encouraged and fostered by his insulation among some of the loveliest recesses of nature. The forests through which he roamed, unbroken by woodman's axe, and bounded over by the aboriginal deer; the frowning crags which towered over his precipitous path, far up beyond the reach of adventurous footsteps, where the young eagles waited in the eyry for the rapacious parents' return; the streams, rushing over clean channels in the rock, and pellucid to the bottom, even when many feet in depth; the wide champaign prospects, opened up and down the valley, from certain eminences; all these peculiarities of a mountainous region tended to subdue in young Albert whatever existed of the busy and the pragmatical, and to send him musing to the upland levels, or to the shady spots where crags beetling over the black waters produced the effect of a grotto.

His French blood was like that which ran in the veins of Victor de St. Paul, De Rancy, St. Cyr and Pascal. Though a Protestant by education, he nevertheless loved Fenelon; and in turning over the cases of uncut volumes, which his father had ordered from Paris, to constitute his library, Albert soon found himself detained over Bourdaloue and Guion. How remote this taste was from any that prevailed either in France or America, in the latter part of the last century, it is scarcely necessary to say. The French revolution, and the political quarrels of America, almost extinguished the meditative element in society. Generous philosophy and contemplative religion were never in a lower state. In order to preserve any remnants of ascetic or tranquil piety, amidst such commotions, it was necessary to grow up in solitude and to converse with the past. Even monasteries in Europe became places of political gladiatorship, and unfrocked monks were wearing the red cap, and spouting regicide speeches at the Jacobins. These were no halcyon days, but times of tempest.

Far, far from these, under the clear skies, and among the gigantic mountain groves of the Alleghany, the days of Albert floated by. The rare appearance of a post-rider, and the occasional gift of a stray newspaper, informed him indeed from time to time of the successive quakings and eruptions in the old political world; but these were much like the convulsions of another planet. His ties to them were very much sundered. He lived in two worlds, but neither of them was the world of turbulent political affairs; he passed daily between the paradise of books, in which he held high converse with the mighty dead, and the paradise of nature, in which he communed with God himself. His training, though solitary, was not incomplete. The best part of every man's education is that which he gives himself. Yet Albert was not entirely alone.

When the elder De Mornay found himself to be dying, he committed his young son to the only friend whom he knew in that part of America; this was another Frenchman, who bore the name of Guerin, a royalist refugee, once a doctor of the Sorbonne, but now (such changes were not uncommon) secu-

larized, and seeking his bread by the only science which he could turn into a useful art, namely, mathematics. Singular was the providence which had thrown the orphan boy into the arms of such a man. Guerin was rather below the middle stature, but with that symmetry of person which leaves nothing to desire. His complexion was fair; his brow was open and serene, surmounting a clear, large, innocent, contemplative eye; the brown hair had gathered itself at the sides of his well-formed head, leaving the crown in a state of natural tonsure, befitting his former vocation. Delicate lips and regular teeth, taken in connection with hands which had known no early labor, conveyed the impression of rank and refinement. When forced to fly, the exile finds celibacy to be an advantage. Guerin was happy even in the wilds of America; he was more than happy when he found not only a ward and companion, in his friend's son, but a thousand friends revived, in his library.

No one could be less fitted to bring up a young man in the ways of the world; but then he could induct him into all the mysteries of classic and romantic knowledge. He spoke Latin with a purity which has always been coveted in the seminaries of France. He had spent some years at Rome, and was at home in all the works of Dante, Ariosto, Boccacio, Tasso and Petrarca. So much had he been secluded from public affairs, that the old world was almost as familiar to him as the new. True, he was strange to woodcraft and the ways of the huntsman. Never had he discharged a gun; its lock was as mysterious to him as a catapulta. Never had he acquired the gentle art of taking the mountain trout; and when he sat on the green bank, and lifted up his eyes from Lucretius or Seneca, he looked amazed at the line running off Albert's reel, and at the speckled creatures which the gentle but arch boy landed at his feet.

Never were master and scholar better matched; and the relation is a tender one. If Guerin was more pensive than jocose, he could nevertheless relish wit and humor, and he perceived that Albert was daily unfolding new tendencies toward the spiritual and superhuman. The teacher could therefore consent to be laughed at for his bad English, and to bear his share of the burden when Albert had brought down a buck. His brown-study would often be broken by some song of his companion, generally English, such as

> Under the greenwood tree,
> Who loves to lie with me,
> And turn his merry pote
> Unto the sweet-bird's throat,
> Here shall he see
> No enemy,
> But winter and rough weather.

The qualities of Guerin were fit correctives of Albert's. The teacher was placid, but not mystical; cheerful, but not enthusiastic; scholarly, but not philosophic; kind, but not heroic. Without him, Albert might have been an ignorant zealot, or a fanatical soldier; he never could have been malign or weak. The changes of opinion which had turned so many French priests into infidels, had only made Guerin half a Protestant. He was too yielding and too timid to those of his early profession; nor did his circumstances demand it. But he acquired forbearance, and enlarged the circle of his survey. In turning over the volumes at Crowscrag, the mountain home of Albert, he learned to recognize some virtue even in a Huguenot, and to admire the argument, and taste the truth of writers such as Chamier, Plessis du Mornay, Claude, Sauria, and Bonnet. He and his pupil talked them over among the limestone rocks and caverns of the mountains. But Guerin had cravings which his mercurial ward could not understand. The abbé, as he loved to call him, as if penetrated by the mysterious "Zeit-Geist," swelled with inward longings for communion with the spiritual. The sound of the great ocean came to him even in his solitude; while Albert felt that truth, if ever reached, was for men, for *man*. Both were religious in their thoughts; but Albert's religion was less of form and dogma, and more of expansive affection and lofty aspirations. The kind-hearted priest often charged to the account of Protestantism certain traits in his young friend, which he could not understand, and wondered to see him dissatisfied with all the beauties and glories of his mountain-home.

Albert possessed a dog, which, as if to mock the attempts of the abbé at English consonants, was named Thwackthwart; an awful mouthful, and second only to the proverbial exercise for foreigners, of "thirty thousand thorns thrust through the thick of their thumbs." The aforesaid Thwackthwart was of that color which you would not willingly denominate, lest you should find it was gray, when you had called it brown; a terrier of such a symmetric shape and attractive shagginess, that at length his ugliness acquired a sort of beauty. I am sure the reader has just such a dog in his mind's eye, even if he has never had its teeth in the calf of his leg. He was exceedingly useful in a mountain-house, and accompanied Albert on every expedition. As there were no ladies at Crowscrag to be alarmed by such an event, it was not unusual, when the chase had been active, or the weather tempting, for Albert to absent himself several days at a time. However unwelcome this may have been to the abbé, he did not complain, but mildly took his seat at the little round table, and gave his orders to Sambo, the servant. Sambo was on the wane of years, but had once been an athletic man, with noticeable signs of Indian blood in his face, while he passed for an African. He was older than any of them, as a dweller in these wilds, and even remembered when buffalo were known to cross low parts of the Allegheny chain.

One night, early in May, Guerin was seated at the door of the lonely wooden mansion, which, from its situation under the eastern brow of a rocky mountain, was named Crowscrag. The weather was warm for the season, and a heavy cloud in the southwest was giving forth signs of an approaching thunder-gust. The muttering of the coming storm, and the angry flashes increased as night came on. At length when darkness had begun to prevail, each renewal

of the lurid glare revealed wide tracts of the gray valleys, and disclosed yawning depths in the ragged hills, while the rain descended in torrents. Albert was still absent, and though both courageous and robust, was, in the estimation of his friend, exposed to manifold dangers. There was no house within many miles, except a temporary lodge on the opposite mountain, which had been used as a station in topographical surveys. This, though several miles distant, was so situated as to be visible by daylight; and Guerin often endeavored to catch a glimpse of it with his pocket-telescope, during intervals of the electric illumination. Midnight came, however, and yet no tidings of the wanderer. The good abbé paced the floor for hours, but at length yielded to weariness, and slept soundly. When he awoke to the clear shining of another day, he felt a pang at not seeing Albert; and he never saw him more.

CHAPTER XII.

Vadit, fremit, refringit virgulta pede vago.
CATULLUS. ATTYS, v. 86.

The grandfathers of some who read this have told them how the settlements of their childhood were put in fear by the irruption of the Indians; an evil as little feared in our own day as the ravages of the minotaur or other mythic monsters. These onsets were frequently made into the secluded valleys of that rugged district through which the Kanawha finds its course to the Ohio, from the great spine of mountains which traverses Virginia and Carolina. Striking across from the Ohio to the Sciota, the Shawnees used to pursue a "trail" well-known to hunters, and passing in its route the town of Major-Jack, where Chilicothe now stands. Thither in more than one instance they carried away captive men, women and children. Although their usual practice was to slay and scalp all able-bodied men, yet the aboriginal caprice sometimes led them to make exceptions in favor of a fine fellow taken even in arms; as for example when the chief who was prowling was visited with some mysterious yearning to supply by adoption the loss of a darling son. These statements are necessary to explain the absence of Albert, who, to say truth, had fallen into the hands of a party of Shawnees, after being surprised in the mountain lodge to which he had retreated from the storm. I am not about to tell an Indian story; such may be better heard in any frontier inn; I will therefore return to my disconsolate abbé.

When Guerin awoke to the reality of his loss, and had allowed two days to pass without any signs of his young friend, he was almost beside himself. Scarcely was there a man on earth less fitted for the adventures of a new country. Yet he set on foot a variety of explorations, by means of mountain rangers, and more especially of Sambo, whose habits and training assimilated him to the native tribes. The mountain-lodge showed signs, obscure indeed to the eye of civilization, but patent and convincing to the sagacity of foresters, that a party had halted there. It was manifest that there had been a recent fire, and some remnants of a wild turkey were near the edifice of logs. What was more significant, the body of poor Thwackthwart was found a few miles nearer to the river. Following this clew, Sambo divined, by infallible signs, that a party had taken canoes at a certain bluff, where also was discovered an illegible sentence freshly cut, or began to be cut, on the smooth bark of a beech. The heart-broken priest, as his only resource, betook himself to Richmond for aid and counsel; and after waiting there for some months, with no news of de Mornay, he sadly obeyed a vocation to the island of Martinique, fully persuaded that his companion had fallen under the ruthless weapons of the savage; an event by no means uncommon in that stage of our history.

This most untoward event it was, which brought me acquainted with the friend whom of all others I shall ever remember with the liveliest and tenderest regard; perpetually applying to him since his death the expressions of Shenstone's celebrated epitaph—

"Here, quanto minus
Cum reliquis versari,
Quam tui meminisse!"

Let me purposely abridge the horrors of the tale. De Mornay, after being taken by a wearisome series of posts northward through what is now the state of Ohio, was inducted into the Indian life not far from a British block-house near Lake Erie. One day, when he was accompanying his chief and father, We-mo-tox, or Burning Broomgrass, to a talk with the whites, he was recognized by a Highland major, who had a brother among the Frazers of North Carolina. A correspondence ensued, and the gallant Major Frazer, in the depth of winter, set out with De Mornay, who was gaunt and half-crippled from the exposures and chagrins of captivity, and brought him in a sort of triumph to the banks of the Roanoke. I was on a visit at Duncan Frazer's, when the major, long expected, arrived with the young stranger, whose story had come before him. Pallid and haggard as he was, with long, tangled hair, and habiliments in which the deer-skin oddly mingled with the cut of a garrison tailor on the lakes, Albert struck me as I have seldom been struck by a first appearance. The deep black eye shone with a melancholy lustre of natural gayety subdued by sudden and early grief. Gentleness, pain, courage and meditation were in his brow, his glance, and his reluctant smile. That night I prayed him to share my habitation and my pursuits, and he was my companion till—how shall I utter it—he sank away during years of beautiful decline.

CHAPTER XIII.

So shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language, which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself.
COLERIDGE.

There is something hard to express in the retrospect which one takes in chilly and over-prudent old age, of the periods when youth was boiling over, and when the mind, so far from being ashamed of its enthusiasms, rather gloried in them. It is not merely in trances of youthful love, that the soul is 'rapt into a condition above what is normal and beyond what

can be enduring; friendship, poetry, romance and even learning (wo to the scholar who knows it not) have their times of incantation. But to give full occasion for such experience there must be a nice conjuncture of place and age and person; which befel me under some signal aspect of the celestial signs when our quiet groves were visited by Albert de Mornay. A few months had graven on him the characters of years. Though at a later period he came to some knowledge of his departed Mentor, the meek and venerable Guerin, Albert at this time lamented him as lost, and mourned over the lessons of wisdom which, in the buoyancy of a spirit which now seemed frivolous, he had neglected and all but derided. Now the full shadow of his preceptor's tenets, example and character, fell upon him with too sombre a veil. What he remembered was chiefly the recluse pensiveness of the solitary. Books which he might otherwise have forgotten, and discourses to which he had scarcely known himself to be attending, while he was adjusting his rifle or making flies for the angle, revisited his thoughts like memories of the dead. It was Plato, it was Petrarca, it was Fenelon, that became the resort of his gentle spirit. And as he grew paler, as his voice became softer and more feminine, so his sentiments assumed a sad or rather an aspiring mood, much in contrast with the loudness and exuberance of his mountain days of health. Mingled with this were a group of qualities which fastened me to him as "with hooks of steel." No more to guide the foaming steed, or cheer the hunting company with his sonorous voice, he hung over the volumes of ancient lore, and sat at the embowered window gazing on the moon which twinkled all night on the reflecting ripples of the Roanoke.

Greek tragedy possesses a secret charm for such moments, which is undetected even by many a ripe scholar in our baby-whirling age. It was Electra, it was Antigone, and it was Alcestis, that rose before the enchanted eye of the once gay Frenchman, with the austere but unearthly loveliness of antique sculpture. To me this was a lesson but partially comprehended, yet I owe to Albert my transition from the vexing punctilios of the grammarian to the high contemplations of literary and poetic enthusiasm.

Friendship adds intelligence to letters. I felt then and feel now the force of the *nisi hoc sciat alter*. In solitary lucubration I might have grown into the accomplished school-master; but I should never have had an ear for the august harmonies which sometimes swell through the terrestrial infidelity of Lucretius, if I had not heard the heroic measures read with the dulcet music of a companion's voice. I never should have been able, as at a later day, to pore serenely over Goethe's Iphigenia. I never should have comprehended the enigmas of the *Religio Medici*. I never should have loved the sententious sweetness of Quesnel. I never should have found myself awakened, as at a trumpet's alarum, by the undoctrinal and vague, but stimulating rhapsodies of Schleiermacher's *Reden*. I never should have made pilgrimage, as I did long after, from the old capital of Burgundy to the mount where St. Bernard was born. All this I owed to the contagion of a lofty and loving soul.

CHAPTER XIV.

Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una.
MILTON. SONNET IV.

Fancy to yourself two enthusiasts sitting under a magnificent liriodendron (pity it is that common usage should have degraded the glory of our forests into a *poplar;* it is no poplar, and even the name tulip-tree has a hybrid sound, half Norman half Anglo-Saxon; "it follows not," says holy but funny Fuller, "that the foreign tulip is better than the rose because some usurping fancies would prefer it;") fancy, I say, gentle Alice, and gentle reader, two students of old books under a lofty tree, on a knoll in sight of a broad Southern river, with the bank all bespread with volumes. One of these youths is tall, slender, and—"call it fair, not pale," because two damask rose-leaves give a hectic beauty to the skin through which the eloquent blood courses almost visibly and all too rapidly. The brown hair, long and neglected, falls about the neck and over the linen collar of a country jacket. The great, liquid eye now rolls and now fixes, and the teeth, which medical observation recognizes as more pearly in consumptives, are disclosed in a speaking smile, as the attenuated and almost dainty fingers turn over the heavy leaves of a Greek folio. The approach of fatal disease (we remember Kirk White and Godman) seems only to quicken the appetency and spiritualize the enjoyment of knowledge. Dewy bushes, birds in the branches, a flock of sheep on the green hill-side, and a squadron of lazy boats in the distance, only aid the pursuit. Study is not confined to cells and conventual towers.

Pedant. The greatest solitude I ever felt was in a great city; when I was in an old, tumble-down street in London.

Albert. O give me the open air of heaven! I used to spout speeches in the Virginia mountains, where I could halloo to the echoes and fear no overhearing. But that was when I dreamed of the forum and the senate. It is past!

Pedant. Cicero makes much of these shades, as he calls them. He says Eloquence did not flourish in war-times. "Pacis est comes *otiique socia*, et jam hene constitutæ civitatis quasi alumna quædam Eloquentia." The gabble and fuss of much that is called learned talk in our towns is destructive of deep feeling and thus of high art.

Albert. Yes, and as my honored abbé used to quote from Goethe, concerning such a *litterateur:* "All the springs of natural feeling, which were open in all their fullness to our fathers, are shut to him. The paper-hangings, which fade on his walls in the course of a few years, are a token of his taste and a type of his works."

Pedant. Yet we lack great libraries here in our remote place.

Albert. We must be ignorant of many things to know any. True—though said by a man I hate—

Helvetius. My friend, let me play the old man and warn you You spread your nets too wide. You sow in more fields than you can ever reap. You have a reluctance to be an undistinguished happy man. You should read oftener in the Phædo, for you have more Greek than I. Often am I lifted above common thoughts as I read this wonderful dialogue. What a passage this is, about the dying swan, (chap. 30) and the argument of Simmias (chap. 36) about the lyre and its harmonies!

Pedant. Thus far I can read Plato best in a version.

Albert. A version! It is my aversion. There goes my first pun. Think of Pope's Homer! Open the books at Vaucluse for a sample, as your uncle draws a hand of tobacco from a hogshead. Here—take the Odyssey, xvii. 26–36. What can be simpler than the original—what more meretricious than the copy?

Ἀρτέμιδι ἰκέλη ἠὲ χρυσέῃ Ἀφροδίτῃ.

Pope thus:

"The beauteous cheeks the blush of Venus wear,
Chastened with coy Diana's pensive air."

And then, in plain English, "Weeping, she threw her arms about her dear boy. and kissed his brow and his two fair eyes, and murmuring plaintively, spake these winged words!"

But Pope, doubtless in wig and ruffles, thus:

"Hangs o'er her son, *in his embraces dies;*
Rains kisses on his neck, his face, his eyes;
Few words she spoke, *though much she had to say.*
And scarce those few, for tears, could force their way."

Pedant. Hold—I give up, Pope; but all translators have not his redundancy and pomp of words.

Albert. There are few good translators; and *me judice*, the latest are the best. Wolfius is a miracle. Our Frenchmen have shown their sense by giving the ancient poets in prose; for it is death to classic metres and classic thought to entangle them in Alexandrines, with male and female rhymes. Taylor's Plato is close enough and bald enough, but it is harder than the Greek. It is easy to turn *simplex munditiis* into "simple in mundicity," but it becomes neither sense nor English. Cervantes knew what he was about, when he compared a version to the wrong side of a piece of tapestry; you make out the figures, but where are the tone, the beauty, the expression?

Pedant. Then you must learn Hebrew to read the Bible.

Albert. O, that I could! As it is—one chapter of St. John's Greek is glorious, beyond all the scores of version from St. Jerome to Campbell. I never could endure the barbarisms of the Vulgate, even from the lips of my honored abbé. I think even he blushed when he recited—*Amen, amen dico vobis: quia plorabitis et flebitis vos*, etc., S. Joann. cap. xvi, 20. Yet it is better in its senility than the French-polish of Castalio. And your English Bible has a venerableness from the lordly old English of its day. Our French Bibles smack of the *salon;* the *tournure* of phrase is colloquial and courtly.

Pedant. My friend Pfeffers protests that the gospels are fabricated.

Albert. Pfeffers is a fool—pardon me—your friend Pfeffers is duped by the cold, bloodless *philosophers* of the High Dutch universities. So Hardouin undertook to prove that Homer, and Virgil, and all, were vamped up by monks in the Middle Age. *Papae!* When that is done, I will demonstrate that the Temple of Neptune at Paestum was built by the crusaders, and that the Antinous was chipped out of marble by a couple of Savoyard image-boys in the year 1789. The microscopic objections of Bahrdt and Paulus are just such infinitesimal lichens and abrasions and scratchings as a strong lens will detect on the cheek of the Discobolos, or the Venus of Florence. Is there sweetness in that breath of wild roses which comes over us from the west? Was it made to be enjoyed? Is it correlate with this olfactory sense? Then is the seventeenth chapter of St. John a heavenly aroma, formed for this inward craving of a departing soul. Take me back to my wild Indians, and their medicine-men with gourds and wampum, rather than to the drivel of a learning once Christian, but now materialistic or godless! That manna *was* good, but it has bred worms. *Corruptio optimi pessima est.*

Pedant. Dearest De Mornay, you flush and injure yourself.

Albert. Thanks to thee, Paul Gueria, that thou leftest me lessons which live in the soil of this heart and germinate after thy departure! God grant that grief and the suns of Martinique may not despoil the earth of the purest of the emigrant clergy.

. . . . . .

That day we had to carry Albert into the house, and his subsequent studies and conversations were chiefly in a swinging hammock of Mexican grass, suspended in our northern veranda.

CHAPTER XV.

Il me semble que considerant la foiblesse de nostre vie, et à combien d'escueils ordinaires et naturels elle est exposée, on n'en devroit pas faire si grande part à la naissance, à l'oisiveté et à l'apprentissage.

MONTAIGNE, ch. 57.

In a second visit to Europe after the death of De Mornay, I sought out the hamlet where his father lived. It was *Chateaux-Prix sur L'Emmat.* The place is very French, being in the neighborhood of a dismantled fortification. But the green slopes are still kept trim for promenades. Long, long rows of Lombardy poplars, very different from the spindling things we have, stretch a mile along the water. The low, red houses, with red tiles, huddle together about the red church, like a brood crowding around the hen. In the evenings, the brown peasants in blouses, and the brown mothers and maids in broad straw plats, cluster under vines at the doors, with long loaves of bread and flasks of country wine. Clumps of Grenoble walnut-trees—we call them *English*—half conceal with their full foliage the immense rood of timber which predominates over a village spring. Near this, as the sun sinks, are heard the sound of the tabor and pipe, and the clatter of *sabots*, as the boys and girls run to the merry-making. Donkeys

are loose among the road-side thistles, and the long twilight is not over before all are in bed.

But the De Mornays had flitted out of France, and I found them—almost the only remaining Huguenots in Louvain, which once was so famous a Protestant town.* The portrait of Gaston du Plessis, Albert's grand-uncle, hanging at Doctor De Mornay's, might—with another dress—have passed for a likeness of my friend; but it was in feather and coat-armor. Madame Guers, a young widow, heard with tears my remembrances of her cousin. It was she who carried me to see the *Hôtel de Ville*, built some time in the fifteenth century, and told me gay romances of the Dukes of Brabant. She had never heard of Froissart! I cannot remember whether it was here or at Liège that I wondered at the Holy Family of Quentin Matsys. The Louvain beer is famous, and I advise tourists to acquaint themselves with the Brabant John Barleycorn at the *Maison des Brasseurs*, or Brewer's Hall, or at the convent of Parc, with its fish-ponds, not far distant.

Being still out of my head about teaching, I was dinned with talk concerning the *Methode Jacotot*, which is as little remembered there as Manual Labor Schools with us. And, surely, a comical method it was! For Jacotot presumed to teach every thing out of one book, by an everlasting repetition. Hundreds of schools were set up on this plan.

Rambling old man that I am! It is time my chapters came to an end. Alice is horrified at my reading out of Homer a passage in the twentieth book of the Odyssey, and says she shall dream of it. I defy Pfeffers to find any thing more ghastly in German story. It is where the guests are suddenly struck mad. They burst forth into sardonic laughter. Blood issues from their mouths, and tears pour from their eyes. Meanwhile Theoclymenus, gifted with sudden clairvoyance, beholds the sun perishing from the heavens, the porch filled with spectres, and the walls sweating gore. Why has it not been quoted by our Northern spiritualists?

. . . . . .

Before I end my dictations and resolve to bid Alice close her portfolio, let me give one or two discoveries concerning old age, which my readers will better understand when they have had the "three warnings."

Old folks do not acquire wisdom in a natural way; that is, as they acquire short breath, puckered lips, gray hairs, crowsfeet, weak knees and shuffling feet. Habit is habit. Idle youth—idle age. I love books as much and as fondly as when I was in my father's garret. But my glasses are too young for me, and McAlister is five hundred miles away, and folios are hard to manage, and my grand-daughter is in peril of laryngitis by reading so loud to me, and my eyes close in the middle of periods, and my pipe goes out ten times a-day.

When I was young I thought life pleasant, but I also thought that after three-score I should be ready to yield it without a sigh. I do not know how it is, but my love of life has a tenacity as tough as my corded fingers. Every preparation for "that vast ocean I must sail so soon" is induced *ab extra*. The instinctive tendency is to live a little longer.

In old age I fancy myself not very much attended to. This I suppress; but for the life of me I cannot help observing that in all companies my chair becomes insular. The young men prefer learning of the young women. The young women attend to me sweetly—but as it were by afterthought, from sense of duty.

As an old man, I perceive that young creatures are too gay. The loud laugh reaches me, but I have lost the *bon mot* which caused it. The books they are in raptures about are not in my collection. Was I ever thus? And did those grave looks of my seniors proceed from something like this in their heedless offspring? Heigh-ho! It is time for me to look for hat and stick, as a *conviva satur*.

The teeth which Gardette furnished me are the admiration of all companies; and I speak with only a perceptible click produced by the play of the gold and porcelain. Yet what I say is evidently less relished than when I used to be in blue broad-cloth and hair-powder, and with six unstarched cravats about my neck. My Latin quotations are unintelligible, for I retain the old continental sound of the vowels, and cannot break my organs into the Anglicism of *payter*, *frayter*, and *nigh-sigh*, for *pater*, *frater*, and *nisi*. I can't learn to change the Spanish *Quijote* into Quixotte, with a double T; or to talk "of paying over *over* ten dollars," when I mean "paying over more than ten dollars." Alice has never found her favorite "reliable" in any English author before the days of Sir Robert Peel; or any classic writer who ever uttered the phrase "*on* to-morrow." I am old-fashioned enough to present to each other visitors who meet at a morning call, and to show them to the door; nor can I wear my hat in the house, bald as I am. *Quere*. Whether Methusalem had these disabilities in proportion to his longinquity?

CHAPTER XVI.

"He is insensibly subdued
To settled quiet; he is one by whom
All effort seems forgotten: one to whom
Long patience hath such mild composure given,
That patience now doth seem a thing of which
He hath no need."

WORDSWORTH.

They say old age is cold, but this summer weather boils my blood, and drives me to every corner where a little motion among the leaves affords a surmise of gentle airs. Which reminds me of the comic sufferings of my friend Pfeffers, when first he made trial of our cis-atlantic climate. He so panted and perspired, that we feared he might go off in a paroxysm of some tropical disease. It was many a long year ago, yet Pfeffers is still alive; by this token, that he is my guest at this present writing. His tongue retains a few scarcely perceptible Shibboleths of his German original. Long ago, he threw himself heart and soul into our American usages, and married an American wife. Age sits lightly on him. He is

* I may be in error, but so my Commissionaire Jean d'Ypres told me.

brown, and square built, and he dresses young. An auburn wig surmounts his mahogany visage with formidable dignity. Pfeffers is an ornithologist, and —with a zeal almost furious—has traversed all our Southern States in pursuit of the fowls of the air. That he has escaped poisoning himself with the arsenic which he uses in his taxidermy is to be ascribed to the volumes of tobacco-smoke which he has inhaled during half a century.

In the odd changes of life's wheel, some of my youthful companions have turned up in strange places. Pfeffers has just informed me, that he met at Memphis—not in Egypt—an old lady, who remembered having seen me in Dublin. It was no other than Grace O'Meara, whom I left a bouncing girl in her gallant father's house, and who is now a hale but wrinkled grandmamma. Through her report, I learned that Guerin—the friend of my beloved De Mornay—lived to a very great age in the island of Martinique, where he continued, till the last, to pursue his philosophical and humane studies. Gentle Frenchman—how many, less deserving, are honored with monumental marbles!

My literary reminiscences were much freshened by Pfeffers, and his presence carried me back to the vine-clad heights of the Rhine. What delicious fragrance comes back to one's inner sense from the balmy fields of juvenile experience! Surely this is one of the principal compensations of benign Providence to men in years. Old age itself does not always impair the faculty of living over again the innocent pleasures of life. Garrulous we are, it cannot be denied, at our time of life, and every octogenarian is prone to be a *laudator temporis acti*. But if young folks were wise, they would lend willing ears, and thus would have us in our best moments, to wit—when we are rejoicing in the past, rather than tasking the outworn powers to receive the new impressions of the present.

I seem to float again upon the Rhine, and again to hear the song of the vine-dressers, suspended from the craggy and terraced slopes where the white wines of princes are produced.

Pfeffers and I have diverged more and more as we have grown older, and each is rigid in his cramps and oddities. Except in smoking, there is scarcely a point on which we agree. He loves to read Rabelais; whom, maugre all the eulogies of Coleridge and other great men, I continue to loathe as a filthy old man. He glories in Jean-Paul, whom I never could comprehend. He places Dante and Goethe above all poets, while I stick to Shakspeare, Milton and Schiller. He is a red-democrat, croaks songs of Freiligrath, and rehearses rhapsodies of Kinkel; I am a conservative, an old federalist, and a hater of *emeutes*. He follows Blum and Heine, and is a *Lichtfreund*, or *illuminé*, ready to guillotine priests and proclaim a millenium of unbelief; I am a churchgoer, and almost a Quaker in my quiet musings. He derides all such dreams as those of Guerin and De Mornay, and votes all the Pascals, Nicoles, Fenelons and Gurneys to be milksops and pietistic fools; I equally scorn his Bruno Bauers and Carlyles. His old age is fiery, restless, testy and unmerciful; on the contrary, I grow calmer, and more averse to agitation. He is a thorough-paced abolitionist, of the *ruat cœlum* school; I am disposed to follow Sir Robert Walpole's *quiteta non movere*. We live in a pleasing pain of endless controversy, which puts out his pipe a dozen times a-day, while it only causes my clouds of smoke to roll away in heavier volume.

My chief amusement has been in planting trees for the use of posterity, and in decorating a little church which the ladies of our neighborhood have been rearing out of the work of their own hands. I have inserted in my will—after a competency for Alice—a provision looking toward the perpetuation of a school, in the spot where my happy pedagogic days were past. The shadows of the evening have brought with them a grateful calm. As I contemplate the setting sun, it is soothing to consider that it will rise to-morrow on a land which grows greater and happier every day; a land which, in spite of occasional agitations, has settled itself with dignity on the principles of Washington; a land in which fanatical bonfires die out without any conflagration.

Adieu, gentlest reader! If these chapters seem to you rambling and empty, be assured they seem not less so to me. Yet the utterance of trifles has given me a relief; and if they add a pleasure to any who peruse them, it will be to me a content and a recompense.

SONNET.—AGE.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

Brood sombrous clouds above a midnight sea;
Rude, rifted rocks rise round the final shore
Of life's wide world. Through the thick mist that o'er
The scene spreads sadness, lo! all silently
Glides a lone, wearied, shattered bark along;
Sun, moon and stars are darkened unto him,
Its aged voyager. His eyesight dim,
Nor joy nor pleasure can to him belong—
Ferried fast on by many drooping hours,
Nears he the leaden stream's wide mouth, at last,
Whose waters wildly roar as run they past
Into eternity's vast flood. All powers
Fail now to him. With numerous sorrows rife,
Enters he then the haven of immortal life.

CHAUCER AND HIS TIMES.

BY THOMAS B. SHAW.

We consider the age of Chaucer as the true starting-point of the English literature properly so called. In Italy letters appear to have revived after the long and gloomy period characterized by the somewhat false term of "the dark ages," with astonishing rapidity. Like germs and seeds of plants which have lain for centuries buried deep in the unfruitful bowels of the earth, and suddenly brought up by some convulsion of nature to the surface, the intellect of Italy burst forth, in the fourteenth century, into a tropical luxuriance, putting out its fairest flowers of poetry, and its solidest and most beautiful fruits of wisdom and of wit. Dante died seven years before, and Petrarch and Boccaccio about fifty years after, the birth of Chaucer, who thus was exposed to the strongest and directest influence of the genius of these great men. How great that influence was, we shall presently see. The great causes, then, which modified and directed the genius of Chaucer were—first, the new Italian poetry, which then suddenly burst forth upon the world, like Pallas from the brain of Jupiter, perfect and consummate in its virgin strength and beauty; second, the now decaying Romanz or Provençal poetry; and third, the doctrines of the Reformation, which were beginning, obscurely but irresistibly, to agitate the minds of men; a movement which took its origin, as do all great and permanent revolutions, in the lower depths of the popular heart, heaving gradually onward, like the tremendous ground-swell of the equator, until it burst with resistless strength upon the Romish Church in Germany and in England, sweeping all before it. Wickliffe, who was born in 1324, only four years before Chaucer, had undoubtedly communicated to the poet many of his bold doctrines: the father of our poetry and the father of our reformed religion were both attached to the party of the celebrated John of Gaunt, and were both honored with the friendship and protection of that powerful prince: Chaucer, indeed, was the kinsman of the earl, having married the sister of Catherine Swinford, first the mistress and ultimately the wife of "time-honored Lancaster;" and the poet's varied and uncertain career seems to have faithfully followed all the vicissitudes of John of Gaunt's eventful life.

Geoffrey Chaucer was born, as he informs us himself, in London; and for the date of an event so important to the destinies of English letters, we must fix it, on the authority of the inscription upon his tomb, as having happened in the year 1328; that is to say, at the commencement of the splendid and chivalrous reign of Edward III. The honor of having been the place of his education has been eagerly disputed by the two great and ancient universities of Oxford and Cambridge; the former, however, of the two learned sisters having apparently the best established right to the maternity—or at least the fosterage—of so illustrious a nursling. Cambridge founds her claim upon the circumstance of Chaucer's having subscribed one of his early works "Philogenet *of Cambridge*, clerk." He afterward returned to London, and there became a student of the law. His detestation of the monks appears, from a very curious document, to have begun even so early as his abode in the grave walls of the Temple; for we find the name of Jeffrey Chaucer inscribed in an ancient registar as having been fined for the misdemeanor of beating a friar in Fleet street.

The first efforts of a revival of letters will always be made in the path of translation; and to this principle Chaucer forms no exception. He was an indefatigable translator; and the whole of many—nay, a great part of *all*—his works bears unequivocal traces of the prevailing taste for imitation. How much he has improved upon his models, what new lights he has placed them in, with what skill he has infused fresh life into the dry bones of obscure authors, it will hereafter be our business to inquire. He was the poetical pupil of Gower, and, like Raphael and Shakspeare, he surpassed his master: Gower always speaks with respect of his illustrious pupil in the art of poetry; and, in his work entitled "Confessio Amantis," places in the mouth of Venus the following elegant compliment;—

> And grete wel Chaucer, when ye mete,
> As my disciple and my poëte:
> For in the flowers of his youth,
> In sundry wise, as he well couthe,
> Of ditees and of songès glade
> The which he for my sakè made, etc.

These lines also prove that Chaucer began *early* to write; and probably our poet continued during the whole course of his eventful life, to labor assiduously in the fields of letters.

His earliest works were strongly tinctured with the manner, nay, even with the mannerism, of the age. They are much fuller of allegory than his later productions; they are distinguished by a greater parade of scholarship, and by a deeper tinge of that amorous and metaphysical mysticism which pervades the later Provençal poetry, and which reached its highest pitch of fantastical absurdity in the *Arrêts d'Amour* of Picardy and Languedoc. As an example of this we may cite his "Dream," an allegorical composition written to celebrate the nuptials of his friend and patron John of Gaunt, with Blanche, the heiress of Lancaster.

Chaucer was in every sense a man of the world: he was the ornament of two of the most brilliant courts in the annals of England—those of Edward III. and his successor Richard II. He also accompanied

the former king in his expedition into France, and was taken prisoner about 1359, at the siege of Retters; and in 1367 we find him receiving from the crown a grant of 20 marks, *i. e.* about 200*l.* of our present money.

Our poet, thus distinguished as a soldier, as a courtier, and as a scholar, was honored with the duty of forming part of an embassy to the splendid court of Genoa, where he was present at the nuptials of Violante, daughter of Galeazzo, Duke of Milan, with the Duke of Clarence. At this period he made the acquaintance of Petrarch, and probably of Boccaccio also: to the former of these illustrious men he certainly was personally known; for he hints, in his "Canterbury Tales," his having learned from him the beautiful and pathetic tale of the patient Griselda:—

> Learned at Padua of a worthy clerke
> Francis Petrarke, the laureate poët:
> Highte thys clerke, whose rhethorique sweet
> Enlumined al Itale of poesy.

It was during his peregrinations in France and Italy that Chaucer drew at the fountain-head those deep draughts from the Hippocrene of Tuscany and of Provence which flow and sparkle in all his compositions. It is certain that he introduced into the English language an immense quantity of words absolutely and purely French, and that he succeeded with an admirable dexterity in harmonizing the ruder sounds of his vernacular tongue; so successfully, indeed, that it may be safely asserted that very few poets in any modern language are more exquisitely and uniformly musical than Chaucer. Indeed, he has been accused, and in rather severe terms, of having naturalized in English "a wagon-load of foreign words."

In 1380 we find Chaucer appointed to the office of Clerk of the Works at Windsor, where he was charged with overlooking the repairs about to be made in St. George's Chapel, then in a ruinous condition.

In 1383 Wickliffe completed his translation into the English language of the Bible, and his death, in the following year, seems to have been the signal for the commencement of a new and gloomy phase in the fortunes of the poet. Chaucer returned to England in 1386, and, the party to which he belonged having lost its political influence, he was imprisoned in the Tower, and deprived of the places and privileges which had been granted to him. Two years afterward he was permitted to sell his patents, and in 1389 he appears to have been induced to abandon, and even to accuse, his former associates, of whose treachery toward him he bitterly complains.

In reward for this submission to the government, we afterward find him restored to favor, and made, in the year 1389, Clerk of the Works at Westminster. It is at this period that he is supposed to have retired to pass the calm evening of his active life in the green shades of Woodstock, where he is related to have composed his admirable "Canterbury Tales." This production, though, according to many opinions, neither the finest nor even the most characteristic of Chaucer's numerous and splendid poems, is yet the one of them all by which he is now best known: it is the work which has handed his name down to future generations as the earliest glory of his country's literature; and as such it warrants us in appealing, from the perhaps partial judgments of isolated critics, to the sovereign tribunal of posterity. The decisions of contemporaries may be swayed by fashion and prejudice; the criticism of scholars may be tinged with partiality; but the unanimous voice of four hundred and fifty years is sure to be a true index of the relative value of a work of genius.

Beautiful as are many of his other productions, it is the "Canterbury Tales" which have enshrined Chaucer in the penetralia of England's Glory Temple; it is to the wit, the pathos, the humanity, the chivalry of those tales that our minds recur when our ear is struck with the venerable name of Chaucer. In 1390 we find the poet receiving the honorable charge of Clerk of the Works at Windsor; and, two years later, a grant from the crown of 20*l.* and a tun of wine annually. Toward the end of the century which his illustrious name had adorned, he appears to have fallen into some distress; for another document is in existence securing to the poet the protection of the crown (probably against importunate creditors;) and in 1399 we find the poet's name inserted in the lease of a house holden from the Abbot and Chapter of Westminster, and occupying the spot upon which was afterward erected Henry VII.'s chapel, now forming one of the most brilliant ornaments of Westminster Abbey. In this house, as is with great probability conjectured, Chaucer died, on the 25th of October, 1400, and was buried in the Abbey, being the first of that long array of mighty poets whose bones repose with generations of kings, warriors, and statesmen, beneath the "long-drawn aisles."

In reading the works of this poet the qualities which cannot fail to strike us most are—admirable truth, freshness, and *livingness* of his descriptions of external nature; profound knowledge of human life in the delineation of character; and that all-embracing humanity of heart which makes him, as it makes the reader, sympathise with all God's creation, taking away from his humor every taste of bitterness and sarcasm. This humor, colored by and springing from universal sympathy, this noblest humanity—we mean humanity in the sense of Terence's: "homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto"—is the heritage of only the greatest among mankind; and is but an example of that deep truth which Nature herself has taught us, when she placed in the human heart the spring of Laughter fast by the fountain of Tears.

We shall now proceed to examine the principal poems of Chaucer, in the hope of presenting to our readers some scale or measure of the gradual development of those powers which appear, at least to us, to have reached their highest apogee or exaltation in the "Canterbury Tales."

In the first work to which we shall turn our attention, Chaucer has given us a translation of a poem

esteemed by all French critics the noblest monument of their poetical literature anterior to the time of Francis I. This is the "Romaunt of the Rose," a beautiful mixture of allegory and narrative, of which we shall presently give an outline in the words of Warton. The "Roman de la Rose" was commenced by William de Lorris, who died in 1260, and completed, in 1310, by Jean de Meun, a witty and satirical versifier, who was one of the ornaments of the brilliant court of Charles le Bel. Chaucer has translated the whole of the portion composed by the former, together with some of Meun's continuation; making, as he goes on, innumerable improvements in the text, which, where it harmonizes with his own conceptions, he renders with singular fidelity. "The difficulties and dangers of a lover, in pursuing and obtaining the object of his desires, are the literal argument of the poem. This design is couched under the allegory of a rose, which our lover, after frequent obstacles, gathers in a delicious garden. He traverses vast ditches, scales lofty walls, and forces the gates of adamantine castles. These enchanted holds are all inhabited by various divinities; some of which assist, and some oppose, the lover's progress." The English poem is written, like the French original, in the short rhymed octo-syllabic couplets so universally adopted by the Trouvères, a measure well fitted, from its ease and flowingness, for the purpose of long narratives We have said that the translation is in most cases very close; Chaucer was so far from desiring to make his works pass for original when they had no claim to this qualification, that he even specifies, with great care and with even a kind of exultation, the sources from whence his productions are derived. Indeed, at such early periods in the literature of any country, writers seem to attach as great or greater dignity to the office of translator than to the more arduous duty of original composition; the reason of which probably is, that in the childhood of nations as well as of men, learning is a rarer, and therefore more admired, quality than imagination.

The allegorical personages in the "Romaunt of the Rose" are singularly varied, rich, and beautiful. Sorrow, Envy, Avarice, Hate, Beauty, Franchise, Richesse, are successively brought on the stage. As an example of the remarks we have just been making, we will quote a short passage from the latter part of Chaucer's translation, *i. e.* from that portion of the poem composed by John of Meun: it describes the attendants in the palace of Old Age: we will print the original French and also the extract:—

Travaile et douleur la hébergent,
Mais ils la lient et la chargent,
Que Mort prochaine luy présentent,
En talant de se repentir;
Tant luy sont de fléaux sentir;
Adoneq luy vient en remembrance,
En cest tardifve présence.
Quand il se voit foible et chenue.

With her, Labour and eke Travaile
Lodgid bene, with sorwe and wo.
That never out of her court go
Pain and Distress, Sekenesse and Ire,
And Melancholie that angry sire,
Ben of her palais Senatoures;
Goning and Grutching her herbegeors.
The day and night her to tourment,
With cruel death they her present,
And tellen her erliche and late,
That Deth standith armid at her gate.

Here Chaucer's improvements are plainly perceptible; the introduction of Death, standing *armed* at the gate, is a grand and sublime thought, of which no trace is to be found in the comparatively flat original; not to mention the terrible distinctness with which Chaucer enumerates Old Age's *Senators*, Pain, Distress, Sickness, Ire, and Melancholy; and her grim chamberlains, Groaning and Grudging.

The next poem which we shall mention is the love-story entitled "Troilus and Cresseide," founded on one of the most favorite legends of the Middle Ages, and which Shakspeare himself has dramatized in the tragedy of the same name. The anachronism of placing the scene of such a history of chivalric love in the heroic age of the Trojan War is, we think, more than compensated by the pathos, the nature, and the variety which characterize many of the ancient romances on this subject. Chaucer informs us that his authority is Lollius, a mysterious personage very often referred to by the writers of the Middle Ages, and so impossible to discover and identify that he must be considered as the Ignis Fatuus of antiquaries. "Of Lollius," says one of these unhappy and baffled investigators, "it will become every one to speak with deference." The whole poem is saturated with the spirit not of the Ionian rhapsodist, but of the Provençal minstrel. It is written in the rhymed ten-syllabled couplet, which Chaucer has used in the greater part of his works. In the midst of a thousand anachronisms, of a thousand absurdities, this poem contains some strokes of pathos which are invariably to be found in every thing Chaucer wrote, and which show that his heart ever vibrated responsive to the touch of nature.

Though we propose, in a future volume, to give such specimens and extracts of Chaucer as may suffice to enable our readers to judge of his manner, we cannot abstain from citing here a most exquisite passage: it describes the bashfulness and hesitation of Cressida before she can find courage to make the avowal of her love:—

And as the newe-abashed nightingale
That stinteth first, when she beginneth sing,
When that she heareth any herdis tale,
Or in the hedgis any wight stirring,
And after siker doth her voice outring;
Right so Cresseide, when that her drede stent,
Opened her herte and told him her entent.

We may remark here the extraordinary fondness for the song of birds exhibited by Chaucer in all his works. There is not one of the English poets, and certainly none of the poets of any other nation, who has shown a more intense enjoyment for this natural music: he seems to omit no opportunity of describing the "doulx ramaige" of these feathered poets, whose accents seem to be echoed in all their delicacy, their purity and fervor, in the fresh strains of "our Father Chaucer:"—

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass!

We have mentioned the anachronism of *plan* in this poem; it abounds in others no less extraordinary. Among these, he represents Cresseide as reading the Thebaid of Statius (a very favorite book of Chaucer,) which he calls "The Romance of Thebis;" and Pandarus endeavors to comfort Troilus with arguments of predestination taken from Bishop Bradwardine, a theologian nearly contemporary with the poet.

The "House of Fame," a magnificent allegory, glowing with all the "barbaric pearl and gold" of Gothic imagination, is the next work on which we shall remark. Its origin was probably Provençal, but the poem which Chaucer translated is now lost. We will condense the argument of this poem from Warton:—"The poet, in a vision, sees a temple of glass decorated with an unaccountable number of golden images. On the walls are engraved stories from Virgil's Eneid and Ovid's Epistles. Leaving this temple, he sees an eagle with golden wings soaring near the sun. The bird descends, seizes the poet in its talons, and conveys him to the Temple of Fame, which, like that of Ovid, is situated between earth and sea. He is left by the eagle near the house, which is built of materials bright as polished glass, and stands on a rock of ice. All the southern side of this rock is covered with engravings of the names of famous men, which are perpetually melting away by the heat of the sun. The northern side of the rock was alike covered with names; but, being shaded from the warmth of the sun, the characters here remained unmelted and uneffaced. Within the niches formed in the pinnacles stood all round the castle

All manere of minstrellis,
And gestours, that tellen tales
Both of weping and eke of game;

and the most renowned harpers—Orpheus, Arion, Chiron, and the Briton Glaskeirion. In the hall he meets an infinite multitude of heralds, on whose surcoats are embroidered the arms of the most redoubted champions. At the upper end, on a lofty shrine of carbuncle, sits Fame. Her figure is like those of Virgil and Ovid. Above her, as if sustained on her shoulders, sate Alexander and Hercules. From the throne to the gates of the hall ran a range of pillars with respective inscriptions. On the first pillar, made of lead and iron, stood Josephus, the Jewish historian, with seven other writers on the same subject. On the second, made of iron, and painted with the blood of tigers, stood Statius. On another, higher than the rest, stood Homer, Dares Phrygius, Livy, Lollius, Guido of Colonna, and Geoffrey of Monmouth, writers on the Trojan story. On a pillar of 'tinnid iron clere' stood Virgil; and next him, on a pillar of copper, appeared Ovid. The figure of Lucan was placed upon a pillar of iron 'wrought full sternly,' accompanied by many Roman historians. On a pillar of sulphur stood Claudian. The hall is filled by crowds of minor authors. In the meantime crowds of every nation and condition fill the temple, each presenting his claim to the queen. A messenger is sent to summon Eolus from his cave in Thrace, who is ordered to bring his two clarions, Slander and Praise, and his trumpeter Triton. The praises of each petitioner are then sounded, according to the partial or capricious appointment of Fame! and equal merits obtain very different success. The poet then enters the house or labyrinth of Rumor. It was built of willow twigs, like a cage, and therefore admitted every sound. From this house issue tidings of every kind, like fountains and rivers from the sea. Its inhabitants, who are eternally employed in hearing or telling news, raising reports, and spreading lies, are then humorously described: they are chiefly sailors, pilgrims, and pardoners. At length our author is awakened by seeing a venerable person of great authority; and thus the vision abruptly terminates." From the few lines we have quoted, it may be seen that this poem, like the "Romaunt of the Rose," is written in the octosyllabic measure. Though full of extravagances, exaggerations of the already too monstrous personifications of Ovid, this work extorts our admiration by the inexhaustible richness and splendor of its ornaments; a richness as perfectly in accordance with Middle Age art, as it is extravagant and puerile in the tinsel pages of the Roman poet. That multiplicity of parts and profusion of minute embellishment which forms the essential characteristic of a Gothic cathedral is displaced and barbarous when introduced into the severer outlines of a Grecian temple or a Roman amphitheatre.

It now becomes our delightful duty to speak of the "Canterbury Tales;" and we can hardly trust ourselves to confine within reasonable limits the examination of this admirable work, containing in itself, as it does, merits of the most various and opposite kinds. It is a finished picture, delineating almost every variety of human character, crowded with figures, whose lineaments no lapse of time, no change of manners, can render faint or indistinct, and which will retain, to the latest centuries, every stroke of outline and every tint of color, as sharp and as vivid as when they came from the master's hand. The Pilgrims of Chaucer have traversed four hundred and fifty years—like the Israelites wandering in the wilderness—arid periods of neglect and ignorance, sandy flats of formal mannerism, unfertilized by any spring of beauty, and yet "their garments have not decayed, neither have their shoes waxed old."

Besides the lively and faithful delineation—*i. e. descriptive* delineation of these personages, nothing can be more dramatic than the way in which they are set in motion, speaking and acting in a manner always conformable to their supposed characters, and mutually heightening and contrasting each other's peculiarities. Further yet, besides these triumphs in the *framing* of his Tales, the Tales themselves, distributed among the various pilgrims of his troop, are, in almost every case, master-pieces of splendor, of pathos, or of drollery.

Chaucer, in the Prologue to the "Canterbury Tales," relates that he was about to pass the night at the "Tabarde" inn in Southwark, previous to setting out on a pilgrimage to the far-famed shrine of St. Thomas of Kent—*i. e.* Thomas à Becket—at Canterbury. On the evening preceding the poet's departure there arrive at the hostelry—

> Wel nine and twenty in a compagnie
> Of sondry folk, by avanture y-falle
> In felawship, and pilgrimes wer they alle,
> That toward Canterbury wolden ride.

The poet, glad of the opportunity of traveling in such good company, makes acquaintance with them all, and the party, after mutually promising to start early in the morning, sup and retire to rest.

Chaucer then gives a full and minute description, yet in incredibly few words, of the condition, appearance, manners, dress, and horses of the pilgrims. He first depicts a Knight, "brave in battle, and wise in council," courteous, grave, religious, experienced; who had fought for the faith in far lands, at Algesiras, at Alexandria, in Russia; a model of the chivalrous virtues:

> And though that he was worthy, he was wise,
> And of his port *meke as is a mayde*.
> He was a veray parfit gentle knight.

He is mounted on a good, though not showy, horse, and clothed in a simple *gipon* or close tunic, of serviceable materials, characteristically stained and discolored by the friction of his armor.

This valiant and modest gentleman is accompanied by his son, a perfect specimen of the *damoyseau* or "bachelor" of this, or of the graceful and gallant youth of noble blood in any period. Chaucer seems to revel in the painting of his curled and shining locks—"as they were laid in presse"—of his tall and active person, of his already-shown bravery, of his "love-longing," of his youthful accomplishments, and of his gay and fantastic dress. His talent for music, his short, embroidered gown with long wide sleeves (the fashion of the day,) his perfect horsemanship, his skill in song-making, in illuminating and writing, his hopeful and yet somewhat melancholy love for his "lady"—

> So hote he loved, that by nightertale
> He slept no more than doth the nightingale—

nothing is omitted; not a stroke too few or too many.

This attractive pair are attended by a Yeman or retainer. This figure is a perfect portrait of one of those bold and sturdy archers, the type of the ancient national character; a type which still exists in the plain, independent peasantry of the rural districts of the land. He is clad in the picturesque costume of the greenwood, with his sheaf of peacock arrows, bright and keen, stuck in his belt, and bearing in his hand "a mighty bowe"—the far-famed "long-bow" of the English archers—the most formidable weapon of the Middle Ages, which twanged such fatal music to the chivalry of France at Poictiers and Agincourt. His "not-hed," his "brown visage," tanned by sun and wind, his sword and buckler, his sharp and well-equipped dagger, the silver medal of St. Christopher on his breast, the horn in the green baldric—how life-like does he stand before us!

These three figures are admirably contrasted with a Prioress, a lady of noble birth and delicate bearing, full of the pretty affectations, the dainty tendernesses of the "grande dame religieuse." Her name is "Madame Eglantine;" and the mixture, in her manners and costume, of gentle worldly vanities and of ignorance of the world; her gayety, and the ever-visible difficulty she feels to put on an air of courtly hauteur; the lady-like delicacy of her manners at table, and her fondness for petting lap-dogs—

> Of smale houndes had she, that she fed
> With rosted flesh, and milk, and wastel-bread,
> But sore she wept if on of hem were dead,
> Or if men smote it with a yerde smert,
> For al was conscience, and tender herte,—

this masterly outline is most appropriately *framed* (if we may so speak) in the external and material accompaniments—the beads of "smale corâll" hanging on her arm, and, above all, the golden brooch with its delicate device of a "crowned A," and the inscription *Amor vincit omnia*. She is attended by an inferior nun and three priests.

The Monk follows next, and he, like all the ecclesiastics, with the single exception of the Personore or secular parish priest, is described with strong touches of ridicule; but it is impossible not to perceive the strong and ever-present *humanity* of which we have spoken as perhaps the most marked characteristic of Chaucer's mind. The Monk is a gallant, richly-dressed, and pleasure-loving sportsman, caring not a straw for the obsolete strictness of the musty rule of his order. His sleeves are edged with rich fur, his hood fastened under his chin with a gold pin headed with a "love-knot," his eyes are buried deep in his fleshy, rosy cheeks, indicating great love of rich fare and potent wines; and yet the impression left on the mind by this type of fat, roystering sensuality is rather one of drollery and good-fellowship than of contempt or abhorrence.

Chaucer exhibits rich specimens of the various *genera* of that vast species "Monachus monachans," as it may be classed by some Rabelœsian Theophrastus. The next personage who enters is the Frere, or mendicant friar, whose easiness of confession, wonderful skill in extracting money and gifts, and gay discourse, are most humorously and graphically described. He is represented as always carrying store of knives, pins, and toys, to give to his female penitents, as better acquainted with the tavern than with the lazar-house or the hospital, daintily dressed, and "lisping somewhat" in his speech, "to make his English swete upon the tongue."

This "worthy Limitour" is succeeded by a grave and formal personage, the Merchant: solemn and wise is he, with forked beard and pompous demeanor, speaking much of profit, and strongly in favor of the king's right to the subsidy "pour la saufgarde et custodie del mer," as the old Norman legist phrases it. He is dressed in motley, mounted on a tall and quiet horse, and wears a "Flaundrish beaver hat."

The learned poverty of the Clerke of Oxenforde forms a striking contrast to the Merchant's rather

pompous "respectability." He and his horse are "leane as is a rake" with abstinence, his clothes are threadbare, and he devotes to the purchase of his beloved books all the gold which he can collect from his friends and patrons, devoutly praying, as in duty bound, for the souls of those

Who yeve him wherewith to scolaie.

Nothing can be more true to nature than the mixture of pedantry and bashfulness in the manners of this anchoret of learning, and the tone of sententious morality and formal politeness which marks his language.

We now come to a "Serjeant of the Lawe," a wise and learned magistrate, rich and yet irreproachable, with all the statutes at his fingers' ends, a very busy man in reality, "but yet," not to forget the inimitable touch of nature in Chaucer, "*he seemed besier than he was.*" He is plainly dressed, as one who cares not to display his importance in his exterior.

Nor are preceding characters superior, in vividness and variety, to the figure of the "Frankelein," or rich country-gentleman, who is next introduced: his splendid and hospitable profusion, and the epicurean luxuriousness of the man himself, are inimitably set before us. "It *snewed in his house* of mete and drink."

Then come a number of burgesses, whose appearance is classed under one general description. These are a Haberdasher, Carpenter, Webbe (or Weaver,) Dyer, and Tapiser—

——Alle yclothed of o liveré,
Of a solempne and gret fraternité,—

that is, they all belong to one of those societies, or *mestiers*, which play so great a part in the municipal history of the Middle Ages. The somewhat *cossu* richness of their equipment, their knives hafted with silver, their grave and citizen-like bearing—all is in harmony with the pride and vanity, hinted at by the poet, of their wives, who think "it is full fayre to be ycleped *Madame*."

The skill and critical discernment of the Cook are next described: "Well could he know a draught of London ale," and elaborately could he season the rich and fantastic dishes which composed the "carte" of the fourteenth century. He joins the pilgrimage in hope that his devotion may cure him of a disease in the leg.

A turbulent and boisterous Shipman appears next, who is described with minute detail. His brown complexion, his rude and quarrelsome manners, his tricks of trade, stealing wine "from Burdeux ward, while that the chapman slepe," all is enumerated; nor does the poet forget the seaman's knowledge of all the havens "from Gothland to the Cape de Finistere," nor his experience in his profession: "In many a tempest had his berd be shake."

He is followed by a Doctour of Phisike, a great astronomer and natural magician, deeply versed in the ponderous tomes of Hippocrates, Hali, Galen, Rhasis, Averhoes, and the Arabian physicians. His diet is but small in quantity, but rich and nourishing; "*his study is but little on the Bible*," and he is humorously represented as particularly fond of gold, "*for gold in phisike is a cordiall.*"

Next to the grave, luxurious, and not quite orthodox doctor, enters the "Wife of Bath," a daguerreotyped specimen of the female *bourgeoise* of Chaucer's day; and bearing so perfectly the stamp and mark of her class, that, by changing her costume a little to the dress of the nineteenth century, she would serve as a perfect sample of her order even in the present day. She is equipped with a degree of solid costliness that does not exclude a little coquetry; her character is gay, bold, and not over rigid; and she is endeavoring, by long and frequent pilgrimages, to expiate some of the amorous errors of her youth. She is a substantial manufacturer of cloth, and so jealous of her precedency in the religious ceremonies of her parish, that, if any of her female acquaintance should venture to go before her on these solemn occasions, "so wroth was she, that she was out of alle charitee."

Contrasted with this rosy dame are two of the most beautiful and touching portraits ever delineated by the hand of genius—one "a pour Persoune," or secular parish priest; and his brother in simplicity, virtue, and evangelic purity, a Plowman. It is in these characters, and particularly in the "Tale" put into the mouth of the former, that we most distinctly see Chaucer's sympathy with the doctrines of the Reformation: the humility, self-denial, and charity of these two pious and worthy men, are opposed with an unstudied, but not the less striking pointedness, to the cheatery and sensuality which distinguish all the monks and friars represented by Chaucer. So beautiful and so complete is this noble delineation of Christian piety, that we will not venture to injure its effect by quoting it piecemeal in this place, but refer our readers to the volume in which the whole of Chaucer's Prologue will be found at length.

Then we find enumerated a Reve, a Miller, a Sompnour (an officer in the ecclesiastical courts,) a Pardoner, a Manciple, and "myself," that is, Chaucer.

The Miller is a brawny, short, red-headed fellow, strong, boisterous and quarrelsome, flat-nosed, wide-mouthed, debauched; he is dressed in a white coat and blue hood, and armed with sword and buckler.

His conversation and conduct correspond faithfully with such an appearance; he enlivens the journey by his skill in playing on the bagpipe.

The Manciple was an officer attached to the ancient colleges; his duty was to purchase the provisions and other commodities for the consumption of the students; in fact, he was a kind of steward. Chaucer describes this pilgrim as singularly adroit in the exercise of his business, taking good care to advantage himself the while.

Another of the most elaborately painted pictures in Chaucer's gallery is the "Reve," bailiff, or intendant of some great proprietor's estates. He stands before us as a slender, long-legged, choleric individual, with his beard shaven as close as possible, and his hair exceedingly short. He is a severe and

watchful manager of his master's estates, and had grown so rich that he was able to come to his lord's assistance, and "lend him of his owen good." His horse is described, and even named, and he is described as always riding "the hinderest of the route."

Nothing can surpass the nature and truthfulness with which Chaucer has described the Sompnour. His face is fiery red, as cherubim were painted, and so covered with pimples, spots, and discolorations, that neither mercury, sulphur, borax, nor any purifying ointment, could cleanse his complexion. He is a great lover of onions, leeks, and garlic, and fond of "strong win as red as blood;" and when drunk he would speak nothing but Latin, a few terms of which language he had picked up from the writs and citations it was his profession to serve. He is a great taker of bribes, and will allow any man to set at naught the archdeacon's court in the most flagrant manner "for a quart of wine."

The last of the pilgrims is the "Pardonere," or seller of indulgences from Rome. He is drawn to the life, singing, to the bass of his friend the Sompnour, the song of "Come hither, love, to me." The Pardoner's hair is "yellow as wax," smooth and thin, lying on his shoulders: he wears no hood, "for jollitè;" that is, in order to appear in the fashion. His eyes (as is often found in persons of this complexion—note Chaucer's truth to nature) are wide and staring like those of a hare; his voice is a harsh treble, like that of a goat; and he has no beard. Chaucer then enumerates the various articles of the Pardoner's professional budget; and certainly there never was collected a list of droller relics: he has Our Lady's veil, a morsel of the sail of St. Paul's ship, a glass full of pigges bones," and a pewter cross crammed with other objects of equal sanctity. With the aid of these and the hypocritical unction of his address, he could manage, in one day, to extract from poor and rustic people more money than the Parson (the regular pastor of the parish) could collect in two months.

The number of the pilgrims now enumerated will be found by any one who takes the trouble to count them to amount to thirty-one, including Chaucer; and the poet describes them setting out on their journey on the following morning. Before their departure, however, the jolly Host of the Tabarde makes a proposition to the assembled company. He offers to go along with them himself, on condition that they constitute him a kind of master of the revels during their journey; showing how agreeably and profitably they could beguile the tedium of the road with the relation of stories. He then proposes that on their return they should all sup together at his hostelry, and that he among them who shall have been adjudged to have told the best story should be entertained at the expense of the whole society. This proposal is unanimously adopted; and nothing can be finer than the mixture of fun and good sense with which honest Harry Bailey, the host, sways the merry sceptre of his temporary sovereignty.

This then is the framework or scaffolding on which Chaucer has erected his Canterbury Tales. The practice of connecting together a multitude of distinct narrations by some general thread of incident is very natural and extremely ancient. The Orientals, so passionately fond of tale-telling, have universally—and not always very artificially—given consistency and connection to their stories by putting them into the mouth of some single narrator: the various histories which compose the Thousand and One Nights are supposed to be successively recounted by the untiring lips of the inexhaustible Princess Scheherezade; but the source from whence Chaucer more immediately adopted his *framing* was the Decameron of Boccaccio. This work (as it may be necessary to inform our younger readers) consists of a hundred tales divided into decades, each decade occupying one day in the relation. They are narrated by a society of young men and women of rank, who have shut themselves up in a most luxurious and beautiful retreat on the banks of the Arno, in order to escape the infection of the terrible plague then ravaging Florence.

If we compare the plan of Chaucer with that of the Florentine, we shall not hesitate to give the palm of propriety, probability, and good taste to the English poet. A pilgrimage was by no means an expedition of a mournful or solemn kind, and afforded the author the widest field for the selection of character from all classes of society, and an excellent opportunity for the divers humors and oddities of a company fortuitously assembled. It is impossible, too, not to feel that there is something cruel and shocking in the notion of these young, luxurious Italians of Boccaccio whiling away their days in tales of sensual trickery or sentimental distress, while without the well-guarded walls of their retreat thousands of their kinsmen and fellow-citizens were writhing in despairing agony. Moreover, the similarity of rank and age in the personages of Boccaccio produces an insipidity and want of variety: all these careless voluptuaries are repetitions of Dioneo and Fiammetta: and the period of ten days adopted by the Italian has the defect of being purely arbitrary, there being no reason why the narratives might not be continued indefinitely. Chaucer's pilgrimage, on the contrary, is made to Canterbury, and occupies a certain and necessary time; and, on the return of the travelers, the society separates as naturally as it had assembled; after giving the poet the opportunity of introducing two striking and appropriate events—their procession to the shrine of St. Thomas at their arrival in Canterbury, and the prize-supper on their return to London.

Had Chaucer adhered to his original plan, we should have had a tale from each of the party on the journey out, and a second tale from every pilgrim on the way back, making in all sixty-two—or, if the Host also contributed his share, sixty-four. But, alas! the poet has not conducted his pilgrims even to Canterbury; and the tales which he has made them tell only make us the more bitterly lament the nonfulfillment of his original intention.

Before we speak of the narratives themselves, it will be proper to state that our poet continues to

describe the actions, conversation, and deportment of his pilgrims: and nothing can be finer than the remarks put into their mouths respecting the merits of the various tales; or more dramatic than the affected bashfulness of some, when called upon to contribute to the amusement of their companions, and the squabbles and satirical jests made by others.

These passages, in which the tales themselves are, as it were, incrusted, are called Prologues to the various narratives which they respectively precede, and they add inexpressibly to the vivacity and movement of the whole, as in some cases the tales spring, as it were, spontaneously out of the conversations.

Of the tales themselves it will be impossible to attempt even a rapid summary: we may mention, as the most remarkable among the serious and pathetic narratives, the Knight's Tale, the subject of which is the beautiful story of Palamon and Arcite, taken from the Teseide of Boccaccio, but it is unknown whether originally invented by the great Italian, or, as is far more probable, imitated by him from some of the innumerable versions of the "noble story" of Theseus current in the Middle Ages. The poem is full of a strange mixture of manners and periods: the chivalric and the heroic ages appear side by side: but such is the splendor of imagination displayed in this immortal work, so rich is it in magnificence, in pathos, in exquisite delineations of character, and artfully contrived turns of fortune, that the reader voluntarily dismisses all his chronology, and allows himself to be carried away with the fresh and sparkling current of chivalric love and knightly adventure. No reader ever began this poem without finishing it, or ever read it once without returning to it a second time. The effect upon the mind is like that of some gorgeous tissue, gold-inwoven, of tapestry, in an old baronial hall; full of tournaments and battles, imprisoned knights, and emblazoned banners, Gothic temples of Mars and Venus, the lists, the dungeon and the lady's bower, garden and fountain, and moonlit groves. Chaucer's peculiar skill in the delineation of character and appearance by a few rapid and masterly strokes is as perceptible here as in the Prologue to the Tales: the procession of the kings to the tournament is as bright and vivid a piece of painting as ever was produced by the "strong braine" of mediæval Art: and in point of grace and simplicity, what can be finer than the single line descriptive of the beauty of Emilie—so *suggestive*, and therefore so superior to the most elaborate portrait—"Up rose the sun, and up rose Emelie?"

The next poem of a serious character is the Squire's Tale, which indeed so struck the admiration of Milton—himself profoundly penetrated by the spirit of the Romanz poetry—that it is by an allusion to the Squire's Tale that he characterizes Chaucer when enumerating the great men of all ages, and when he places him beside Plato, Shakspeare, Æschylus, and his beloved Euripides: he supposes his Cheerful Man as evoking Chaucer—

> And call up him who left half told
> The story of Cambuscan bold.

The imagery of the Squire's Tale was certainly well calculated to strike such a mind as Milton's, so gorgeous, so stately, so heroic, and imbued with all the splendor of Oriental literature; for the scenery and subject of this poem bear evident marks of that Arabian influence which colors so much of the poetry of the Middle Ages, and which probably began to act upon the literature of Western Europe after the Crusades.

In point of deep pathos—pathos carried indeed to an extreme and perhaps hardly natural or justifiable pitch of intensity—we will now cite, among the graver tales of our pilgrims, the story put into the mouth of the Clerke of Oxenforde. This is the story of the Patient Griselda—a model of womanly and wifely obedience, who comes victoriously out of the most cruel and repeated ordeals inflicted upon her conjugal and maternal affections. The beautiful and angelic figure of the Patient Wife in this heart-rending story reminds us of one of those seraphic statues of Virgin Martyrs which stand with clasped hands and uplifted, imploring eye, in the carved niches of a Gothic cathedral—an eternal prayer in sculptured stone—

> ——Patience on a monument,
> Smiling at Grief!

The subject of this tale is, as we mentioned some pages back, invented by Boccaccio, and first seen in 1374, by Petrarch, who was so struck with its beauty that he translated it into Latin, and it is from this translation that Chaucer drew his materials. The English poet indeed appears to have been ignorant of Boccaccio's claim to the authorship, for he makes his "Clerke" say that he had learned it from "Frauncois Petrarke, the laureat poëte." Petrarch himself bears the strongest testimony to the almost overwhelming pathos of the story, for he relates that he gave it to a Paduan acquaintance of his to read, who fell into a repeated agony of passionate tears. Chaucer's poem is written in the Italian stanza.

Of the comic tales the following will be found the most excellent—The Nun's Priest's Tale, a droll apologue of the Cock and the Fox, in which the very absurdity of some of the accompaniments confers one of the highest qualities which a fable can possess, viz. so high a degree of individuality that the reader forgets that the persons of the little drama are animals, and sympathizes with them as human beings; the Merchant's Tale, which, like the comic stories generally, though very indelicate, is yet replete with the richest and broadest humor; the Reve's Tale, and many shorter stories distributed among the less prominent characters. But the crown and pearl of Chaucer's drollery is the Miller's Tale, in which the delicate and penetrating description of the various actors in the adventure can only be surpassed by the perfectly natural yet outrageously ludicrous catastrophe of the intrigue in which they move.

There is certainly nothing, in the vast treasury of ancient or modern humorous writing, at once so real, so droll, and so exquisitely *enjoué* in the manner of telling. It is true that the subject is not of the most delicate nature; but, though coarse and plain-speaking, Chaucer is never corrupt or vicious: his improprieties are rather the fruit of the ruder age in which

he lived, and the turbid ebullitions of a rich and active imagination, than the cool, analyzing, studied profligacy—the more dangerous and corrupting because veiled under a false and morbid sentimentalism—which defiles a great portion of the modern literature of too many civilized countries.

It is worthy of remark that all the tales are in verse with the exception of two, one of which, singularly enough, is given to Chaucer himself. This requires some explanation. When the poet is first called upon for his story, he bursts out into a long, confused, fantastical tale of chivalry, relating the adventures of a certain errant-knight, Sir Thopas, and his wanderings in search of the Queen of Faërie. This is written in the peculiar versification of the Trouvères (note, that it is the only tale in which he has adopted this measure,) and is full of all the absurdities of those compositions. When in the full swing of declamation, and when we are expecting to be overwhelmed with page after page of this "sleazy stuff,"—for the poet goes on gallantly, like Don Quixote, "in the style his books of chivalry had taught him, imitating, as near as he can, their very phrase"—he is suddenly interrupted by honest Harry Bailey, the Host, who plays the part of Moderator or Chorus to Chaucer's pleasant comedy. The Host begs him, with many strong expressions of ridicule and disgust, to give them no more of such "drafty rhyming," and entreats him to let them hear something less worn-out and tiresome. The poet then proposes to entertain the party with "a litel thinge in prose," and relates the allegorical story of Melibœus and his wife Patience. It is evident that Chaucer, well aware of the immeasurable superiority of the newly-revived classical literature over the barbarous and now exhausted invention of the Romanz poets, has chosen this ingenious method of ridiculing the commonplace tales of chivalry; but so exquisitely grave is the irony in this passage, that many critics have taken the "Rime of Sir Thopas" for a serious composition, and have regretted it was left a fragment!

The other prose tale, (we have mentioned Melibœus,) is supposed to be related by the Parson, who is always described as a model of Christian humility, piety, and wisdom; which does not, however, save him from the terrible suspicion of being a *Lollard*, *i. e.*, a heretical and seditious revolutionist.

This composition hardly can be called a "tale," for it contains neither persons nor events; but it is very curious as a specimen of the sermons of the early Reformers: for a sermon it is, and nothing else—a sermon upon the Seven Deadly Sins, divided and subdivided with all the pedantic regularity of the day. It also gives us a very curious insight into the domestic life, the manners, the costume, and even the cookery of the fourteenth century. Some critics have contended that this sermon was added to the Canterbury Tales by Chaucer at the instigation of his confessors, as a species of penitence for the light and immoral tone of much of his writings, and particularly as a sort of recantation, or *amende honorable*, for his innumerable attacks on the monks. But this supposition is in direct contradiction with every line of his admirable portrait of the Parson; and, however natural it may have been for the licentious Boccaccio to have done such public penance for his ridicule of the "Frati," and his numberless sensual and immoral scenes, his English follower was "made of sterner stuff." The friend of John of Gaunt, and the disciple of Wickliffe, was not so easily to be worked upon by monastic subtlety as the more superstitious and *sensuous* Italian.

The language of Chaucer is a strong exemplification of the structure of the English language. The ground of his diction will be ever found to be the pure, vigorous, Anglo-Saxon English of the people, *inlaid*—if we may so style it—with an immense quantity of Norman-French words. We may compare this diction to some of those exquisite specimens of *incrusting* left us by the obscure but great artists of the Middle Ages, in which the polish of metal or ivory contrasts so richly with the lustrous ebony.

The difficulty of reading this great poet is very much exaggerated: a very moderate acquaintance with the French and Italian of the fourteenth century, and the observance of a few simple rules of pronunciation, will enable any educated person to read and to enjoy. In particular it is to be remarked that the final letter *e*, occurring in so many English words, had not yet become an *e mute;* and must constantly be pronounced, as well as the termination of the past tense, *ed*, in a separate syllable. The accent also is more varied in its position than is now common in the language. Read with these precautions, Chaucer will be found as harmonious as he is tender, magnificent, humorous, or sublime.

Until the reader is able and willing to appreciate the innumerable beauties of the Canterbury Tales, it is not to be expected that he can make acquaintance with the graceful though sowewhat pedantic "Court of Love," an allegorical poem, bearing the strongest marks of its Provençal origin; or with the exquisite delicacy and pure chivalry of the "Flower and the Leaf," of which latter poem Campbell speaks as follows, enthusiastically but justly:

"The Flower and the Leaf is an exquisite piece of fairy fancy. With a moral that is just sufficient to apologise for a dream, and yet which sits so lightly on the story as not to abridge its most visionary parts, there is, in the whole scenery and objects of the poem, an air of wonder and sweetness, an easy and surprising transition, that is truly magical."

We cannot conclude this brief and imperfect notice of this great poet without strongly recommending all those who desire to know something of the true character of English literature to lose no time in making acquaintance with the admirable productions of "our Father Chaucer," as Gascoigne affectionately calls him; the difficulties of his style have been unreasonably exaggerated, and the labor which surmounts them will be abundantly repaid. "It will conduct you," to use the beautiful words of Milton, "to a hill-side; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospects and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming."

THE THREE SISTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"Gabrielle, you should not stay out so late alone."

"It is n't late, sister dear, for a summer's evening. The church clock struck eight just as I turned into the little path across the field."

The first speaker, who was the eldest, raised her head from her work, and, looking at Gabrielle, said;

"For you it is too late. You are not well, Gabrielle. You are quite flushed and tired. Where have you been?"

"Nowhere but in the village," Gabrielle said.

She paused a moment, then added, rather hurriedly:

"I was detained by a poor sick woman I went to see. You do n't know her, Joanna, she has just come here."

"And who is she?" Joanna asked.

"She is a widow woman, not young, and very poor. She spoke to me in the road the other day, and I have seen her once or twice since. She had heard our name in the village, and to-night I promised her that you or Bertha would go and call on her. She has been very unhappy, poor thing. You will go, sister?"

"Certainly. You should have told me before. Go, now, and take off your bonnet. You have walked too quickly home on this hot night."

Another lady entered the room just as Gabrielle was leaving it, and addressed her almost as the first had done:

"You are late, Gabrielle. What has kept you out so long?"

"Joanna will tell you," Gabrielle answered. "I have only been finding some work for you, sister," and with a smile she went away.

They were two stern, cold women—Joanna and Bertha Vaux. They lived together—they two and Gabrielle—in a dark old-fashioned house, close to a little village, in one of the southern counties of England. It was a pretty picturesque village, as most English villages are, with little clusters of white-washed, rose-twined cottages sprinkled through it, and a little rough-stone country church, covered to the very top of the spire so thickly with ivy, that it looked like a green bower. Here and there were scattered a few pleasant houses of the better sort, standing apart in sunny gardens, and scenting the air around with the smell of their sweet flowers.

But the house in which Joanna and Bertha and Gabrielle lived was always gloomy and dark and cold. It was a square brick house, with damp, unhealthy evergreens planted in front, upon which the sun never shone—summer or winter; the flags which paved the front of the door and the steps of the door, were greened over with cheerless moss; and fungi grew up in the seams of the pavement. The windows, with their thick, black, clumsy frames, almost all faced the north, so that the cold, dark rooms were never lighted up with sunshine; but looked even more dreary in the summer time, with the empty fireless grates, than on winter days. Yet the house seemed to suit well the tastes of the two elder of the Misses Vaux.

It had stood empty for some years before they took it; for its last occupier had committed suicide in one of the rooms—it was just the house for such a thing to have happened in—and the superstitious horror which the event created in the neighborhood, coupled with the dark and cheerless appearance of the house, were the causes why it remained so long unlet and so much neglected.

About six years ago, the Misses Vaux had come quite strangers to the village; and, in a short time, were settled as tenants of the lonely house. They were young women then—not more than three and four-and-twenty; but already grave, severe, and stern. They dressed always in mourning, and rarely was a smile seen on their cold lips; but they spent their time almost entirely in performing acts of charity, in visiting the sick, and in making clothes for the poor. For miles round they were known and looked up to with mingled reverence and awe. But theirs was a strange, soulless charity—more like the performance of heavy penance than of acts of love.

There was a mystery about their antecedents. No one knew whence they came, or who they were; they had neither relations nor friends; they lived alone in their gloomy house, and only at long intervals—sometimes of many months—did they receive even a single letter. They were two sad, weary women, to whom life seemed to bring no pleasure, but to be only a burden, which it was their stern duty to bear uncomplainingly for a certain number of years.

Gabrielle—the beautiful, sunny-natured Gabrielle—was not with them when they first came to the village; but three years ago she had joined them, and the three had lived together since. She was then about fifteen;—a bright, joyous, beautiful creature, without a thought of sadness in her, or the faintest shadow of the gloom that rested on her sisters. Even now, although she had lived for three years in the chilling atmosphere that surrounded them, she was still unchanged, almost even as much a child—as gay, thoughtless, and full of joy, as when she first came. It reminded one of a snowdrop blooming in the winter, forcing itself through the very midst of the surrounding snow, to see how she had grown up with this cold, wintry environment. But the gloomy house looked less gloomy now that Gabrielle lived in it. There was one little room with a window looking to the south (one of three that had a sunny aspect,) which she took to be her own, and there she would sit for many hours, work-

ing by the open window, singing joyously, with the sunlight streaming over her, and the breath of the sweet flowers that she had planted in a garden as close under her window as the sun would come, stealing deliciously into the room. It was quite a pleasant little nook, with a view far over green undulating hills and yellow waving corn-fields, which sparkled and glittered like plains of moving gold in the deep bright rays of the setting sun. And Gabrielle, sitting here and gazing on them, or roaming alone amongst them, was quite happy and light-hearted. Even her stern sisters were thawed and softened by her presence; and, I think, felt as much love for her as it was in their nature to feel for any one; for, indeed, it was impossible to resist altogether her cheering influence, which spread itself over every thing around her with the warmth of sunshine.

On this evening on which our tale begins, and for some days previous to it, Gabrielle had been graver and quieter than she often was. She joined her sisters now in the common sitting-room; and, with her work in her hand, sat down beside them near the window, but she answered their few questions about her evening ramble with only feigned gayety, as though she was occupied with other thoughts, or was too weary to talk; and, presently, as the twilight gathered round them, they all sank into silence. The one window looked across the road in which the house stood, to a dark plantation of stunted trees that grew opposite: a very gloomy place, which, even in the hottest summer-day, had always a chill, wintry feeling, and from which even now a damp air was rising; and, entering the open window, was spreading itself through the room.

"How unlike a summer evening it is in this room!" Gabrielle suddenly broke the silence by exclaiming almost impatiently. "I wish I could, even for once, see a ray of sunshine in it. I have often wondered how any one could build a house in this situation."

"And do you never imagine that there are people who care less for sunshine than you do, Gabrielle?" Bertha asked, rather sadly.

"Yes, certainly, sister; but still it seems to me almost like a sin to shut out the beautiful heaven's sunlight as it has been shut out in this house. Winter and summer, it is always alike. If it was not for my own bright little room up stairs, I think I never should be gay here at all."

"Well, Gabrielle, you need not complain of the gloominess of this room just now," Miss Vaux said. "At nine o'clock on an August evening I suppose all rooms look pretty much alike."

"Oh, sister, no!" Gabrielle cried. "Have you never noticed the different kinds of twilight? Here, in this house, it is always winter twilight, quite colorless, and cold, and cheerless, but in other places, where the sun has shone, it is warm, and soft, and beautiful; even for an hour, or longer, after the sun has quite set, a faint rosy tinge, like a warm breath, seems to rest upon the air, and to shed such peace and almost holiness over every thing. That was the kind of twilight, I think of it so often, that there used to be at home. I remember, so very, very long ago, how I used to sit on the ground at my mother's feet in the summer evenings, looking out through the open window at the dear old garden, where every thing was so very still and quiet that it seemed to me the very trees must have fallen asleep, and how she used to tell us fairy stories in the twilight. Sisters, do you remember it?" Gabrielle asked, her voice tremulous, but not altogether, so it seemed, with emotion that the recollection had called up.

"I do," Miss Vaux said, in a voice clear and cold, and hard as ice. From Bertha there came no answer.

"It is one of the few things I recollect about her," Gabrielle said again, very softly, "the rest is almost all indistinct, like a half-forgotten dream. I was only four years old, you say, Joanna, when she died?"

"You know it; why do you ask?" Miss Vaux said, harshly and quickly.

There was a pause. It was so dark that none of their faces could be seen, but one might have told, from the quick nervous way in which, unconsciously, Gabrielle was clasping and unclasping her hand, that there was some struggle going on within her. At last, very timidly, her voice trembling, though she tried hard to steady it, she spoke again.

"Sisters, do not be angry with me. Often, lately, I have wished so very much to ask you some things about my mother. Oh, let me ask them now. Dear sisters, tell me why it is that you never speak to me, or almost allow me to speak, of her? Is it because it grieves you so much to think of her death, or is there any other cause"—her voice sank so low that it was almost a whisper—"why her name is never mentioned amongst us? I have kept silence about this for so long, for I knew you did not wish to speak of it; but, oh sisters, tell me now! Ought I not to know about my own mother?"

"Hush!" Miss Vaux said, in a voice stern and harsh. "Gabrielle, you do not know what you are asking. Let it be enough for you to learn that any thing I could tell you of your mother could give you nothing but pain to hear—pain which we would gladly spare you yet, knowing, as we so well do, the great bitterness of it. I ask you for all our sakes, yours as much as ours, never again be the first to mention your mother's name!"

She had risen from her seat, and stood upright before Gabrielle, the outline of her tall, dark figure showing clearly against the window. In her voice there was not one trace of emotion; her whole manner was hard, and cold, and unimpassioned; like that of one who had, long ago, subdued all gentle feelings.

Gabrielle's tears were falling fast, but she made no answer to Miss Vaux's words. She stood much in awe of both her sisters, especially of the eldest, and knew well how hopeless all remonstrance with her would be.

After a few moments Bertha laid her hand on Gabrielle's shoulder, saying, with something of gentleness in her voice:

"You distress yourself too much, my child. Trust

more in us, Gabrielle. We would try to keep sorrow from you; do not make it impossible."

"Yes, yes; I know it is meant kindly toward me," Gabrielle said, gently, "but you forget that I suffer from being in ignorance. I cannot forget that you are concealing something from me."

"Which I would to God I could conceal from you forever," Miss Vaux said. "Gabrielle, foolish child, do not seek for sorrow; it will come quickly enough of itself;" and she turned from her with some muttered words that her sister could not hear.

Gabrielle tried to speak again; but Bertha raised her hand warningly, and they were all silent; Gabrielle with her face bowed down upon her hands in the thick twilight.

"We will close the window and have lights," Bertha said, after some time had passed; "the night air is getting cold."

With a deep sigh Gabrielle rose, and drew down the open window, standing there for some minutes alone, and looking out upon the dark evergreen grove.

CHAPTER II.

"I am going into the village," Miss Vaux said. "If you will tell me where that poor woman lives you were speaking of last night, Gabrielle, I will call upon her now."

"Let me go with you," Gabrielle said quickly. "I told her we would come together. Wait for me one minute, and I will be ready."

"I scarcely see the need of it. You are looking pale and ill, Gabrielle. I would advise you to stay in the house and rest."

"I have a headache, and the air will do it good," Gabrielle answered. "Let me go, sister?"

"As you will, then," Miss Vaux said, and Gabrielle went away to dress.

She had not yet recovered her usual gay spirits; but was still grave, quiet, and apparently occupied with her own thoughts, and the two walked side by side, almost without speaking, along the little path over the field which lay between their house and the village. It was a very bright, sunny summer's day; too hot, indeed, for walking, but beautiful to look at. The heat seemed to weary Gabrielle, she walked so very slowly, and was so pale.

"This is the house, sister. We go through the kitchen; she has the room above."

They raised the latch and went in. No one was in the lower room; so they passed through, and ascended a low, narrow staircase, almost like a ladder, which rose abruptly from a doorway at the farther side, until they reached another door which stood facing them, without any landing between it and the highest step. Gabrielle knocked, and a faint voice from within answered—"Come in;" and she entered, followed by her sister. It was a very small room, and very bare of furniture; for there was little in it but a deal bedstead, an old table, and one or two odd ricketty chairs, in one of which—that boasted of a pair of broken arms, and something that had once been a cushion—sat the woman they had come to visit.

Gabrielle went quickly up to her, and taking her hand said in a low voice—

"I have brought my sister, as I promised—my eldest sister."

The woman bowed her head without speaking, then tried to rise from her seat, but she seemed very weak, and her hand trembled as she leaned on the arm of her chair.

"Do not rise, my good woman," Miss Vaux said kindly; and her voice sounded almost soft—she was so used to attune it so as to be in harmony with a sick chamber—"do not rise; I see you are very weak," and she drew a chair near, and sat down by her side.

"You have come quite lately to the village, my sister tells me."

"Quite lately, less than a week ago," was the answer; but spoken in so low a voice that the words were scarcely audible.

"Were you ever here before? Have you any connection with the place?" Miss Vaux asked.

"No, none."

"But you had probably some motive in coming here? Have you no relations or friends?"

"No, no," the woman cried, suddenly bursting into tears, "I have no friends, no friends in the wide world."

A gentle hand was laid on her shoulder; a gentle voice whispered some soft words in her ear, and the woman looked up into Gabrielle's dark eyes, and murmured something between her sobs. Then they were all silent for a few moments.

"I think you are a widow," Miss Vaux asked gently, when she had become calmer.

"Yes," she answered slowly, as though the word had been dragged from her, so much it seemed to pain her to speak it.

"And have you any children?"

A moment's pause, and then another "yes," hardly intelligible from the choking sob which accompanied it.

Miss Vaux was silent, looking inquiringly into the woman's face. It was partly turned from her, partly shaded with her thin hand; her large eyes looking up with a strange agonized look into Gabrielle's eyes, her pale lips moving convulsively. Gabrielle's face was almost as pale as hers; her look almost as full of agony.

Miss Vaux glanced from one to the other, at first with pity; then suddenly a quick change came over her face, a deep flush mounted to her brow, she darted from her seat, and—calm as she ordinarily was—her whole figure trembled as she stood before them, with her fierce gaze turned on them.

Pale as death, neither of them speaking, they bore her passionate look; quite motionless, too, except that Gabrielle had instinctively clasped the widow's hand in hers, and held it tightly.

"Speak to me, Gabrielle!" Miss Vaux cried; and her voice, harsh, loud, and quivering with passion, echoed through the room—"tell me who this woman is?"

From the widow's lips there burst one word—one word like a sudden bitter cry—"Joanna!"

She stretched out her arms imploringly, trying to grasp even her daughter's dress; but Miss Vaux sprung from her, and stood erect in the centre of the room; her tall figure drawn to its full height; her burning eye still turned with unutterable anger upon the crouching woman near her.

"You have dared to do this. You have dared to seek us out here, where we had hoped to hide ourselves from the scoffing of the bitter, heartless world; where we had tried by acts of charity, by suffering and penance, to blot out the recollection of the shame that you have brought upon us! Are we nowhere secure from you? What have we to do with you? You cast us off years ago."

"Sister, sister," cried Gabrielle's imploring voice, "oh, remember, whatever she has done, that she is still our mother. Have mercy on her, for she cannot bear this!"

But sternly and coldly came Miss Vaux's answer—

"Did she remember that we were her children when she left us? Did she remember that our father was her husband? We all loved her then—she was very dear to us—but she turned all our warm love into bitterness. She destroyed our happiness at one stroke, for ever; she blighted, without a pang, all the hope of our young lives; she branded us with a mark of shame that we can never shake off; she plunged an arrow into the heart of each of us, which lies festering there now. Are these things to be forgiven? I tell you it is impossible! I will never forgive her—I swore it by my father's deathbed—never while I live! Gabrielle, this is no place for you. Come home with me."

"Hear me first?" the mother cried, creeping from the seat in which she had sunk back, and cowering, with hidden face, had listened to her daughter's words, "hear me before you go! I have deserved every thing—every thing you can say; but oh, from you it is bitter to hear it! Oh! my daughter, listen to me." She flung herself at Miss Vaux's feet, on the bare floor.

"You speak of the sorrows I have brought upon you—the sorrow and the shame; but have they equalled what I have endured? Day and night—day and night—through months and years—fourteen long years—oh, think of it! I have wished to kill myself, but I dared not do it; I have prayed fervently to die. Oh, no, no, stay and listen to me! My last hope—my last hope in heaven and earth is only with you. Oh, my daughter! you say you loved me once—will not one spark of the old love live again? I will try yet once more to move you to pity. I have not told you all. I have not told you how, in my agony, I tried to find rest and peace; how I sought it everywhere—wandering from place to place alone, in hunger and thirst, in cold and weariness, in poverty and wretchedness; finding none anywhere, until at last, worn out with misery, I wandered here. And here I saw Gabrielle, my beautiful child, my love, my darling!"

The wan face lighted up with passionate love, as she looked at her who was kneeling by her side.

"She believed me when I told her of my sorrow. She comforted me with such sweet words, that they sank like healing balm into my soul, as though an angel's voice had spoken. Do not take her from me!"

"Mother, do not fear," Gabrielle's soothing voice whispered, "I will stay with you—did I not promise it?"

"Gabrielle!" cried Miss Vaux, "come with me, and leave her. The tie that once bound us to her she herself has severed for ever; we have nothing further to do with her. Gabrielle, come!"

"I cannot come. She is my mother. I cannot leave her."

"And we are your sisters. To whom do you owe most? We have watched over you through your life; we have shielded you from sorrow; we have loved you almost with the love that *she* ought to have given you. You have been the single joy that we have had for years. Have you no love to give us in return for all we have given you? Oh, Gabrielle—my sister, I pray you!—I, who am so little used to entreat any one, I pray you for the sake of the love we have borne you—for the sake of the honor that is still left us—for the sake of all that you hold sacred—come, come back with us!"

A low moan burst from the mother's lips; for Gabrielle, weeping bitterly, rose from her knees, and threw herself into her sister's arms.

"Heaven bless you for this!" Miss Vaux exclaimed; but interrupting her in a broken voice, Gabrielle cried—

"You do not understand me. I cannot return with you. No, sister. Any thing—any thing else I will do, but I cannot forsake her in her penitence. Can you do it yourself? Oh! sister, will you not take her home?"

"I will not."

There was a long pause, broken once or twice by the deep sobs that seemed bursting the mother's heart. Then Miss Vaux spoke again, earnestly, even imploringly—

"Gabrielle, I ask you once more, for the last time, to return with me. Foolish child, think what you are doing. You are bringing down your father's dying curse upon your head—you are piercing the hearts of those who love you with new and bitter sorrow; you are closing—willfully closing—against yourself the door that is still open to receive you; you are making yourself homeless—a wanderer—perhaps a beggar. Oh, my dear sister Gabrielle, think once more—think of all this!"

"Sister, spare me further: your words wound me; but I have decided, and I cannot return with you. My mother's home is my home."

"Then I say no more," Miss Vaux exclaimed, while her whole figure shook. "May God forgive you for what you do this day!"

The door closed, and Gabrielle and her mother were left alone.

Gently and lovingly Gabrielle raised her from the

ground, led her to her seat, and tried to calm and soothe her—though she wept herself the while—with cheerful, tender words.

"Mother, are you not glad to have me with you—your own little Gabrielle? You said it would make you happy, and yet see how you are weeping. Hush! mother dear, hush! I will be always with you now, to nurse you, and take care of you, and comfort you, and you will get strong and well soon; and some day, mother, some day perhaps their hearts will soften, and they will forgive us both, and take us home to them, and we will all live again together, loving one another." And Gabrielle tried to smile through the tears that were falling still.

"My child, I am weak and selfish," the mother said. "I should have told you to go back to your home, and to leave me, but I could not do it. Yet even now my heart is reproaching me for what I have done. How are we to live? My Gabrielle, you do not know how I have struggled and labored, sometimes, only for a crust of bread."

"Mother, you shall labor no more. My sisters are very just: all that is mine they will give me. We will live on very little; we will find out some quiet little village, where no one will know who we are, or where we came from, and there we will rest together. I will never leave you more—never more until death parts us."

She hung upon her mother's neck, kissing the pale brow and sunken cheek, and wiping away the tears that were yet falling: though more slowly and more calmly falling now.

CHAPTER III.

". . Of whom may we seek for succor, but of Thee, O Lord, who for our sins are justly displeased?" . .

". . earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to eternal life. . .

"I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write. From henceforth blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit, for they do rest from their labors."

It was a burial in a village church-yard, and standing by an open grave there was one mourner only, a woman—Bertha Vaux. Alone, in sadness and silence, with few tears—for she was little used to weep—she stood and looked upon her sister's funeral; stood and saw the coffin lowered, and heard the first handful of earth fall rattling on the coffin lid; then turned away, slowly, to seek her solitary house. The few spectators thought her cold and heartless; perhaps if they could have raised that black veil, they would have seen such sorrow in her face as might have moved the hearts of most of them.

The sun shone warmly over hill and vale that summer's day, but Bertha Vaux shivered as she stepped within the shadow of her lonely house. It was so cold there; so cold and damp and dark, as if the shadow of that death that had entered it was still lingering around. The stunted evergreens, on which, since they first grew, no sunlight had ever fallen, no single ray of golden light to brighten their dark, sad leaves for years, looked gloomier, darker, sadder, than they had ever looked before; the very house, with its closed shutters—all closed, except one in the room where the dead had lain—seemed mourning for the stern mistress it had lost. A lonely woman now, lonely and sad, was Bertha Vaux.

She sat in the summer evening in her silent, cheerless room. It was so very still, not even a breath of wind to stir the trees; no voice of living thing to break upon her solitude; no sound even of a single footstep on the dusty road; but in the solitude that was around her, countless thoughts seemed springing into life; things long forgotten; feelings long smothered; hopes once bright—bright as the opening of her life had been, that had faded and been buried long ago.

She thought of the time when she and her sister, fifteen years ago, had come first to the lonely house where now she was; of a few years later—two or three—when another younger sister had joined them there; and it seemed to Bertha, looking back, as if the house had sometimes then been filled with sunlight. The dark room in which she sat had once been lightened up—was it with the light from Gabrielle's bright eyes? In these long, sad fifteen years, that little time stood out so clearly, so hopefully; it brought the tears to Bertha's eyes, thinking of it in her solitude. And how had it ended? For ten years nearly, now—for ten long years—the name of Gabrielle had never been spoken in that house. The light was gone—extinguished in a moment, suddenly; a darkness deeper than before had ever since fallen on the lonely house.

The thought of the years that had passed since then—of their eventlessness and weary sorrow; and then the thought of the last scene of all—that scene which still was like a living presence to her—her sister's death.

Joanna Vaux had been cold, stern, and unforgiving to the last; meeting death, unmoved; repenting of no hard thing that she had done throughout her sad, stern life; entering the valley of the shadow of death fearlessly. But that cold death-bed struck upon the heart of the solitary woman who watched beside it, and wakened thoughts and doubts there, which would not rest. She wept now as she thought of it, sadly and quietly, and some murmured words burst from her lips, which sounded like a prayer—not for herself only.

Then from her sister's death-bed she went far, far back—to her own childhood—and a scene rose up before her; one that she had closed her eyes on many a time before, thinking vainly that so she could crush it from her heart, but now she did not try to force it back. The dark room where she sat, the gloomy, sunless house, seemed fading from her sight; the long, long years, with their weary train of shame and suffering—all were forgotten. She was in her old, lost home again—the home where she was born; she saw a sunny lawn, embowered with trees, each tree familiar to her and remembered well, and she herself, a happy child, was standing there; and

by her side—with soft arms twining round her, with tender voice, and gentle, loving eyes, and bright hair glittering in the sunlight—there was one!

Oh, Bertha! hide thy face and weep. She was so lovely and so loving, so good and true, so patient and so tender, then. "Oh! how could'st thou forget it all, and steel thy heart against her, and vow the cruel vow never to forgive her sin? Thy mother—thy own mother, Bertha! think of it.

A shadow fell across the window beside which she sat, and through her blinding tears Bertha looked up, and saw a woman standing there, holding by the hand a little child. Her face was very pale and worn, with sunken eyes and cheeks; her dress was mean and poor. She looked haggard and weary, and weak and ill; but Bertha knew that it was Gabrielle come back. She could not speak, for such a sudden rush of joy came to her softened heart that all words seemed swallowed up in it; such deep thankfulness for the forgiveness that seemed given her, that her first thought was not a welcome, but a prayer.

Gabrielle stood without, looking at her with her sad eyes.

"We are alone," she said, "and very poor; will you take us in?"

Sobbing with pity and with joy, Bertha rose from her seat and hurried to the door. Trembling, she drew the wanderers in; then falling on her sister's neck, her whole heart melted, and she cried, with gushing tears,

"Gabrielle, dear sister Gabrielle, I, too, am all alone!"

. . . . . .

The tale that Gabrielle had to tell was full enough of sadness. They had lived together, she and her mother, for about a year, very peacefully, almost happily; and then the mother died, and Gabrielle soon after married one who had little to give her but his love. And after that the years passed on with many cares and griefs—for they were very poor, and he not strong—but with a great love ever between them, which softened the pain of all they had to bear. At last, after being long ill, he died, and poor Gabrielle and her child were left to struggle on alone.

"I think I should have died," she said, as weeping, she told her story to her sister, "if it had not been for my boy; and *I* could so well have borne to die; but, Bertha, I could not leave him to starve! It pierced my heart with a pang so bitter that I cannot speak of it, to see his little face grow daily paler; his little feeble form become daily feebler and thinner; to watch the sad, unchildlike look fixing itself hourly deeper in his sweet eyes—so mournful, so uncomplaining, so full of misery. The sight killed me day by day; and then at last, in my despair, I said to myself that I would come again to you. I thought, sister—I hoped—that you would take my darling home, and then I could have gone away and died. But God bless you!—God bless you for the greater thing that you have done, my kind sister Bertha. Yes—kiss me, sister dear: it is so sweet. I never thought to feel a sister's kiss again."

Then kneeling down by Gabrielle's side, with a low voice Bertha said:

"I have thought of many things to-day. Before you came, Gabrielle, my heart was very full; for in the still evening, as I sat alone, the memories of many years came back to me as they have not done for very long. I thought of my two sisters: how the one had ever been so good and loving and true-hearted; the other—though she was just, or believed herself to be so—so hard, and stern, and harsh—as, God forgive me, Gabrielle, I too have been. I thought of this, and understood it clearly, as I had never done before: and then my thoughts went back, and rested on my mother—on our old home—on all the things that I had loved so well, long ago, and that for years had been crushed down in my heart and smothered there. Oh, Gabrielle, such things rushed back upon me; such thoughts of her whom we have scorned so many years; such dreams of happy by-gone days; such passionate regrets; such hope, awakening from its long, long sleep—no, sister, let me weep—do not wipe the tears away: let me tell you of my penitence and grief—it does me good; my heart is so full—so full that I *must* speak now, or it would burst!"

"Then you shall speak to me, and tell me all, dear sister. Ah! we have both suffered—we will weep together. Lie down beside me; see, there is room here for both. Yes; lay your head upon me; rest it on my shoulder. Give me your hand now—ah! how thin it is—almost as thin as mine. Poor sister Bertha; poor, kind sister!"

So gently Gabrielle soothed her, forgetting her own grief and weariness in Bertha's more bitter suffering and remorse. It was very beautiful to see how tenderly and patiently she did it, and how her gentle words calmed down the other's passionate sorrow. So different from one another their grief was. Gabrielle's was a slow, weary pain, which, day by day, had gradually withered her, eating its way into her heart; then resting there, fixing itself there for ever. Bertha's was like the quick, sudden piercing of a knife—a violent sorrow, that did its work in hours instead of years, convulsing body and soul for a little while, purifying them as with a sharp fire, then passing away and leaving no aching pain behind, but a new cleansed spirit.

In the long summer twilight—the beautiful summer twilight that never sinks into perfect night—these two women lay side by side together; she that was oldest in suffering still comforting the other, until Bertha's tears were dried, and exhausted with the grief that was so new to her, she lay silent in Gabrielle's arms—both silent, looking into the summer night, and thinking of the days that were forever past. And sleeping at their feet lay Gabrielle's child, not forgotten by her watchful love, though the night had deepened so that she could not see him where he lay.

CHAPTER IV.

"We will not stay here, sister," Bertha had said. "This gloomy house will always make us sad. It

is so dark and cold here, and Willie, more than any of us, needs the sunlight to strengthen and cheer him, poor boy."

"And I, too, shall be glad to leave it," Gabrielle answered.

So they went. They did not leave the village; it was a pretty, quiet place, and was full of old recollections to them—more bitter than sweet, perhaps, most of them—but still such as it would have been pain to separate themselves from entirely, as, indeed, it is always sad to part from things and places which years, either of joy or sorrow, have made us used to. So they did not leave it, but chose a little cottage, a mile or so from their former house—a pleasant little cottage in a dell, looking to the south, with honeysuckle and ivy twining together over it, up to the thatched roof. A cheerful little nook it was, not over bright or gay, but shaded with large trees all round it, through whose green branches the sunlight came, softened and mellowed, into the quiet rooms. An old garden, too, there was, closed in all round with elm trees—a peaceful, quiet place, where one would love to wander, or to lie for hours upon the grass, looking through the green leaves upward to the calm blue sky.

To Gabrielle, wearied with her sorrow, this place was like an oasis in the desert. It was so new a thing to her to find rest anywhere: to find one little spot where she could lay her down, feeling no care for the morrow. Like one exhausted with long watching, she seemed now for a time to fall asleep.

The summer faded into autumn; the autumn into winter. A long, cold winter it was, the snow lying for weeks together on the frozen ground; the bitter, withering east wind moaning day and night through the great branches of the bare old elms, swaying them to and fro, and strewing the snowy earth with broken boughs; a cold and bitter winter, withering not only trees and shrubs, but sapping out the life from human hearts.

He was a little, delicate boy, that child of Gabrielle's. To look at him, it seemed a wonder how he ever could have lived through all their poverty and daily struggles to get bread; how that little feeble body had not sunk into its grave long ago. In the bright summer's days a ray of sunlight had seemed to pierce to the little frozen heart, and warming the chilled blood once more, had sent it flowing through his veins, tinging the pale cheek with rose; but the rose faded as the summer passed away, and the little marble face was pale as ever when the winter snow began to fall; the large, dark eyes, which had reflected the sunbeams for a few short months, were heavy and dim again. And then presently there came another change. A spot of crimson—a deep red rose—not pale and delicate like the last, glowed often on each hollow cheek; a brilliant light burned in the feverish, restless eye; a hollow, painful cough shook the little emaciated frame. So thin he was, so feeble, so soon wearied. Day by day the small, thin hand grew thinner and more transparent; the gentle voice and childish laugh lower and feebler; the sweet smile sweeter, and fainter, and sadder.

And Gabrielle saw it all, and bowing to the earth in bitter mourning, prepared herself for this last great sorrow.

The spring came slowly on—slowly, very slowly. The green leaves opened themselves, struggling in their birth with the cold wind. It was very clear and bright; the sun shone all day long; but for many weeks there had been no rain, and the ground was quite parched up.

"No, Willie, dear," Gabrielle said, "you mustn't go out to-day. It is too cold for you yet, dear boy."

"But, indeed, it is n't cold, mother. Feel here, where the sun is falling, how warm it is; put your hand upon it. Oh, mother, let me go out," poor Willie said, imploringly. "I am so weary of the hours. I wont try to run about, only let me go and lie in the sunlight!"

"Not to-day, my darling, wait another day; perhaps the warm winds will come. Willie, dear child, it would make you ill, you must not go."

"You say so every day, mother," Willie said, sadly, "and my head is aching so with staying in the house."

And at last, he praying so much for it, one day they took him out. It was a very sunny day, with scarcely a cloud in the bright, blue sky; and Bertha and Gabrielle made a couch for him in a warm, sheltered corner, and laid him on it. Poor child, he was so glad to feel himself in the open air again. It made him so happy, that he laughed and talked as he had not done for months before; lying with his mother's hand in his, supported in her arms, she kneeling so lovingly beside him, listening with a strange, passionate mingling of joy and misery to the feeble but merry little voice that, scarcely ever ceasing, talked to her.

Poor Gabrielle, it seemed to her such a fearful mockery of the happiness that she knew could never be hers any more for ever; but, forcing back her grief upon her own sad heart, she laughed and talked gayly with him, showing by no sign how sorrowful she was.

"Mother, mother!" he cried, suddenly clapping his little, wasted hands, "I see a violet—a pure white violet, in the dark leaves there. Oh, fetch it to me! It's the first spring flower. The very first violet of all! Oh, mother, dear, I love them—the little sweet-smelling flowers."

"Your eyes are quicker than mine, Willie; I should n't have seen it, it is such a little thing. There it is, dear boy. I wish there were more for you."

"Ah, they will soon come now. I am so glad I have seen the first. Mother, do you remember how I used to gather them at home, and bring them to papa when he was ill? He liked them, too—just as I do now."

"I remember it well, dear," Gabrielle answered softly.

"How long ago that time seems now," Willie said; "then, after a moment's peace, he asked a little sadly, "Mother, what makes me so different now from what I used to be? I was so strong and well

once, and could run about the whole day long; mother, dear, when shall I run about again?"

"You are very weak, dear child, just now. We must n't talk of running about for a little time to come."

"No, not for a little time; but when do you think, mother?" The little voice trembled suddenly: "I feel sometimes so weak—so weak, as if I never could get strong again."

Hush, Gabrielle! Press back that bitter sob into thy sorrowful heart, lest the dying child hear it!

"Do not fear, my darling, do not fear. You will be quite well, very soon now."

He looked into her tearful eye, as she tried to smile on him, with a strange, unchildlike look, as if he partly guessed the meaning in her words, but did not answer her, nor could she speak again, just then.

"Mother, sing to me," he said, "sing one of the old songs I used to love. I have n't heard you sing for—oh so long!"

Pressing her hand upon her bosom, to still her heart's unquiet beating, Gabrielle tried to sing one of the old childish songs with which, in days long past, she had been wont to nurse her child asleep. The long silent voice—silent here so many years—awoke again, ringing through the still air with all its former sweetness. Though fainter than it was of old, Bertha heard it, moving through the house; and came to the open window to stand there and listen, smiling to herself to think that Gabrielle could sing again, and half weeping at some other thoughts which the long unheard voice recalled to her.

"Oh, mother, I like that," Willie murmured softly, as the song died away, "It 's like long ago to hear you sing."

They looked into one another's eyes, both filling fast with tears; then Willie, with childish sympathy, though knowing little why she grieved, laid his arm round her neck, trying with his feeble strength to draw her toward him. She bent forward to kiss him; then hid her face upon his neck that he might not see how bitterly she wept, and he, stroking her soft hair with his little hand, murmured the while some gentle words that only made her tears flow faster. So they lay, she growing calmer presently, for a long while.

"Now, darling, you have staid here long enough," Gabrielle said at last, "you must let me carry you into the house again."

"Must I go so soon mother? See how bright the sun is still."

"But see, too, how long and deep the shadows are getting, Willie. No, my dear one, you must come in now."

"Mother dear, I am so happy to-day—so happy, and so much better than I have been for a long time, and I know it is only because you have let me come out here, and lie in the sunlight. You will let me come again—every day, dear mother?"

How could she refuse the pleading voice its last request? How could she look upon the little shrunken figure, upon the little face, with its beseeching, gentle eyes, and deny him what he asked—that she might keep him to herself a few short days longer?

"You shall come, my darling, if it makes you so happy," she said, very softly: then she took him in her arms, and bore him to the house, kissing him with a wild passion that she could not hide.

And so for two or three weeks, in the bright, sunny morning, Willie was always laid on his couch in the sheltered corner near the elm trees; but though he was very happy lying there, and would often talk gayly of the time when he should be well again, he never got strong any more.

Day by day Gabrielle watched him, knowing that the end was coming very near; but, with her strong mother's love, hiding her sorrow from him. She never told him that he was dying; but sometimes they spoke together of death, and often—for he liked to hear her—she would sing sweet hymns to him, that told of the heaven he was so soon going to.

For two or three weeks it went on thus, and then the last day came. He had been suffering very much with the terrible cough, each paroxysm of which shook the wasted frame with a pain that pierced to Gabrielle's heart: and all day he had had no rest. It was a day in May—a soft, warm day. But the couch beneath the trees was empty. He was too weak even to be carried there, but lay restlessly turning on his little bed, through the long hours, showing by his burning cheek, and bright but heavy eye, how ill and full of pain he was. And by his side, as ever, Gabrielle knelt, soothing him with tender words; bathing the little hands, and moistening the lips; bending over him and gazing on him with all her passionate love beaming in her tearful eyes. But she was wonderfully calm—watching like a gentle angel over him.

Through the long day, and far into the night, and still no rest or ease. Gabrielle never moved from beside him: she could feel no fatigue; her sorrow seemed to bear her up with a strange strength. At last, he was so weak that he could not raise his head from the pillow.

He lay very still, with his mother's hand in his; the flush gradually passing away from his cheek, until it became quite pale, like marble, the weary eye half closed.

"You are not suffering much, my child?"

"Oh! no, mother, not now. I am so much better!"

So much better! How deep the words went down into her heart.

"I am so sleepy," said the little plaintive voice again. "If I go to sleep, would n't you sleep, too? You must be so tired, mother."

"See, my darling, I will lay down here by you; let me raise your head a moment—there—lay it upon me. Can you sleep so?"

"Ah! yes, mother; that is very good."

He was closing his eyes, when a strong impulse that Gabrielle could not resist, made her rouse him for a moment, for she knew that he was dying.

"Willie, before you sleep, have you strength to say your evening prayer?"

"Yes, mother."

Meekly folding the little thin white hands, he offered up his simple thanksgiving, then said, "Our Father." The little voice toward the end was very faint and weak; and as he finished, his head, which he had feebly tried to bend forward, fell back more heavily on Gabrielle's bosom.

"Good night, mother dear. Go to sleep."

"Good night, my darling. God bless you, Willie, my child!"

And then they never spoke to one another any more. One sweet look upward to his mother's face, and the gentle eyes closed for ever.

As he fell asleep, through the parted curtains, the morning light stole faintly in. Another day was breaking; but before the sun rose, Gabrielle's child was dead. Softly in his sleep the spirit had passed away. When Bertha came in, after the few hours' rest that she had snatched, she found the chamber all quiet, and Gabrielle still holding—folded in her arms—the lifeless form that had been so very dear to her.

There was no violent grief in her. His death had been so peaceful and holy, that at first she did not even shed tears. Quite calmly she knelt down by his side when they had laid him in his white dress on the bed, and kissed his pale brow and lips, looking almost reproachfully on Bertha, as—standing by her side—she sobbed aloud; quite calmly, too, she let them lead her from the room, and as they bade her, she lay down upon her bed, and closed her eyes as if to sleep. And then in her solitude, in the darkened room, she wept quite silently, stretching out her arms, and crying for her child.

For many years two gentle, quiet women lived alone in the little cottage in the dell, moving amongst the dwellers in that country village like two ministering angels; nursing the sick, comforting the sorrowful, helping the needy, soothing many a deathbed with their gentle, holy words; spreading peace around them wheresoever their footsteps went. And often in the summer evenings, one of them—the youngest and most beautiful—would wend her quiet way to the old church-yard, and there, in a green, sunny spot, would calmly sit and work for hours, while the lime-tress waved their leaves above her, and the sunlight shining through them, danced and sparkled on a little grave.

LAY OF THE CRUSADER.

BY WM. H. C. HOSMER.

GINEVRA! Ginevra!
Thy girlish lip is mute;
And silent, in ancestral hall,
Hangs now thy gilded lute;
With trophies from the Holy Land
Hath come thine own true Knight,
To wildly wish the desert sand
Had drank his blood in fight.

Ginevra! Ginevra!
By palmer wert thou told,
That on the plains of Palestine
My corse was lying cold;
And credence giving to the tale,
Went up wild prayer to *dis*,
While suddenly thy cheek grew pale,
And lustreless thine eye.

Ginevra! Ginevra!
No more thy lulling voice,
When twilight paints the sky, will trill
The ballad of my choice;
Thy parting gift, my buried bride,
Will nerve this arm no more,
When speeds my barb with fetlock dyed
In Saracenic gore.

Ginevra! Ginevra!
Death holds in icy thrall
Thy loveliness of form and face,
In his unlighted hall;
With laurels from the Holy Land
Hath come thine own true Knight,
To wildly wish the desert sand
Had drank his blood in fight.

JOY MURMURS IN THE OCEAN.

BY CHARLES H. STEWART.

JOY murmurs in the ocean,
And laughs on shore outright;
The world 's in glorious motion—
Save mine, all hearts are light.

To tread in sunlight places,
With heart so strange the while—
To gaze in gladsome faces,
When all but you can smile—

To live while Hope's high heaven
To others lends a ray,
To you no gleam is given—
Is this not grief, O say?

A VISIT.*

BY FREDERIKA BREMER.

One winter evening it so happened that I was alone at home. A slight indisposition had kept me for two or three days within doors, and, though I was now well, it was thought advisable for me to remain quiet this night, and not go to any of the parties that carried off the rest of the family. And I was quite satisfied—then I used most to enjoy myself, when all alone at home; and with much good humor and many good wishes I said adieu to father and mother, sister and brothers, as some went to the opera, and some to a ball, and some to a concert. Then, though we were generally a very quiet household, with a drop or two of gloominess coming from . . . . . no matter what—we had just obtained a brighter place than usual: my eldest sister having become engaged to an excellent young man, and my youngest brother being just returned from college with very flattering testimonials, and full of hope and joyfulness, and love of his youngest sister, who also was equally in love with her brother. For myself, I was at that interesting period in a woman's life where she, young still, but not in her first youth, feels disposed to settle down in some way, and is not without offers or opportunities, but still does not feel bound to sacrifice her freedom to any thing below her heart's choice.

Well, they—my kith and kin—all went out, and I was left alone. I felt quite pleased with it. Putting out the lights, except one in each of the chandeliers in the two drawing-rooms, I began to walk slowly up and down the soft carpets, enjoying the solitude, and the pleasant light shedding itself from above over the rooms and their furniture. It was a romantic *clair obscur*, soft, and a little melancholy—and this evening I felt very romantic. A slight, not unpleasant, weakness remained after the past illness; but I was perfectly well, and with every moment a fresh gush of health and delicious life seemed to swell my heart and pervade my whole being: a certain soft emotion kept rising within me. On the whole, I felt not quite so happy at being alone the *whole* evening. I wished somebody would come and partake of my solitude; it was too full for me. My heart bounded with sympathy toward my fellow creatures; with good will to love, and to be loved; to interchange endearing words and good offices. I wanted only to give; I wanted only somebody good enough to receive; I felt my heart overflowing with good will for all the world and all the people in it. I left the door to the vestibule unlocked, in hope—not as in the extravagant fancies of my childhood—in hope that robbers and burglars would come in and give me an opportunity to develop some wonderful acts of courage or *presénce d'ésprit*;—no, I did not wish for robbers to come, but I did wish for somebody; and I had a strong presentiment that somebody would come, that I should not remain alone the whole evening. I felt sure that I should have a visit—a visit that could not but become of importance either to me or to somebody else. Then, any body that would come in this evening must feel my influence—must experience something uncommon from the very volume of life that rolled in my veins, and that I would roll on him or her. A thousand feelings—a thousand thoughts—were in my heart and mind. But I walked silently to and fro in the rooms, now and then looking curiously down the street. Our house was a corner house: at the corner of the house opposite hung a street-lamp, not very bright nor brilliant, but still shedding a light, clear enough on the spot under it, and on the objects nearest around. Right under the lamp hung, and swung in the evening wind, a huge, red wooden glove (a glove-maker's sign) with the forefinger (a very long forefinger) pointing right down. The snow fell in large flakes round the lamp and the red glove on the frozen white ground. Now and then came persons—mostly men—wrapped up in their cloaks, passing right under the lamp and the red glove, and were, as they passed, lighted up by the former. I thought I recognized friends or acquaintances in some of them, and often it would seem as if they steered their way directly toward my house, but then again they were wrapped up in the darkness, and the great red glove swung, and the lamp shed its light, and the snow fell fast over the solitary spot—and again I paced the carpets of the drawing-rooms. No matter: it was yet good time for visiting, it was early yet, and a visit I should certainly have that night; and many a face passed in the *camera obscura* of my mind—many a vision of my expected visitor. First, I saw one that had been very kind to me, but that I had been less kind to; one of these that we esteem, but can neither like nor love; but now, this night, if that person would come, I should be so kind, so—it would not be my fault if that person did not feel amiable and loveable. And then there was somebody who had wronged me, and made me suffer. Oh! that *she* might come, that I might do her good instead—that I might make her rich and happy; it would give me the greatest pleasure. And then there was a man that was more to me than I to him—that I liked; a brilliant, interesting man, that did not like me, but who was interested by me, liked to talk with me, and was a friend of mine. Oh! if he should come; he would love me, perhaps

* It will no doubt add to the interest with which this paper may be read, to know that it was written in English by Miss Bremer, and that it has not been necessary to alter a dozen words.—Ed.

fall in love with me that evening! There was in me so much of that fire which makes every thing light up and radiate. Was he quite fire-proof? Well, still his spirit would light up by the light of mine; I knew it, and we would have such a talk about stars and showers of stars; about Copernicus, and Taylor, and Newton; and about electricity, and alchemy, and Berzelius: we would have such a great intellectual treat and conversation! And then there was another man, that liked me well, and would offer me heart and hand, if I would like him. Like him I could not; but feel very kindly, respectfully, almost tenderly for him, that I could—I did; and then he was a very good and very stately gentleman, and of a rank and fortune that well could flatter a little worldly vanity, and I had my share. Ah! if he should come this evening, and ask the question, I fear that I should not find heart to ask delay to consider, and so forth; I fear I should say "Yes," at once, and fix my destiny before I was sure it was well. My heart was too warm to be wise. I almost feared that he would come and ask me. But then there was an elderly married man, and a genius, that I loved as young women love elderly gentlemen who are geniuses, and are kind to them—adoringly, passionately. Oh! that he might come. No danger of his asking dangerous questions; no danger of becoming engaged to him, and fixing one's destiny before the heart was right fixed. If he should but come—what a delight to indulge looking at him—to give vent to the flow of thoughts and feelings with such a mind—to be inspired, and foolish, and nonsensical, in a sublime sense, as well he could be—to hear the effusions of that great heart, great as the world. He never had quite understood me; I never had been quite myself with him; this evening I should be so, he should know my heart. May-be he would ask me to do something for him—to give my purse, every shilling I possessed, to some poor persons—what a delight! And how I should treat him with tea, and wine, and cake, just as Hebe did Jupiter; and how he should enjoy it. Dear me, what an Olympian treat it would be! And then I saw a lady, whose very shadow on the wall I loved. Oh! that if she would but come, my dear, my bosom friend! What a delightful time we should have together, with tea and chat, and the outpourings of the heart. I would tell her every thing: she would counsel me wisely, as she was wont to do. Dear soul, how I loved her; tears filled my eyes in thinking of her, and that she would come—to be sure she was a hundred miles away, on her estate; but, no matter, it could very well happen that she should come. She liked to surprise people, and come unawares upon them, like the Emperor Nicholas. Very likely she would come this evening. My heart asked for it, and then I looked out of the window; the street-lamp flamed and flickered red; the great red glove swung to and fro, with the long forefinger pointing right out; the snow fell fast. I heard sleigh-bells ringing—a carriage was coming—may-be my friend in it. There it comes, right up against the house—my house. The light of the lamp glances over it—how snow-covered! Oh! I will kiss off the snow from her clothes—I will make her so comfortable and happy!

Away flew the carriage, with the lady and the snow-cloak, and the merry jingling bells. But there, now, the great red glove stands still, and the long forefinger points right down on a man wrapped up in a big cloak! I am sure it is the genius, and he is coming to pay me a visit. Dear great man! he comes right up to the house—yes, no—he comes not he turns to the left hand, it could not be he, he would not have passed me so! There, again the glove stands still, the finger points, and a slender figure passes under it—how like my friend the naturalist!—and he is coming right here—no, he is not—he turns to the right hand. And the light flickers, and the snow falls, and the glove swings over the now solitary spot—and I am still alone, and walk up and down the soft carpets in the romantic twilight.

After all, how gaudily life wears away! why should we not make the best of it? why not take the love and kindness that are offered, and make happy those that we can make happy? Why should we think so much of ourselves alone, and be so afraid of not being so happy as happy can be? we must think also of others, and be content for ourselves with a moderate share of happiness.

Well! if the friend so kind and noble-hearted, whose heart I can claim, now claims my hand, this evening he shall have it, I believe. I will make him happy, and his whole house comfortable, and everybody about him! I must have something to do, to love, to live for. Well!—if he comes! . . . And then I looked out of the window. There now, this time the forefinger of the red hand points most decidedly down on a tall, stately figure—and he is coming—yes, he is certainly coming—coming right to this house; he enters the door. It must be he! how I felt my heart beat! I almost wished it was not he. And to be sure, if it were he who entered the house, he never came up the steps, nor opened the unlocked door of my house and heart—no, not this time; and the half-dreaded, half-wished-for question was not asked now.

The next time that I looked out of the window the lamp was obscured by a lowering mist, and the great red hand was swinging—and black figures were seen passing under it, as through a black veil—my heart began to feel a little low and sad. But—it was not too late yet for a visit; some of our friends used to come very late; somebody would yet come.

Next time I looked again for my visitor, the mist had fully come down, and I could not see a bit more of the lamp, nor the red glove, nor of the mystical figures passing under it. But as I happened to look upward I saw that the sky had cleared, and that the stars shone bright and brilliant; the City of God stood all in light over the earthly city, obscured by mist and darkness. I was struck by the sight of a constellation that I had not seen before; and the truth was, that taken up by earthly objects since a time, I had forgotten to follow up the study of the firmament that I had begun, with the help of my friend the na-

turalist. Now I took my map and globe, and began to study: I put out the light in the great drawing-room, so as to leave the starlight alone, and made there my observatory. That side of the room looking toward a square was a fine space of sky to range over; and I began to range among the stars. After a while, I ascertained the names of several of the constellations new to me, and the names of their brightest stars; I made the acquaintance of several greater and smaller notabilities of the higher sphere, and read about them what wise men have thought and said. Then would come of themselves enlarging thoughts about the connexion of our planet and its human beings, and those shining worlds where lights and shadows, and weight and measure, are the same as here, and who, consequently, are related to us in soul and matter, in weal and wo, and who tell us of it in lovely shining stars. All this gave me great pleasure.

The servant came with the tea-tray; I was sitting alone, but had forgotten it. I enjoyed my tea and sandwiches, but only to return fresh to my study; and continued visiting among the stars, and making friends with them, till I felt bodily weary. I looked at the watch—it was near midnight; I sat down on the sofa in the small drawing-room: the light shone calmly and romantically as before; and I was as before—alone. Yet there was a pleasant calm—a feeling of plenitude and elevation in my soul—my heart was at rest. What was it that made me feel so well, though I had been disappointed in my visit? Left alone, I had not felt lonely nor at loss: I had studied the works of the Great Father; I had learned and adored, and so forgotten time, solitude, myself, earth and earthly wishes, and my expected visit. Oh! was it not clear that I had had a visit after all—a visit, not from mortal friends, but from immortal? They had whispered to me—"Hereafter thou shalt never feel lonely when alone; then we will come to thee." And I was glad and thankful!

THE WORLD-CONQUEROR.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

"And looking round, he sat down and wept, because he saw no other worlds to conquer!"

ALONE! alone with night and Heaven,
The mighty Macedonian stood;
The searching stars looked down on *him*,
To whom their glorious light seemed dim,
To whom such boundless thoughts seemed given
By old Hyphasis' flood!

Boundless yet on those haughty features
There dwelt a mournfulness profound;
And the shadow of a painful thought
Upon that kingly brow was wrought,
He who subdued earth's countless creatures—
He—the world-conqueror crowned!

Yes! there, beside the silent river,
On which the moonbeams sweetly slept—
By which the green and graceful palm,
Rose ever stately still and calm—
There did the monarch's heart-strings quiver—
For lo! the victor wept!

Yea, wept, though all the nations rendered
Meek homage to his sovereign will;
His soldier-bands their king adored—
And all victorious with his sword,
'Mid trophies, crowns, and laurels splendid—
Mark *what* was wanting still!

"*I see no other worlds!*—and Heaven
Bends o'er me with prophetic eye;
Alas! my wild and wildering glance
Can never pierce that starred expanse,
Yon radiant sphere may not be given,
My aims to gratify!

Hath not this oft-told tale a moral,
Impressive of the vanity
To which all human hopes must tend—
To where ambitious flights must end?—
For still Earth's proudest crown and laurel,
Mock poor mortality!

GATHER RIPE FRUIT, OH DEATH!

GATHER ripe fruit, oh death! exclaims the gifted,
Full of fresh blossoms for the ripening hour;
Adown whose sky the clouds afar have drifted—
Whose golden hopes are gilding bud and flower;
Who, through the vista long, of years advancing,
Sees fame and honors round his pathway spread,
And views green laurels in the distance glancing,
All wreathed in beauty for his waiting head.

Gather ripe fruit, oh death! the young bride crieth,
Whilst blushing joys her trembling bosom thrill,
And each enchanted hour so noiseless flieth,
That no distracting fears her bright hopes fill.

The future, all in rainbow-tints is glowing,
Painted with hues from Love's own gorgeous dyes;
And life seems but a river, softly flowing
'Mid fragrant banks, 'neath bland and sunny skies.

Gather ripe fruit, oh death! is ever ringing
From anxious lips, with deep and earnest tone;
Some joy, some hope, is ever fondly springing,
Which clinging fancy deemeth *theirs* alone.
All, youth and age alike, the reaper spurneth,
The young in triumph point to those before;
And age, from the grim spectre trembling turneth,
And bids him glean from fields *all* ripened o'er!

THE LUCKY PENNY.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

CHAPTER I.

"And what will you do with yours, Willy?"

"I dun know," replied the heavy-looking urchin, while he turned the half-pence over and over in his hand; "two ha p'nees; it's not much." Ned pirouted on one broad, bare foot, and tossed a summerset on the pavement, close to the pretty basket-shop at a corner of Covent-Garden Market, while "Willy" pondered over the half-pence. When "Ned" recovered his breath, and had shouldered the door-post for half a minute, he again spoke—

"And that one, just riding away on his fine responsible horse, thought he'd make our fortune this frosty new-year's morning, with his three-pence betwixt three of us—and his grand condition, that we should meet him on this spot, if living, this day twel'-months, and tell him what we did with the pennies! Hurroo! as if we could remember. I say, Willy, suppose you and I toss up for them—head wins?"

"No, no," replied the prudent Willy, putting the half-pence into his pocket, and attempting to button the garment; an unsuccessful attempt, inasmuch as there was no button: "No; I'll not make up my mind jist yet—I'll may-be let it lie, and show it to him this day twal'-month. He may give more for taking care of un."

"Easy, easy," persisted Ned, "let tail win, if you don't like head."

"I'll not have it, no way."

"But where's Richard gone?" inquired the careless boy, after varying his exercise by walking on his hands, and kicking his feet in the air.

"I dun know," replied the other; "it's most like he's gone home: that's where he goes most times: he comes the gentleman over us becase of his edication."

"He has no spirit," said Ned, contemptuously; he never spends his money like—like me."

"He got the 'lucky penny,' for all that," answered Willy, "for I saw the hole in it myself."

"Look at that, now!" exclaimed Ned; "it's ever the way with him; see now, if that don't turn up something before the year's out. While we sleep under bridges, in tatur-baskets, and 'darkies,' he sleeps on a bed; and his mother stiches o'nights, and days too. He's as high up as a gentleman, and yet he's as keen after a job as a cat after a sparra."

The two boys lounged away, while the third—the only one of the three who had *earned* his penny, by holding a gentleman's horse for a moment, while the others looked on—had passed rapidly to a small circulating library near Cranbourne Alley, and laying down his penny on the counter, looked in the bookseller's face, and said—

"Please, sir, will you lend me the works of Benjamin Franklin—for a penny?"

The bookseller looked at the boy, and then at the penny, and inquired if he were the lad who had carried the parcels about for Thomas Brand, when he was ill.

The boy said he was.

"And would you like to do so now, on your own account?" was the next question. The pale, pinched-up features of the youth crimsoned all over, and his dark, deep-set eyes were illumined as if by magic.

"Be your messenger, sir?—indeed I would."

"Who could answer for your character?"

"My mother, sir; she knows me best," he replied with great simplicity.

"But who knows her?" said the bookseller, smiling.

"Not many, sir; but the landlady where we live, and some few others."

The bookseller inquired what place of worship they attended.

The lad told him, but added, "My mother has not been there lately."

"Why not?"

The deep flush returned, but the expression of the face told of pain, not pleasure.

"My mother, sir, has not been well—and—the weather is cold—and her clothes are not warm." He eagerly inquired if he was wanted that day. The bookseller told him to be there at half-past seven the next morning, and that meanwhile he would inquire into his character.

The boy could hardly speak; unshed tears stood in his eyes, and after sundry scrapes and bows, he rushed from the shop.

"Holloa, youngster!" called out the bookseller, "you have not told me your mother's name or address." The boy gave both, and again ran off Again the bookseller shouted, "Holloa!"

"You have forgotten Franklin."

The lad bowed and scraped twice as much as ever; and muttering something about "joy" and "mother," placed the book inside his jacket and disappeared.

Richard Dolland's mother was seated in the smallest of all possible rooms, which looked into a court near the "Seven Dials." The window was but little above the flags, for the room had been slipped off the narrow entrance; and stowed away into a corner, where there was space for a bedstead, a small table, a chair, and a box; there was a little bookshelf, upon it were three or four old books, an inkbottle, and some stumpy pens; and the grate only contained wood-ashes.

Mrs. Dolland was plying her needle and thread at

the window; but she did not realize that wonderful Daguerreotype of misery which one of our greatest poets drew; for she was *not* clad in

"Unwomanly rags,"

though the very light-colored cotton-dress—the worn-out and faded blue "comforter" round her throat—the pale and purple hue of her face proclaimed that poverty had been beside her many a dreary winter's day. The snow was drizzling in little hard bitter knots, not falling in soft gentle flakes, wooing the earth to resignation; and the woman whose slight, almost girlish figure, and fair braided hair gave her an aspect of extreme youth, bent more and more forward to the light, as if she found it difficult to thread her needle; she rubbed her eyes until they became quite red; she rubbed the window-glass with her handkerchief (that *was* torn), and at last her hands fell into her lap, and large tears coursed each other over her pale cheeks; she pressed her eyes, and tried again; no—she could not pass the fine thread into the fine needle.

Oh! what an expression saddened her face into despair. She threw back her head as if appealing to the Almighty; she clasped her thin palms together, and then, raising them slowly, pressed them on her eyes.

A light, quick, bounding step echoed in the little court—the mother knew it well: she arose, as if uncertain what to do—she shuddered—she sat down—took up her work, and when Richard, in passing, tapped against the window, she met the flushed, excited face of her son with her usual calm, quiet smile.

"Here's a bright new-year's-day, mother!" he exclaimed.

"Where?" she said, looking drearily out at the falling snow, and dusting it off her son's coat with her hand.

"Every where, mother!"—he laid the book on the table—"I earned a penny, and I've got a place—there!"

"Got a place!" repeated the woman; and then her face flushed—"with whom? how?"

He detailed the particulars. "And I gave the penny, mother dear," he added, "to read the 'Works of Benjamin Franklin,' which will teach me how to grow rich and good; I'll read the book to you this evening, while you work."

The flush on her cheek faded to deadly paleness.

"I don't know what's the matter with my eyes, Richard—they are so weak."

"Looking on the snow, mother; mine grow weak when I look on the snow."

How she caught at the straw!—"I never thought of that, Richard; I dare say it is bad. And what did ye with the penny, dear?"

"I told you, mother; I got the reading of the 'Works of Benjamin Franklin' for it, and it's a book that will do me great good; I read two or three pages here and there of it, at the very shop where I am to be employed, when I was there for Thomas Brand, before he died. It was just luck that took me there to look for it—the book, I mean—and then the gentleman offered me the place; I'm sure I have worn, as Ned Brady says, 'the legs off my feet,' tramping after places—and *that* to offer itself to *me*—think of that, mother! Poor Tom Brand had four shillings a-week, but he could not make out a bill—I can; Benjamin Franklin (he wrote 'Poor Richard's Almanac,' you know) says, 'there are no gains without pains;' and I'm sure poor father took pains enough to teach me, though I have the gains, and he had the——"

The entrance of his future master arrested Richard's eloquence; he made a few inquiries, found his way into a back kitchen to the landlady, and, being satisfied with what he heard, engaged the lad at four shillings a-week; he looked kindly at the gentle mother, and uncomfortably at the grate; then slid a shilling into Mrs. Dolland's hand, "in advance."

"It was not 'luck,' Richard," said she to her son, after the long, gaunt-looking man of books had departed; "it's all come of God's goodness!"

There was a fire that evening in the widow's little room, and a whole candle was lit; and a cup of tea, with the luxuries of milk, sugar, and a little loaf, formed their new-year's fête; and yet two-pence remained out of the bookseller's loan!

When their frugal meal was finished, Mrs. Dolland worked on mechanically, and Richard threaded her needle; the boy read aloud to her certain passages which he thought she might like, he wondered she was not more elated at his success; she seemed working unconsciously, and buried in her own thoughts; at last, and not without a feeling of pain, he ceased reading aloud, and forgot all external cares in the deep interest he took in the self-helping volume that rested on his lap.

Suddenly he looked up, aroused by a sort of half-breathed sigh; his mother's large eyes were fixed upon him—there was something in the look and the expression he thought he had never seen before.

"Richard," she said, "is there any hope in that book?"

"Hope, mother! why, it is full, full of hope; for a poor lad, it is one great hope from beginning to end. Why, many a copy my father set from Poor Richard's Almanac, though I don't think he knew it. Don't you remember 'Help hands, for I have no lands,' and 'Diligence is the mother of good luck,' and that grand, long one I wrote in small-hand—'Since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.'"

"Yes, dear, those were pleasant days; I mind them well; when *he* went, *all* went."

"No, mother," replied the boy; and I don't know what is the matter to-day, you are not a bit like yourself; you used to say that God was always with us, and that hope was a part of God. And it is new-year's day, and has begun so well; I have got a place—and a nice one; suppose it had been at a butcher's or green-grocers? we should have been thankful—but among books and such like, with odd minutes for reading, and every penny of four shillings a-week—mother, you need not work so hard now."

"I can't, Richard," she said; and then there was a long pause.

When she spoke again her voice seemed stifled. "I have been turning in my own mind what I could do; what do you think of ballad-singing—and a wee dog to lead me?"

"What is it, mother?" inquired the boy; and he flung himself on his knees beside her. "What sorrow is it?"

She laid her cheek on his head, while she whispered—so terrible did the words seem—"I am growing *dark*, my child; I shall soon be quite, quite BLIND." He drew back, pushed the hair off her brow, and gazed into her eyes steadily.

It is over-work—weakness—illness—it cannot be blindness; it will soon be all right again; they are only a very little dim, mother." And he kissed her eyes and brow until his lips were moist with her tears.

"If God would but spare me my sight, just to keep on a little longer, and keep me from the parish (though we have good right to its help,) and save me from being a burden—a millstone—about your neck, Richard!"

"Now do n't mother; I will not shed a tear this blessed new-year's day; I wont believe it is as you say; it 's just the trouble and the cold you have gone through; and the tenderness you were once used to—though I only remember my father a poor schoolmaster, still he took care of you. You know my four shillings a-week will do a great deal; it 's a capital salary," said the boy, exultingly; "four broad white shillings a-week! you can have some nourishment then." He paused a moment and opened his eyes. "I suppose I am not to live in the house; if I was, and you had it ALL—Oh, mother, you would n't be so comfortable!"

Presently he took down his father's Bible, and read a psalm—it was the first Psalm:

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful;

"But his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night;

"And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper"—

The boy paused.

"There, mother! is there not hope in that?"

"There is, indeed—and comfort," answered the widow; "and I am always glad when you read a book containing plenty of hope. The present is often so miserable that it is natural to get away from it, and feel and know there is something different to come; I have often sat with only hope for a comforter when you have been seeking employment; and I have been here without food or fire, or any thing—but hope."

"And I used to think you so blythe, mother, when I came into the court, and heard you singing."

"I have often sobbed through a song, Richard, and yet it was comfort, somehow, to sing it. I dare say there is a deal of hope in that new book of yours, but I wish it may be sanctified hope—hope of the right kind. Your poor father used to talk of unsanctified philosophy; but he was too wise, as well as too good for me—you ought to be good and wise, my child—God grant it!"

"To look at it, mother," said the boy, with an earnestness beyond his years; "I was so full of joy at being employed, that I thought my heart would break, and *now*—" his young spirit bounded bravely above the trial—"no—not now will I believe what you fear; rest and comfort; you need not embroider at nights now; you can knit, or make nets, but no fine work."

Strangers, to have heard him talk, would have imagined that his luxuriant imagination was contemplating four pounds instead of four shillings a-week; only those who have wanted, and counted over the necessaries to be procured by pence, can comprehend the wealth of shillings.

These two were alone in the world; the husband and father had died of consumption; he had been an earnest, true, book-loving man, whose enthusiastic and poetic temperament had been branded as "dreamy"—certainly, he was fonder of thinking than of acting; he had knowledge enough to have given him courage, but perhaps the natural delicacy of his constitution rendered his struggles for independence insufficient; latterly, he had been a schoolmaster, but certain religious scruples prevented his advancing with the great education movement beginning to agitate England; and when his health declined, his scholars fell away: but as his mental strength faded, that of his wife seemed to increase. She was nothing more than a simple, loving, enduring, industrious woman, noted in the village of their adoption as possessing a most beautiful voice; and often had the sound of her own minstrelsy, hyming God's praise, or on week-days welling forth the tenderness or chivalry of an old ballad, been company and consolation to her wearied spirit.

Books and music refine external things; and born and brought up in their atmosphere, Richard, poor, half-starved, half-naked, running hither and thither in search of employment, and cast among really low, vicious, false, intemperate, godless children, was preserved from contagion. It was a singular happiness that his mother never feared for him; one of the many bits of poetry of her nature, was the firm faith she entertained that the son of her husband—whose memory was to her as the protection of a titular saint—could not be tainted by evil example. She knew the boy's burning thirst for knowledge; she knew his struggles, not for ease, but for labor; she knew his young energy, and wondered at it; she knew the devotional spirit that was in him;—yet in all these things she put no trust: but she felt as though the invisible but present spirit of his father was with him through scenes of sin and misery, and encompassed him as with a halo, so that he might walk, like the prophets of Israel, through a burning fiery furnace unscathed.

These two—mother and son—were alone in their poverty-stricken sphere; and that Newyear's-day had brought to the mother both hope and despair;

but though an increasing film came between her and the delicate embroidery she wrought with so much skill and care—though the confession that she was growing "dark," caused her sharper agony than she had suffered since her husband's death—still, as the evening drew on, and she put by her work, her spirit lightened under the influence of the fresh and healthful hope which animated her son. She busied herself with sundry contrivances for his making a neat appearance on the following day; she forced him into a jacket which he had out-grown, to see how he looked, and kissed and blessed the bright face which, she thanked God, she could still see. Together they turned out, and over and over again, the contents of their solitary box; and Richard, by no means indifferent to his personal appearance at any time, said, very frankly, that he thought his acquaintances, Ned Brady and William, or Willy "No-go," as he was familiarly styled, would hardly recognize him on the morrow, if they should chance to meet.

"But if I lend you this silk handkerchief, that was your poor father's, to tie round your neck, don't let it puff you up," said the simple-minded woman, "don't; and don't look down upon Ned Brady and William No-go, (what an odd name;) if they are good lads, you might ask them in to tea some night (that is, when we have tea;) they must be good lads, if you know them."

And then followed a prayer and a blessing, and, much later than usual, after a few happier tears, another prayer, and another blessing, the worn-out eyes, and those so young and fresh, closed in peaceful sleep.

—

"Neddy, my boy!" stammered Mrs. Brady to her son, as she staggered to her wretched lodging that night, "it 's wonderful luck ye' had with that penny; the four-pence ye' won through it at "pitch and toss" has made a woman of me; I am as happy as a queen—as a queen, Neddy." The unfortunate creature flourished her arm so decidedly that she broke a pane of glass in a shopkeeper's window, and was secured by a policeman for the offence; poor unfortunate Ned followed his mother, with loud, incoherent lamentations, wishing "bad luck" to every one, but more especially to the police, and the gentleman that brought him into misery by his *mean* penny;—*if it had* been a sum he could have done any thing with—but a penny! what could be done with one poor penny, but spend it!

—

Willy's penny went into a box with several other coins; *his* mother lacked the common necessaries of life—still Willy hoarded, and continued to look after his treasure as a magpie watches the silver coin she drops into a hole in a castle wall.

[*To be continued.*

TO MARY, ASKING FOR A SONG.

BY MATTHIAS WARD.

The song, dear maid, you deign to ask,
What churlish mortal could refuse;
Then, while I ply my pleasing task,
Be thou at once my theme and muse.
While to such theme my gift I bring,
Fair muse, inspire me as I sing.

A song you ask—if music flow,
To make thy gentle heart rejoice;
Ope but thy lips, and soon thou 'lt know
'T is but the echo of thy voice.
Such tones, if kindly, still prolong—
I cannot ask a sweeter song.

There 's music beaming from thy brow—
Within thine eyes a tuneful tongue;
And gazing there, I fancy how
The morning stars together sung.
Through passion's waste, when wandering far,
Heaven grant thee for my guiding star.

Ask you for music? Go but forth,
And air salutes each varied charm;
The wildest tempest from the north,
Melodious dances o'er thy form.
Would that my tones had winning powers,
Like breezes when they kiss the flowers!

The birds are dumb in dreamy night,
And silent wait the opening day;
But when he brings his wakening light,
The morn rejoices in their lay.
From grove and brook sweet music floats,
Responsive to their happy notes.

Thus mute my voice when thou art gone,
And thus my vigil waits thine eyes;
But when once more I view their dawn,
My matin song will gladly rise.
E'er may it reach a willing ear,
And welcome prove, when thou art near.

A POET'S THOUGHT.

BY WM. ALBERT SUTLIFFE.

A thought that lay anear a Poet's heart,
Found utterance into this cloudy world,
And stirred some souls with rapture. This poor bard,
Whose home was where the rugged mountains stoop
Their foreheads o'er small streams that plash their feet,
Sang a sweet note that through a palace stole,
Fluttering a queen's proud breast until she wept.
For the same God doth deftly tune the strings
Of all men's souls to one melodious strain,
And Nature runs one silver chord through all,
Which, sadly touched, gives each a tearful thrill.

THE COUNTESS OF MONTFORT;

OR, THE RELIEF OF HENNEBON.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

I wish now to return to the Countess of Montfort, who possessed the courage of a man and the heart of a lion.
FROISSART—CHRONICLES, VOL. I. C. 72.

THE age of knight errantry, as we read of it, and in some degree believe, as recited in the Morte d'Arthur, and the other British or Breton romances, had never any real existence more than its heroes, Lancelot du Lac, Tristran le Blanc, or Pellinant or Pellinore, or any of the heroes of "the table round;" the very date of whose alleged existence, centuries before chivalry or feudalism was heard of, precludes the possibility of their identity.

The age of chivalry, however, had a real being; it was in very truth "the body of *a* time, its form and pressure;" and that was the age of Edward the Third, and the Black Prince of England, of the Captal de Buch and Sire Eustache de Ribeaumont, of Bertrand du Guesclin, and Charles of Luxemburg, the valiant blind king of Bohemia, and those who won or died at Crecy and Poictiers.

That was the age, when knights shaped their conduct to the legends which they read in the old romances, which were to them the code of honor, bravery and virtue.

That was the age when "*Dieu, son honneur et sa dame,*" was the war-cry and the creed of every noble knight, when *noblesse oblige* was a proverb not—as now—without a meaning. And of that age I have a legend, reproduced from the old chronicles of old Froissart, so redolent of the truth, the vigor, and the fresh raciness of those old days, when manhood was still held in more esteem than money, and the person of a man something more valuable than his purse, that I think it may be held worthy to arrest attention, even in these days of sordid deference to the sovereign dollar, of stolid indifference to every thing in humanity that is of a truth good or great or noble.

"I wish now to return," says Froissart, in a fine passage, a portion of which I have chosen as my motto, "to the Countess of Montfort, who possessed the courage of a man and the heart of a lion."

Previous to this, the veracious chronicler of the antique wars of France and England has related, how by the death of the Duke of Brittany, who left no issue, the ducal coronet of that province, which together with Normandy and Anjou, had always since the Norman conquest maintained relations with the crown of England, was left in dispute between John Count de Montfort, the half-brother of the late duke, who had married the sister of Lewis Earl of Flanders, and a daughter of the late duke's brother german, who was wedded to Charles, younger son of Guy Count de Blois, by the sister of Philip of Valois, the reigning king of France.

With which of these the absolute right rested, is not a matter of much moment; as it is with the romance of feudalism, not the accuracy of heraldic genealogies, that I am now dealing. Nor, were it important, have I at hand the means of deciding certainly; since the solution of the question depends on facts not clearly presented, as regarding the seniority of the brothers, the precise degrees of consanguinity, and the local laws of the French provinces.

Both parties appear to have relied on alleged declarations, each in his own favor, by the late duke, John of Britanny.

The Bretons it would seem, almost to a man, sided with the Count de Montfort; and this would in these days go very far toward settling the question.

King Philip of France, naturally took part with his niece, the wife of a great feudatory of his crown; Edward the Third of England, as naturally, favored the opposite claimant; expecting doubtless that he should receive the count's homage as his vassal for Brittany, in case of his recovering his duchy by the aid of British arms.

The Count de Montfort was summoned before the king and peers of France to answer to the charge of having already done homage to the English king, as suzerain of a French province—a charge, by the way, which he absolutely denied—and to prove his title to the duchy before Parliament. To their decision he expressed his willingness to defer, and offered to abide by their judgment, but the same night, suspecting ill faith on the part of his rival and the French king, and fearing treachery, he withdrew secretly into his own duchy, of which he had already gained absolute possession, holding all its strong places with the free consent of the lords, the burgesses, the clergy and the commonalty of the chief towns, and being every where addressed as Duke of Brittany.

After the departure of the count from Paris, the Parliament, almost as a matter of course, decided against him—firstly, *par contumace*, or as we should now say, *by default*—secondly, for treason, as having done homage to a foreign liege lord—and thirdly, because the Countess of Blois was the daughter of the next brother of the late duke, while the Count John de Montfort was the youngest of the family.

I may observe here, that it is more than doubtful whether the alleged homage to Edward was at this time rendered; that the fact was positively denied by Montfort himself, and by his other historians; and furthermore, that the descent to the female line is

very questionable in any French province or principality, the *Salique* law, adverse to the succession of females, prevailing in that country.

Be this, however, as it may, the princes and peers of France considering that the dispute between the rival claimants had resolved itself into a question between the rival crowns of France and England, which it virtually had, espoused to a man the party of Charles of Blois.

Thereupon, the dukes of Normandy, of Alençon, of Burgundy, of Bourbon, the Lord Lewis of Spain, the Constable of France, the Count de Blois, and the Viscount de Rohan, with all the princes and barons present, undertook to maintain the rights of Charles; entered Brittany with powerful forces; and, after some sharp fighting, shut the Count of Montfort up in Nantes, where he was shortly after delivered to the enemy, not without suspicion of treachery on the part of Sir Hervé de Léon, his late chief adviser, whom he had blamed severely for retreating too readily into the city, before the troops of Charles de Blois.

John de Montfort hereupon nearly disappears from history; Froissart supposing that he died a prisoner in the tower of the Louvre. But it appears that, after three years' confinement, he made good his escape to England, and *then, not before*, did homage to Edward; who aided him with a force under William de Bohun, Earl of Northampton, to recover his duchy, which his sudden death after an unsuccessful attempt on Quimperlé, finally prevented. This is, however, in anticipation of the current of history, and more especially of those events which it is my purpose to illustrate in this sketch; for, from the very moment of his capture, the affairs, both civil and military, of the duchy were administered with the most distinguished energy, ability and success by his wife, sister of Lewis Count of Flanders, a race noble and brave by descent and nature, "the Countess of Montfort, who possessed the courage of a man and the heart of a lion."

"She was in the city of Rennes," says her historian, "when she heard of the seizure of her lord; and, notwithstanding the great grief she had at heart, she did all she could to reanimate her friends and soldiers. Showing them a young child, called John, after his father, she said, 'Oh, gentlemen, do not be cast-down for what we have suffered by the loss of my lord; he was but one man. Look at my little child here, if it please God, he shall be his restorer and shall do you much service. I have plenty of wealth, which I will distribute among you, and will seek out for such a leader as may give you a proper confidence.' When the countess had, by these means, encouraged her friends and soldiers at Rennes, she visited all the other towns and fortresses, taking her young son John with her. She addressed and encouraged them in the same manner as she had done at Rennes. She strengthened her garrisons both with men and provisions, paid handsomely for every thing, and gave largely wherever she thought it would have a good effect. She then went to Hennebon, near the sea, where she and her son remained all that winter, frequently visiting her garrisons, whom she encouraged and paid liberally."

Truly a noble woman—a true wife, a true mother, a true princess of her principality—she sought no woman's rights, but did a woman's duty—her duty as her absent husband's representative—her duty as her orphaned son's protectress—her duty as her unsovereigned people's sovereign lady. Nobility and circumstance obliged her; and nobly she discharged the obligation.

Much as I contemn women, whom a morbid craving after notoriety and excitement urges to grasp the attire, the arms, the attributes of the other sex; in the same degree do I honor, in the same degree admire and laud, the true-hearted woman, the true heroine, who not forcing or assailing, but obeying the claims of her nature, compels her temper to put on strength instead of softness, steels herself to do what she shrinks from doing, not because she arrogates the power of doing it better than the man could do it, but because she has no man to whom she might confide the doing of it.

The hen fighting the sparrow-hawk careless of self for her defenseless brood, is a spectacle beautiful to behold, filling every heart with genuine sympathy, because her act itself is genuine; is part and parcel of her sex, her circumstances, her maternity; in a word, is the act of the God of nature. The hen gaffed and cropped and fighting mains against the males of her own family in the beastly and bloody cock-pit, is a spectacle that would make the lowest frequenter of such vile arenas shudder with disgust, would wring from his lips an honest cry of shame.

Margaret of Anjou, in Hexham forest awing the bandit into submission by the undaunted royalty of her maternal eye—the Countess of Montfort, reanimating her faint-hearted garrisons, even by donning on steel harness for "her young child John"—Elizabeth of England, a-horse at Tilbury, for her protestantism and her people—Maria Theresa, waving her sabre from the guarded mount to the four quarters of heaven in the maintenance of her kingdom and her cause—Marie Antoinette of France, defying her accusers at the misnamed judgment seat, fearless of her butchers at the guillotine—these are the true types of nature, the true types of their sex, the true heroines, mastering the weakness of their sexual nature, through the might of their maternal nature—these are the hens championing their broods against the falcon.

But of this day of cant and fustian, the man-women, not heroines, called by no duty to the attire or the attributes of men, but panting indelicately for the notoriety, the fierce, passionate excitement of the political, nay! for aught that appears, of the martial arena—these are the hens, if they could but see themselves as they see effeminate, unsexed men, gaffed and cropped and fed to do voluntary battle in the sinks and slaughterhouses of humanity, against the gamecocks of their species.

The Lady Macbeths of a falser period, who fancy

that, by proving themselves so much less the woman, they can shine out so much more the man.

"But I wish now to return," with my old friend Froissart, "to the Countess de Montfort, who possessed the courage of a man, and the heart of a lion," and I will add—the soul, the instincts and the excellence of a true woman.

During the winter succeeding the seizure of her lord, and the treason of Sir Hervé de Léon, who had attached himself to the Count de Blois, she remained peacefully occupied in Hennibon, in the education of her young child John; and how she educated him was seen in his after career, as a knight valorous and gentle, a prince beloved and popular.

But with the summer there came strife and peril, and protection became paramount to every thing beside.

During the winter, while the Countess de Montfort lay tranquil in Hennebon, the Count Charles de Blois lay as tranquilly in Nantes, which—as I have before related—had been treasonably surrendered to him by Sir Hervé de Léon and the citizens of the place. But now, that the fair weather had returned, that the swallows were disporting themselves in the summer air, the cuckoos calling by the river-sides, now that armies could hold themselves in the fields with plenty of all sorts around them, he summoned to him all those great princes of the royal blood, and all the noble barons and valiant knights who had fought with him in the last campaign. And, mindful of their promises, they drew all their forces to a head, and came with a great array of spears of France, and Genoese cross-bowmen, and Spanish men-at-arms, under the leading of the Lord Lewis d'Espagne, to re-conquer for him all that remained unconquered of the fair land of Brittany.

During the last year the strong Castle of Chateauceux had been won by them by sheer dint of arms, and Nantes, the capital of the province, by the vileness of the traitor Hervé de Léon; the next strongest place to these was the city of Rennes, which had been put into complete readiness for war by its late lord, and further fortified by the countess, who had entrusted it to Sir William de Cadoudal, a brave Breton knight, and in all probability an ancestor of the no less valiant George, of the same patronymic, the great Vendean chief and victim of Napoleon, comurdered with the princely Duc d'Enghien.

This town the French lords surrounded on all sides, and assailed it with fierce and continual skirmishes at the barricades, and wrought it much damage by the persistency of their onslaughts; but still the defenders defended themselves so valiantly, resolute not to lose their liege-lady's city, that the besiegers lost more than they gained—for many lives were lost on both sides, but far most on the French part; and yet more wounded—nor could they amend it any thing, nor win a tower, nor force a gate, though they made assaults daily, and plied the walls from mighty engines, with great store of artillery.

Now, when the Countess of Montfort heard how the French lords had returned into Brittany, and were laying waste the country and besieging her strong city, she sent one of the best of all her knights, Sir Amauri de Clisson, who should repair straightway to King Edward, in England, to entreat his assistance, upon condition that her young son should take for his wife one of the daughters of the king, and give her the title of Duchess of Brittany.

And the king, well pleased to strengthen his claim on that fair province, readily assented, and ordered Sir Walter Manny, one of the prowest and most skilled in war of all his knights, to gather together so many men-at-arms as he should with Sir Amauri's advice judge proper; and to take with him three or four thousand of the best archers in England, and to take ship immediately to the succor of the Countess of Montfort.

And Sir Walter embarked with Sir Amauri de Clisson, and the two brothers Sir Lewis and Sir John de Land-Halle, the Haze of Brabant, Sir Herbert de Fresnoi, Sir Alain de Sirefonde, and many others leaders of note; and men-at-arms not a few; and archers of England six thousand, the best men in the realm, whose backs no man had seen. And they took their ships, earnest to aid the countess with all speed; but they were overtaken by a mighty storm and tempest, and forced to remain at sea forty days, so that much ill fell out, and more would have befallen, but that it was not to be otherwise in the end, but that the countess should hold the duchy as her own, and her son's for ever.

In the meantime, the Count Charles of Blois pressed closer and closer to the town, and harassed the people sorely, so that the gentlemen and soldiers being but a few, and the rogue townsmen many, when they saw that no succors came nor seemed like to come, they grew impatient; and when Sir William de Cadoudal was determined to make no surrender, they rose on him by night, and cast him into prison; and so basely and treacherously yielded up the place to the Count Charles, on condition only that the men of the Montfort party should have no let or hindrance to go whither they would, with their effects and followings, under assurance.

Then Sir William de Cadoudal joined the Countess de Montfort where she abode in Hennebon, but where she had yet no tidings from the King Edward of England, or from Sir Amauri de Clisson, or any whom she had sent in his company.

And she had with her in Hennebon the Bishop of Léon, the uncle of that traitor Sir Hervé de Léon, Sir Yves de Tresiquidi, the Lord of Landreman, Sir William de Cadoudal, the Governor of Gesincamp, the two brothers of Quirich, Sir Oliver, and Sir Henry de Spinefort, and many others.

Now the Count de Blois well foresaw that the countess once delivered into his hands with the child John de Montfort, the war was at an end for ever; and, without tarrying at Rennes when he had taken it, he marched direct upon Hennebon, to take it if he might by assault, and if not, to sit down before it; and the numbers of his host without was, as by thousands to hundreds of those within; and there were among them many great names for valor and for prowess—but there was that within which without

was lacking, the indomitable heart, the immortal love of a true woman.

It was a little before noon on the 20th day of May, 1342, when the vanguard of that great host might be seen from the walls of Hennebon; and a beautiful sight it was to see them come; to behold the pennons and pennoncelles, the helmets and habergeons, the plumes and surcoats, flashing and shimmering in the sunshine, and waving in the light airs; and such numbers of men-at-arms that the eye might not compass them; all marshaled fairly beneath the square banners of their lordly and princely leaders, so that they seemed like a moving forest, so upright did they hold their lances. Then came the dense array, on foot, of the Genoese cross-bows, in their plate coats of Italian steel, with terrible arbalasts; and the unrivaled infantry of Spain, a solid column, bristling like the Greek phalanx of old, with serried lines of spears.

The earth shook under the thick thunder of their horse-hoofs; the air was alive with the clash and clang of their steel harness; and all the echoes rang with the shrill flourishes of their trumpets, and the stormy roar of their kettle-drums.

But no terror did such sights or sounds strike to the hearts of that undaunted garrison—the deafening clang of the alarm-bells, the tremendous tocsin answered the kettle-drums and clarions; and all within the city armed themselves in hot haste. The flower of the French and Spanish chivalry galloped up to skirmish at the barriers, and the iron bolts and quarrels of the Genoese cross-bows fell like a hail-storm, even within the ramparts.

But ere that fierce storm had endured many minutes, up grated the portcullises, down rattled the drawbridges, and as the barriers were withdrawn—banners and spears, and barded destriers and knightly burgonets poured out from all the city gates at once, and burst in full career upon the skirmishers of the besiegers; then many a knight was borne to earth, and the chivalry of France and Spain fared ill before the lances of the Bretons; for they could not bide the brunt, but scattered back, dismantled and discomfited, to their main body: while the maces and two-handed glaives and battle-axes of the men-at-arms did bloody execution on the Genoese, who were not armed to encounter the charge of steel-clad horse, and to whom no quarter was given, not only that they were foreigners and *Condottieri*, but that themselves sparing none, they neither looked for, nor received mercy.

At vesper-time, on both sides they retired; the French in great fury at their repulse, the garrison of Hennebon well content with themselves and with that they had done.

On the next day again with the first rays of the sun, "the French made so very vigorous an attack on the barriers, that those within made a sally. Among them were some of their bravest, who continued the engagement till noon with great courage, so that the assailants retired a little to the rear, carrying with them numbers of their wounded, and leaving behind them a great many dead."

But not for that had they any respite or relaxation; for the lords of the French were so enraged at the dishonor which had thus twice befallen their arms, that they ordered them up a third time to the attack, in greater numbers than before, swearing that they would win the walls ere the sun should set; but for all their swearing they did not win that day, nor for all their fighting; for those of the town were earnest to make a handsome defense, combating under the eyes of their heroic chatelaine; and so stoutly held they out, that the assailants sent still to the host for succors till their last men were in the field, and none were left, with the baggage and the tents, but a sort of horseboys, scullions, and such rascals.

And still from the hot noontide, till the evening breeze began to blow in cool from the sea, the din of arms, and shouts, and war-cries, and the clamor of the wounded, rose from the barricades; and many gallant deeds of arms were done on that day on both sides, and many doughty blows given and received; but still the Lord Charles and his men made no way, but lost more than they gained

And in the end the *los* and glory of the day, for the most daring deed, rested with a woman.

For the countess on that day had clothed herself *cap-a-pie* in armor, and mounted on a war-horse; though ever till that day she had been tender and delicate among women, of slender symmetry and rare soft beauty, with large blue eyes and a complexion of snow and golden tresses; and she galloped up and down the streets encouraging the inhabitants to defend themselves honorably—for she had no thought yet but to comfort them and kindle their spirit by her show of example; nor as yet did she know her own courage, or the strength that resides in the heart of a true woman.

"She had already," to quote old Froissart, whose account is here so spirited and graphic in his own words, that I prefer giving the narration in that old quaint language, to adding any thing, or expanding the striking relation of facts too strong to bear expansion, "she had already ordered the ladies and other women to cut short their kirtles, carry the stones to the ramparts, and throw them on their enemies. She had pots of quicklime brought to her for the same purpose. That same day the countess performed a very gallant deed: she ascended a high tower, to see how her people behaved; and, having observed that all the lords and others of the army had quitted their tents, and were come to the assault, she immediately descended, mounted her horse, armed as she was, collected three hundred horsemen, sallied out at their head by another gate that was not attacked, and galloping up to the tents of her enemies, cut them down, and set them on fire, without any loss, for there were only servants and boys, who fled upon her approach. As soon as the French saw their camp on fire, and heard the cries, they immediately hastened thither, bawling out, 'Treason! Treason!' so that none remained at the assault. The countess seeing this, got her men together, and finding that she could not reënter Hennebon without great risk, took another road, leading to the castle of

Brest, which is situated near. The Lord Lewis of Spain, who was marshal of the army, had gone to his tents, which were on fire; and, seeing the countess and her company galloping off as fast as they could, he immediately pursued them with a large body of men-at-arms. He gained so fast upon them, that he came up with them, and wounded or slew all that were not well mounted; but the countess, and part of her company, made such speed that they arrived at the castle of Brest, where they were received with great joy.

"On the morrow, the lords of France, who had lost their tents and provisions, took counsel, if they should not make huts of the branches and leaves of trees near to the town, and were thunder-struck when they heard that the countess herself had planned and executed this enterprise: while those of the town, not knowing what was become of her, were very uneasy; for they were full five days without gaining any intelligence of her. The countess, in the meanwhile, was so active that she assembled from five to six hundred men, well armed and mounted, and with them set out, about midnight, from Brest, and came straight to Hennebon about sunrise, riding along one side of the enemy's host, until she came to the gates of the castle, which were opened to her: she entered with great triumph and sounds of trumpets and other warlike instruments, to the astonishment of the French, who began arming themselves to make another assault upon the town, while those within mounted the walls to defend it. This attack was very severe, and lasted till past noon. The French lost more than their opponents: and then the lords of France put a stop to it, for their men were killed and wounded to no purpose. They next retreated, and held a council whether the Lord Charles should not go to besiege the castle of Aurai, which King Arthur had built and inclosed. It was determined that he should march thither, accompanied by the Duke of Bourbon, the Earl of Blois, Sir Robert Bertrand, Marshal of France; and that Sir Hervè de Léon was to remain before Hennebon, with a part of the Genoese under his command, and the Lord Lewis of Spain, the Viscount of Rohan, with the rest of the Genoese and Spaniards. They sent for twelve large machines which they had left at Rennes, to cast stones and annoy the castle of Hennebon; for they perceived that they did not gain any ground by their assaults. The French divided their army into two parts: one remained before Hennebon, and the other marched to besiege the castle of Aurai. The Lord Charles of Blois went to this last place, and quartered all his division in the neighborhood."

With the Count Charles de Blois we have naught to do, save in so much as his doings or sufferings have to do absolutely with the Countess de Montfort; I shall leave him, therefore, to win or lose the castle of Aurai, under the fortunes of war, while I shall follow the chances of that noble chatelaine, the countess, who remained, as we shall see, not only beset by enemies without, but by traitors within, the walls of Hennebon.

It may be as well to state here, however, that the Count Charles of Blois did *not* take Aurai, whether it was built by King Arthur or no—which, despite Dom Froissart, is rather more than doubtful—any more than the Lord Lewis d'Espagne took Hennebon, which he came perilous nigh to doing, yet had to depart frustrate.

So soon as the French host had divided itself into two parts, after the taste it had received of the quality of the Breton garrison within the walls of Hennebon, and of the noble character of its heroic chatelaine, they made no attempt any more to skirmish at the barriers, or to assault the walls, for in good sooth they dared not, but day and night they plyed those dreadful engines hurling in mighty beams of wood, steel-headed, and ponderous iron bars and vast blocks of stone, shaking the walls and ramparts, wheresoever they struck them, so that the defenders knew not at what moment they would be breached, and the city laid open to the pitiless foe.

And now the hearts of all, save of that delicate and youthful lady, failed them; and if she had set them before, a fair example of chivalric daring, she set them now a fairer of constancy, more heroical than any action; of feminine endurance, and fortitude and faith, grander than any daring.

The false bishop, Guy de Léon, contrived to leave the town, on some false pretext, and hold a parley with his traitor kinsman, Hervè de Léon—but for whose villainy that bright young dame never had cased her gentle form in steel, nor wielded the mortal sword in warfare. Where traitors are on both sides, treason is wont to win; and so it well nigh proved in this instance; for the bishop returned with offers of free pardon to the garrison and passports to go whither they would, with their effects unhurt, so they would yield the town to Sir Hervè.

And, though the countess perceived what was on the wind, and besought the lords of Brittany with tears and sighs, that made her but more lovely, "for the love of herself, and of her son; friendless but for them; for the love of God himself, to have pity on her, and faith in heaven, that they should receive succor within three days," it seemed that she could not prevail.

Nor was there not cause for apprehension; since it was clear to all that the ramparts could not stand one more day's breaching; and, those once battered down, Hennebon and all within it were at the mercy of the merciless.

The bishop was eloquent, and fear and hope more eloquent yet; and ere, long after midnight, the council closed, all minds but those of three, Sir Yves de Tresiquidi, Sir Waleran de Landreman, and the governor of Guincamp, were won over to yield up the city to Sir Hervè; and even those three doubted. None so hopeful but to trust that to-morrow's conference would be final; none so strong in courage as to dare support one other day's assault.

All passed the night in doubt and fear; the countess alone in brave hope, and earnest prayer.

The day dawned, and—as men crowded to the ramparts, gazing toward the camp and the plain

where Sir Hervè might be seen approaching with his Genoese, closing up to the town to receive possession—the countess arose from her knees, and she alone, of all in Hennebon, turned her eyes toward the sea; for she alone, of all in Hennebon, had faith in her God.

The sea! the sea! it was white with sails, from the mouth almost of the haven, to the dark line of the horizon, flashing to the new-risen sun with lance-heads and clear armor, fluttering with pennoncolles and banners, blazing with embroidered surcoats and emblazoned shields.

And the lady flung her casement wide, and gazed out on her people, in the market-place, along the ramparts, in the tumultuous streets, with disheveled hair, and disordered raiment, and clasped hands and flushed cheeks, and eyes streaming with tears of joy —"God and St. George!" she cried, in tones that rang to every heart like the notes of a silver trumpet —"God and St. George! an English fleet! an English fleet! It *is* the aid of God!"

And, as the people crowded to the seaward bastions, and saw the great ships rushing in before a leading wind, with their sails all emblazoned with Edward's triple leopards; and the banners and shields of the English Manny, and of their own Amauri de Clisson, displayed from the yard-arms, and the immortal red cross blazing, above all, on its argent field, they, too, took up the cry.

"God and St. George! God and St. George! It *is* the aid of England! it is the aid of God!"

"Thereafter," adds my author, whom I quote once more, for the last time, "when the Governor of Guincamp, Sir Yves de Tresiquidi, Sir Waleran de Landreman, and the other knights, perceived this succor coming to them, they told the bishop that he might break up his conference, for they were not now inclined to follow his advice. The bishop, Sir Guy de Léon, replied, 'My lords, then our company shall separate; for I will go to him who seems to me to have the clearest right.' Upon which he sent his defiance to the lady, and to all her party, and left the town to inform Sir Hervè de Léon how matters stood. Sir Hervè was much vexed at it, and immediately ordered the largest machine that was with the army to be placed as near the castle as possible, strictly commanding that it should never cease working day nor night. He then presented his uncle to the Lord Lewis of Spain, and to the Lord Charles of Blois, who both received him most courteously. The countess, in the meantime, prepared, and hung with tapestry, halls and chambers, to lodge handsomely the lords and barons of England whom she saw coming, and sent out a noble company to meet them. When they were landed, she went herself to give them welcome, respectfully thanking each knight and squire, and led them into the town and castle, that they might have convenient lodging: on the morrow she gave them a magnificent entertainment. All that night, and the following day, the large machine never ceased from casting stones into the town.

"After the entertainment, Sir Walter Manny, who was captain of the English, inquired of the countess the state of the town, and of the enemy's army. Upon looking out of the window, he said, he had a great inclination to destroy the large machine which was placed so near, and much annoyed them, if any would second him. Sir Yves de Tresiquidi replied, that he would not fail him in this his first expedition; as did also the Lord of Landreman. They went to arm themselves, and sallied quietly out of one of the gates, taking with them three hundred archers; who shot so well, that those who guarded the machine fled; and the men-at-arms who followed the archers, falling upon them, slew the greater part, and broke down and cut in pieces this large machine. They then dashed in among the tents and huts, set fire to them, and killed and wounded many of their enemies before the army was in motion. After this, they made a handsome retreat. When the enemy were mounted and armed, they galloped after them like madmen. Sir Walter Manny, seeing this, exclaimed, 'May I never be embraced by my mistress and dear friend, if I enter castle or fortress before I have unhorsed one of these gallopers.' He then turned round, and pointed his spear toward the enemy, as did the two brothers of Lande-Halle, le Haze de Brabant, Sir Yves de Tresiquidi, Sir Waleran de Landreman, and many others, and spitted the first coursers. Many legs were made to kick the air. Some of their own party were also unhorsed. The conflict became very serious, for reinforcements were perpetually coming from the camp; and the English were obliged to retreat toward the castle, which they did in good order until they came to the castle ditch: there the knights made a stand, until all their men were safely returned. Many brilliant actions, captures, and rescues might have been seen. Those of the town who had not been of the party to destroy the large machine now issued forth, and, ranging themselves upon the banks of the ditch, made such good use of their bows, that they forced the enemy to withdraw, killing many men and horses. The chiefs of the army, perceiving they had the worst of it, and that they were losing men to no purpose, sounded a retreat, and made their men retire to the camp. As soon as they were gone, the townsmen reëntered, and went each to his quarters. The Countess of Montfort came down from the castle to meet them, and with a most cheerful countenance, kissed Sir Walter Manny, and all his companions, one after the other, like a noble and valiant dame."

Such was the heroism of that true lady. And so was her heroism and her faith rewarded. Hennebon was relieved; and the Count Charles de Blois soon died, but died not Duke of Britanny.

THE MYSTERIES OF A FLOWER.

BY PROFESSOR R. HUNT.

FLOWERS have been called the stars of the earth; and certainly, when we examine those beautiful creations, and discover them, analyzing the sunbeam, and sending back to the eye the full luxury of colored light, we must confess that there is more real appropriateness in the term than even the poet who conceived the delicate thought imagined. Lavoisier beautifully said—"The fable of Prometheus is but the outshadowing of a philosophic truth—where there is light there is organization and life; where light cannot penetrate, Death for ever holds his silent court." The flowers, and, indeed, those far inferior forms of organic vegetable life which never flower, are direct dependencies on the solar rays. Through every stage of existence they are excited by those subtle agencies which are gathered together in the sunbeam; and to these influences we may trace all that beauty of development which prevails throughout the vegetable world. How few there are, of even those refined minds to whom flowers are more than a symmetric arrangement of petals harmoniously colored, who think of the secret agencies forever exciting the life which is within their cells, to produce the organized structure—who reflect on the deep, yet divine philosophy, which may be read in every leaf:—those tongues in trees, which tell us of Eternal goodness and order.

The hurry of the present age is not well suited to the contemplative mind; yet, with all, there must be hours in which to fall back into the repose of quiet thought becomes a luxury. The nervous system is strung to endure only a given amount of excitement; if its vibrations are quickened beyond this measure, the delicate harp-strings are broken, or they undulate in throbs. To every one the contemplation of natural phenomena will be found to induce that repose which gives vigor to the mind—as sleep restores the energies of a toil-exhausted body. And to show the advantages of such a study, and the interesting lessons which are to be learned in the fields of nature, is the purpose of the present essay.

The flower is regarded as the full development of vegetable growth; and the consideration of its mysteries naturally involves a careful examination of the life of a plant, from the seed placed in the soil to its full maturity, whether it be as herb or tree.

For the perfect understanding of the physical conditions under which vegetable life is carried on, it is necessary to appreciate, in its fullness, the value of the term *growth*. It has been said that stones grow—that the formation of crystals was an analogous process to the formation of a leaf; and this impression has appeared to be somewhat confirmed by witnessing the variety of arborescent forms into which solidifying waters pass, when the external cold spreads it as ice over our window-panes. This is, however, a great error; stones do not *grow*—there is no analogy even between the formation of a crystal and the growth of a leaf. All inorganic masses increase in size only by the accretion of particles—layer upon layer, without any chemical change taking place as an essentiality. The sun may shine for ages upon a stone without quickening it into life, changing its constitution, or adding to its mass. Organic matter consists of arrangements of cells or sacs, and the increase in size is due to the absorption of gaseous matter, through the fine tissue of which they are composed. The gas—a compound of carbon and oxygen—is decomposed by the excitement induced by light; and the solid matter thus obtained is employed in building a new cell—or producing actual growth, a true function of *life*, in all the processes of which matter is constantly undergoing chemical change.

The simplest developments of vegetable life are the formation of confervæ upon water, and of lichens upon the surface of the rock. In chemical constitution, these present no very remarkable differences from the cultivated flower which adorns our garden, or the tree which has risen in its pride amidst the changing seasons of many centuries. Each alike have derived their solid constituents from the atmosphere, and the chemical changes in all are equally dependent upon the powers which have their mysterious origin in the great centre of our planetary system.

Without dwelling upon the processes which take place in the lower forms of vegetable life, the purposes of this essay will be fully answered by taking an example from amongst the higher class of plants, and examining its conditions, from the germination of the seed to the full development of the flower—rich in form, color, and odor.

In the seed-cell we find, by minute examination, the embryo of the future plant carefully preserved in its envelop of starch and gluten. The investigations which have been carried on upon the vitality of seeds appear to prove that, under favorable conditions, this life-germ may be maintained for centuries. Grains of wheat, which had been found in the hands of an Egyptian mummy, germinated and grew; these grains were produced, in all probability, more than three thousand years since; they had been placed, at her burial, in the hands of a priestess of Isis, and in the deep repose of the Egyptian catacomb were preserved to tell us, in the eighteenth century, the story of that wheat which Joseph sold to his brethren.

The process of germination is essentially a chemical one. The seed is placed in the soil, excluded from the light, supplied with a due quantity of moisture, and maintained at a certain temperature, which

must be above that at which water freezes; air must have free access to the seed, which if placed so deep in the soil as to prevent the permeation of the atmosphere never germinates. Under favorable circumstances, the life-quickening processes begin; the starch, which is a compound of carbon and oxygen, is converted into sugar by the absorption of another equivalent of oxygen from the air; and we have an evident proof of this change in the sweetness which most seeds acquire in the process, the most familiar example of which we have in the conversion of barley into malt. The sugar thus formed furnishes the food to the now living creation, which, in a short period, shoots its first leaves above the soil; and these, which rising from their dark chamber are white, quickly become green under the operations of light.

In the process of germination a species of slow combustion takes place, and—as in the chemical processes of animal life and in those of active ignition—carbonic acid gas, composed of oxygen and charcoal, or carbon, is evolved. Thus, by a mystery which our science does not enable us to reach, the spark of life is kindled—life commences its work—the plant grows. The first conditions of vegetable growth are, therefore, singularly similar to those which are found to prevail in the animal economy. The leaf-bud is no sooner above the soil than a new set of conditions begin; the plant takes carbonic acid from the atmosphere, and having, in virtue of its vitality, by the agency of luminous power, decomposed this gas, it retains the carbon, and pours forth the oxygen to the air. This process is stated to be a function of vitality; but as this has been variously described by different authors, it is important to state with some minuteness what does really take place.

The plant absorbs carbonic acid from the atmosphere through the under surfaces of the leaves, and the whole of the bark; it at the same time derives an additional portion from the moisture which is taken up by the roots, and conveyed "to the topmost twig" by the force of capillary attraction, and another power, called *endosmosis*, which is exerted in a most striking manner by living organic tissues. This mysterious force is shown in a pleasing way by covering some spirits of wine and water in a wine-glass with a piece of bladder; the water will escape, leaving the strong spirit behind.

Independently of the action of light the plant may be regarded as a mere machine; the fluids and gases which it absorbs, pass off in a condition but very little changed—just as water would strain through a sponge or a porous stone. The consequence of this is the blanching or *etiolation* of the plant, which we produce by our artificial treatment of celery and sea-kale—the formation of the carbonaceous compound called *chlorophyle*, which is the green coloring-matter of the leaves, being entirely checked in darkness. If such a plant is brought into the light, its dormant powers are awakened, and, instead of being little other than a sponge through which fluids circulate, it exerts most remarkable chemical powers; the carbonic acid of the air and water is decomposed; its charcoal is retained to add to the wood of the plant, and the oxygen is set free again to the atmosphere. In this process is exhibited one of the most beautiful illustrations of the harmony which prevails through all the great phenomena of nature with which we are acquainted—the mutual dependence of the vegetable and animal kingdoms.

In the animal economy there is a constant production of carbonic acid, and the beautiful vegetable kingdom, spread over the earth in such infinite variety, requires this carbonic acid for its support. Constantly removing from the air the pernicious agent produced by the animal world, and giving back that oxygen which is required as the life-quickening element by the animal races, the balance of affinities is constantly maintained by the phenomena of vegetable growth. This interesting inquiry will form the subject of another essay.

The decomposition of carbonic acid is directly dependent upon luminous agency; from the impact of the earliest morning ray to the period when the sun reaches the zenith, the excitation of that vegetable vitality by which the chemical change is effected regularly increases. As the solar orb sinks toward the horizon the chemical activity diminishes—the sun sets—the action is reduced to its minimum—the plant, in the repose of darkness, passes to that state of rest which is as necessary to the vegetating races as sleep is to the wearied animal.

These are two well-marked stages in the life of a plant, germination and vegetation are exerted under different conditions; the time of flowering arrives, and another change occurs, the processes of forming the alkaline and acid juices, of producing the oil, wax, and resin, and of secreting those nitrogenous compounds which are found in the seed, are in full activity. Carbonic acid is now evolved and oxygen is retained; hydrogen and nitrogen are also forced, as it were, into combination with the oxygen and carbon, and altogether new and more complicated operations are in activity.

Such are the phenomena of vegetable life which the researches of our philosophers have developed. This curious order—this regular progression—showing itself at well-marked epochs, is now known to be dependent upon solar influences; the

"Bright effluence of bright essence increate"

works its mysterious wonders on every organic form. Much is still involved in mystery; but to the call of science some strange truths have been made manifest to man, and of some of these the phenomena must now be explained.

Germination is a chemical change which takes place most readily in darkness; *vegetable growth* is due to the secretion of carbon under the agency of light; and the processes of *floriation* are shown to involve some new and compound operations: these three states must be distinctly appreciated.

The sunbeam comes to us as a flood of pellucid light, usually colorless; if we disturb this white beam, as by compelling it to pass through a triangu-

lar piece of glass, we break it up into colored bands, which we call the *spectrum*, in which we have such an order of chromatic rays as are seen in the rainbow of a summer shower. These colored rays are now known to be the sources of all the tints by which nature adorns the surface of the earth, or art imitates, in its desire to create the beautiful. These colored bands have not the same illuminating power, nor do they possess the same heat-giving property. The yellow rays give the most LIGHT; the red rays have the function of HEAT in the highest degree. Beyond these properties the sunbeam possesses another, which is the power of producing CHEMICAL CHANGE —of effecting those magical results which we witness in the photographic processes, by which the beams illuminating any object are made to delineate it upon the prepared tablet of the artist.

It has been suspected that these three phenomena are not due to the same agency, but that, associated in the sunbeam, we have LIGHT, producing all the blessings of vision, and throwing the veil of color over all things—HEAT, maintaining that temperature over our globe which is necessary to the perfection of living organisms—and a third principle, ACTINISM, by which the chemical changes alluded to are effected. We possess the power, by the use of colored media, of separating these principles from each other, and of analyzing their effects. A yellow glass allows *light* to pass through it most freely, but it obstructs *actinism* almost entirely; a deep-blue glass, on the contrary, prevents the permeation of *light*, but it offers no interruption to the *actinic*, or chemical rays; a red glass, again, cuts off most of the rays, except those which have peculiarly a *calorific*, or heat-giving power.

With this knowledge we proceed in our experiments, and learn some of the mysteries of nature's chemistry. If, above the soil in which the seed is placed, we fix a deep, pure yellow glass, the chemical change which marks germination is prevented; if, on the contrary, we employ a blue one, it is greatly accelerated; seeds, indeed, placed beneath the soil, covered with a cobalt blue finger-glass, will germinate many days sooner than such as may be exposed to the ordinary influences of sunshine;—this proves the necessity of the principle actinism to this first stage of vegetable life. Plants, however, made to grow under the influences of such blue media present much the same conditions as those which are reared in the dark; they are succulent instead of woody, and have yellow leaves and white stalks—indeed, the formation of leaves is prevented, and all the vital energy of the plant is exerted in the production of stalk. The chemical principle of the sun's rays, alone, is not therefore sufficient; remove the plant to the influence of light, as separated from actinism, by the action of yellow media, and wood is formed abundantly—the plant grows most healthfully, and the leaves assume that dark green which belongs to tropical climes or to our most brilliant summers. Light is thus proved to be the exciting agent in effecting those chemical decompositions which have already been described; but under the influence of isolated light it is found that plants will not flower. When, however, the subject of our experiment is brought under the influence of a red glass, particularly of that variety in which a beautifully pure red is produced by oxide of gold, the whole process of floriation and the perfection of the seed is accomplished.

Careful and long-continued observations have proved that in the spring, when the process of germination is most active, the chemical rays are the most abundant in the sunbeam. As the summer advances, light, relatively to the other forces, is largely increased: at this season the trees of the forest, the herb of the valley, and the cultivated plants which adorn our dwellings, are all alike adding to their wood. Autumn comes on, and then heat, so necessary for ripening grain, is found to exist in considerable excess. It is curious, too, that the autumnal heat has properties peculiarly its own—so decidedly distinguished from the ordinary heat, that Sir John Herschel and Mrs. Somerville have adopted a term to distinguish it. The peculiar browning or scorching rays of autumn are called the *parathermic* rays: they possess a remarkable chemical action added to their calorific one; and to this is due those complicated phenomena already briefly described.

In these experiments, carefully tried, we are enabled to imitate the conditions of nature, and supply, at any time, those states of solar radiation which belong to the varying seasons of the year.

Such is a rapid sketch of the mysteries of a flower; "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Under the influence of the sunbeam, vegetable life is awakened, continued, and completed; a wondrous alchemy is effected; the change in the condition of the solar radiations determines the varying conditions of vegetable vitality; and in its progress those transmutations occur, which at once give beauty to the exterior world, and provide for the animal races the food by which their existence is maintained. The contemplation of influences such as these realizes in the human soul that sweet feeling which, with Keats, finds that

A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increasing, it will never
Pass into nothingness, but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

. . . . . .

Such the sun and moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils,
With the green world they live in.

TOO MUCH BLUE.

FROM HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

EARLY on a fine summer morning, an old man was walking on the road between Brussels and Namur. He expected a friend to arrive by the diligence, and he set out some time before it was due, to meet it on the road. Having a good deal of time to spare, he amused himself by watching any object of interest that caught his eye; and at length stopped to inspect the operations of a painter, who, mounted on a ladder placed against the front of a wayside inn, was busily employed in depicting a sign suitable to its name, "The Rising Sun."

"Here," said the old man to himself, "is an honest dauber, who knows as much of perspective as a cart-horse; and who, I 'll warrant, fancies himself a Rubens. How he brushes in that ultramarine sky!"

The critic then commenced walking backward and forward before the inn, thinking that he might as well loiter there for the diligence as walk on farther. The painter, meantime, continued to lay on fresh coats of the brightest blue, which appeared to aggravate the old gentleman very much. At length, when the sign-painter took another brush full of blue paint to plaster on, the spectator could endure it no longer, and exclaimed severely—

"Too much blue!"

The honest painter looked down from his perch, and said, in that tone of forced calmness which an angry man sometimes assumes:

"Monsieur does not perceive that I am painting a sky?"

"Oh, yes, I see very well, you are trying to paint a sky, but I tell you again there is too much blue."

"Did you ever see skies painted without blue, Master amateur?"

"I am not an amateur. I merely tell you, in passing—I make the casual remark—that that there is too much blue; but do as you like. Put more blue, if you don't think you have troweled on enough already."

"But I tell you, that I want to represent a clear, blue sky at sunrise."

"And I tell you that no man in his senses would make a sky at sunrise blue."

"By St. Gudula, this is too much!" exclaimed the painter, coming down from his ladder, at no pains this time to conceal his anger; "I should like to see how *you* would paint skies without blue."

"I don't pretend to much skill in sky-painting; but, if I were to make a trial, I would n't put in too much blue."

"And what would it look like if you did n't?"

"Like nature, I hope, and not like yours, which might be taken for a bed of gentianella, or a sample of English cloth, or any thing you please—except a sky; I beg to assure you, for the tenth time, there is too much blue!"

"I tell you what, old gentleman," cried the insulted artist, crossing his maul-stick over his shoulder, and looking very fierce, "I dare say you are a very worthy fellow when you are at home; but you should not be let out—alone."

"Why not?"

"Why not? Because you must be crazy to play the critic after this fashion; too much blue indeed! What, I, the pupil of Ruysdael, the third cousin of Gerard Douw's great-grandson, not know how to color a sky? Know that my reputation has been long established. I have a Red Horse at Malines, a Green Bear at Namur, and a Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle, before which every passenger stops fixed in admiration!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the critic, as he snatched the palette from the painter's hand. "You deserve to have your own portrait painted to serve for the sign of the Flemish Ass!" In his indignation he mounted the ladder with the activity of a boy, and began with the palm of his hand to efface the *chef d'œuvre* of Gerard Douw's great-grandson's third cousin.

"Stop! You old charlatan!" shouted the latter, "you are ruining my sign! Why, it 's worth thirty-five francs. And then my reputation—lost! gone for ever!"

He shook the ladder violently to make his persecutor descend. But the latter, undisturbed either by that or by the presence of a crowd of villagers, attracted by the dispute, continued mercilessly to blot out the glowing landscape. Then, using merely the point of his finger and the handle of a brush, he sketched, in masterly outline, three Flemish boors, with beer-glasses in their hands, drinking to the rising sun; which appeared above the horizon, dispersing the gloom of a grayish morning sky. One of the faces presented a strong and laughable caricature of the supplanted sign-painter. The spectators at first were greatly disposed to take part with their countryman against the intrusive stranger. What right had he to interfere? There was no end to the impudence of these foreigners.

As, however, they watched and grumbled, the grumbling gradually ceased, and was turned into a murmur of approbation when the design became apparent. The owner of the inn was the first to cry "Bravo!" and even Gerard Douw's cousin nine times removed, felt his fury calming down into admiration.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "you belong to the craft, honest man, and there 's no use in denying it. Yes, yes," he continued, laughing, as he turned toward his neighbors, "this is a French sign-painter, who

wishes to have a jest with me. Well, I must frankly say he knows what he is about."

The old man was about to descend from the ladder, when a gentleman, riding a beautiful English horse, made his way through the crowd.

"That painting is mine!" he exclaimed in French, but with a foreign accent. "I will give a hundred guineas for it!"

"Another madman!" exclaimed the native genius. "Hang me, but all these foreigners are mad!"

"What do you mean, monsieur?" said the innkeeper, uncommonly interested.

"What I say—I will give one hundred guineas for that painting," answered the young Englishman, getting off his horse.

"That picture is not to be sold," said the sign-painter, with an air of as much pride as if it had been his own work.

"No," quoth mine host, "for it is already sold, and even partly paid for in advance. However, if monsieur wishes to come to an arrangement about it, it is with me that he must treat."

"Not at all, not at all," rejoined the Flemish painter of signs, "it belongs to me. My fellow-artist here gave me a little help out of friendship; but the picture is my lawful property, and I am at liberty to sell it to any one I please."

"What roguery!" exclaimed the innkeeper, "My Rising Sun is my property; fastened on the wall of my house. How can it belong to anybody else. Is n't it painted on my boards. No one but myself has the smallest right to it."

"I 'll summon you before the magistrate," cried he who had *not* painted the sign.

"I 'll prosecute you for breach of covenant," retorted the innkeeper who had half paid for it.

"One moment!" interposed another energetic voice, that of the interloper; "it seems to me that *I* ought to have some little vote in this business."

"Quite right, brother," answered the painter. "Instead of disputing on the public road, let us go into Master Martzen's house, and arrange the matter amicably over a bottle or two of beer."

To this all parties agreed, but I am sorry to say they agreed in nothing else; for within doors, the dispute was carried on with deafening confusion and energy. The Flemings contended for the possession of the painting, and the Englishman repeated his offer to cover it with gold.

"But suppose that *I* do n't choose to have it sold?" said its real author.

"Oh, my dear monsieur," said the innkeeper, "I am certain you would not wish to deprive an honest poor man, who can scarcely make both ends meet, of this windfall. Why, it would just enable me to lay in a good stock of wine and beer."

"Do n't believe him, brother," cried the painter, "he is an old miser. I am the father of a family; and being a painter, you ought to help a brother artist, and give me the preference. Besides, I am ready to share the money with you."

"He!" said Master Martzen. "Why, he 's an old spendthrift, who has no money left to give his daughter as a marriage portion, because he spends all he gets on himself."

"No such thing; my Susette is betrothed to an honest, young French cabinet-maker; who, poor as she is, will marry her next September."

"A daughter to portion!" exclaimed the stranger artist; "that quite alters the case. I am content that the picture should be sold for a marriage portion. I leave it to our English friend's generosity to fix the sum."

"I have already offered," replied the best bidder, "one hundred guineas for the sketch just as it is: I will gladly give two hundred for it if the painter will consent to sign it in the corner with two words."

"What words?" exclaimed all the disputants at once.

The Englishman replied,

"Pierre David."

The whole party were quiet enough now; for they were struck dumb with astonishment. The sign-painter held his breath, glared with his eyes, frantically clasped his hands together, and fell down on his knees before the great French painter.

"Forgive me!" he exclaimed, "forgive me for my audacious ignorance."

David laughed heartily; and, taking his hand, shook it with fraternal cordiality.

By this time the news of the discovery had spread; the tavern was crowded with persons anxious to drink the health of their celebrated visitor; and the good old man, standing in the middle of the room, pledged them heartily. In the midst of the merry-making, the sign-painter's daughter, the pretty Susette, threw her arms round her benefactor's neck.

TO ——— ———.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

Look thou upon me with approving eyes,
  Oh, thou whose love is more than life to me!
  So shall my soul be strong, though I may see
Cold looks and stern to other faces rise.
Since first I promised to be thine alone,
  Hath one fond word from thee been dearer far
  Than loudest praises from all others are,
Or warmest smiles. *Thou* art *my* world, mine own;
And the one treasure that I prize above
  All else that earth can give—the one rich boon
  So dear, that if I lost it I should soon
Lie in the grave's cold bosom, is thy love!
  Love me then ever, for I fain would be
  All unto thee, love, that thou art to me.

THE TRIAL BY BATTLE.

A TALE OF CHIVALRY.*

CHAPTER I.

The Coronation.

Easter-even, in the year of our Lord 1099, was held as a high festival in the fine city of Barcelona: it was the coronation-day of the young Count Raymond Berenger the Third, whose twelvemonth's mourning for his lamented father and sovereign was to close with his own solemn inauguration. The count had accordingly, by his letters patent, convoked to his good city of Barcelona the bishops, barons, knights, and also the ambassadors from foreign courts, to witness him take his knighthood, and receive from the altar, and place upon his head, the garland of golden roses which formed the coronet of the Counts of Arragon.

At the appointed day, not only the prelates, barons, and chivalry of Spain repaired to the festival, but a great many foreign lords and princes: the Judge and the Archbishop of Albera, from Sardinia; the King of Arragon, from Saragossa; the King of Castile, from Madrid. The Moorish sovereigns of Tlemecen and Granada, not being able to come in person, had sent rich presents to the count, with congratulatory epistles by the hands of their ambassadors. Indeed, so great was the concourse to Barcelona on this day, that thirty thousand stirrups belonging to gentlemen of condition were counted in the city and its environs.

This concourse was too great for the count to receive at his own palace of Aljaferia, which stood a short distance from Barcelona: he was therefore compelled to limit the number of his guests to kings, prelates, princes, ambassadors, and their suites; and there were present in Barcelona at that time four thousand persons who claimed his hospitality as their right.

Throughout the day an immense crowd traversed the streets, visited the churches, or amused themselves with the tricks of the jugglers and mountebanks, passing from devotion to mirth, and from mirth to devotion; but toward evening every one took his way to the palace, for the count was to watch his arms that evening in the church of St. Saviour. The whole road to the palace, two miles from the city, was illuminated by torches, which were kindled before the close of the day, the moment the vesper-bell was rung. This broad avenue of light defined the route to the church of St. Saviour, and as soon as this was effected, the heralds appeared with the banners of the Count of Barcelona, and marshaled the people on each side, that the *cortége* might have room to pass, unobstructed by the pressure of the crowd. At the last stroke of the vesper-bell, the gates of the palace opened, amidst the joyful shouts of the multitude, who had been awaiting that event since the hour of noon.

The first who appeared in the procession were the noble knights of Catalonia, on horseback, wearing the swords of their forefathers; valiant blades, gapped by hard service in battle or tournament, bearing names like those of Charlemagne, Roland, and Réné.

Behind them came their squires, bearing the arms and naked swords of their masters, which, unlike the ancestral brands the knights had displayed, were bright and unstained; but they knew that in the hands of their owners they would soon lose their virgin brightness and lustre in the turmoil of battle.

Next appeared the sword of the lord count, made in the form of a cross, to recall continually to his mind that he was the soldier of God before he became an earthly prince. Neither emperor, king, nor count had ever before worn a sword better tempered, or more richly embossed with jewels on the handle. It was in the hands of Don Juan Ximenes de la Roca, one of the bravest knights in the world, who held it till the time should arrive when it would pass into those of its master. He was supported on each side by the Baron Gulielmo di Cervallo and Sir Otto de Monçada.

After the sword of the lord count came his equerries, in two chariots, bearing lighted torches, and charged with ten quintals of wax, to be offered as a gift to the church of St. Saviour, because the count had vowed a taper to the altar, to expiate the fault his filial duty had obliged him to commit, since, detained in his own country by the long illness of his father, he had not departed for the Crusade. This wax taper had gone in solemn procession through the city, to prove the penitence of the count, who felt grief as a knight, and remorse as a Christian.

After the chariots came the lord count himself, mounted on a steed magnificently caparisoned. He was a beautiful youth between eighteen and nineteen, wearing long ringlets on his shoulders, waving on either side, but restrained from concealing his open brow by a fillet of gold. He wore his close-fitting coat of war, for during the watch he would have to assume his armor; but this vestment was covered with a large mantle of cloth of gold, which fell even to his stirrups. Behind him followed his arms, carried by two nobles, consisting of a helmet, with the visor closed; a coat of mail of polished steel,

* This tale of chivalry is a free translation from one entitled *Praxède*, by Alexandre Dumas, and presents a complete description of the ancient trial, or appeal by battle, as formerly practiced in the middle ages. The champion was supposed to depend upon God for making the cause he had undertaken good, provided the party he represented were clear of the crime of which he or she was accused. This law remained on the statute book of Great Britain unrepealed until a few years since, when it was finally abolished. To those who love ancient customs, this translation from an eminent living author, deeply versed in such lore, may not prove either unacceptable or uninteresting.—Jane Strickland.

inlaid with gold; a buckler, on which was engraved the garland of roses, the well-known sign of sovereignty of the Counts of Barcelona. The nobleman who bore these arms was accompanied by Roger, Count de Pallars, and Alphonse Ferdinando, Lord of Ixer, both with their swords drawn, to defend, if necessary, the royal armor.

After the armor of the lord count came, in pairs, the nobles upon whom he was to confer the honor of knighthood. They were twelve in number; and these, in their turn, were each to arm ten knights as soon as they had received the order; and these hundred and twenty came also in pairs, their fine horses magnificently caparisoned, and covered with cloth of gold.

Last of all, four abreast, came, first, the prelates; then the kings and the ambassadors from foreign courts, who represented the persons of their sovereigns; then the dukes, counts, and knights; each degree separated by the musicians, who rent the air with their trumpets, timbrels, and flutes. The last rank in the pageant was followed by the *jongleurs*, or jugglers, in the costume of savages, running on foot, or mounted on little horses without bridle or saddle, on whose backs they exhibited a variety of tricks.

Thus, by the aid of the flambeau, which changed night into day, and darkness into light, and with the mighty sound of drums, tymbals, trumpets, and other musical instruments, aided by the shouts of the *jongleurs*, and the proclamations of the heralds, who called out—"Barcelona! Barcelona!" the count was conducted to the church, having been seen by every one, on account of the slow progress of the procession, and the length of way between the palace and the sacred edifice. The hour of midnight, indeed, struck the moment the count alighted at the porch, where he was met by the Archbishop of Barcelona, and all the clergy.

The lord count, followed by all the nobles who were to receive their arms, entered the church, and watched them together, according to old custom on such occasions, reciting prayers and singing psalms in honor of their Saviour. They passed the night very happily in these devotional services, and attended matins, which service was performed by the archbishops, bishops, priors, and abbots.

When the day broke, the church was opened to the congregation of the faithful, who filled it in such a fashion, that it was wonderful how so many men and women could be so closely crowded together without injury to themselves or their neighbors. The archbishop then made himself ready to say mass, and the lord count put on a surplice, as if he intended to assist him; but over the surplice he wore a richer Dalmatica than emperor or king had ever appeared in, clasped at the throat with a diamond star, set round with pearls of inestimable value. Then he assumed the manipule, or girdle, which was also very splendid; and every time he was invested with a new garment, the archbishop repeated a prayer. This ceremony being finished, the archbishop said mass; but when the epistle was ended he paused—when the two godfathers of the count, Don Juan Ximenes de la Roca, and Don Alphonse Ferdinando, Lord of Ixer, approached the count, and one affixed the spur to his right heel, the other to his left—the solemn notes of the organ accompanying this part of the ceremonial. Then the count, approaching the altar, knelt before the shrine, and repeated to himself a whispered prayer, while the archbishop, standing by his side, prayed aloud.

When this prayer was ended, the count took the sword from the altar, kissed meekly the cross that formed its handle, girded it to his loins, and then, drawing it from its scabbard, brandished the knightly weapon three times. At the first flourish, he defied all the enemies of the holy Catholic faith; at the second, he vowed to succor all widows, orphans and minors; and at the third, he promised to render justice all his life to high and low, rich and poor, to his own subjects, and to foreigners who might require redress at his hands. At this last oath, a deep sonorous voice replied "Amen." Every body turned round to see the person from whom this response proceeded; it came, however, from a Provençal *jongleur*, who had crowded into the church, notwithstanding the opposition made by those who did not consider him fit to be in such good company; but the count, having heard the quality of his respondent, would not allow him to be turned out, declaring—"that it would ill become him at such a moment to refuse the prayer of any one, be he lord or vassal, rich or poor, provided it came from a pure and contrite heart." The *jongleur*, in virtue of this declaration on the part of the lord count, was permitted to keep his place.

The lord count then, returning his sword to the scabbard, offered his person and his blade, by a solemn act of dedication, to God; praying him to take him into his holy keeping, and to give him the victory over all his enemies. The archbishop, after the lord count had uttered this prayer, anointed him with the holy chrisme on the right shoulder and arm; then he took the crown of golden roses from the altar and set it on his head, the godfathers of the lord count supporting the diadem on each side. At the same instant, the archbishops, bishops, abbots, kings, princes, and the two godfathers of the lord count chaunted in chorus, with loud voices, *Te Deum Laudamus*, during which the lord count took the golden sceptre in his left, and the globe in his right hand, and held them while the *Te Deum* was chanted and the gospel read. He then replaced them on the altar, and seated himself in his chair of state, before which twelve nobles led up twelve knights, whom they armed one after the other; these, in their turn, retired to one of the twelve chapels belonging to the church, and armed, in like manner, ten knights.

The coronation being concluded, the lord count, with his crown on his head, bearing the golden sceptre and globe in his hands, and wearing the dalmatica, star, and belt, came out of the church, and mounted his horse; but as he could not guide his

steed, encumbered as he was with these insignia of his high power and dignity, two pairs of reins were attached to the bridle, that on the left being held by his godfathers; the others, which were of white silk, and forty feet in length, were held by the barons, the knights, and the most eminent citizens of Catalonia; and after these came six deputies from Valencia, six from Saragossa, and four from Tortosa; those who held the reins to the right or left marched on foot, to denote their subjection to the count, their lord paramount, who, in this stately manner, and with this magnificent *cortége*, toward noon returned to his palace of Aljaferia, amidst loud hurrahs and flourishes of trumpets. As soon as he alighted, he entered the dining-room, where a high throne had been prepared for him between two golden stools, on which he deposited the sceptre, the globe, and the crown. Then his two godfathers seated themselves near their sovereign, and the Kings of Arragon and Castile, the Archbishops of Saragossa and Arboise placed themselves by their side. At another table, the bishops, dukes, and all the new-made knights took their places; after them, the barons, envoys of the provinces, and the most eminent citizens of Barcelona, all marshaled according to their degree, were seated in due order, the whole assembly being waited upon by the junior nobility and knights.

The lord count himself was served by twelve nobles. His *major domo*, the Baron Gulielmo di Cervallo, brought in the first dish, singing a roundel; he was followed by twelve noblemen, each carrying a dish, and joining in full chorus. As soon as the roundel was concluded, he placed the dish before the lord count, and cut a portion, with which he served him; then he divested himself of his mantle and vest of cloth of gold, trimmed with ermine, and ornamented with pearls, and gave them to a *jongleur*. As soon as he had arrayed himself in vestments of the same rich material, the *major domo* brought, in like manner, and followed by the same nobles, the first dish of the second course, singing a roundel as before, and concluding the ceremony by the gift of his magnificent costume. He conducted, after this fashion, ten courses, with songs, and concluded with the usual rich largess, to the great admiration and astonishment of the whole assembly.

The lord count sat three hours at table, after which he rose, took up the globe and sceptre, and entering the next chamber, placed himself on a chair raised on a platform, with steps. The two kings were seated on each side the throne, and round them, on the steps, all the barons, knights, and eminent citizens. Then a *jongleur* approached, and sang a new *sirvente*, which he had composed for this august occasion, entitled—"The Crown, the Sceptre, and the Globe—"

"The crown being quite round, and this circle having neither beginning nor end, signifies the great power of God, which he has placed, not on the middle of the body, nor yet on the feet, but on your head, as the symbol of intelligence; and because he has placed it on your head, you ought always to remember this omnipotent God; may you, with this earthly and perishable crown, win the celestial crown of glory in the eternal kingdom.

"The sceptre signifies justice, which you ought to maintain and extend to all ranks; and as this sceptre is a long rod with a curve, fit to strike and chastise, thus justice should, in like manner, punish, that the wicked may leave off their bad ways, and the good may become better and better.

"The globe signifies, that as you hold the globe in your hand you also hold your country and your power; and since God has confided them to you, it is necessary that you should govern with truth, justice and clemency, that none of your subjects may sustain injury from yourself or any other person."

The lord count appeared to hear this *sirvente* with pleasure, like a prince who laid the good counsel it contained to heart, and intended to put it in practice. The *sirvente* was followed by a song in twelve parts, and the song by a poem in three cantos; and when all was said and done, the lord count, who was much fatigued, took up the globe and sceptre, and went into his chamber to get a few minutes' sleep, of which, indeed, he was much in need. His attendants had scarcely unclasped his mantle of state, before he was informed that a *jongleur* must speak with him, having affairs of interest to communicate, which would not bear delay. The lord count ordered him to be admitted.

The *jongleur* advanced two steps, and bent his knee to the ground.

"Speak!" said the count.

"May it please your lordship to order that you should be in private with your servant?"

Raymond Berenger made a sign to his people that he wished to be alone with the *jongleur*.

"Who are you?" asked he, as soon as the door was shut.

"I am," said the *jongleur*, "the person who answered 'Amen,' in the church of St. Saviour, when your lordship vowed, sword in hand, to render justice to the high and low, the rich and poor, to foreigners as well as your own subjects."

"In whose name do you ask justice?"

"In the name of the Empress Praxida of Germany, unjustly accused of adultery by Guthram de Falkemberg and Walter de Than, and condemned by her husband, the Emperor Henry the Fourth, to die, unless a champion, within a twelvemonth and a day, successfully defend her innocence against her accusers."

"Why has she chosen such a singular messenger for this important mission?"

"Because none but the poor *jongleur* dared expose himself to the anger of a powerful prince, and the vengeance of two renowned knights like Guthram de Falkemberg and Walter de Than; and certainly I should not have ventured to do so myself, if my young mistress, Douce, Marchioness of Provence, who has such fine eyes and such a touching voice that no one can refuse what she asks, had not required it of me. I went, therefore, by her command, in search of a knight sufficiently brave to defend, and sufficiently powerful to dare to vindicate,

the fame of an injured and innocent lady. I have traversed, in obedience to my mistress, France and Italy in vain, and even Spain, the very holy land of chivalry, and found no one disposed to championize the Empress of Germany. On the way to Barcelona I heard you named as a generous and courageous gentlemen. I entered the church at the moment you vowed, sword in hand, to defend the oppressed against the oppressor; and it appeared to me that the hand of God had led me there. I raised my voice, and cried 'Amen, so be it!'"

"So let it be, then," chivalrously replied the count; "for the honor of my name, and the increase of my renown, in the name of the Lord, I will hold myself ready to undertake this enterprise."

"Thanks, my lord, for this grace; but, saving your good pleasure, you have no time to lose, for ten months have already elapsed, and you will have little left for your journey to Cologne."

"Well; these festivals will be ended by Thursday night; on Friday we shall offer up our public thanks to God; and on Saturday we will put ourselves *en route* for Cologne."

"Let it be so, according to your lordship's pleasure," replied the *jongleur*, making his farewell devoir to the Count of Barcelona. Before he could withdraw from his presence, the count detached from his neck a magnificent gold chain of great value, and threw it round that of the *jongleur*; for the lord count was as generous as he was brave, and the union of these qualities acquired for him the surname of Great, an appellation which the judgment of posterity has confirmed to the sovereign of Barcelona. He was pious, too; for these festival-days were designed to do honor to Easter, the day of the resurrection of the Redeemer; and the gracious rain that, after a long period of drought, descended on Catalonia, Arragon, and the kingdoms of Valencia and Murcia, the evening on which these religious *fêtes* concluded, gave to his people the presage of a long and happy reign, of which, indeed, Barcelona still preserves the memory.

BREVIA.

BY JAMES W. WALL.

WHATEVER original thoughts people may think fit to boast of, there is scarcely any idea which must not before have passed through the minds of many. Let it be sufficient then to the good-natured reader, if some of the present thoughts may not happen to have occurred to him, or if they are not all remembered to have done so.

In preparing these Brevia, I have not knowingly adopted any one thought or expression of other writers. At the same time, I do not affect originality. Lucian, Cervantes and Rabelais have forestalled humor; Horace, Juvenal, and Perseus have exhausted satire; and upon the subject of love, Ovid and Tibullus have left us nothing new to say. The letter of Rousseau, so much admired for its exquisite tenderness and sensibility, beginning—"*Mourons, ma douce amie*," is but an imitation of Chærea's speech in one of Terence's comedies, who expresses his raptures in the same ideas and expressions. "*Nunc est projectò tempu cum perpeti me possum interjici*;" and of Phædria's speech in Phermio—"*Ut mihi liceat tam dies quod amo, frui, jam depacisci mortem cupio.*" Even the best writers, therefore, may be accused of plagiarism; but merely to have the same ideas, many of which are common to all mankind, is no proof of it.

BREVIA.

Friendship divided amongst many, is like a mirror broken into separate small pieces, wherein each can partly see himself, but less of himself as the pieces are divided into more parts.

Our public boarding-schools are said to bring all boys forward; which is only true in part. Great liberty and numbers elevate boys of bold and daring dispositions, and give opportunities of tyrannizing over meek and modest minds; thus, those spirits which ought to be restrained are ruined by indulgence, and those which ought to be cherished and encouraged are depressed.

Obstinacy and contradiction are like a paper kite; they are only kept up while you pull against them.

The best wives have been brought up in a family where there has been a subordination to men. Forsaken widows and disappointed aunts set up a hostile warfare against the other sex, and inculcate early prejudices in young women's minds, which generally take too strong root to be eradicated.

People are generally in the end obliged to make an apology for those very virtues which alone dignify human nature. Friendship, good-nature, and generosity have often conducted a man to jail, where he has been obliged, before he could obtain assistance, to confess himself a fool, and to promise to divest himself of all such companions for the future; or, to adopt the most effectual method, totally to disavow the acquaintance of those virtues altogether, and pretend that they assumed the more worthy form and disguise of discretion and worldly wisdom, which authorized him to act as he did for the sake of his own interest.

Love often turns to the greatest hatred, as the sharpest vinegar is made from the sweetest sugar.

Economy is often tempted into expense, merely from the cheapness of it.

Books are quiet, amiable friends; their information is pleasing, because communicated without petulance, or affected superiority. You must even take some trouble to find out the knowledge you wish to acquire from them, notwithstanding your implicit respect and avowed ignorance. They are generally, too, at home, and their access requires little court.

How disappointed your acquaintances are, if you bear your misfortunes with calmness and cheerfulness! Some, indeed, derive consolation in thinking their assistance will not be asked; but most are mortified in not being able to insult you by their compassion, while they find arguments to heighten your distress.

How seldom utility is considered in our system of modern education! Personal accomplishments can not be of any use in this country, at least, to either men or women, above ten or twelve years; after which they are rather hid, or render the possession ridiculous. Ought the father of a family be able to distort his body in the fashionable polka, or the mother to sing a fine song.

A man gives entertainments only for criticism; and people, on their return home, revenge themselves for the obligation of the invitation, by laughing at his vanity for pretending to live at so much expense.

The Egyptians offered to their god Isis an herb—Persica—whose fruit was like a heart, and the leaf like a tongue. Modern professions and love offerings have a different fruit and a different leaf; the profession is all heart, and the fruit all tongue.

Doctor Johnson says, "that allowances are seldom made for ill success;" and it may be truly said, that reasons are seldom narrowly investigated for good success. Public men generally meet with more praise and blame, in both, than they deserve; and at the end of their lives the balance is probably even.

The easy, good-natured man is like one of the *feræ naturæ:* every body hunts him as their prey; and, instead of being cherished by every one, he is claimed as their property: if he is caressed, it is only to draw him into a snare.

A politician, like the Cyprian, seldom grants favors but to those who can amply repay them. Virtue, for them, may be its own reward: they only lavish their favors on those who contribute to their interest.

Every wife would make her husband as many compliments as Eve pays to Adam, in Milton, if he was the only man in the world; so would every man, if his wife was the only woman.

People are better pleased with the knavish lawyer—who instructs them how to cheat the adverse party in a cause, or to avoid the payment of a just claim, by a legal technicality, than with the honest one—who recommends an equitable arbitration.

Romance and comedy writers always make lovers rich before they marry: they know this is an essential requisite to the completion of happiness, both in the hero and the heroine. Unfortunately, young people follow the example of these romantic characters in love, but not in the acquisition of fortune: they forget that love alone will not make them happy, and that, like lunatics, as they come more and more to themselves, they will require more and more the comforts and conveniences of life, which, in the paroxysm of passion, were never attended to.

The people of Fire Island are accused of pillaging strangers who are shipwrecked. Are not the inhabitants of inland towns equally eager to divide the spoil of a deceased neighbor or friend, and to glut themselves with the idea of obtaining his property at half the value?

Prudent people never are beloved. Imprudence, by preventing envy, raises popularity; yet prudence is the sole friend of generosity. Generosity is like a beautiful and expansive river; we admire its beauty, and enjoy its advantages, but neither see nor think of the secret springs that feed it.

The idea of good or bad fortune attending a man, has been generally received in all ages. Cicero recommended Pompey to the Romans for their general, as he was a man of good fortune; and Cardinal Mazarin, when any officer was recommended to him, always asked, "Est il heureux?"

We never regard innovation, or even oppression, till it comes home to ourselves. In the life of Cromwell, an anecdote is told of a clerk in chancery, who had seen with great indifference all the alterations that had been made in the constitution both in church and state; but when he was told there was to be some new regulations in the sex' clerk's office—Nay, says he, if they begin once to strike out *fundamentals*, there is no telling where they will stop.

Public opinion is a tyrant—cruel are the sacrifices it demands.

How many fathers there are who always comfort themselves with saying, "I shall die poor, but let my sons make their way in the world as I have done!" To which some complaisant neighbor replies, "And I am sure, sir, they cannot do better!" But should not parents reflect that their sons have not only the same difficulties to encounter which they have had, but the additional disadvantage, that having been brought up in habits of luxury and idleness, to which the parents themselves in their youth were strangers.

Married people sometimes study to appear as fond as lovers, passing their time in billing and cooing like turtle doves. Let them remember that bankrupts in love, like those in fortune, appear in gaudy colors, to keep up their credit.

A deaf and dumb person being asked what is for-

giveness, took out his pencil and wrote the answer to the written question thus: "It is the odor which flowers yield when trampled upon." What a volume of exquisite poetry and at the same time forcible truth is contained in it.

I remember somewhere to have read of a tyrannical ruler, who is said to have publicly erected altars to cruelty and injustice. Many modern worshipers of the same hideous divinities are equally as zealous as this tyrant: but with the essential difference, that their altars are erected in private, within the penetralia of their own homes. Like the Egyptian priesthood, after having performed the most diabolical rites, they come forth arrayed in the white robes of innocence. And society is too apt, like the "ignobile vulgus" of Egypt, to greet them with the same reverence they did their priesthood. They, too, have their esoteric and exoteric theology—the one is their religion in private, the other abroad.

"The nobility of the Spencers has been enriched by the trophies of Marlborough; but I exhort them to consider 'The Fairy Queen' as the most precious jewel in their coronet."

This lively paragraph may be found in the memoirs of Gibbon; and the sentiment therein conveyed is no less beautiful than true; for after all, what is military glory and renown when compared with the fame of the distinguished poet, historian, or man of letters. The hero, after the lapse of a few centuries shines like a very distant constellation, merely visible in the wide expanse of history, while the poet and historian continue to sparkle in the eyes of all men, like that radiant star of the evening, perpetually hailed by the voice of gratitude, affection, and delight.

"The lawyer," said Burke, "has his forms and his positive institutions, and he adheres to them with a veneration altogether as religious as the divine. The worst cause cannot be so prejudicial to the litigant as his attorney's ignorance of forms. A good parson once said, where mystery begins, there religion ends. May not the same be said of justice, that where the mystery of forms begin, there all justice ends."

There is a great deal more truth in the above quotation from Burke, than is generally admitted by the followers of Coke and Littleton. The satire may be, perhaps, too broad, as the whole essay in which it occurs was a burlesque upon Bolingbroke; but, nevertheless, there is truth in the sarcasm. Law, as a system, even in this age of intelligence, is cumbered up with useless forms, absurd fictions, and unmeaning technicalities; serving only to strew with stumbling blocks the pathway to the temple of justice, which should ever be of safe and easy approach. The system of the administration of laws in this country, needs a thorough overhauling. The Augean stables were not half as much in want of the labors of an Hercules, as the departments of law of the labors of the modern reformer. And as the stables in the classic fable were cleansed by the turning of a river through them, so all that it wants now in reference to the administration of law, is, that the current of popular sentiment should be turned in that direction; and gathering strength as it goes

"Vires acquirit eundo,"

it will thoroughly cleanse and purify the Augean stables of the law.

The impudent man has wonderful advantages; he successfully assumes every talent, and pretends to every branch of learning; and passes the time, spent by others in recluse retirement and gloomy study, in making useful friends, and acquiring the habits of the world.

Any transitory marks of distinction, or ideal honors, produce future regret, and often poignant grief. The beauty of the ball is little flattered, twenty years afterward, by that praise and admiration which is past and forgotten, any more than the collegian, who gained every literary prize, which vainly taught him to expect admiration, applause, and respect through life.

Imprudence is so often the cause of misfortunes, that the Cardinal Richelieu used to say, that imprudence and misfortune were synonymous.

Memory is productive of more misery than happiness. Misfortune leaves unpleasing vestiges, whilst the remembrance of pleasures past creates regret.

Fortune, like the fickle female, despises the object of her power. She slights the very sighs that she creates; and whilst the suppliant is disregarded, she courts the hand which rejects her. Relentless and obdurate to her most passionate admirers, what she refuses to love, she often lavishes on indifference.

SONNET.—THE MARINER.

ABOARD his brittle bark, on the rough sea,
Lo! the bold mariner in safety rides,
Nor fears he waves, nor dreads he running tides;
Ocean his home, no other home seeks he—
Nor storm nor tempest can his course control,
Sways he the winds, in canvas them enchains,
Bidding them bear him 'cross the watery plains;
His guide the needle, pointing to the pole—
Freighted with wealth, his white-winged vessel goes,
Things useful fetching from each distant clime;
Thus mankind, knit in brotherhood sublime,
Learn all that Art and Science can disclose—
"Who go to sea in ships"—their native right—
Deem all apparent danger pleasure and delight. W. A.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Blithedale Romance. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

In the first flush of a romancer's fame, there is rarely any distinct recognition of the peculiar originality of his powers as distinguished from other great novelists, who equally fasten the interest and thrill the hearts of their readers. The still, small voice of analysis is lost amid thunders of applause. In the case of Hawthorne this mode of reception does but little justice either to the force or refinement of his powers. It is only when we explore the sources of his fascination, when we go over the processes of his mind in creation, that we can realize the character and scope of his genius, and estimate, on true principles, the merit of each succeding product of his pen. It is obvious to every reader that his mind is at once rich in various faculties, and powerful in its general action; that he possesses observation, fancy, imagination, passion, wit, humor; but a great writer can never be accurately described in those abstract terms which apply equally to all great writers, for such terms give us only the truth as it is *about* the author, not the truth as it is *in* him. The real question relates to the modification of his powers by his character; the tendency, the direction, the coloring, which his faculties receive in obeying the primary impulses of his individuality. This brings us at once to the sharpest test to which an author can be subjected, for it puts to him that searching query which instantly dissolves the most plausible bubbles—has he novelty of nature? Is he an absolutely new power in literature? It is Hawthorne's great felicity that he can stand the remorseless rigor of this test. He is not made up by culture, imitation, appropriation, sympathy, but has grown up in obedience to vigorous innate principles and instincts seated in his own nature; his power and peculiarity can be analyzed into no inspirations caught from other minds, but conduct us back to their roots in his original constitution. Thus he has imagination, and he has humor; but his imagination is not the imagination of Shelley or the imagination of Richter; neither is his humor the humor of Addison or the humor of Dickens; they are both essentially *Hawthornesh*, and resent all attempts to identify them with faculties in other minds. His style, again, in its clearness, pliability, and melodious ease of movement, reminds us of the style of Addison, of Scott, and of Irving, in making us forget itself in attending to what it conveys; but for that very reason every vital peculiarity of it is original, for what it conveys is the individuality of Hawthorne, and there is not a page which suggests, except to the word-mongers and period-balancers of mechanical criticism, even an unconscious imitation of any acknowledged master of diction. This contented movement within the limitations of his own genius, this austere confinement of his mind to that "magic circle" where none can walk but he, this scorn of pretending to be a creator in regions of mental effort with which he can simply sympathize—all declare the sagacious honesty, the instinctive intellectual conscientiousness of original genius. Hunt him when and where you will—lay traps for him—watch the most secret haunts and cosiest corners of his meditative retirement—and you never catch him strutting about in borrowed robes, gorgeous with purple patches cut from transatlantic garments, or adroitly filching felicities from transcendental pockets. Inimitable in his own sphere, he has little temptation to be a poacher in the domains of other minds.

It is evident, if what we have said be true, that the criticism to be applied to Hawthorne's works must take its rules of judgment from the laws to which his own genius yields obedience; for if he differs from other writers, not in degree but in kind, if the process and purpose of his creations be peculiar to himself, and especially if he draws from an experience of life from which others have been shut out, and has penetrated into mysterious regions of consciousness, a pioneer in the unexplored wildernesses of thought—it is worse than ridiculous to prattle the old phrases, and apply the accredited rules of criticism to an entirely new product of the human mind. The objections to Hawthorne, if objections there be, do not relate to the exercise of his powers but to his nature itself. His works are the offspring of that; proceed as certainly from it as a deduction from a premise; and criticism can do little in detecting any break in the links of that logic of passion and imagination, any discordance in that unity of law, which presides over the organization of each product of his mind. But we are willing to admit, that criticism may advance a step beyond this, and after conceding the power and genuineness of a work of art, can still question the excellence of the spirit by which it is animated; can, in short, doubt the validity, denounce the character, and attempt to weaken the influence, of the *kind* of genius its analysis lays open.

The justice of such a critism applied to Hawthorne would depend on the notion which the critic has of what constitutes excellence in kind. The ordinary demand of the mind in a work of art, serious as well as humorous, is for geniality—a demand which admits of the widest variety of kinds which can be included within a healthy and pleasurable directing sentiment. Now Hawthorne is undoubtedly exquisitely genial, at times, but in him geniality cannot be said to predominate. Geniality of general effect comes, in a great degree, from tenderness to persons; it implies a conception of individual character so intense and vivid, that the beings of the author's brain become the objects of his love; and this love somewhat blinds him to the action of those spiritual laws which really control the conduct and avenge the crimes of individuals.

In Hawthorne, on the contrary, persons are commonly conceived in their relations to laws, and hold a second place in his mind. In "The Scarlet Letter," which made a deeper impression on the public than any romance ever published in the United States, there is little true characterization, in the ordinary meaning of the term. The characters are not really valuable for what they are, but for what they illustrate. Imagination is predominant throughout the work, but it is imagination in its highest analytic rather than dramatic action. And this is the secret of the strange fascination which fastens attention to its horrors. It is not Hester or Dimmesdale that really interest us, but the spectacle of the human mind open to the retribution of violated law, and quivering in the agonies of shame and remorse. It is the law and not the person that is vitally conceived, and accordingly the author traces its sure operation with an unshrinking intellect that, for the time, is remorseless to persons. As an illustration of the Divine order on which our conventional order rests, it is the most moral book of the age; and is especially valuable as demonstrating the superficiality of that code of ethics, predominant in the French school of romance, which teaches obedience to individual

instinct and impulse, regardless of all moral truths which contain the generalized experience of the race. The purpose of the book did not admit of geniality. Adultery has been made genial by many poets and novelists, but only by considering it under a totally different aspect from that in which Hawthorne viewed it. Geniality in "The Scarlet Letter" would be like an ice-cream shop in Dante's Inferno.

In "The House of Seven Gables," we percieve the same far-reaching and deep-seeing vision into the duskiest corners of the human mind, and the same grasp of objective laws, but the interest is less intense, and the subject admits of more relief. There is more of character in it, delineated however on some neutral ground between the grotesque and the picturesque, and with flashes of supernatural light darting occasionally into the picture, revealing, by glimpses, the dread foundations on which the whole rests. It contains more variety of power than "The Scarlet Letter," and in the characters of Clifford and Phebe exhibits the extreme points of Hawthorne's genius. The delineation of Clifford evinces a metaphysical power, a capacity of watching the most remote movements of thought, and of resolving into form the mere film of consciousness—of exhibiting the mysteries of the mind in as clear a light as ordinary novelists exhibit its common manifestations—which might excite the wonder of Kant or Hegel. Phebe, on the contrary, though shaped from the finest materials, and implying a profound insight into the subtilest sources of genial feeling, is represented dramatically, is a pure embodiment, and may be deemed Hawthorne's most perfect character. The sunshine of the book all radiates from her; and there is hardly a "shady place" in that weird "House," into which it does not penetrate.

"The Blithedale Romance," just published, seems to us the most perfect in execution of any of Hawthorne's works, and as a work of art, hardly equaled by any thing else which the country has produced. It is a real organism of the mind, with the strict unity of one of Nature's own creations. It seems to have grown up in the author's nature, as a tree or plant grows from the earth, in obedience to the law of its germ. This unity cannot be made clear by analysis; it is felt in the oneness of impression it makes on the reader's imagination. The author's hold on the central principle is never relaxed; it never slips from his grasp; and yet every thing is developed with a victorious ease which adds a new charm to the interest of the materials. The romance, also, has more thought in it than either of its predecessors; it is literally crammed with the results of most delicate and searching observation of life, manners and character, and of the most piercing imaginative analysis of motives and tendencies; yet nothing seems labored, but the profoundest reflections glide unobtrusively into the free flow of the narration and description, equally valuable from their felicitous relation to the events and persons of the story, and for their detached depth and power. The work is not wihout a certain morbid tint in the general coloring of the mood whence it proceeds; but this peculiarity is fainter than is usual with Hawthorne.

The scene of the story is laid in Blithedale, an imaginary community on the model of the celebrated Brook Farm, of Roxbury, of which Hawthorne himself was a member. The practical difficulties in the way of combining intellectual and manual labor on socialist principles constitutes the humor of the book; but the interest centres in three characters, Hollingsworth, Zenobia, and Priscilla. These are represented as they appear through the medium of an imagined mind, that of Miles Coverdale, the narrator of the story, a person indolent of will, but of an apprehensive, penetrating, and inquisitive intellect. This discerner of spirits only tells us his own discoveries; and there is a wonderful originality and power displayed in thus representing the characters. What is lost by this mode, on definite views, is more than made up in the stimulus given both to our acuteness and curiosity, and its manifold suggestiveness. We are joint watchers with Miles himself, and sometimes find ourselves disagreeing with him in his interpretation of an act or expression of the persons he is observing. The events are purely mental, the changes and crises of moods of mind. Three persons of essentially different characters and purposes, are placed together; the law of spiritual influence, the magnetism of soul on soul begins to operate; and the processes of thought and emotion are then presented in perfect logical order to their inevitable catastrophe. These characters are Hollingsworth, a reformer, whose whole nature becomes ruthless under the dominion of one absorbing idea—Zenobia, a beautiful, imperious, impassioned, self-willed woman, superbly endowed in person and intellect, but with something provokingly equivocal in her character—and Priscilla, an embodiment of feminine affection in its simplest type. Westervelt, an elegant piece of earthliness, "not so much born as damned into the world," plays a Mephistophelian part in this mental drama; and is so skillfully represented that the reader joins at the end, with the author, in praying that Heaven may annihilate him. "May his pernicious soul rot half a grain a day."

With all the delicate sharpness of insight into the most elusive movements of Consciousness, by which the romance is characterized, the drapery cast over the whole representation, is rich and flowing, and there is no parade of metaphysical acuteness. All the profound and penetrating observation seems the result of a certain careless felicity of aim, which hits the mark in the white without any preliminary posturing or elaborate preparation. The stronger and harsher passions are represented with the same ease as the evanescent shades of thought and emotion. The humorous and descriptive scenes are in Hawthorne's best style. The peculiarities of New England life at the present day are admirably caught and permanently embodied; Silas Foster and Hollingsworth being both genuine Yankees and representative men. The great passage of the volume is Zenobia's death, which is not so much tragic as tragedy itself. In short, whether we consider "The Blithedale Romance" as a study in that philosophy of the human mind which peers into the inmost recesses and first principles of mind and character, or a highly colored and fascinating story, it does not yield in interest or value to any of Hawthorne's preceding works, while it is removed from a comparison with them by essential differences in its purpose and mode of treatment, and is perhaps their superior in affluence and fineness of thought, and masterly perception of the first remote workings of great and absorbing passions.

The History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France. By Alphonse de Lamartine. Vol. 2. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This volume deals with the events of "The Hundred Days," giving a graphic picture of the incidents which occured between the return of Napoleon from Elba and his final overthrow at Waterloo. It is much more minute than any other history of the period, and occasionally gives elaborate descriptions of persons and occurrences unworthy of being rescued from the oblivion of their unimportance. Lamartine evidently dislikes both Napoleon

and Napoleonism. The leading object of the present volume is to prove that France was sick of him, and that the army alone was in his favor. One passage seems a palpable hit at the usurpation of the "Nephew of my Uncle." "If the people," says Lamartine, "did not protest by civic opposition, they protested very generally by their sorrow and estrangement. *History never recorded more audacity in the usurpation of a throne, or a more cowardly submission of a nation to an army.* France lost on that day somewhat of its character, the law of its majesty, the liberty of its respect. Military despotism was substituted for public opinion. The pretorians made a mockery of the people. The Lower Empire of Rome enacted in Gaul one of those scenes which degrade history, and humiliate human nature. *The only excuse* for such an event is that the people were depressed under ten years of military government, that the army was rendered frantic by ten years of prodigies, and that its idol was a hero."

For the Bourbons, Lamartine evinces a tender regard, and narrates their flight from France in a style of mental bombast which but ill rescues it from ridicule. The description of the Congress of Vienna is very brilliant, and the sketches of Talleyrand, Fouche, and Wellington, discriminating and powerful. The sentimentality of the author gives, as usual, its peculiar perversion to the facts of the narrative; things are commonly represented in their relation to the opinions of Lamartine, rather than in their relation to each other; and occasionally gross fictions are introduced to add to the scenic effect.

For instance, in the account of the battle of Waterloo, Wellington, at one stage of the contest, is said to have mounted his *eighth* horse, seven having been worn out or killed under him. He rode only one during the whole day. Again, in describing a charge of English horse, Lamartine represents the duke as causing brandy to be distributed to the dragoons, "to intoxicate the men with liquid fire, whilst the sound of the clarion should intoxicate the horses," and then launching them himself "at full speed down the declivity of Mont-Saint-Jean." This statement, likewise, the translator is authorized to deny. It is curious also that Lamartine, with his numerous additions, should have made one important omission of fact. Wellington was surprised at Waterloo; Lamartine represents him as negligent; but the truth was that he depended on Fouche, to give him intelligence of Napoleon's march. Fouche, with his usual felicity in duplicating his treasons, sent intelligence to Wellington of Napoleon's approach, and then dispatched orders for the arrest of his own messenger. Those who are accustomed to consider Wellington as the "iron duke," and to transfer to him all the passionlessness which such an epithet suggests, will be surprised at the peculiar emphasis with which Lamartine speaks of his "voluptuousness." This charge, we believe, was true in 1815.

Up the Rhine. By Thomas Hood. With Comic Illustrations. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

This volume, one of the pleasantest of Hood's many pleasant books, was first published in 1840, and has never before been reprinted. It is composed of letters, written by the various members of a family traveling up the Rhine, and conceived somewhat after the model of Humphrey Clinker. Hood's characters are a hypochondriac, a widow, a dashing young gentleman, and a servant maid; and it is in exhibiting the oddities and humors of these, rather than in any description of the scenery, that the charm of the book consists. The letters of Martha Penny, the servant maid, are the gems of the volume. Her spelling and grammar are so felicitous in their infelicities, as to amount to a kind of genius; and the character is one of the best that Hood ever delineated. Her letter, describing the effects of a storm at sea, is perhaps the richest in the volume. "To add to my frite," she says, "down flumps the stewardis on her nees and begins shrieking we shall be pitcht all over! Think I if *she* give up we may prepair for our watery graves. At sich crisisus theres nothing like religun and if I repeted my catkism wunce I said it a hundered times over and never wunce rite. The only comfort I had besides Christianity was to give Missus warnin witch I did over and over between her attax. At last Martha says she we are going to a world where there is no sitivations. What an idear! But our superiers are always shy of our society, as if hevin abuv was too good for servants. Talking of superiers there was a Tittled Lady in Bed in the cabbin that sent every five minits for the capting, till at long and at last he got Crusty. Capting says she I insist on your gitting the ship more out of the wind. I wish I could says he. Dont you no who I ham, says she very dignifide." The last touch is especially fine.

A Step from the New World to the Old and Back Again: With Thoughts on the Good and Evil in Both. By Henry P. Tappan. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 2 *vols.* 12*mo.*

A new book of travels, devoted to a description of old scenes which have been traveled over and over again, is getting to be the terror of critics. We therefore took up the present volume with that languid intolerance of the subject which is ominous of dissatisfaction both with the writer and his book, but were agreeably surprised at the new interest which the author has contrived to cast over familiar objects. Prof. Tappan, indeed, is one of those independent and thoughtful tourists who never repeat the stale ecstasies and stereotyped amazement common to ordinary travelers on seeing objects they are prepared to admire, but views things through the medium of his own mind, and honestly records impressions made on his own heart and imagination. He is a quiet, scholarly, truthful, candid and intelligent man, sees much which others have missed seeing, and never loses his discrimination in his raptures. His observations are often striking and original, and the information he conveys is commonly valuable. His journey was confined to England, Scotland, the Rhine, Switzerland, France and Holland. The most interesting portion of all is that which relates to Holland. In visiting Abbotsford the author gives a provoking piece of news. It is well-known that the sale of Scott's works had been sufficient to clear this estate of debt, and every purchaser of the English edition of his writings throughout the world felt that he was aiding in this good work. After the death of Scott's son, the estate, some two thousand acres, descended to Scott's grandson, young Lockhart, who has again embarrassed it. It is now occupied by a London broker.

Legends of Love and Chivalry. The Knights of England, France and Scotland. By Henry William Herbert. New York: Redfield. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

This volume contains Legends of the Norman Conquerors, of the Crusaders, of Feudal Days, and of Scotland—fourteen splendid tales in all. As is usual with him, Mr. Herbert deals in this volume with the strongest passions, and exhibits their workings in powerful characters and striking events. His mode of narration is vehement, and the reader who once commits himself to the rushing stream of his style can hardly pause for breath until he has arrived at the end. His knowledge of history

is extensive and minute, and it is a knowledge painted in living pictures on his imagination rather than hoarded in his memory. The past is present to him—in persons, scenery, dialect and costume, and he writes of it as if he were recording what was passing before his eyes. This power of vitalizing and vivifying every thing he touches is manifested throughout these "Legends." He conceives with such intensity that he becomes a partisan in dealing with his own creations; is furiously hostile to some, and as furiously favorable to others. The effect of his intense representations is felt both in the reader's brain and blood. It is not until after the book is read that we feel conscious that the author's sympathies and antipathies disturb his powers of discrimination in his judgments of historical characters.

Waverley Novels. Library Edition. Vol. 1. Waverley; or 'Tis Sixty Years Since. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co. 12mo.

This is a new issue of Parker's celebrated edition of the Waverley Novels, containing the author's final additions, corrections and notes. It is printed in large type, is very cheap, and should meet with success. This, with Lippincott, Grambo & Co.'s edition, will doubtless induce a re-perusal of the novels of Scott. Nothing that has since been written has surpassed or even equaled them in the distinguishing features of romantic writing. It is Scott's great and rare distinction that he created a school of novelists admitting the exercise of the most various genius, and that among the myriad writers who have felt his inspiration none has received or merited his fame. In England a hundred and twenty-five thousand copies of his novels have been sold, and the demand still continues. Scott should be read every five years. In the fourth perusal we have found his novels more interesting than the new romances of the day.

Graces and Powers of the Christian Life. By A. D. Mayo. Boston: Abel Tompkins. 1 vol. 12mo.

The present volume contains eleven sermons on topics suggested by the title, and they are all worthy of being read beyond that peculiar circle of readers, known technically as the "religious public." The writer is evidently a man of a discerning and disciplined mind, writing from deep fountains of personal experience, and treating the gravest and deepest realities of life with the assured air of one whose soul has been in contact with the great spiritual facts he announces. Hence comes both the elevation and the practical soundness of his statements of duty and his exhortations to holiness. His style is pliable to his thoughts and emotions, stating plain things plainly, and rising as his subject rises into unforced dignity and eloquence. There is nothing of the rhetorician either in the selection of his matter, or his mode of expressing it, but an unmistakable sincerity and truthfulness distinguish every statement, argument and appeal. As a thinker he excels in spiritual discernment, though he is not deficient in that logical method by which a principle, clearly conceived in itself, is rigidly followed through all its applications to men and to affairs. His volume meets practical needs in many hearts, and only requires to have its character known to be extensively read. He belongs to that class of clergymen who really commune with spiritual and religious ideas, and therefore, though a writer of sermons, he never sermonizes.

Roughing it in the Bush; or Life in Canada. By Susanna Moodie. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 2 parts.

Mrs. Moodie is the sister of Agnes Strickland, and while fully her equal in talent, excels both her and most of womankind in enterprise, fortitude and heroism. Her present work, detailing the dangers and discomforts of a life in the far-west of Canada, is full of fine descriptions of nature, evinces throughout a healthy and vigorous spirit, and contains many a scene of genuine humor. Her sketches of character, Yankee, French and English, are especially good.

Little Peddlington and the Peddlingtonians. By John Poole, author of Paul Pry, etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 2 vols. 16mo.

Since the "Memoirs of P. P., Clerk of the Parish," no book has been published equal to this in the art of lifting the little into ludicrous importance. Its length makes it somewhat tiresome, but the leading idea is so well carried out—so well directed a fire is kept up at all the political, literary and social follies of England—and the author is a humorist of such truth and keenness—that it deserves its place in the "Popular Library" to which it belongs.

Adventures of Col. Vanderbomb in Pursuit of the Presidency. Also, the Exploits of his Secretary. By J. B. Jones, Ex-editor of the Official Journal. Philadelphia: A. Hart (late Carey & Hart.)

This is a very humorous story of the political career of an imaginary candidate for the highest office in the gift of the sovereign people; a spirited satire upon the efforts of ambitious aspirants for political distinction and profit. The work is seasonable, and will be widely read. The illustrated cover is by Darley.

The Mother at Home; or The Principles of Maternal Duty Familiarly Illustrated. By John S. C. Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 16mo.

This valuable little work has long enjoyed an extensive popularity, and been translated into numerous foreign languages. The present edition is illustrated with numerous fine wood-cuts and printed in the same elegant style as the author's series of historical works. It should be in the hands of every mother, for though much of it is necessarily commonplace, there is much also which is new and suggestive.

Time and Tide; or Strive and Win. By A. S. Roe, Author of James Montjoy, etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

The author of this story is well-known as a vigorous and truthful delineator of common life. The present volume is one of his best. It inculcates the moral implied in the title, a moral which is the key to all success in life. The characters are drawn with much force, and the incidents have the interest of reality. To the young the work will be found particularly interesting.

Whately's English Synonyms. First American Edition. Boston: James Monroe & Co.

This edition is very carefully revised from the second London edition, and will be found to be of great service to the student and man of letters.

The Romance of the Revolution. Edited by Oliver B. Bunce. New York: Bunce & Brother.

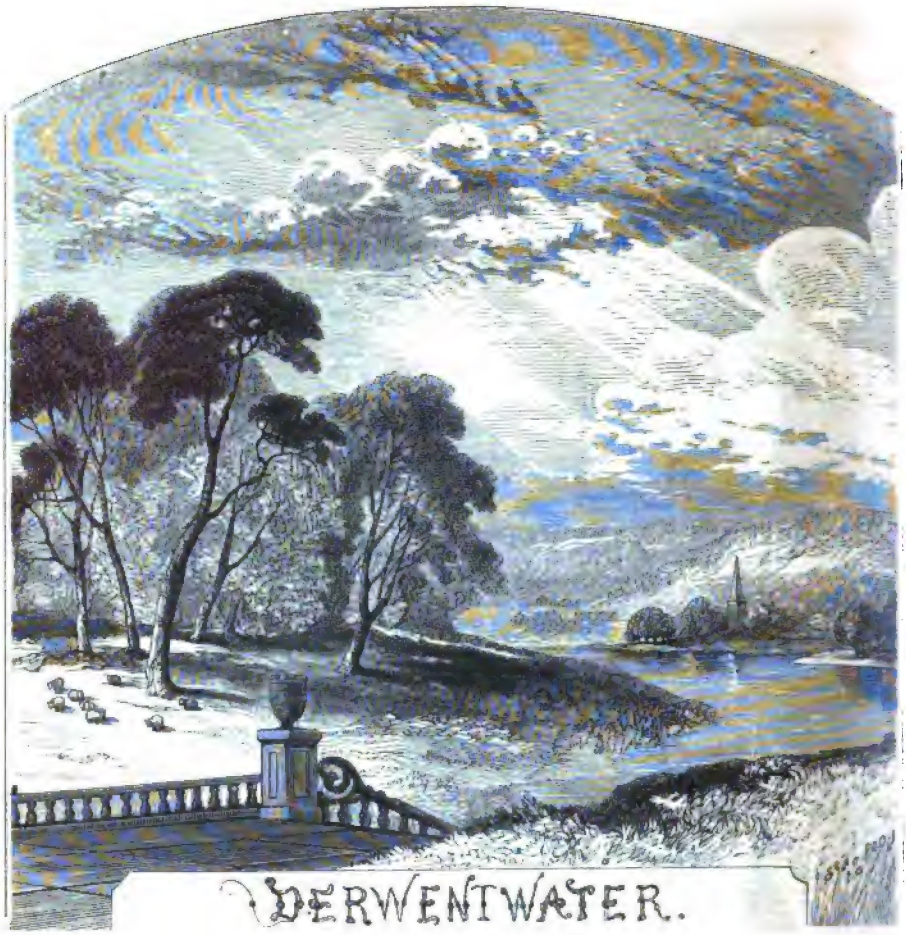
This volume is filled with passages of stirring interest, appropriately arranged, selected from various authorities, embracing the most romantic incidents of the War of Independence. It is admirably illustrated with wood-engravings by Orr, printed in tints.

Jacob

THE FORGOTTEN WORD.

Engraved expressly for Cassell's Magazine by H. Humphreys

THE FLOWER-GIRL.



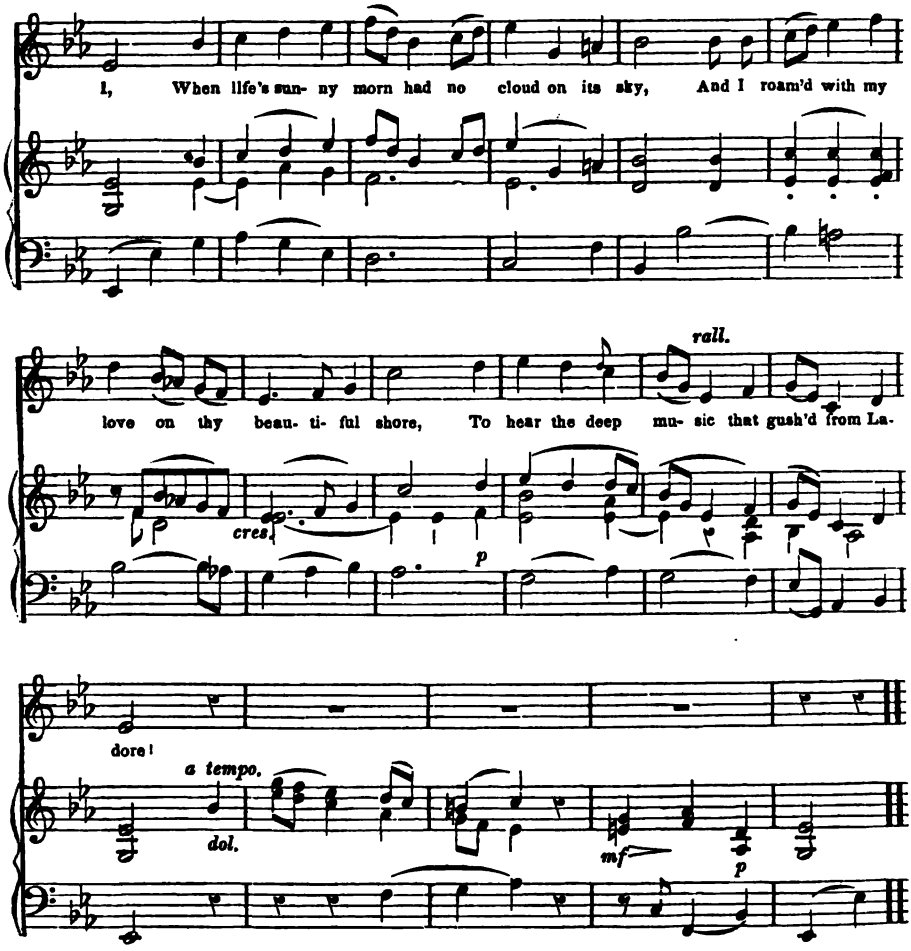
[The sad story of the Earl of Derwentwater, executed in 1716 for participation in the rebellion of the previous year, is well known. The beautiful lake from which he derives his title is surrounded by some of the grandest scenery in England. Few persons will need to be reminded of the beauty of the small cataract of Ladore. The memory of the misfortunes of Lord Derwentwater, and of the beauty of his disconsolate countess, is still preserved in the traditions of the neighbourhood.]

Plaintively and moderately slow. AIR "PRETTY POLLY OLIVER."

p e sosten. *f*

Sweet lake of the moun-tains how hap-py was

p *e sosten.* *pp*



We sail'd on thy waters rejoicing, alone,
Or trod thy green islands, and call'd them our own,
And built, 'mid the hills that encircle thy breast
A bower and a home in the wilds of the West.

But sorrow has darken'd the noon of our day,
And peril and doubt have encompass'd our way;
My heart's only love in captivity lies,
And thy glory, O Derwent, is dimm'd in mine eyes.

Sad lake of the mountains, through dangers I roam,
With a pang in my heart and a blight on my home,
To dream of the joys that shall bless me no more,
And mingle my sighs with the moan of Ladore.

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XLI. PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1852. No. 4.

SONNET:—TO THE REDBREAST.

When that the fields put on their gay attire,
Thou silent sitt'st near brake or river's brim,
Whilst the gay thrush sings loud from covert dim;
But when pale Winter lights the social fire,
And meads with slime are spent, and ways with mire,
Thou charm'st us with thy soft and solemn hymn,
From battlement or barn, or hay-stack trim;
And now not seldom tun'st, as if for hire,
Thy thrilling pipe to me, waiting to catch
The pittance due to thy well-warbled song:
Sweet bird, sing on! for oft near lonely hatch,
Like thee, myself have pleased the rustic throng,
And oft for entrance 'neath the peaceful thatch,
Paid the cheap tribute of a simple song.

FANNY LEIGH.

BY MRS. TOOGOOD.

UNSKILLED in lore was Fanny Leigh,
But learned in wisdom mild,
That glowed all soft and tenderly
In that meek, blue-eyed child.

And why the sigh? why sad the brow?
She conned it o'er and o'er,
And found out anxious thoughts, and how
They prey upon the poor.

Her soft young hands, she did not fear,
Could aid the feeble old:
How blest for her to wipe their tear,
And clothe them from the cold!

And she hath left the rose-clad cot,
From youth's one home to part,
Armed with resolve—revealing not
What tempest at her heart.

None saw the drops that dimmed her eye,
When a sad breeze and keen
Came answering with a long-lorn sigh
From that still village scene.

Forth hath she gone—a summer boat
Skims o'er the glassy bay
With slender strength—nor dreads to float
Where the stern waters lay.

Forth hath she gone, from dewy field,
And used to fondest care,
To try the desert—will it yield
One shelter from the glare?

Where Innocence is shamed to quail
Before the worldling's mirth;
And beautiful will learn to veil
Its scorned, yet heavenly birth.

Forth so she went, yet 'mid the pest,
The blast of noxious night;
A lamp burned stedfast at her breast,
And cast its certain light.

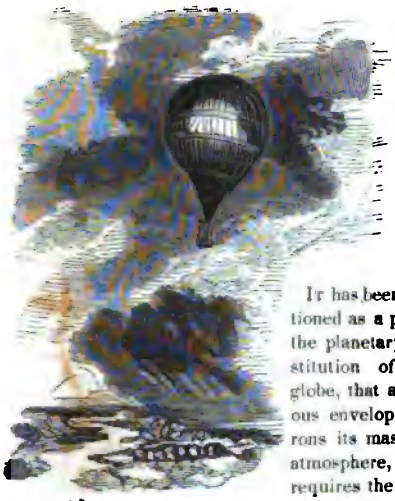
And oft she heard a mellowed tone
Streaming above the din;
A Voice that loves the pure and lone,
And strengthens them within.

O! there was joy, even unto pain,
When, passed those days so drear,
As music, Fanny's steps again
Fell on each aged one's ear.

And who, the gladdest of the glad,
Stands at the gate? I pray.
Is 't he who then a very lad
So wept her going away?

'T is he, who, while he fed his flowers,
(Stronger her bright chain grew,)
Saw constantly through haunted hours
Those eyes of gentlest blue.

THE ATMOSPHERE AND ITS CURRENTS.



It has been mentioned as a part of the planetary constitution of our globe, that a gaseous envelop environs its mass, the atmosphere, which requires the attention of the astronomer, on account of its influence in displacing the celestial bodies, and contributing to their visibility, by refracting and reflecting the rays of light. This elastic fluid is the scene of interesting phenomena, and performs important functions in the economy of nature. Besides being essential to the life of man, and the animal races, whose existence would terminate in a few minutes without the respiration of it; the exhalation of moisture from the surface of the earth is mainly owing to the common air we breathe, which receives and sustains the vapors formed into clouds, distributes them over different regions by its incessant motions, and tempers by its currents those extremes of heat and cold to which various localities are subject. It is in these last-named offices that the atmosphere demands the notice of the physical geographer. The consideration of its actual constitution does not belong to his province, but a general view of the fluid may be appropriate before we proceed to those agitations and changes which are in constant action, and upon which the welfare of organized beings so materially depends.

The atmosphere is, then, an integral portion of the earth, a body of air revolving with the solid mass upon its axis, the higher strata, of course, increasing in velocity with the distance from the axis of revolution. From hence a conclusion may be drawn respecting its height, for an absolute limit is put to its elevation by this feature of its physical condition. There is a point where the centrifugal force, or the tendency to fly off from the centre, will counterbalance the centripetal, or the gravitation toward the centre, and beyond that point the latter will be vanquished. It is obvious that no portion of the atmosphere can extend beyond the point where the two influences balance, or are in equilibrium, and the projectile force becomes greater than that of gravitation, or its projection into space would follow. At the distance of 6.6 radii from the centre of the earth, or at an elevation of 22,200 miles, about the eleventh part the distance of the moon, this point is fixed, beyond which it is impossible for the atmosphere in the smallest quantity to extend. This consideration is only of importance to show that physical laws rigidly restrict it within finite bounds, for any portion of air at that distance must have a tenuity which is utterly inconceivable. The indications of the height of the atmosphere drawn from its weight, as shown by the barometer, reduce its elevation within a vastly circumscribed limit. A column of the whole circumambient air is nearly equal in weight to a similar column of mercury of thirty inches, or of water of thirty-four feet, which would give it an elevation of but 27,000 feet, or rather under five miles, if its density were uniform. But the elasticity of the air causes it to expand with the diminution of its own pressure, which becomes less at every step from the surface of the earth; and owing to this expansion we must place the limit to its height at a far greater distance than that suggested by the simple barometrical measurement of its weight. A pretty common opinion prevails that its extreme boundary does not exceed forty or fifty miles, and we have sensible evidence on the high lands of the globe, that for all the purposes serviceable to vegetable and animal life, the atmospheric zone is of very contracted elevation. It is a well-known property of the air that the temperature diminishes with its height, a circumstance referable to the general physical law, that as the density of gases decreases they acquire an increased capacity for heat. The higher, therefore, a body ascends in the atmosphere, the greater is the quantity of heat abstracted from it, the surrounding fluid becoming more rare. Hence the perpetual snow, and the piles of glaciers, that crown the summits of mountains, at whose base the orange and the citron bloom, and man pants in the fierce sultriness of a torrid climate.

But while the atmosphere may be considered generally as an aerial zone of the earth, the companion of the massy spheroid in its annual revolution round the sun, and rotating with it upon its axis, it has independent movements which present very complex phenomena, however clear the causes which put them in operation. The particles of air are constantly suffering displacement, and it is easy to conceive of various circumstances disturbing the dilatable and elastic fluid in which we live. A body in movement will communicate its motion to the adjoining particles, which may be sensibly propagated by them to a considerable distance; but this cause operates so slightly in the production of atmospheric currents that it might be entirely overlooked. It will be sufficient to state that some of the vast oceanic streams are supposed to produce a corresponding

flow in the air. The varying attractions of the sun, moon, and planets on the atmosphere, will occasion tides in it analogous to those of the ocean, or an alteration in the heights of vertical columns of air, winds and currents arising from the resulting inequalities of horizontal pressure; but La Place has proved the action of this cause to be scarcely appreciable. The atmospheric agitations of which we are sensible, both the more violent and gentle, appear to proceed either from a change in the temperature of a portion of the air, or from a change in the quantity of water which it holds in a state of vapor. In both these cases a temporary destruction of the equilibrium subsisting between different parts of the atmosphere is produced, and its particles are set in motion to restore the balance. The effect of heat upon a volume of air is to rarefy and expand, to increase its bulk and diminish its density. When any portion, therefore, of the earth's surface is more heated than the surrounding districts, the air there ascends and flows over the adjoining cooler and denser strata, causing an upper outward current, while the colder and denser fluid rushes toward the spot where the balance has been lost by expansion, and a lower inward current is produced. An easy experiment will illustrate this interchange. In a room warmed by a good fire, if a candle be held at the crevice between the door and the floor, an inward current will be observed from the exterior colder air, but near the ceiling, by the same means, an outward flow will be detected. In the other condition an addition of vapor to the atmosphere gives rise to a wind blowing on all sides away from the district of evaporation, while an abstraction of it by showers creates a partial vacuum, toward which the air rushes from all points of the compass. The diversity of the winds in power is principally owing to the different degrees of vigor with which these causes act.

The currents of the atmosphere display an endless variety in their velocity and force, from the zephyr, which scarcely stirs the leaves of the forest, to the gale under which its mightiest branches bend, and the hurricane which tears up its trees by the roots and destroys the habitations of mankind. It has been observed that in the temperate zone the most violent winds occur, when neither the heat nor the cold common to such localities are at its maximum—that they generally extend over a considerable tract of country—and are accompanied by sudden and great falls in the mercury of the barometer. The latter circumstance attends the storms of the tropics, but they are often confined within narrower limits than the extra-tropical hurricanes. It was noticed by the superstitious as a coincidence, not without meaning, that at the time of Cromwell's death the enchained winds were liberated, and went forth raving and howling through the land, uprooting the largest trees, and whirling them about like straws, and toppling down chimneys and turrets; but the same tempest, at the self-same hour, dashed the vessels of the Baltic sea even upon the strand, and buried Venetian argosies in the Adriatic, shivered the pines of Norway, and swept before it the cypresses of the Bosphorus—a similar war of the elements attending the termination of the earthly career of Cardinal Wolsey, Bonaparte, and George IV. Sometimes the upper regions of the atmosphere have been remarkably agitated, while the lower stratum of the air has been quite calm. Lunardi, on one occasion, traveled at the rate of seventy miles an hour in his balloon, while at Edinburgh; when he ascended, the air was quite tranquil, and continued so throughout his expedition. To ascertain the velocity and force of winds, a variety of experiments have been made with instruments constructed for the purpose. The following table contains some results obtained by Smeaton, inserted in a volume of the Philosophical Transactions:—

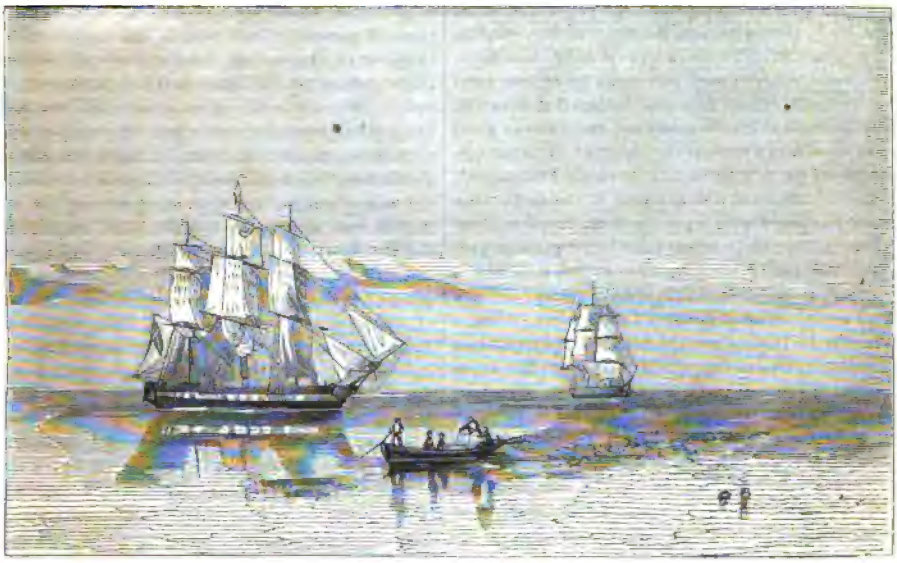
VELOCITY OF THE WIND.

Miles per Hour.	Feet per Second.	Perpendicular Force on one Square Foot, in Avoirdupois Pounds and Parts.	Characteristics.
1	1·47	.005	Hardly perceptible.
2	2·93	·020	Just Perceptible.
3	4·4	·044	
4	5·87	·079	Gentle, pleasant wind.
5	7·33	·123	
10	14·67	·492	Brisk wind.
15	22	1·107	
20	29·34	1·968	Very brisk wind.
25	36·37	3·075	
30	44·01	4·429	High wind.
35	51·34	6·027	
40	58·68	7·873	Very high wind.
45	66·01	9·963	
50	73·35	12·300	Storm.
60	88·02	17·715	Great storm.
80	117·36	31·490	Hurricane.
100	147·7	49·200	Hurricane carrying trees and buildings before it.

The currents of the atmosphere far surpass in velocity those of the rivers and the ocean, a gentle pleasant wind blowing at a rate equal to that of the mighty Father of Waters when in flood, but a hurricane will outstrip the swiftest locomotive in its speed. In speaking of the direction of currents of air and water, the indicating terms are employed in an inverse sense, an easterly wind signifying a breeze

coming from that quarter, an easterly stream a flow of water toward it. Winds may be divided into three classes or genera, the Permanent, the Periodical, and the Variable; of which, the first excepted, there are many different species. We shall prefer, however, to consider them under their local recognized titles.

1. *Trade winds.* These are permanent, following the same direction throughout the year. They are met with between the tropics, and a few degrees to the north and south of those limits. The well-known name applied to them is a phrase of doubtful origin, but probably derived from the facilities afforded to trade and commerce by their constant prevalence and generally uniform course, though Hakluyt speaks of the "wind blowing trade," meaning a regular tread



A Calm at Sea.

or track. The parallels of 28° north and south latitude mark the medium external limits of the trade winds, between which, with some variations, their direction is from the north-east, north of the equator, and from the south-east, on the other side of the line, hence called the north-east and south-east trades. They are separated from each other by the region of calms, in which a thick foggy air prevails, with frequent sudden and transient rains attended by thunder and lightning. This region, in the Atlantic, extends across the whole ocean from the coasts of Africa to those of America, but its position shifts, being sometimes entirely north of the equator, and but rarely reaching one or two degrees south; and hence it may be considered as belonging to the northern hemisphere. The region also varies in breadth from two and a half to ten degrees, but usually occupies a width of four or five. These variations are dependent upon the position of the sun, which has an influence likewise upon the strength, direction, and situation of the trade winds themselves. When the sun has a northern declination, and approaches the tropic of Cancer, the boundary line of the north-east trade wind extends to 32° north latitude, and the wind has a more easterly direction, but the parallel of 25° degrees is its northern boundary, and the wind inclines more north when the sun is south of the equator, and approaches the tropic of Capricorn. At that season, the southern boundary of the south-east trade wind extends to 30° S. lat., and the whole ocean is swept by it between that line and about 1° N. lat. The general width of the south-east trade is about 9° greater than that of the north-east, the region of calms, as before stated, being almost wholly in the northern hemisphere. In the basin of the Atlantic, the zone of the trade winds becomes broader, and their direction more easterly, as the coast of America is approached, the breezes blowing to the very shore. This is not the case on the African side of the Atlantic, where, through a tract of sea extending from fifty to eighty miles off shore, these winds are are not found at all, but contrary westerly breezes prevail. The irregularity is easily explained. Owing to the rarefaction which the air undergoes over the great hot desert of the Sahara, the colder air from the contiguous sea rushes in to supply the partial vacuum created, and keep up the equilibrium of the atmosphere, producing winds blowing toward the shore.

In the Pacific Ocean, a similar zone is occupied by permament north and south-easterly breezes, or trade winds, though subject to a variety of interruptions. An instance of irregularity occurs along the coasts of Peru and Chili, where the general direction of the wind is south, and a steady south-easterly wind is only experienced at the distance of five or

six hundred miles from the shore. The numerous shoals and islands which are found in the Pacific, prevent uniformity in the tropical movements of the atmosphere. That intelligent hydrographer Captain Horsburgh has observed, that where shoal coral banks shoot up out of the deep water in many places between the tropics, a decrease of the prevailing wind is frequently experienced; for when a steady wind is blowing over the surface of the deep water, no sooner does a ship get upon the verge of a shoal coral bank, than a sudden decrease of the wind is often perceived. This he supposes to be occasioned by the atmosphere over these banks being less rarefied by the increased evaporation than that over the deep water, and consequently not requiring so great a supply of air to restore the equilibrium as the circumjacent parts, which are more rarefied and heated. It would undoubtedly be the case, if the earth were entirely covered with a mantle of water of uniform depth, that the trade-winds would everywhere prevail, throughout a zone, bounded by the parallels of from 25° to 32° on each side of the equator. But the large masses of land, of uneven surface, which occur between the tropics, and the consequent inequalities of temperature, check the tendency of the intertropical atmosphere to a regular course, introduce derangement in its movements, so that it is only in the great open seas that the trade-winds are experienced. Still, it has been observed that, in some countries under and near the equator, constant easterly winds are found, which are no doubt identical in their cause with those that distinguish the equatorial regions of the ocean. They are met with on lands which exhibit extensive level plains, where nothing occurs to obstruct their passage and alter their direction. Thus, along the immense low tract drained by the Amazon an easterly wind prevails, by the assistance of which, the voyager is enabled to ascend rapidly against the strong current of the river. This wind blows from the estuary of the Amazon, where it is moderate, to its sources at the foot of the Andes, where it has gathered such strength, that Humboldt found it difficult to make head against it. The plain traversed by the lower course of the Orinoco has a similar easterly breeze, but of less force.

We owe the discovery of the trade winds to Columbus, and this would have been prominently connected with his name, had it not been supplanted by the glory of a greater achievement, the revelation of a new world to the knowledge of mankind. The ancients were entirely unacquainted with these permanent breezes, and though maritime adventure had been largely prosecuted by the Portuguese at the instigation of Prince Henry, they had not penetrated into the region of the trades. Proceeding cautiously along the shores of Barbary, they had explored the coasts of Africa to Cape de Verde, rescued the Azore Islands from the "oblivious empire of the ocean," and afterward, under Vasco di Gama, doubled the Cape of Good Hope; but these voyages carried them clear of the district of the north and south-east trade winds. But soon after leaving the Canaries in the Santa Maria, Columbus fell in with the former, which in the summer extend to the latitude of those islands, and—for the first time—a sail from the Old World swelled before the steady breath of the northern tropic. This circumstance, favorable to the success of his expedition, speedily excited the apprehensions of his crew, who found themselve borne, day after day, by a permanent breeze, farther from their native shores, and inferred the impossibility of returning, as they observed no change in its direction. Fortunately for his fame, and for the world, the great navigator firmly held on his course, reached the bounds of the before-supposed illimitable ocean, and re-crossed it in the region of the variables, to the north of the northern trade wind. Now, in passing from the Canaries to Cumana, on the north coast of South America, it is scarcely ever necessary to touch the sails of a ship; and with equal facility the passage is made across the Pacific, from Acapulco, on the west coast of Mexico, to the Philippine Islands. If a channel were cut through the Isthmus of Panama, the voyage to China would be remarkably facilitated by the trade winds of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans; be more speedy, agreeable, and safe than the usual route by the Cape, the chief interruption to its uniformity occurring in the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, where the trade wind blows impetuously, the sea is stormy, and the sky gray and cloudy

The theory respecting the origin of the trade winds, adopted by Doctor Dalton, Professor Daniell, and Sir John Herschel, was first proposed by George Hadley, the brother of the inventor of the quadrant, and embodies features of the previous theories of Halley and Galileo, who both grappled with this great geographical phenomenon. It is founded upon the rarefaction of the atmosphere of the torrid zone by the powerful heat to which that region is subject, in connection with the different velocities of the earth's surface, in different degrees of latitude, in the diurnal rotation. Heat rarefies and expands a volume of air in a ratio equivalent to an addition of about seventy feet to the ordinary height of the atmosphere for every degree of thermometrical measurement. As the sun is always vertical at some place within the tropics, the average temperature of the earth's surface in that region, bounded by the parallels of 23½° on each side of the equator, is much higher than in latitudes to the north and south; and the incumbent air acquiring this higher temperature, is thereby rarefied and expanded. The consequence is, that in obedience to hydrostatical laws, masses of air are continually buoyed up from the surface, or swelled round the torrid zone in the form of a protuberant belt, the upper strata flowing over, and running off in streams north and south toward the poles, where—having been cooled and condensed—they descend, and flow over the surface toward the equator, pouring in a perpetual current of air to supply the place of that buoyed up by the heat of the tropics. Thus, there is a constant current in the higher regions of the atmosphere, proceeding from the equator northward and southward to the poles; and, if the earth

were at rest, there would be a constant wind in the lower regions of the atmosphere blowing directly from the poles to the equator, while in equatorial regions the two streamlets would meet, and neutralize each other's influence. But the earth is not at rest! It is incessantly whirling upon its axis, the surface moving at a rate which varies according to the extent of the circumference. The velocity at the equator, where the circumference is the greatest, is about sixteen miles a minute; at 30° of latitude, which is below the most southerly point of Europe, it is about fourteen miles in the same time; and at 45°, or about the centre of France, it is about eleven miles. As the distance from the equator increases, north and south, the rate of the rotation thus becomes less, because the circle of the earth's circumference diminishes in extent. Now a current of air flowing from the north or south polar regions, and setting toward the equator, will encounter as it proceeds an increased rotatory motion eastward, the direction of the earth's axical revolution; and, not acquiring the new velocity at once, it will be left behind, and seem to deflect toward the west just in proportion as it does not keep up with the earth to the east. Hence, what would simply be a north or south wind but for the earth's rotatory motion, becomes a north-east and south-east wind as it approaches those regions where, the velocity of the globe being so much greater than where it orignated, it lags behind it in its easterly course. This is the exact path of the trade winds—breezes, with few exceptions, uniform in their direction, perpetual in their motion, and steady in their force—which wafted Columbus across the Atlantic, impelled the Portuguese from their southerly course, and bore them to the Brazils, and have since been important auxiliaries to the communication of the eastern with the western continent.

The existence of a current in the upper regions of the atmosphere counter to that below, assumed by the preceding theory, is not mere hypothesis. Clouds, though of rare occurrence in the district of the trade winds, have been observed to take a direction contrary to that which the surface-breezes would have given them. A circumstance remarkably in favor of the counter-current inferred from theory, occurred in the year 1812. There was then an eruption of the volcano of St. Vincent, one of the West India Islands, which covered the island of Barbadoes with a quantity of the ashes and volcanic matter ejected. The trade wind here blows with great power, and it is certain that the volcanic ashes would have been conveyed in a direction from Barbadoes, instead of toward it, by its action. To account for their transportation thither, it is necessary to suppose that the volcano ejected them to an elevation within reach of a superior stratum of air, blowing contrary to the course of the inferior current. When Humboldt was upon the Peak of Teneriffe the west wind blew with such violence that he could scarcely stand, though the island below was under the influence of the ordinary north-east trade wind; and the remark has often been made, that in the elevated parts of the Canary Islands, a contrary wind has been experienced to that which has been prevailing over the general surface.

All mariners and passengers have spoken with delight of the region of the trade winds, not only on account of the favoring gale, but its genial influence, the transparent atmosphere, the splendid sunsets, and the brilliancy of the unclouded heavens, day and night. Columbus, in recording his first voyage into their territory, compares the air, soft and refreshing without being cool, to that of the pure and balmy April mornings he had experienced in Andalusia, wanting but the song of the nightingale and the sight of the groves, to complete the fancy that he was sailing along the Gaudalquivir, "It is marvelous," observes Las Casas, "the suavity which we experience when half way toward these Indies; and the more the ships approach the lands so much more do they perceive the temperance and softness of the air, the clearness of the sky, and the amenity and fragrance sent forth from the groves and forests; much more certainly than in April in Andalusia." Humboldt lingers with pleasure, upon his first acquaintance with the tropical regions at sea, upon the mildness of the climate and the beauty of the southern sky, gradually opening new constellations to the view, stars contemplated from infancy progressively sinking and finally disappearing below the horizon, an unknown firmament unfolding its aspect, and scattered nebulæ rivaling in splendor the milky way. "A traveler," he states, "has no need of being a botanist, to recognize the torrid zone, on the mere aspect of its vegetation; and without having acquired any notions of astronomy, without any acquaintance with the celestial charts of Flamstead and De la Caille, he feels he is not in Europe, when he sees the immense constellation of the Ship, or the phosphorescent clouds of Magellan, arise on the horizon. We pass those latitudes, as if we were descending a river, and we might deem it no hazardous undertaking, if we made the voyage in an open boat." Mr. Bailey, in his Four Years in the West Indies, relates an adventure, nearly answering to that here referred to. The master of one of the small fishing smacks that ply along the coast of Scotland, who had no other knowledge of navigation than that which enabled him to keep his dead reckoning, and to take the sun with his quadrant at noon-day, having heard that sugar was a very profitable cargo, determined, by way of speculation, upon a trip to St. Vincent, to bring a few hogsheads of the commodity on his own account into the Scottish market. Accordingly, he freighted his vessel; made sail; crossed the Bay of Biscay in a gale; got into the trade winds, and scudded before them, at the rate of seven knots an hour, trusting to his dead reckoning all the way. He spoke no vessel during the whole voyage; and never once saw land until on the morning of the thirty-fifth day, when he descried St. Vincent's right ahead, and running down, under a light breeze, along the windward coast of the island, came to anchor. The private signal of the little vessel was unknown to any of the merchants, and it immediately attracted notice. The

natives were perfectly astonished—they had never heard of such a feat before; and deemed it quite impossible that a mere fishing smack, worked only by four men, and commanded by an ignorant master, should plow the billows of the Atlantic, and reach the West Indies in safety—yet so it was. This relation justifies the title given by the Spaniards to the zone where the trade winds are constant, *el Golpo de las Damas*, the Sea of the Ladies, on account of the ease with which it may be navigated, the uniform temperature prevalent night and day, and its pacific aspect.

2. *Monsoons.* These are periodical winds, which sweep the northern part of the Indian Ocean, changing their direction after an interval of about six months, and hence the term Monsoon, the Anglicised form of the Persic *mousum*, or the Malay *moossin*, signifying a *season*, referring to their periodicity. Avoiding all minute detail, we shall merely give the range, direction, and duration of these singular, yet highly useful currents, and that in a very general way. From 3° south of the equator to the northern shores of the Indian Ocean, including the Arabian Sea, the Bay of Bengal, and the Chinese Sea, a south-west wind blows from April to October, and then a north-east wind sets in, and prevails through the next half year, from October to April. From 3° to 10° south of the equator a south-east

Commencement of the Monsoon.

wind blows from April to October, and a north-west during the succeeding six months. Without attending to local variations, these are the general phenomena. There is a *south-west* wind prevailing north of the equator from April to October, and southward of this, through a certain space, at the same season, a *south-east* wind. There is a *north-east* wind north of the equator from October to April, and coincidently, a *north-west* wind between 3° and 10° south of the line. The western boundary of the region of the monsoons is the African shore; its eastern limit is supposed to be about the meridian of 136° east longitude, which cuts the island of New Guinea; its northern confine is near the parallel of 27° north latitude, which intersects the Loo Choo islands; its southern extremity has been already stated. The monsoons are much stronger than the trade winds, and may be called gales, but they are by no means of uniform force, either as it respects themselves or each other, the same monsoon occasionally blowing with such violence that ships are obliged to reef their sails. It must not be imagined that these winds are confined to the ocean. They extend over the whole of Hindûstan to the Himalaya, the north-east monsoon bringing copious rains to its eastern shores, and the south-west monsoon performing the same office for its western coast.

The change of the monsoon—the periodical shifting of the wind—the most singular feature of the case, is a gradual process, usually occupying about a month, which reduces the reign of the two annual monsoons, north and south of the equator, to five

months each, the remaining two months being spent in the transitions. In each interval of change, calms, light variable breezes, alternate with storms of tremendous violence. Mr. Caunter thus describes the scene at Madras, in the interim between the cessation of one monsoon and the setting in of another: "On the 15th of October, the flag-staff was struck, as a signal for all vessels to leave the roads, lest they should be overtaken by the monsoon. On that very morning some premonitory symptoms of the approaching "war of elements" had appeared. As the house we occupied overlooked the beach, we could behold the setting in of the monsoon in all its grand and terrific sublimity. The wind, with a force which nothing could resist, bent the tufted heads of the tall, slim cocoa-nut trees almost to the earth, flinging the light sand into the air in eddying vortices, until the rain had either so increased its gravity, or beaten it into a mass, as to prevent the wind from raising it. The pale lightning streamed from the clouds in broad sheets of flame, which appeared to encircle the heavens as if every element had been converted into fire, and the world was on the eve of a general conflagration, whilst the peal, which instantly followed, was like the explosion of a gunpowder magazine. The heavens seemed to be one vast reservoir of flame, which was propelled from its voluminous bed by some invisible but omnipotent agency, and threatened to fling its fiery ruin upon every thing around. In some parts, however, of the pitchy vapor by which the skies were by this time completely overspread, the lightning was seen only occasionally to glimmer in faint streaks of light, as if struggling, but unable, to escape from its prison, igniting, but too weak to burst, the impervious bosoms of those capacious magazines in which it was at once engendered and pent up. So heavy and continuous was the rain, that scarcely any thing, save those vivid bursts of light which nothing could arrest or resist, was perceptible through it. The thunder was so painfully loud, that it frequently caused the ear to throb; it seemed as if mines were momentarily springing in the heavens, and I could almost fancy that one of the sublimest fictions of heathen fable was realized at this moment before me, and that I was hearing an assault of the Titans. The surf was raised by the wind and scattered in thin billows of foam over the esplanade, which was completely powdered with the white, feathery spray. It extended several hundred yards from the beach; fish, upward of three inches long, were found upon the flat roofs of houses in the town, during the prevalence of the monsoon, either blown from the sea by the violence of the gales, or taken up in the water-spouts, which are very prevalent in this tempestuous season. When these burst, whatever they contain is frequently borne by the sweeping blast to a considerable distance over-land, and deposited in the most uncongenial situations; so that now, during the violence of these tropical storms, fish are found alive on the tops of houses; nor is this any longer a matter of surprise to the established resident in India, who sees every year a repetition of this singular phenomenon. During the extreme violence of the storm, the heat was occasionally almost beyond endurance, particularly after the first day or two, when the wind would at intervals entirely subside, so that not a breath of air could be felt, and the punka afforded but a partial relief to that distressing sensation which is caused by the oppressive stillness of the air so well known in India." It is an extraordinary but well-ascertained fact, that as soon as one monsoon ceases, though a month may elapse before the succeeding one appears, the clouds take the direction of the approaching monsoon, and thus from the regions of the atmosphere herald its advent to the dwellers below.

We naturally inquire concerning the origin of these peculiar movements, but must be content with a very scanty measure of information upon the subject. The laws which nature obeys in these periodical changes are undoubtedly identical with those which give rise to atmospheric currents in general, but their mode of operation is in this case obscure. The north-east and south-east monsoons, the former on the north and the latter on the south side of the equator, may be considered as trade winds, explicable upon the same principles, but counteracted for a certain time by causes which produce winds from a different quarter, the south-west and north-west monsoons. It has been observed that the south-west monsoon, which prevails to the north of the equator, is coincident with the sun being vertical to that region, when Hindûstan, Siam, and the adjacent countries receive their maximum of heat. Consequently, the incumbent air, being rarefied, ascends, and a rush of colder air to supply its place, is produced from the southward, which is then receiving the oblique rays of the sun, and which presenting a surface of water is immensely less heated than the lands to which the luminary is perpendicular. In like manner, the north-west monsoon, which prevails south of the equator, is coincident with the sun being south of it likewise, and vertical to the region, when the sandy plains of New Holland become powerfully heated, and the air over them rarefied, creating a wind by the rush of the colder northern air toward the point of rarefaction. These are the explanations commonly given, and though in several respects they do not account for all the phenomena, yet the probability is, that they present the correct theory, anomalous circumstances arising from the influence of causes which are local and as yet unknown. The monsoons are more valuable as auxiliaries to commerce than the trade winds, owing to the change in their direction, for a ship may proceed to a distant port with one monsoon and be aided on its return by its successor.

3. *Land and sea breezes.* A line in one of our popular songs,

"How sweetly the breeze blows off the shore,"

refers to the wind which begins at evening to blow from the coasts situated between and near the tropics: and an equally grateful breeze blows by day from the sea to the shore in those warm climates. The inequality of the solar action on the land and

Vesuvius from St. Elmo.

water, together with the tendency of the atmosphere to preserve an uniform density, is the cause of these periodically shifting currents. During the day the land acquires a temperature higher than that of the ocean, and the air over it is therefore rarefied and ascends, and the cooler air from the sea glides in to fill the partial vacuum produced. At night, the land rapidly cools with the atmosphere over it; but the sea and the air in connection with it retain a nearly equal temperature, in consequence of which, the colder and heavier land-air displaces the less dense or lighter air over the water, and a wind from the shore is created. The smoke of Vesuvius beautifully exemplifies this diurnal change in the direction of the atmospheric currents along the shore, its long tail stretching landward for a few hours, and then veering round to seaward. In the Mediterranean and the West Indies, the land breeze usually begins at six or seven o'clock in the evening, and blows until eight in the morning, when the sea breeze begins, increasing till mid-day, and gradually dying away in the afternoon, a period of stillness occurring between the changes, as between the ebbing and flowing of the tide. The sea-breeze of the Mediterranean in summer is said to be perceptible sometimes as far north as Norway. These draughts of the cool air of the ocean are important benefactions to various countries, where the heat would otherwise be insupportable. Along the coast of Malabar, the alternate breezes are powerfully felt, the land wind extending in summer a considerable distance out to sea, redolent with the roses and spices of the shore. Though the land and sea breezes are most sensible in tropical countries, yet in far remote latitudes, and especially around lakes, the same diurnal shifting in the direction of the wind is experienced. The change of temperature in the air over a spacious lake, caused by the succession of day and night, has been computed to be about thirty times less than that which takes place in the atmosphere of the surrounding land—the air over the land being much more heated during the day, and much less heated during the night, than that over the lake—an inequality of temperature which necessarily occasions a breeze from the lake by day, and toward it by night.

The old and faithful voyager, Captain Dampier, in a quaint but pleasing style, has given the most exact description of these remarkable winds, as they occur in tropical latitudes. "These sea-breezes do commonly rise in the morning about nine o'clock, sometimes sooner, sometimes later; they first approach the shore so gently, as if they were afraid to come near it, and oftimes they make some faint breathings, and, as if not willing to offend, they make a halt, and seem ready to retire. I have waited many a time, both ashore to receive the pleasure, and at sea to take the benefit of it. It comes in a fine, small, black curl upon the water, whereas all the sea between it and the shore, not yet reached by it, is as smooth and even as glass in comparison. In half an hour's time after it has reached the shore, it fans pretty briskly, and so increaseth, gradually, till twelve o'clock; then it is commonly strongest, and lasts so till two or three a very brisk gale; about twelve at noon it also veers off to sea two or three points, or more in very fair weather. After three

o'clock, it begins to die away again, and gradually withdraws its force till all is spent; and about five o'clock, sooner or later, according as the weather is, it is lulled asleep, and comes no more till the next morning.

"Land-breezes are as remarkable as any winds that I have yet treated of; they are quite contrary to the sea-breezes; for those blow right from the shore, but the sea-breeze right in upon the shore; and as the sea-breezes do blow in the day and rest in the night, so, on the contrary, these do blow in the night and rest in the day, and so they do alternately succeed each other. For when the sea-breezes have performed their offices of the day, by breathing on their respective coasts, they, in the evening, do either withdraw from the coast, or lie down to rest. Then the land-winds, whose office it is to breathe in the night, moved by the same order of divine impulse, do rouse out of their private recesses, and gently fan the air till the next morning, and then their task ends, and they leave the stage. There can be no proper time set when they do begin in the evening, or when they retire in the morning, for they do not keep to an hour, but they commonly spring up between six and twelve in the evening, and last till six, eight, or ten in the morning. They both come and go away again earlier or later, according to the weather, the season of the year, or some accidental cause from the land. For, on some coasts, they do rise earlier, blow fresher, and remain later than on other coasts, as I shall show hereafter.

"These winds blow off to sea, a greater or less distance, according as the coast lies more or less exposed to the sea-winds; for, in some places, we find them brisk three or four leagues off shore; in other places, not so many miles, and, in some places, they scarce peep without the rocks; or if they do sometimes, in very fair weather, make a sally out a mile or two, they are not lasting, but suddenly vanish away, though yet, there are every night as fresh land-winds ashore, at these places, as in any other part of the world. Indeed, these winds are an extraordinary blessing to those that use the sea in any part of the world within the tropics; for as the constant trade-winds do blow, there could be no sailing in these seas; but by the help of the sea and land-breezes, ships will sail 200 or 300 leagues, as particularly from Jamaica to the Lagune of Trist, in the Bay of Campeachy, and then back again, all against the trade-wind. The seamen that sail in sloops or other small vessels in the West Indies do know very well when they shall meet a brisk land-wind by the fogs that hang over the land before night; for it is a certain sign of a good land-wind to see a thick fog lie still and quiet, like smoke over the land, not stirring any way; and we look out for such signs when we are plying to windward. For if we see no fog over the land, the land-wind will be but faint and short that night. These signs are to be observed chiefly in fair weather; for in the wet season fogs do hang over the land all the day, and it may be neither land-wind nor sea-breeze stirring. If in the afternoon, also, in fair weather, we see a tornado over the land, it commonly sends us forth a fresh land-wind. These land-winds are very cold, and though the sea-breezes are always much stronger, yet these are colder by far. The sea-breezes, indeed, are very comfortable and refreshing; for the hottest time in all the day, is about nine, ten, or eleven o'clock in the morning, in the interval between both breezes; for then it is commonly calm, and then people pant for breath, especially if it is late before the sea-breeze comes, but afterward the breeze allays the heat. However, in the evening again, after the sea-breeze is spent, it is very hot till the land-wind springs up, which is sometimes not till twelve o'clock or after."

4. *Etesian winds.* The ancients gave this designation, from *annual*, to periodical winds which blow from the north-east in the summer months, for about six weeks, throughout the Mediterranean and adjacent countries, but mostly in the eastern branch, including the Adriatic and the Archipelago. The term Meltem is now applied to them by the fishermen, a corruption, probably, of *mal temps*, referring to the fury with which they blow, and to the danger to which their small craft become exposed. On land, they are more favorably regarded. These winds are noticed by Pliny, Seneca, and Cicero, the latter of whom says, that in Italy they are equally comfortable and salutary to men, beasts, and birds, and likewise beneficial to vegetation, by moderating the violent heat of the weather during the inclement season of the dog-days. In the Levant, they commence toward the middle of July, about nine in the morning, continuing only in the day-time. The sun at that season is powerfully heating the earth under the tropic of Cancer, and rarefying the atmosphere south of the Mediterranean, thus giving birth to the north-east etesian gales.

5. *Khamsin, Samiel, Simoom, Harmattan, Sirocco.* These are local titles of winds differing greatly in geographical position and direction, and also in some of their properties, but prevalent in desert regions, or in countries adjacent to them, and having one universal character of being hot blasts. The Khamsin is a hot south wind, which soon after the vernal equinox begins to blow in Egypt, continuing at intervals during a period of about fifty days, to which the name refers. The two next are entirely identical, the Samiel being the name given by the Turks to the wind which the Arabs called the Simoom. It is common in Syria, Arabia, and Nubia, deleterious in its mildest forms, occasionally destructive, many a pilgrim to the shrine of the Prophet at Mecca, and merchant to the marts of Bagdad, having perished by its noxious suffocating influence. Bruce suffered from it when ascending the Nile, he and his company becoming so enervated as to be incapable of pitching their tents, oppressed as well by an intolerable headache. "The poisonous simoom," he remarks, when at Chendi, "blew as if it came from an oven; our eyes were dim, our lips cracked, our knees tottering, our throats perfectly dry; and no relief was found from drinking an immoderate quantity of water." The most complete account of the simoom and its effects has been given

by Volney, whose accuracy here has been repeatedly confirmed. "Travelers," he states, "have mentioned these winds under the name of poisonous winds; or, more correctly, hot winds of the desert. Such in fact is their quality; and their heat is sometimes so excessive that it is difficult to form an idea of their violence without having experienced it; but it may be compared to the heat of a large oven at the moment of drawing out the bread. When these winds begin to blow, the atmosphere assumes an alarming aspect. The sky, at other times so clear in this climate, becomes dark and heavy; the sun loses its splendor, and appears of a violet color. The air is not cloudy, but gray and thick; and is in fact filled with an extremely subtle dust, that penetrates everywhere. This wind, always light and rapid, is not at first remarkably hot, but it increases in heat in proportion as it continues. All animated bodies soon discover it by the change it produces in them. The lungs, which a too rarefied air no longer expands, are contracted and become painful. Respiration is short and difficult, the skin parched and dry, and the body consumed by an internal heat. In vain is recourse had to large draughts of water; nothing can restore perspiration. In vain is coolness sought for; all bodies in which it is usual to find it deceive the hand that touches them. Marble, iron, water, notwithstanding the sun no longer appears, are hot. The streets are deserted, and the dead silence of night reigns everywhere. The inhabitants of towns and villages shut themselves up in their houses—and those of the desert in their tents, or in pits they dig in the earth—where they wait the termination of this destructive heat. It usually lasts three days, but if it exceeds that time it becomes insupportable. Wo to the traveler whom this wind surprises remote from shelter! he must suffer all its dreadful consequences, which sometimes are mortal. The danger is most imminent when it blows in squalls, for then the rapidity of the wind increases the heat to such a degree as to cause sudden death. This death is a real suffocation; the lungs being empty are convulsed, the circulation disordered, and the whole mass of blood driven by the heat toward the head and breast; whence that hæmorrhage at the nose and mouth which happens after death. This wind is especially fatal to persons of a plethoric habit, and those in whom fatigue has destroyed the tone of the muscles and vessels. The corpse remains a long time warm, swells, turns blue, and is easily separated; all of which are signs of that putrid fermentation which takes place when the humors become stagnant. These accidents are to be avoided by stopping the nose and mouth with handkerchiefs; an efficacious method is also that practiced by the camels, who bury their noses in the sand, and keep them there till the squall is over. Another quality of this wind is its extreme aridity, which is such, that water sprinkled upon the floor evaporates in a few minutes. By this extreme dryness it withers and strips all the plants, and by exhaling too suddenly the emanations from animal bodies, crisps the skin, closes the pores, and causes that feverish heat which is the invariable effect of suppressed perspiration." The current of the simoom is seldom of any considerable breadth, but different examples of it have been traversing a tract of country of but scanty area at the same time, and several cases of disaster from it upon an extensive scale are upon record. The opinion is now commonly held, that the destruction of the Assyrian army, when

"The angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still,"

was accomplished by the agency of the simoom, directed by the Almighty Will over the host of Senacherib—an interpretation which the terms of the prophetic announcement of the avenging stroke remarkably support: "Behold I will send a blast upon him."

The Harmattan, a periodical hot wind from the desert, differs remarkably from the simoom. It blows from the interior of the great Sahara, from the north-east, over Senegambia and Guinea, to that part of the coast of Africa lying between Cape Verde in 15° north latitude to Cape Lopez in 1° degree south latitude, a coast line of upward of two thousand miles. It occurs during December, January, and February, generally three or four times in that season. The harmattan is the local name of the wind among the Fantees, a nation on the Gold Coast. It comes on indiscriminately at any hour of the day, at any time of the tide, or at any period of the moon, continuing sometimes only a day or two, at other times five or six days, and it has been known to last upward of a fortnight. A fog or haze is one of the peculiarities which always accompanies this wind, occasioning a gloom which frequently renders even near objects obscure, through which the sun appears for a short time about noon, having a wild red aspect. Though the wind blows out to sea for ten or twelve leagues, the fog is confined to the land, and leaves a deposition of fine whitish particles upon the grass and trees. Extreme dryness is another property of the harmattan. No dew falls during its continuance, nor is there the least appearance of moisture in the atmosphere. Vegetables of every kind suffer; all tender plants and most of the productions of the garden are destroyed; the grass withers, and becomes dry like hay; vigorous evergreens feel the pernicious influence; the branches of the lemon, orange, and lime trees droop, the leaves become flaccid, and so parched as to be easily rubbed to dust between the fingers, should the harmattan blow for several successive days. Among other extraordinary effects of the extreme dryness, it is stated, that the covers of books, though closely shut up in a trunk, are bent as if they had been exposed to a fire. Household furniture cracks, the panels of the doors split, and any veneered work flies to pieces. Another, and the most striking feature of the harmattan, is its salubrity. Though prejudicial to vegetable life, and occasioning disagreeable parching effects on the human species, yet it is highly conducive to health. Those laboring previously under fevers generally re-

cover during its prevalence, the feeble gain strength, and malignant diseases disappear. It seems that as this wind immediately follows the rainy season on the African coast, during which diseases are induced by an excess of moisture, the harmattan, invested with extraordinary dryness, removes humidity from the atmosphere, and counteracts its effects.

The Sirocco is analogous to the Khamsin, but milder. It is a hot south-east wind prevailing in the Mediterranean, in Italy and Sicily, but felt most violently in the country around Naples, and at Palermo. It sometimes commences faintly about the summer solstice, but blows occasionally with great force in the month of July. Mr. Brydone, writing from Palermo, and referring to July 8th, observes—

"On Sunday, we had the long-expected sirocco wind, which, although our expectations had been raised pretty high, yet I own greatly exceeded them. Friday and Saturday were uncommonly cool, the mercury never being higher than 72½: and, although the sirocco is said to have set in early on Sunday morning, the air in our apartments, which are very large, with high ceilings, was not in the least affected by it at eight o'clock, when I rose. I opened the door without having any suspicion of such a change, and, indeed, I never was more astonished in my life. The first blast of it on my face felt like the burning steam from the mouth of an oven. I drew back my head and shut the door, calling out to Fullarton that the whole atmosphere was in a flame. However, we ventured to open another door that leads to a cool platform, where we usually walk; this was not exposed to the wind, and here I found the heat much more supportable than I could have expected from the first specimen I had of it at the other door. It felt somewhat like the subterraneous sweating-stoves at Naples, but still much hotter. In a few minutes, we found every fibre greatly relaxed, and the pores opened to such a degree, that we expected soon to be thrown into a profuse sweat. I went to examine the thermometer, and found the air in the room as yet so little affected that it stood only at 73. The preceding night it was at 72½. I took it out in the open air, when it immediately rose to 110, and soon after to 112; and I am confident, that in our old lodgings, or anywhere within the city, it must have risen several degrees higher. The air was thick and heavy, but the barometer was little affected—it had fallen only about a line. The sun did not once appear the whole day, otherwise I am persuaded the heat must have been insupportable; on that side of our platform which is exposed to the wind, it was with difficulty we could bear it for a few minutes. Here I exposed a little pomatum, which was melted down as if I had laid it before the fire. I attempted to take a walk in the street, to see if any creature was stirring, but I found it too much for me, and was glad to get up stairs again. This extraordinary heat continued till three o'clock in the afternoon, when the wind changed at once, almost to the opposite point of the compass." All nature languishes under the influence of this wind: vegetation droops and withers; the Italians suffering from it not less than strangers. When any feeble literary production appears, the strongest phrase of disapprobation they can bestow is—*era scritto in tempo del sirocco*, "it was written in the time of the sirocco." There can be little doubt but that this hot south-east wind sweeps across the Mediterranean from the shores of Africa. It is some compensation that the season of this oppressive blast is also that of the north-east Etesian winds, and not unfrequently, after a few hours' experience of the enfeebling influence of the sirocco, the tramontane—or north-wind—follows with its invigorating breath.

Hot winds, resembling the sirocco of Sicily and Italy, prevail in New South Wales, and are supposed to derive their heat from tracts of unknown deserts in the intertropical regions of that island-continent. "One might almost fancy," says Mrs. Meredith, "the Ancient Mariner to have experienced one during his ghostly voyage, he so accurately describes their aspect—

> All in a hot and copper sky,
> The bloody sun, at noon,
> Right up above the mast did stand,
> No bigger than the moon.

The sirocco of that country always blows from the north-west. At Sydney, its oven-like temperature is moderated by the mid-day sea-breeze; but in the interior it is severely felt, and is often fatal to the vegetation. Every green thing droops and dies, dried up like half-burnt paper. Large tracts of cultivated land, covered with luxuriant green crops of wheat or barley, just going into ear, are scorched, shriveled, and absolutely blackened by the heat, and become fit for nothing but to be cut as litter; and of course the delicate plants and flowers of the gardens are not spared by the "burning breath of the fervid Air-king."

6. *Hurricanes.*—Sudden and tremendous bursts of storm are common in mountainous districts, and in the plains which lie at the base of those vast piles of nature's building. Their peaks, exposed by elevation to intense cold, and covered with perpetual snow, cool and condense the warm air rising up from the regions below, which descends with an impetus proportioned to its own gravity and the lighter condition of the air over the regions below, and a tempest ensues upon considerable condensation and rarefaction in adjoining regions of the atmosphere. This is the origin of the *pamperos*, or south-west winds, which rush from the snows of the Andes, and sweeping over the level pampas with unchecked violence, become hurricanes before their arrival at Buenos Ayres, and carry to the city clouds of dust collected from the plains, occasioning almost total darkness in the streets. So sudden is the operation of the pampero, that persons bathing in the river Plate have been drowned by the agitation of its waters, through the tempest, before they could possibly reach the shore. Captain Fitzroy relates, when in his ship upon the river, that a small boat had been hauled ashore above high-water mark, and fastened with a strong rope to a large stone; but the pampero set in, and afterward the boat was found far from the

Hurricane in the Tropics.

beach, shattered to pieces, but still fast to the stone, which it had dragged along.

But this violent movement of the atmosphere is remarkably beneficial in its general effect to the inhabitants of the pampas of Buenos Ayres and on the banks of the Plata. The prevailing winds through a great part of the year are northerly; and these passing over extensive marshy tracts bring with them a degree of humidity, which renders the land rife with fever and pestilence, till the pampero rushes down from the Andes and clears the atmosphere. A somewhat similar wind is one of our own physical phenomena, hitherto unexplained, to the violence of which the tourist to the Cumberland lakes may occasionally be exposed in spring and autumn. This is the Helm-wind. Hutchinson, in the history of the county, and the Rev. J. Watson, in a report to the British Association, have given an account of its singular features. When not a breath of air is stirring, or a cloud is to be seen, a line of clouds will be suddenly formed over the summits of the lofty ridge of mountains at Hartside, extending several miles on the western side. To this collection of vapors the term Helm is applied from its shape. It exhibits an awful and solemn appearance, spreading a gloom over the regions below, like the shadows of night. Parallel to this, another line of clouds, called the Bar, begins to form. The two lines unite together at their extremities, and embrace between them an elliptical cloudless space, from half a mile to four or five miles in breadth, and from eight to thirty miles in length; the breadth being from east to west, and the length from north to south. Soon after the complete formation of the Helm-bar, a violent wind issues from the space between the clouds, generally blowing directly from the east, and with such power that trees have been dismantled of their foliage, stacks of grain dispersed, and heavy vehicles overturned. The Helm-wind has continued for as much as nine days together, with a noise resembling that of a violent sea-storm, but it is seldom accompanied with any rain. It has been suggested, that the air from the coast of Northumberland, being cooled as it rises to the summit of the mountains, and there condensed, descends from thence with great force, by its gravity, into the district, to the west of Hartside, the scene of the phenomenon: but obviously a variety of other causes must enter into its production.

In several parts of the globe, an extensive vacuum being suddenly created in the atmosphere by the agency of electricity, the surrounding air rushes in with immense impetuosity from all points of the compass, blowing in gusts of resistless power, destroying all the productions of the earth, leveling forests and the finest buildings, and inundating whole tracts of country by the deluge of rain with which they are accompanied. These storms seldom occur far out in the open ocean, or beyond the tropics, or nearer the equator than nine or ten degrees. Their principal localities are the West India Islands, those of Madagascar, Mauritius, and Bourbon, the northwest coast of Africa, the Bay of Bengal, and the Chinese Sea, where they are variously called hurricanes, tornadoes, and typhoons. A heavy swell upon the sea, a dusky redness of the sky, a close oppressive air, and a wild irregularity in the appearance of things, are the usual precursors of a tropical tempest. Though generally confined to the districts mentioned, where they are of frequent occurrence, the extra-tropical latitudes, at more distant intervals, experience the force of the hurricane.

> "When were the winds
> Let slip with such a warrant to destroy?
> When did the waves so haughtily o'erleap
> Their ancient barriers, deluging the dry?"

This is the language of Cowper in the Task, respecting the year 1783, when—amid the other events of that portentous season, noticed upon a previous page—a succession of storms, accompanied with violent rains, visited the whole of Great Britain, and caused considerable damage. But what is known in our records as the "Great Storm," occurred on the night of the 26th and the morning of the 27th of November 1703, and has been referred to by almost all the

writers of that period. Derham, in the Philosophical Transactions for the year following, states—

"Of the preceding parts of the year (1703), the months of April, May, June, and July were wet in the southern parts of England, particularly in May, when more rain fell than in any month of any year since 1690; June also was very wet; and though July had considerable intermissions, yet on the 28th and 29th there fell violent showers of rain, and the newspapers gave accounts of great rains that month from divers places of Europe. On Thursday, November 25th, the day before the tempest, in the morning there was a little rain, the winds high in the afternoon. In the evening there was lightning, and between nine and ten o'clock at night, a violent but short storm of wind, and much rain. Next morning, November 26th, the wind was S. S. W., and high all day, and so continued till I was in bed and asleep. About twelve that night the storm awakened me, which gradually increased till near three that morning, and from thence till near seven it continued with the greatest violence; then it began to abate slowly and the mercury to rise swiftly." This tempest filled the whole kingdom with terror, and produced immense commercial loss, and many melancholy accidents. The country between the Loire in France and the Trent in England was the chief scene of its ravages. The historians of those times give an affecting account of the dismal appearance of the district. Houses unroofed—steeples blown down—stacks of corn scattered abroad—vessels dismasted or wrecked—and upward of eight thousand persons drowned. "The wind," says Oldmixon, "blew west-south-west, and grumbled like thunder, accompanied with flashes of lightning. It threw down several battlements and stacks of chimneys at St. James' Palace; tore to pieces tall trees in the Park; and killed a servant in the house. The Guard-house at Whitehall was much damaged, as was the Banqueting-house. A great deal of lead was blown off Westminster Abbey; and most of the lead on churches and houses either rolled up in sheets or loosened. The pious and learned prelate Doctor Richard Kidder, Bishop of Bath and Wells, and his lady, were killed by the fall of part of the old episcopal palace at Wells. The Bishop of London's sister, Lady Penelope Nicholas, was killed in like manner at Horsely in Sussex, and Sir John Nicholas—her husband—grievously hurt." Upward of 800 houses, 400 windmills, and 250,000 timber-trees were thrown down; 100 churches unroofed; 300 sail lost upon the coast; 900 wherries and barges destroyed on the Thames; the Eddystone light-house, built by Winstanley, was overthrown; 15,000 sheep, besides other cattle, were drowned by the overflowing of the Severn; and Rear-Admiral Beaumont, with the crews of several ships, perished on the Goodwin Sands.

The West Indies and the vicinity of the Mauritius seem to be two principal foci of hurricanes, from their frequency and tremendous violence in those localities. Of thirteen hurricanes, described by Colonel Reid, in his interesting attempt to develop the law of storms, eleven took place in the neighborhood of the Mauritius and Madagascar, which sanctions an opinion prevalent among seamen, that gales are commonly avoided by ships steering in a course so as to keep well to the eastward of the Mauritius. To give some idea of a tropical hurricane, the particulars gathered by Colonel Reid from various sources, respecting that which desolated several of the West India Islands in the year 1831, are here introduced. It passed over Barbadoes, St. Lucia, St. Domingo, and Cuba, swept the northern shores of the Gulf of Mexico, raged simultaneously at Pensacola, Mobile, and New Orleans, entered the adjoining states, and seems to have been disorganized by the opposition offered to its progress by the mountain region of the Alleghanies. The hurricane accomplished the distance of 2000 miles in 150 hours, at an average velocity of 13½ miles an hour, but the rate of its progressive motion was insignificant in comparison with that of its rotatory movement, a feature hereafter to be adverted to. Before its arrival at St. Vincent, a cloud was observed to the north by a resident, so threatening in its aspect and peculiar in its color, that of *olive green*, that, impressed with a sense of impending danger, he hastened home, and by nailing up his doors and windows saved his house from the general calamity. In this island, the most remarkable effect of the storm was the destruction of an extensive forest at its northern extremity, the trees of which were *killed without being blown down*. In 1832, these trees were frequently examined by Colonel Reid, and appeared not to have been killed by the wind, but by the immense quantity of electric matter rendered active during the storm. When at its height, two negroes at Barbadoes were greatly terrified by sparks of electricity passing off from one of them, as they were struggling in the darkness, in the garden of Coddrington College, to reach the main building, after the destruction of their hut. Such was the quantity of spray carried inland from the sea by the wind, that it rained salt water over the whole island, which killed the fresh-water fish in the ponds, and several ponds continued salt for some days after the storm. The afternoon that ushered in the hurricane, that of the 11th of August, was one of dismal gloom, but about four o'clock, there was an *obscure circle of imperfect light toward the zenith* subtending an angle of 35° or 40°. Variable squalls of wind and rain, with intervening calms, prevailed till midnight, when the lightning flashed fearfully, and a gale blew fiercely from the north and north-east. At 1 A. M. the wind increased, but suddenly shifted its quarter, blowing from north-west and intermediate points. Toward three o'clock, after a little intermission, the hurricane again burst from the western points, hurling before it thousands of missiles—the fragments of every unsheltered work of human art. The strongest houses vibrated to their foundations, and the surface of the earth trembled as the destroyer passed over it. There was no thunder at any time distinctly heard, but the horrible roar and yelling of the wind, the noise of the ocean, whose waves threatened the destruction of every thing in

Barbadoes that the other elements might spare, the clattering of tiles, the falling of roofs and walls, and the combination of a thousand other sounds, formed a hideous and appalling din. As soon as the dawn rendered outward objects visible, and, the storm abating, permitted the inhabitants of Bridgetown to venture out, a grand but distressing picture of ruin presented itself. From the summit of the cathedral tower, the whole face of the country appeared the wreck of its former condition. No sign of vegetation could be observed, except here and there a few patches of sickly green. The surface of the ground exhibited the scorching and blackening effect of the lightning. A few remaining trees, stripped of their boughs and foliage, wore a cold and wintry aspect; and the numerous villas in the neighborhood, formerly concealed amid thick groves, were exposed and in ruins.

In the year 1837, three hurricanes occurred in the West Indies and adjacent parts of the Atlantic, the narratives of which, as collected by Colonel Reid from different observers, present some singular features. The first passed over Barbadoes on the 26th of July. The sky assumed a blue-black appearance, with a red glare at the verge of the horizon. The flashes of lightning were accompanied with a whizzing noise, like that of a red-hot iron plunged in water. The barometer and sympiesometer fell rapidly and sunk to 28·45 inches. The Antigua hurricane, the second of that year, commenced in the Atlantic, on the night of the 31st of July, and was encountered by Captain Seymour, in the brigantine Judith and Esther of Cork. He observed near the zenith *a white appearance of a round form*, and while looking stedfastly at it, a sudden gust of wind carried away the topmast and lower scudding sails. During the hurricane the eyes of the crew were remarkably affected, their sight became dim, and every one of their *finger-nails turned quite black*, and remained so nearly five weeks afterward. The captain inferred, from the universality of the effect, that it could not have been produced by the firmness of the grasp with which they were holding by the rigging, but that the whole was caused by an electric body in the elements. On the 2d of August, in another situation, the Water Witch was caught by the skirts of the same storm, the wind blowing in squalls from the W. and N.N.W. till the evening, when "a calm succeeded," states Captain Newby, "for about ten minutes; and then, in the most tremendous, unearthly screech I ever heard, it recommenced from the south and south-west." The third hurricane of the year was met with by the Rawlins, about midnight of the 18th of August, when, after blowing violently for twelve hours from the north, in an instant a perfect calm ensued for an hour, and then, quick as thought, the wind sprung up with tremendous force from the south-west, no swell whatever preceding the convulsion. During this hurricane, an extraordinary phenomenon presented itself, resembling a *solid, black, perpendicular wall* about 15° or 20° above the horizon, which disappeared and became visible again several times, described by one of the observers, as "the most appalling sight he had ever seen during his life at sea." A similar spectacle is described by an officer on board the ship Tartarus, during a hurricane on the American coast in the year 1814:—"No horizon appeared, but only a something resembling an *immense wall* within ten yards of the ship." The power of the wind was remarkably exemplified during the great hurricane of 1780, which at Barbadoes forced its way into every part of the Government-house, and tore off most of the roof, though the walls were three feet thick, and the doors and windows had been well barricaded. Obliged to retreat from thence, the governor and his family fled to the ruins of the foundation of the flagstaff, and, compelled to relinquish that station, they with difficulty reached the cannon of the fortifications, under the carriages of which they took shelter. But here they were not secure, for the cannons were moved by the fury of the wind, and they dreaded every moment that the guns would be dismounted, and crush them by their fall. From the preceding accounts it appears that the agency of electricity is frequently extensively developed in hurricanes; that they have a progressive motion; that calms of short duration occur during their continuance; after which the wind bursts forth from a quarter different to that from which it has been blowing—peculiarities which have led to a theory respecting storms which may be considered as established in its leading principles.

Down to a very recent date, a hurricane was generally deemed to be simply a gale of wind pursuing with immense velocity a rectilinear direction. Colonel Capper departed from this idea after investigating the storms of the Indian Ocean, and published the conclusion in the year 1801, that the hurricanes he had examined in that region were real whirlwinds of varying diameter, having a progressive as well as a rotatory motion. The evidence collected from the records of an immense number of storms in the Atlantic by Mr. Redfield, of New York, and in the Indian Ocean by Colonel Reid, seems to place beyond all dispute the fact, that they occur in the form of a ring, having an outer circle, where the air revolves with intense velocity, and an interior space, the diameter of which is sometimes equal to several hundred miles, the vortex of the whirlwind, which is the scene of gusts and lulls, a comparatively slow progressive motion on the surface of land and sea distinguishing the whole. A hurricane which occurred at New Brunswick in the year 1835 strikingly exhibited the character of a revolving storm; for, while about the centre bodies of great weight were carried spirally upward, at the extremities the trees were thrown in opposite directions. The same circumstance was observed at Barbadoes in 1831, near the northern coast: the trees which the hurricane uprooted lay from N. N. W. to S. S. E., having been thrown down by a northerly wind, while in some other parts of the island they lay from S. to N., having been prostrated by a southerly wind. It is evident, therefore, that the direction of the wind at a particular point affords no indication of the course in which the whole revolving mass of the atmosphere

is advancing. Another singular conclusion respecting storms, which the American and Anglican philosophers, along with Professor Dove of Berlin, have arrived at by independent investigations, is, that the hurricanes in the southern hemisphere revolve in a *counter direction* to those in the northern; and while the axis of a storm in the North Atlantic has a progressive motion from the equator obliquely toward the north pole, that of one in the Indian Ocean proceeds obliquely from the equator toward the south pole. In the Pacific Ocean, a region of hurricanes, their revolving motion appears to be sanctioned by the evidence which has been obtained respecting them. Mr. Williams, the missionary, describes a hurricane at Raratonga, one of the Hervey Islands, during which the rain descended in deluging torrents, the lightning darted in fiery streams among the dense, black clouds, the thunder rolled deep and loud through the heavens, and the island trembled to its very centre as the war of the elements raged over it. Scarcely a banana or plaintain tree was left, either on the plains, or in the valleys, or upon the mountains; hundreds of thousands of which, on the preceding day, covered and adorned the land with their foliage and fruit, and immense chestnuts, which had withstood the storms of ages, were laid prostrate on the ground, while those that remained erect had scarcely a branch, and were all leafless. It was observed, that when the gale ended, the wind was in the west, whereas in the early part of its action the east end of the chapel had been blown in, which shows the wind then to have been in the east. The hurricanes of New South Wales have been observed to develop the same peculiarity. Mr. Meredith traced the path of one in the centre, and found at the termination a circle plainly shown, in which the trees lay *all* ways.

The cause of this rotatory motion of storms remains in obscurity, but it is probably due in part to the same law under which eddies or whirlpools are formed in water, by two currents being obliquely impelled against each other. The great hurricanes may thus be considered identical with the small local whirlwinds, which are common with us in the summer season, carrying upward and along the dust and loose grass in spiral columns, exhibiting a progressive and rotatory motion. In the region of the sandy deserts these atmospheric whirls transpire upon a great scale, raising up immense quantities of the loose particles in columns to a considerable height, which sweep along with prodigious violence, and have occasionally swallowed up whole caravans in their tremendous vortex.

> "Man mounts on man, on camels camels rush,
> Hosts march on hosts, and nations nations crush,
> Wheeling in air the winged islands fall,
> And one great earthy ocean covers all."

"One of the largest of these pillars of sand," says a modern traveler, Caille, "crossed our camp, overset all the seats, and whirling us about like straws, threw one of us on the other in the utmost confusion. We knew not where we were, and could not distinguish any thing at the distance of a foot. The sand wrapped us in darkness like a fog, and the sky and the earth seemed confounded and blended in one. Whilst this frightful tempest lasted we remained stretched on the ground motionless, dying of thirst, burned by the heat of the sand, and buffeted by the wind. We suffered nothing, however, from the sun, whose disk, almost concealed by the clouds of sand, appeared dim and deprived of its rays." Bruce has sketched with spirit several of these desert whirlwinds, of which he was an eye-witness:—"At one o'clock," he states, "we alighted among some acacia trees at Waadi el Halboub, having gone twenty-one miles. We were here at once surprised and terrified by a sight surely one of the most magnificent in the world. In that vast expanse of desert, from W. to N. W. of us, we saw a number of prodigious pillars of sand at different distances, at times moving with great celerity, at others stalking on with a majestic slowness; at intervals we thought they were coming in a few minutes to overwhelm us; and small quantities of sand did actually more than once reach us. Again they would retreat so as to be almost out of sight, their tops reaching to the very clouds. There the tops often separated from the bodies, and these, once disjoined, dispersed in the air, and did not appear more. Sometimes they were broken in the middle, as if struck with large cannon-shot. About noon they began to advance with considerable swiftness upon us, the wind being very strong at the north. Eleven of them ranged alongside of us about the distance of three miles. The greatest diameter of the largest appeared to me at that distance as if it would measure ten feet. They retired from us with a wind at S. E., leaving an impression upon my mind to which I can give no name, though surely one ingredient in it was fear, with a considerable deal of wonder and astonishment. It was in vain to think of flying; the swiftest horse, or fastest sailing ship, could be of no use to carry us out of this danger; and the full persuasion of this riveted me as if to the spot where I stood. The same appearance of moving pillars of sand presented themselves to us this day, in form and disposition like those we had seen at Waadi Halboub, only they seemed to be more in number and less in size. They came several times in a direction close upon us; that is, I believe, within less than two miles. They began immediately after sunrise like a thick wood, and almost darkened the sun. His rays shining through them for near an hour, gave them an appearance of pillars of fire. Our people now became desperate; the Greeks shrieked out and said it was the day of judgment; Ismael pronounced it to be hell; and the Turcorories, that the world was on fire." The procession of tall columns of dust, the upper end seeming to vanish off, or puff away like light smoke, and the lower apparently touching the earth, is not unusual on the large plains of New South Wales, in dry weather. They move in a perpendicular position, quietly and majestically gliding along one after another, but really so fast that the fleetest horse is unable to keep pace with them. According to Mrs. Meredith, when they are crossing a brook, the lower portion of the dust is

lost sight of, and a considerable agitation disturbs the water, but immediately on landing the same appearance is resumed. "As some vanish," she remarks, "others imperceptibly arise and join the giant waltz; and when I first observed this most singular display, I amused myself by fancying them a new species of genii relaxing from their more laborious avocations, and having a sedate and stately dance all to themselves. When the dance ends, these dusty performers always appear to sit down among the neighboring hills." To the same class with these rotating and progressing pillars of sand, that singular phenomenon called the *waterspout* clearly belongs, a whirlwind raising into a columnar mass the waters

Waterspout.

of the sea, and causing the aqueous vapors in the atmosphere to assume the same form, the two frequently uniting, the whole presenting a magnificent spectacle.

The Greeks applied the term Prester to the waterspout, which signifies a fiery fluid, from its appearance being generally accompanied with flashes of lightning, and a sulphureous smell, showing the activity of the electrical principle in the air. Lucretius refers to it in the following terms:—

> Hence, with much ease, the meteor may we trace
> Termed, from its essence, Prester by the Greeks,
> That oft from heaven wide hovers o'er the deep.
> Like a vast column, gradual from the skies,
> Prone o'er the waves, descends it; the vexed tide
> Boiling amain beneath its mighty whirl,
> And with destruction sure the stoutest ship
> Threat'ning that dares the boist'rous scene approach.

Waterspouts exhibit various aspects, but a frequent appearance has been thus described, as it has been observed at sea. Under a dense cloud, a circular area of the ocean, in diameter from 100 to 120 yards, shows great disturbance, the water rushing toward the centre of the agitated mass, from whence it rises in a spiral manner toward the clouds, assuming a trumpet-shape, with the broad end downward. At the same time, the cloud assumes a similar form, but the position of the cone is inverted, and its lower extremity, or apex, gradually unites with the upper extremity of the ascending column of water. At the point of junction, the diameter is not more than two or three feet. There is thus a column of water and vapor formed, extending from the sea to the cloud, thin in the middle, and broad at the two extremities, the sides of which are dark, which gives it the appearance of a hollow tube. It moves with the wind, and even in calm weather, when no wind is perceptible, the position shifts. Sometimes the spout preserves the perpendicular in its motion, but frequently, from the wind not acting with equal force upon its upper and lower extremities, or the one being more susceptible of impulsion than the other, it assumes an inclined position, and the column is speedily ruptured by the unequal velocity of its parts. A few minutes suffices in general for the duration of the phenomenon, but several have been known to continue for near an hour. Instances of repeated disruption and formation have been witnessed, and in the Mediterranean, as many as sixteen waterspouts have been observed at the same time. The mariners of former days were accustomed to discharge artillery at these moving columns, to accelerate their fall, fearful of their ships being crossed by them, and sunk or damaged—a practice alluded to by Falconer in the opening of the second canto of The Shipwreck: but the principal danger arises from the wind blowing in sudden gusts in their vicinity, from all points of the compass, sufficient to capsize small vessels carrying much sail. Waterspouts on land are not uncommon, and in this case there is no

ascending column of water, but only a descending inverted cone of vapor. Vivid flashes of lightning frequently issue from them, and deluges of rain attend their disruption. A remarkable spout appeared and burst on Emott Moor, near Coln in Lancashire, in the year 1718, about a mile distant from some laborers digging peat, whose attention was directed to it by hearing an unusual noise in the air. Upon leaving the spot in alarm, they found a small rippling stream converted into a roaring flood, though no rain had fallen on the moor; and at the immediate scene of action, the earth had been swept away to the depth of seven feet, the naked rock appeared, and an excavation had been made in the ground by the force of the water discharged from the spout, upward of half a mile in length.

It is a time of fear and peril to man and beast when the hurricane develops its giant strength, yet, contemplated apart from the probability of some fatal catastrophe, there is no scene more intensely sublime in the varied panorama of nature, than that exhibited to the senses of sight and hearing, by the dense black masses of clouds that roll in wild confusion through the air, the tumultuous aspect of the ocean, the agitation of the woods, and the voice of the tempest, varying from the melancholy wail, to the piercingly shrill cry and deafening roar, and occasionally combining every kind of intonation in its sound. However destructive these extraordinary agitations of the atmosphere—however terrible such a situation as that of Æneas on the stormy sea, helpless and hopeless, stretching his folded hands to the stars, and lamenting that he had not fallen with fierce Hector on the Ilian plains—it is unquestionable, that neither "breeze, or gale, or storm," could be dispensed with in the economy of nature; for the various forms of life which the common air sustains, are preserved in vigor by that conflict of the elements which works occasional disaster. A variety of natural causes in operation upon the surface of the globe, and in its interior, concur to derange that constitution of the atmosphere which is alone salubrious, to vitiate the fluid, convert the medium of life and health into a cause of fever, pestilence, and death, thus changing every scene where the machinery of human existence is in movement into a Grotto del Cane, completely arresting all its wheels—an effect which would undoubtedly transpire without an antagonistic influence in constant action. In the process of supporting mankind and animals, the atmosphere is deprived of its oxygen, and exhaled in a morbid condition unfit for combustion and the sustenance of life; and the respiration of plants contributes also to its derangement. The exhalations from the low swampy regions of the earth are a further cause of deterioration, and hence the malarious mass to which the Pontine marshes, and similar districts, give birth. The provision against the reduction of the atmosphere to a universally disorganized and vitiated condition is the currents that prevail in it, which disperse and separate the poisonous ingredients, render them innocuous by bringing them into new combinations, and thus keep up that due proportion between the component parts of the aerial envelop, upon which its life-conserving property hinges, yet which the functions of life are perpetually destroying. The ordinary play of the winds, whispering in gentle breezes and rushing in powerful gales, has been ordained by the Author of life to subserve this purpose, and the dread tornado is also an efficient agent in the regeneration. In its alembic, it has been remarked, "the isolated poisons will be re-distilled; by the electric fires which it generates, their deleterious sublimations will be deflagrated; and thus will the great Alchymist neutralize the azotic elements which he has let loose, and shake the medicinal draught into salubrity." The baneful effects of a stagnant condition of the atmosphere are exemplified in the feeble physical frame, and short term of years, of those who in the "city full" are cooped up in sites were there is no sufficient ventilation, and the inhabitants of many deep inclosed valleys exhibit physical and mental deterioration as a consequence of the same cause. The numerous examples of crétinism, or idiocy, with goîtres, found about the villages and hamlets of the Lower Valais, and the Val d'Aosta in Switzerland—valleys, which have low marshy spots at the bottom, surrounded by high mountains, where the fresh air does not circulate freely, and where the reflected rays of the sun are very powerful in summer—Saussure attributed to the stagnation of the atmosphere; and though such instances of physical deformity and intellectual incapacity may be the combined effect of various causes, it is in harmony with the known effect of the one referred to, to suppose it materially to contribute to the result. The cagots of the deep Pyrenean valleys answer to the cretins of the Alps.

In closing this notice of atmospheric currents, we refer to observations made upon the ordinary winds of Great Britain. From an average of ten years of the register kept by order of the Royal Society, it appears that at London the wind blows annually in the following proportions:—

	Days.		Days.
South-west	112	South-east	32
North-east	58	East	26
North-west	50	South	18
West	53	North	16

The same register shows, that the south-west wind blows at an average more frequently than any other wind during every month of the year, and that it blows longest in July and August; that the north-east blows most constantly during January, March, April, May, and June, and most seldom during February, July, September, and December; and that the north-west wind blows oftener from November to March, and more seldom during September and October, than any other months.

INFLUENCE OF PLACE ON RACE.

BY BON GUALTIER.

Blancs ou noirs, gelés ou rotis,
Mortels que j'ai faits si petits,
Dit le bon Dieu, d'un air paterne,
On prétende que je vous gouverne;
Mais vous devez voir, Dieu merci,
Que j'ai des ministres aussi. BERANGER.

Are not the mountains, waves and skies a part
Of us and of our souls, as we of them? BYRON.

THOUGH there seems no good reason to doubt that the earth was made for man, and that he has got the supremacy of it, yet we believe it is as little to be doubted that his character and royalty have been very much modified by "the beggarly elements" of the world, and still continue to be so, though in a lesser degree than during the earlier ages of his existence in it. In more recent times a great many causes, arising from customs, laws, beliefs, and so forth, have been effective aids in establishing the diversities of nations, such as we see them. But the great disposing causes, operating on men earliest and producing the most permanent tendencies, were in the localities in which they found themselves, and multiplied their generations; and these influences of place can still, in the divisions of the human family, be distinctly traced beneath all others which civilization may have superinduced.

We are not disposed alone to test this proposition by the differences existing between the European families and their affiliations. We would go further, and comprehend "the black men, the white men, the frozen and fried," of whom Beranger speaks—the eight or nine hundred millions that, at this moment, are crawling about on the thick rotundity of the globe; and thence argue that the soil and the sun have been the chief modifiers of all the human varieties. But here we are met, *in limine*—on the threshold of our disquisition—by a crowd of respectable names, among which are those of Professor Agassiz, Van Amringe, Dr. Morton, etc., backed by arguments denying our right to conclude, from the apparent difference of race, the operation of topical influences. These philosophers say there were other causes—that, in fact, these differences were mainly produced by creation—that several distinct species of men were fashioned by the Divine hand, to suit the elemental diversities of the world.

Of course we cannot get along without considering these views—very fairly urged and very worthy of consideration. Every effort after truth is a good thing in itself—even though, like the arrow of Acestes, it should miss its aim, and only make something to wonder at:—

> Volens liquidis in nubibus arsit arundo
> Signavitque viam flammis tenuesque recessit
> Consumpta in ventis.

Though the philosophy of Agassiz and the rest has not, however, been dissipated in thin air, we have an idea, nevertheless, that it has failed, like the Trojan's arrow. We "cannot away with" that notion of making a species of man for every extreme climate of the globe, and do not think they have at all made the matter clear. They argue analogically. Their opponents argue analogically too. Pritchard and others support their views of the unity of the human species by the analogy of animals. They bring forward a very strong argument in the fact, that hybrids of plants or animals—the offspring of different species—are sterile, as a general law of nature. The offspring of the most dissimilar races of men are never hybrid—but capable of continuing the kind. Pritchard says the difference between the skull of the domestic hog and that of the wild boar is as great as that between the European and Negro skulls; and Blumenbach says there is more difference between the skulls of the Neapolitan and Hungarian breed of horses, respectively, than between the most dissimilar human heads.

But those who agree with Agassiz rely a good deal upon the assertions of Dr. Morton, of Philadelphia, and adduce several instances in which hybrids were found to be fruitful—mostly, however, in conjunction with an animal of pure stock. Still, these cases are so exceptional, or so uncertain, that no general conclusion can be drawn from them, sufficient to make head against Pritchard, Buffon, Cuvier, Hunter, and those who argue with them, on the matter. The general law is the true one. A man has suckled an infant, and a heifer, that never calved, has given milk; but such things cannot tell against the order of Nature.

Taking higher ground in this argument, we are the more strongly of opinion that the analogical mode of reasoning is a wrong one. We do not perceive how the analogies can be made good in the business. It seems fallacious to conclude, with Professor Agassiz, that, because plants and animals—as is generally believed—have not originated in a common centre, our race could not have so originated. To argue from the fact that such "inconsistencies" do not occur in the laws of nature is bad philosophy, after all. He does not clearly or fully know what Nature, or the power we are agreed to call Nature, intends for laws. He takes a department of the material world—a section embracing the Marsupiata,

the Edentata, fishes of cartilagenous type, certain plants, flowers, and so forth; and, circumscribing it, he seems to look upon it as the proper sphere for the laws of nature to work in. But it is possible—indeed we believe it to be the truth—that Nature has laws ten millions of miles beyond and above that little circle, and that we do not know or even suspect one half of them. By what law of nature was the ball we cling upon launched into space, and man, "of a reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting," put upon it? Certainly by one of those laws which we, not comprehending them, call miracles. Coming down a little from the summit of such high positions, we find that man is not the analogue of reptiles, fishes, animals, plants, and so forth—that he differs from them in something out of the rule—something miraculous—the "reasonable soul" which St. Athanasius speaks of. The philosophy of analogy is at fault here, and must be. Man enters none of the categories; he is neither an animal, a reptile, nor a fish. The laws of these are not the laws of Nature—the whole book—nor the laws of man. It is nonsense, therefore, to talk, with such an air, of "inconsistencies." Even supposing that man may, on the Lamarckian principle, at any time of his development, have been a sponge and lived on salt water, he is, as he stands now—the laughing, the exchanging, the believing animal—not the less an exception and a miracle, and as such philosophers must deal with him.

It is not improbable, after all, that our materialist philosophers may be going astray. The doctrines of Bacon and Locke were noble *pronunciamentos* in their way and day, and fulfilled in a memorable degree one of the great laws of human progression. They displaced Aristotle, Ptolemy, and those other ancients who were the Bacons and Lockes of the earlier generations. It is not improbable that the founders of the English school of philosophy may, in time, yield to new teachers of men and obey the supreme laws of mutation. Nothing is permanent; every thing tends to something newer and higher. Bacon and Locke may yet abdicate their supremacy, and go away with the other mental and physical Megatheriums of the world—having lived their appropriate and necessary lives. They have built a noble materialist edifice; but they who come after them and strive to raise a metaphysical superstructure from it are probably building upon the wrong foundation. There is nothing any where to show that mind and matter are subject to the same laws—that the development and destiny of one belong, at all, to the other. We may yet be fated to know something more of the origin and end of man than we have been able to gather, ever since the first syllable of recorded time; but it must be by some means widely different from the circumscribed and earth-grubbing philosophies which have risen amongst us of late, and which sometimes make us regard with a feeling of preference the transcendentalisms, infinite misty soarings, and so forth, of the Kantean school. We are so tired of Aristides Bacon, Aristides Locke, and those other solid thinkers, so repeatedly called the Just and the True, that we feel ourselves at times disposed to ostracise them.

We cannot bend man to the laws of Linnæus, Lamarck, or any one else. The arguments against the unity of his species, drawn from the unreasoning creation, are not at all convincing. They are very violent and clumsy. Messrs. Agassiz, Amringe, and others, desire to make a simple and consistent theory—one which shall have nothing miraculous in it. And yet to avoid one miracle, they adopt a dozen. They turn their backs upon their own development doctrine, and refuse to believe that the material of the human structure could undergo its changes in process of time, and under the various elemental influences. They argue that there must have been originally several creations of men, to suit the varying localities of the earth. Following their views, and taking the divisions of race made by different philosophers, we should find our beliefs blown about a good deal. For Blumenbach, Cuvier, and Latham, hold that the Deity made three species; Martin and Lawrence that he made five; Dumenil and Lesson that he made six; Fischer and others that he made seven; and Desmoulins and Pickering that he made eleven. But, in the midst of the confused indecision in which we are left, where would be the unreasonableness of taking the subdivisions of these divisions and asking why we may not look on *these* as distinct species also—why, in fact, should there not have been creations equal in number to the twenty-four subdivisions? If these philosophers go on, making distinctions, (in which no two of them will be found to agree with the others,) where are they to stop? There are varieties enough in the osteology and general appearance of the races to warrant a hundred distinctions—therefore, a hundred creations. Why should we stop at three creations—or six, or eleven? It is as easy and more consistent to suppose half a hundred creations than half a dozen. Then those who contend for only three or four creations, admit a great number of varieties; and thus admit the principle that climate and other accidents can, after all, change the race from the exact condition of a type. Thus the principle of their argument is compromised—the philosophy of it is in a loose and untenable condition. It is a very clumsy hypothesis altogether:

> How smiles
> The gazer's eye in philosophic mirth
> To see the weak design!

Here we have the Deity forming several pairs of the race, to suit the several hills, plains, and peculiar configuration of the earth just rising above the slush and slime of the Saurian period. This shocks our ideas of divine wisdom. Our reason, such as it is, teaches us, and it seems to be generally received that creative power works with simplicity and not in repetitionary ways. And, taking another view of the case, we cannot conceive why the great Artificer should make different species expressly for different places. The argument that, because many plants are, or seem to be, proper to their peculiar habitats, man should be so to one place, is a feeble one. Man

is not rooted, but biped; legs were given him for locomotion; unlike the other animals, he has got a mind and the *adductor pollicis*, and can build coracles, caravels, cunarders. The Supreme Being did not surely design that man should stay in any particular place. The children of men have been nomade from the beginning, moving over the surface of the globe, hither and thither, like the waves on the sea. If God did really produce three, or six, or a dozen distinct species—each for its own place, it was labor in vain and without foresight—a very ridiculous conclusion to come to.

It is generally admitted that within the reach of the historic periods, several predominant races proceeded from the middle of Asia, in several directions—north, south, east, and west. The advocates of the different species contend that there are no nomade invaders on record who did not find inhabitants in the countries they intruded on. If such were the case, the creation of these *autocthonoi*, or "children of the ground," was an unnecessary thing; for the Hyperboreans, Mongols, Egyptians, Arabs, Circassians, Pelasgians, Getæ, and so forth, came to obliterate them and flourish in their stead. And if the invaders could thus flourish in localities for which they were not created, there would seem to have been little necessity for the creation of more than one species of man. Altogether, it does appear that the scheme of making a distinct species for distinct zones or parallels is incompatible with our received notions of divine wisdom.

As for the production and distribution of animals and plants, we have no objection to consider them on the Lamarckian principle. The germs of earth's million vegetable varieties were and are doubtless scattered through the crust of the earth, to be modified by the elements which act upon the surface; they may exist in an infinitesimal manner, baffling to our senses and our ideas alike. The reptiles, fishes, and animals, probably owed their origin to *infusoria* and a variety of changes following the law of development, and influenced by the sea or the sun. But between these and man—as we have already insisted—there is only an imperfect analogy, extremely helpless in this question of human derivation. That Lamarckian hypothesis—set forth so eloquently in the Vestiges of Creation—a work which, of a surety, belongs to Professor Nichol of Glasgow—answers very well for every thing but the man. Leave him out. Omit the part of Hamlet, and so play out the play. But man, the miraculous—that strange compound of dirt and divinity—will not be amenable to all this gradation—will not be put in a category and decided on, like a cactus or a kangaroo. He still remains apart—

The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.

Such are the considerations which lead us to reject the idea of a variety of pristine pairs. The arguments by which it is supported are many, but they are feeble. One of them is the fact, that, so far back as the records of the race have extended, the existing distinctions of it are discoverable. The most ancient Egyptian sculptures show the different features of the Negro and Ethiopian races, such as they appear at this day. These sculptures bear date nearly four thousand years ago; and it is concluded these heads had not time enough, since the beginning of the world, to be changed from a common type—seeing they have not since been changed in a lapse of time twice as long. They assume that our race has only been six thousand years on the globe. But that sort of argument is set aside by general consent. Chronological science is not among the truths which the Bible was intended to teach; with respect to the age of the world that venerable book is not historic nor authoritative. The most orthodox believers all over the world have admitted the demonstrations of geology; and we may safely conclude that our race has been roaming over the periphery of this planet for a longer period than that deduced by Usher from the Hebrew records. Philosophical science does not avail itself of such uncertainties as the world's age is allowed to be. Again; it is argued by the doctors of development that *a pair* could not naturally propagate a species. They keep their eyes very closely upon the habits of the lower animals. They do not consider what was contrary to nature in making the paragon of animals, only a little lower than the angels. The propagation of a species from a pair, seems a very conquerable sort of difficulty, compared with others, that lie along this field of our disquisition. Why should people strain so much at a gnat, after they have swallowed the dromedary?

We have been following this argument through the pages of Col. Smith's work* on the Human Species, with an Introduction by Dr. Kneeland. The doctor gives the views of Pritchard, Agassiz, and others, *pro* and *con*, on this matter, and subjoins his own opinions, supporting those of Agassiz, and claiming more than one original species. Dr. Kneeland's conclusions seem lame enough. He argues, among other things, that a human mixture is bad. He says history proves that artificial breeds and mixed races of men have no permanency, and become extinct, unless they procure supplies from a pure stock. If this be true, God help these United States of ours! Here we are receiving increments from almost all the races of the world—certainly from all those of the old world—and making a perfect *olla podrida* of our civilization! Are we to decline, fall away, perish and become extinct, if we do not call upon the pure Celtic, Teutonic, or Anglo-Saxon stock for large periodical supplies? We hope not. Intermixture may not turn out so fatally. England has certainly drawn her strength and empire, in a great measure, from the fountain of her mongrel blood of Peghts, Britons, Celts, Romans, Danes, Teutons, Northmen, and all the rest of them. And yet there may be, after all, something in this ethnic philosophy of Dr. Kneeland. Still it is not good to despair; and, in fact, there is much to console the future of this federation, should

* Natural History of the Human Species; by Lieut. Col. C. H. Smith. Reprint, Boston. Gould & Kendall.

s mingled blood grow too much diluted. Ireland bent on coming over here bodily; and the pure eltic blood of that island will be happily available to ie veins and arteries of our debilitated body politc!

In this question of the human species—whether iere were many created, or only one—we think it iost reasonable to abide by the old doctrine of a sinle pair, seeing that the advocates of repeated creaons cannot overthrow it, nor recommend their own. t is, at all events, simplest to believe in one; for if 'ou believe in more, you will soon be bewildered nto the belief of twenty or thirty primordial pairs. Assuming, then, that the race first issued from some part of Central Asia—where it seems generally llowed that it originated—we see nothing very riolent in the supposition, that climate and locality produced the varied appearances of the human family, which we see at this day. After a certain lapse of ime, black races were found to exist—especially in Africa—exhibiting features which distinguished them, in a very marked manner, from the white and other varieties:—viz—flat noses, protruding thick lips, retreating foreheads, and a wooliness of hair. These peculiarities are found, more or less, in all the races of that continent; the exceptions are few—still exhibiting the prevailing marks of race. The Egyptians sculptured on monuments have features resembling those of the Negroes—in the breadth of nostril, the thickness of the lips, and the general expression, but certainly of a higher facial order. A number of authorities, among whom are reckoned Pritchard and Denon, sanction the idea, that the Egyptian must, in a great degree, be classed with the Negro race. This race exhibits no proof of having been created especially to occupy an appropriate place, for it is found in a hundred localities. Clans of Negroes have existed in Laristan, in Makran, in Persia, and on the Helmund. They are also scattered over the Indian Archipelago—bearing the Hindoo, Mongol, and Malay characteristics. The Papuas of Nicobar, the Philippine Islands, and these oriental longitudes, resemble the numerous tribes of Negro variety to be found in Africa. On the latter continent, the races have all a strong family likeness; marked, however, by diversities which seem to prove the existence of modifying influences. In South Africa, the Hottentots and Bushmen greatly resemble, in size and face, their brother men of the Mongolian stock, in the opposite latitudes—to wit, the Chinese, the Esquimaux, and the other tribes of Northern Asiatics. Some of these diversified Negro races have woolly hair, and others straight hair. The skulls of the woolly tribes cannot be classed sufficiently distinctly. They exhibit that variety which runs through all those dusky families, recognized as one stock from their general resemblance. Thus it would seem that races of men were made Negroes in Asia as well as in Africa—perhaps long before they reached the latter continent—in which similar elemental influences were prepared to produce a like result.

If we consider the other extremes of mankind which we call the Caucasian, Japhetic, Bearded, and so forth, we find no certain sign that they constitute a distinct species. They have such diversities among themselves, and such intermingling resemblances to other divisions of humanity, that it is bewildering and, indeed, impossible to abide by any arbitrary distribution of them. In Asia, the Caucasian features are blended with the Mongolian, and Capuan or Negro, in a variety of degrees, in different localities, and under many nomenclatures. Toward the West, the Caucasian face is modified into the Egyptian, which is still further modified into some of the several Negro types Each of the extreme divisions is found to be connected with the other by many signs of common likeness, and the races seem imperceptibly to run into one another as they appear to be modified by locality, or habits of existence. We may mention, in passing—as showing the resemblance that human aspects bear to one another, though the owners of them may have their native habitats a thousand leagues asunder—that the daguerreotype of Erasmus York, (a Mongol boy,) taken a few months ago in London, presents a face which we thought we saw with a basket of oranges the other day, in the street, a few days after it had arrived from the county Galway, in an emigrant ship.

People have speculated a good deal on the aspect and general appearance of our first parents. Some suppose they had white skin—that Adam was colored and shaped somewhat resembling the Sagittarius Apollo, and that the first of women was like the finest of her daughters at Almack's or Saratoga, in the season—

> That she, who lived six thousand years ago,
> Was made exactly like the best we know.

This idea of the primordial pair has been variously expressed. Dubufe, the Frenchman, whose two pictures of the Temptation and the Expulsion have been so extensively carried about and admired, represents Adam and Eve as a very fair and almost rose-colored pair of progenitors—as if they had just stepped out of band-boxes. Instead of resembling in aspect the old *intonsus Cato*, at a time when razors where unheard of, Adam wears his countenance smooth-shaven, while his dark hair and beard look as well dressed as if they had just come from the accomplishing hand of a barber. The toilet of the father of all men living seems, in fact, perfected as to the head; and he looks for all the world like a handsome French guardsman, *in puris naturalibus*. The genius of Gaul breathes from the whole representation, proving as strongly as the poetry of Victor Hugo, Chateaubriand, and Lamartine, that though powerful in the picturesque, splendid and *grandiose*, it is still deficient in the finer and higher faculties of poetic inspiration. An Englishman has certainly made a far nobler picture of the human protoplast and his better half. John Milton says of Adam—

> His fair, large front and eye sublime declared
> Infinite rule; and hyacinthine locks
> Round from his parted forelock manly hung
> Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad.

In both these instances the man seems to be of the Caucasian type—a European; for Milton's portrait has an air of Greek dignity. Pritchard is of opinion

that Adam was of a melanic skin—a black man, in fact—though not of course belonging to what we recognize as the African type. Indeed, it is difficult not to suppose the first man and woman beings of a swarthy complexion, to suit their skies—and nobly-faced, as the Affghans and other races of Central Asia are at this day. If we assume—as we are disposed to do—that the first pair were fashioned by miraculous initiative, we must conclude they would be physical, and, indeed, mental exemplars—of beautiful aspect and faultless symmetry. But the ardent oriental sun, and the glorious exposure of their persons to the elements, would naturally darken their complexions, and in this guise should they be represented by painting and poetry. "But whither would conjecture stray," on such a themé as this?

Spreading out from their original locality, the various branches of the human family may be easily conceived to undergo changes from the climate and mode of life of their successive generations. That such changes were undergone seems to be borne out by the comparison or contrast of the different races. In some places, the people who traveled out of the temperate zone, or whose lot was cast in places far inland, and without rivers, where the powers of nature were niggard and the elements unfavorable, would become deteriorated, and the course of generations would confirm in them the growing inferiority of their condition—physical and mental. On the other hand, they whose lines were fallen to them in pleasant places, in a temperate zone, by the shores of seas, or banks of rivers, and in the midst of a country, fit either to feed cattle or to produce corn and wine, would keep their original dignity of feature and physical structure.

Thus, for instance, the first wanderers to the South and East would, in time, become the black Papuan races; and others, passing through Suez and Egypt into Africa Proper—so to term it—would become baked and brutified by the sun and the sandy wilderness. On the other hand, they who moved through the temperate zone under beneficent firmaments, and in Mesopotamian districts, would naturally become the Assyrian, Persian, Pelasgian builders of houses, ships, temples, great cities, and historical colonies. The tribes migrating up toward the North would, from the first, suffer from the Boreal elements, and take deep traces of them; but would also be endowed with great physical energy from the same, and under the Mongolian name, agitate all the North with powerful migrations, and, in the end, originate those world-overthrowing hordes, which filled subsequent ages with so much terror and glory. The earlier wanderers into Africa, passing inward and southward, would give rise to those marked and many-named tribes, classed under the nomenclature of Negroes. The hot sun, and the condition of their soil, would affect their physical nature. Every thing would tend, as we have still the opportunity of perceiving, to degrade the human type in the interior of Africa. The people would become mere animals without the stimulants of happier localities. They would bask lazily in the sun, crowd together in kraals, and propagate their degraded race into something still more stupid and degraded by the vitiating closeness of their intermarriages. In such circumstances of savagery, the dropping and thickness of the sensual mouth, and the other facial peculiarities would grow and become hardened features, in the course of time. It seems to be generally understood that the power of adaptation is a law of physical nature, as well in man as in the lower organizations; and it may very reasonably be concluded that the human head is modified by the powers of the brain—the energy of thought expanding the capacity of the head. This is the opinion of Mallebranche, and other philosophers and physiologists. We may conclude that the sensual stagnation of the intellectual faculties, under the tropical elements, where exertion of any kind could have but little effect in bettering the condition of a lazy population, leaves the brain to grow feeble and flaccid from disuse; whence it is not unphilosophical to conclude the fore part of the head would sink in, and lie toward the back. It seems to be a general physical law, that the expression of the face shall indicate the natures of men. The Arabs and other Asiatics arriving from the East into Egypt, and bringing on their firm faces the traces of their arduous circumstances and active habits, came, in the course of generations, to be marked with the sensuousness of mouth and chin, and the lower arch of the head which distinguish the Egyptian face. The hot and enervating climate of Egypt had a deteriorating effect on the population, which at last grew to resemble the Negro race. That the Egyptians were not so degraded in appearance as these last, was owing to the many immigrations of foreign tribes, who preserved to the kings, priests, and higher classes, a more Asiatic physical expression. The river Nile, the Sea—the great civilizer—and the influences of commerce, had also their beneficent effects upon the condition of the people of Egypt.

With regard to the other more marked races, it is known that the law of Northern latitudes is, the lessening of physical development and capacity, from the temperate toward the colder zones. In these last, the blood of men grows colder and more sluggish, and their bodies grow smaller and weaker. Extreme cold is unfriendly to the element of life; and under its influence, acting directly on man, and indirectly on his condition, from the soil, the Northern races received their stunted proportions of figure and mental energy—such as we witness in the Esquimaux and other tribes, of the same high latitudes.

We should not calculate the climatic effects of primitive times, from the result of experience or observation now-a-days. The conditions of men are not exactly what they were, even in those places we consider barbarous. In the beginning, men were ignorantly exposed to all the rude shocks of the elements for generations, and lived and propagated the conditions which those elements impressed upon them. All the deteriorating influences of savage life, working in a very vicious circle, effected then what can no longer be effected, in a general way, so

decidedly and remarkably. People, now, can move about and live in extreme latitudes, and yet keep for generations their peculiar traits and conformation. But they have comfortable means and appliances about them, and hold themselves aloof from the barbarisms peculiar to the place. In this way, the climatic influences are resisted for ages.

Those who argue for a distinct species in the case of the blacks, and do not believe in the slow changes produced by geographical position and the elements, will point to the fact, that Negroes taken into temperate latitudes, and propagating purely for a few generations, have appeared to be Negroes still—not much the whiter for the experiment. But it has not been a full and a fair one. Nature produces her permanent results very slowly. She took hundreds of years to bake, and blacken and flatten, and lanify the nigger, and hundreds more to harden his osteology—to burn, as it were, his traits into his clay; and if the man is to be unbaked, unblackened, and so forth, she must have something of the same time, in which to reverse her operations. It would take four or five hundred years, at least, to bleach Pompey or Lucretia. Perhaps at Spitzbergen, or some of those hyperborean places—

> Where the wild hare and the crow
> Whiten in surrounding snow—

the process may be accelerated by a century or so. But, till some philosopher gets his pair of blacks, and sits fairly down to see the experiment out, we shall be of opinion that, centuries would be necessary to counteract the slow workmanship of nature in this business; but certainly, that at the end of that time, the whole human type would have suffered a perfect change, conformable to the latitude and longitude—the *locus in quo*. We repeat—those early effects of climate, tropical or boreal, were such as no elemental influence noted in modern times can give us any correct idea of. Ages and continents were the first premises and means, by and from which Nature stamped her human varieties in the first ages.

Coming from the physical and ethnical considerations, we see the influence of the material elements very perceptible, in the social, moral, and historical manifestations of the various races of the world. A consideration of the Asiatics, the Greeks, the Egyptians, and other nations of ancient or modern name, would make this evident. The Easterns inhabiting, in Central Asia, vast extents of level country, for the most part at a distance from the sea, were chiefly pastoral and nomadic. They had room to wander and grow, and be numbered by millions. Under such circumstances, they were naturally liable to be dominated by great commanders, to whom—seeing that their unsettled polity also included the principles of war and plunder—they would delegate the leadership; and who, on the broad *plateaux*, could make use of cavalry and chariots—those ready means of conquest and despotism in the old times. Hence the people fell numerously under the sway of a few kings, who used their power with the fierceness and irresponsibility of gods, and kept the soldiery and the masses in a state of slavery—whether following plunder, cultivating the soil, or making bricks from mud, and rearing with these, through sweating generations, those walls and towers of Central Asia—Nineveh, Babylon, and so forth—of which we have transmitted to us such vague and magnificent traditions, and of which Layard and others have been discovering some traces for us latterly.

It was the same way, nearly, in Egypt—that prominent historic feature of antiquity. The valley of the Nile was one level, isolated extent of unrivaled fertility—capable of supporting millions at the expense of no very heavy amount of agricultural toil. People necessarily multiplied there, and being of peaceful agrarian disposition, came, in time, to be subservient to the priests and Pharaohs of the land. The civilization of Egypt was a monstrous sort of thing, born of the sun and the sediment of the Nile, like the other monsters of that "Great river." Relaxed and enervated by the heat of the climate, kept in ignorance, and employed in masses by the despotism of the country, the people became slavish laborers, husbandmen and manufacturers, living content, in a hot inland condition, unfreshened by any breeze of the civilizing sea, worshiping animals first used as hieroglyphical helps to language, and hating the idea of foreign invasion, ever associated in their minds and traditions with the revolution of the nomade shepherd kings. The stupendous architecture of Egypt, like that of Assyria, proved the numerical force, physical slavishness, and mental superstition of that people. Fattened by the *lætas segetes*—the exuberant harvests of the Nile—brute force and beaverism divided the nation between them—excepting what amount of esoteric knowledge the priests and kings made use of to keep the many-headed monster in order.

Let us now look at the aspects of Greece—a country, undoubtedly, peopled from the places and races of Central Asia. Greece is an irregular land of hills and valleys, broken by a thousand bays, and clasped, beneficently, in the serpent arms of the Midland Sea. In Greece are no broad levels on which a despot may deploy his horsemen and war-chariots. Marathon, to be sure, is a plateau, looked on by the mountains, and looking on the sea—

> The mountains look on Marathon,
> And Marathon looks on the sea—

but history tells us that the Persian cavalry found it far too rugged a place to charge upon. Neither had Hellas any fat, broad extent of soil on which maize, rice, and corn may grow, to feed millions in a supine content, and predispose them to be the instruments of some powerful despotism, kingly or priestly. The climate of Greece was varied by the inequalities of its surface and the nearness of the sea; and the inhabitants became a pastoral, agricultural, and commercial people. The soil brought forth, in reward of care and labor, corn, and wine, and oil, and vegetation of great beauty and grandeur. The climate was marked by those vicissitudes which the experience of the world proves to be most favorable to the condition of man, and the highest development of his powers. It had none of the inland and ener-

vating characteristics of Middle Asia or Egypt. The Greek was obliged to wrestle with Nature for her blessings. Thence rose, in time, the illustrious polities, the immortal mythologies, and white theories of her fields and streams—all that memorable splendor of intellect and war which has had nothing comparable to it in antiquity.

The geography of Greece forbade that deadly centralization which has so disastrously weighed upon most other civilizations. Nature divided the Hellenic land into states—fashioned the Greek group of peoples on the federal principle. The results were that the distinct races and families of men set about taking care of their own destinies—began to make their municipal arrangements, and lift up their ideas to the great argument of self-government. Each nationality was small enough to be within the ken and influence of all its citizens. Every man in the state—slaves excepted—had an intimate personal interest in its welfare—the people were all politicians or soldiers, and could be statesmen—if necessary. Their minds were thus nursed in independence—educated in the true school of civil liberty; and, even in monarchies as well as republics, the power, intelligence, and influence of the people, constituted the life and vigor of the state. The warlike and religious games of Greece perfected the strength and symmetry of the human body. Its climate and soil were eminently calculated to produce happy results on the minds of men so organized and educated; and the national character became reflected in the graceful arts and superstitions of the people. In the East and Egypt, the vague idea of some supreme divinity, which hovered over all nations from the beginning, and never seems to have been absent from the world, was degraded by the degraded souls of the people. Their notions of supernal things were monstrous, grotesque, and inhuman—gathered evidently from their experience of kings and crocodiles. To express them the slavish race accepted the shapes of birds and beasts—winged bulls, cows, cats, hawks, alligators, and so forth. How different the cheerful and eminently human mythologies of Greece, born of the elements of the clime—autocthonous of that immortal ground! The Orientals, Egyptians, etc., bowed down to brutal shapes, congenial with the gross conceptions of their own laborious ignorance. But the Greek looked up, with a dignified sense of things—admired his own splendid symmetry in the olympic festivals, and, with a glorious egotism, invested the many manifestations of the universal spirit with the finest forms of men that ran or fought naked in the *palestræ*. Pan was no monstrous deity—he was a jolly rustic divinity—of the earth, earthy—a bucolic *bizarrerie*, coming naturally from the gay, gross genius of agrarianism; a little *caper*-footed, to be sure; but therefore only the more in character, and a very respectable divinity, indeed, for the country parts.

Berenger, the French poet, fables that it was Cyprus wine which first gave birth to the gods of Greece—stating that Hesiod had warmed his veins with the liquor before he began to embody his Olympian theories. But Hesiod, after all, only transcribed and touched up the popular belief; it was the bright sensuous genius of Greece, transfiguring the happy elements of the clime, that brought forth the theogonies—peopled with immortal dwellers the

> Elysian, windless, fortunate abodes,
> Beyond heaven's constellated wilderness.

The Greeks deified the best attributes of mankind and adored the Supreme Spirit in the reflections of their own cheerful and elevated minds. In the vastness and power of the sea they saw Poseidon on his car, drawn by sea-horses, and girt by his conch-bearing Tritons, sounding in response to what the old Greek dramatist calls "the innumerable laughter of the waves"—*anarithmon kymaton gelasma*—Jupiter thundered from the aeroceraunian top of Olympus,

> Soaring all snow-clad through his native sky
> In the wild pomp of mountain majesty;

Phœbus-Apollo and Diana, his sister, moved, beautiful unspeakably, in the sun and moon; gods blew in the four great winds and in the breeze; every fountain had its Naiad, and every oak its Hamadryad. Pan shouted on the mountains—especially whenever good came to Greece; and on the day of Marathon his mighty vociferations were heard at wonderful distances!—and the Fauns, Satyrs, Dryads, Oreads and so forth, his subjects and followers, wandered over every meadow, and were seen peeping from the glades and openings of every forest.

Much of the power and civilization of Greece grew from her commerce and maritime enterprise—from the sea. Dr. Arnold, the historian, says very truly, that the sea has always been one of the greatest agents of liberty and civilization. The supremacy of Athens over Sparta, then, and in the memory of all future time, was due to the port of the Piræus. The crowning glories of the Attic metropolis—her immortal sculptures and temples and her splendid philosophies—were owing to a refining intercourse with other peoples, and to the maritime exactions somewhat tyrannically levied from those sea-born states that, from the waters and shores of the Mediterranean, looked to Athens as their mother city and protectress. Tyre, Carthage, Syracuse and other seaports—ancient and modern—have owed their wealth, celebrity and distinguishing character to their respective geographical positions.

If we follow the movements of the human family through Germany and up to the high latitudes of Europe, we find that the severe elements of the north and the peculiarities of soil were able to imbue the human mind with a portion of their own character. The life of the great Scandinavian race was necessarily divided between war and plunder; and the ideas which they entertained of the superior powers and a future state were reflected from their circumstances. These corsairs and kempions believed the Valhalla of departed spirits was a place where the happy warriors fought one another during the day, and feasted together at night, (eating flesh and drinking mead from deer's horns) after Odin had miraculously put together the severed limbs and

healed all the wounds; till the morrow should once more renew these murdering beatitudes of the boreal heaven! Again—the iron hills of the Northern region helped to form the mythologies and superstitions originally so distinctive of the Scandinavian mind. The Lapps, Finns, and other peoples of the high latitudes, were in a great measure miners and smiths. Æschylus, we believe it is, who says that the sword is "the child of Scythia"—a saying not more figurative than matter-of-fact. Jornades, a Goth, says Scandinavia was the Forge of Mankind—*humani generis officium*—indicating the metallurgic nature of that influence exerted on the fate of the more Southern European nations. The men who mined, and who hammered into shape the swords of the Northmen, were small in their physical proportions, and usually had their stithies near the mouths of the mines among the hills. Hence the kobold-workers, the hill-folk, the goblins, trolls, dwarfs, wee men and so forth, of a superstition which has overflowed the rest of Europe, almost as extensively as the military migrations from the same places did, once upon a time. These little hyperborean *diableries* have wandered all over the fields of the South and permanently tinged the currents of its various literature.

Turning to Asia, we perceive how the relaxing heat of the climate led the mild and perspiring Hindoo to regard God as a being who sits still and reposes—a type of sublime steadfastness and languor. If Christianity had been born in the middle of Europe, the history of society would probably have wanted some of its most curious and remarkable features—monasteries and hermitages. In the East, enthusiasts, overpowered by the heat, naturally agreed that thinking and doing nothing would be a great help to devotional feeling. So the pious were led to go very much together into cool crypts, and, from the physical sensations of the East, gave rise to a philosophy which having passed into the colder climates, became naturally identified with more of penance and endurance. The Koran would not have been written—could not have done its work, in any Northern latitude. It is as much a part of the East—of south-western Asia—as if it was a date or a palm tree, and grew near a well in the desert. One of the sublimest religious duties among the Brahmins and Turks is said to be, to sit on the floor, with the eye of the mind fixed on the very centre of the midriff, and thus expect the growth and efflorescence of sanctity—a much pleasanter way of coming at the result, than by walking or taking any violent exercise, where the thermometer is usually up to 95 in the shade! It is also a part of religion in these hot latitudes to wash one's self—a piece of piety which is good enough to be Christian. The Arab is free, because no one cares to dispute his sands with him; and hospitable, because without hospitality his dusty father-land would be nearly impassable or uninhabitable. Montesquieu says that poor and barbarous nations are most hospitable, and trading nations least so; for which moral effects there could be adduced very good geographical causes.

Regarding Asia, on the whole, we perceive its great inferiority to Europe in every thing which civilization boasts of. For the causes of this we must look to the circumstances of sun and soil—the latter, especially. Europe, unlike Asia, is broken into many distinct territories by mountain chains, seas, straits, rivers, etc. Nature, in laying out portions of her domain, as it were, prepared those divisions, segregations, and isolations which fostered national independence, and left to the European families of men leisure to entertain the more humanizing and elevating thoughts of life. Europe became crowded with nationalities in which the federal principle grew up, perilously shaken by blows, to be sure, and nourished with human gore, but still struggling forward; by degrees, into more assured vitality; while flowing around and through all, the civilizing sea with its breezes fanned into strength the warm blood in the arteries of enterprise, toil and progress. The Asian continent, on the contrary, is comparatively a vast, unwatered, sun-baked extent of solid ground, open, for the most part, to the wild winds and the wilder hordes of barbarians and semi-barbarians. If, by some convulsion of Nature, the Caspian Sea could have been widened and prolonged eastward for fifteen hundred miles or so, the history of Asia, and, perhaps, of the world, would certainly have been different from that we now peruse.

Freedom and national prosperity are hard to locate. They have never seemed to thrive, as yet, (we don't know how it may be in the future) in the soft and sunny places of the world. They require hard conditions of the sun and soil to bring them to a valid and permanent state of existence. They seem to have succeeded best in presence of a difficulty—proving apparently, the truth of the saying, that the price of independence is eternal vigilance. The perfection of the human race belongs to the temperate zones and to the necessity of energy imposed by their elemental conditions. The civilization of warm, fertile, spontaneous countries is not that by which the progress of the world is accelerated. Switzerland has been kept free by her barren ground and her keen winds, which have invigorated the souls of her people; and they have also, probably, dissuaded the ambition of her neighbors. But it is certain that she has shown herself courageous and determined to be free. The Hollowland, south of the Baltic, lying half in the ocean, and subject to its overflows, was not very vehemently regarded by the rulers of men, and therefore, for a long time, served as a refuge for the peaceful and industrious. Labor built up their energies in that place, and their spirit of independence along with the dykes, and they at last learned to love and die for "their new-catched miles" taken from under the trident of Poseidon; and so they made that land the asylum of liberty, toleration, enlightenment and commercial prosperity. Venice, China, and other states in which labor and vigilance have been necessary to cope with certain difficulties of the soil or situation, are further proofs of this influence of climate on national character.

If we look to England—we think it could be

shown that all she is—all that contrasts in her so strongly with the condition of other European nations, has been owing to her place on the map. Beneath a variable sky, the soil, which would yield little spontaneously, was still rich enough to reward cultivation; and so the Anglo-Saxons—not to go further back—became agricultural and accustomed to toil. Their tribes, occupying a series of independent localities, after a primitive fashion, were necessarily accustomed to look to their own plow-lands, hundreds, parishes and counties, and regulate them independently. The space of the island was too small to permit any nomade movements; and when it was brought to acknowledge a common ruler, the parish and county regulations were in customary force. The agricultural and household fixity of the people allowed them to form regular habits and ideas of policy. The circumstances of the island did not encourage any central despotism to grow up in it like that of Charlemagne over France and Europe. Girt by the waters of the four seas, the Saxon polity had time to grow hardened on the soil, so that the invasions of the Danes and the Normans had no power to do away with it. The Norman government, imposed for centuries on the island, grew weak in time before the well-rooted Anglo-Saxonism of the land; the early county representatives flowered at last into the Parliament, and the *folkmotes* of Egbert and the Confessor are, at this day, flourishing bravely and remarkably on wide-severed hemispheres of the globe.

The isolation of England preserved her from the despotic influences of the continent. But for her separating sea, she would have been many times overrun by her neighbors. If she had touched the bounds of France or the Low Countries, she might have passed under the French crown in the reign of King John, or she would have been overrun by the terrible Spanish infantry—a *land* armada—in the days of Philip; or would have had Napoleon, in 1804, dating his European decrees from the brick-built palace of St. James'. The ocean gods that have been the friends of Great Britain, have vindicated the truth of Dr. Arnold's assertion—in fostering a maritime wealth and empire, of which no former example has at any time existed in the world, and which will only be exceeded when the Anglo-Saxonism which is the moral back-bone of this continent—obeying the unexpired old insular impulse of the slow gathering years long before the Mayflower floated—shall spread out a broader breadth of canvas to all the winds of Heaven—a more Briarean strength of arm over the seas and shores of the world.

It would be absurd to deny, we repeat, that other influences beside those of climate and soil operate upon peoples. Accidents, of conquests, great men, modes of government, religions—these mould the life and character of nations. But, as far as the world has yet gone, we must perceive the more radical and permanent power of the elemental and local influences. We see that nations keep their peculiar character, through the long period of progress, for a thousand years together. The Germans seem to be the same with those Teutonic tribes described by Cæsar and Tacitus. The former described the French of to-day in the Gauls of his own time. He says that nowhere were the common people more despised and kept down than in the country of the Gauls. The Italians of this century are certainly those of the ancient Roman days. If we desire to find a parallel for that general supineness and helplessness which they exhibit just now, we shall find them under the emperors, from Augustus down, when the old warlike spirit of the people seemed to have entirely evaporated; and if we desire to find something like the heroism which drove Brennus back to the mountains and refused to despair after Cannæ, we may discover it in the revolution and siege of Rome in 1848 and 1849. The "human plant" in Italy appears at all times to belong to the soil and the sun: capable of heroic things after "the high Roman fashion:" also wonderfully content with maccaroni and the basking *dolce far niente*, which, being interpreted, is the *panem et circensis* of those times when Rome was mistress of the world; and as handy with the stiletto as once, upon those historic Ides of March, when the blood of Cæsar

> Came rushing out of doors to be resolved
> If Brutus so unkindly knocked or no.

In the same way could be traced old resemblances in the features of many other modern nations—surviving time and change, and, apparently, proving the truth of the autocthonous principle.

Coming to ourselves—we also exhibit the influence of climate on character. And first, as to physical character, in which this proposition seems least controvertible. The Americans are found to be less robust than their European forefathers—English, Irish, German, French, Spanish, and others. The citizens of this republic are, generally speaking, a thinner and paler race than the peoples of the old world. This fact is the more striking, that the condition of immigrants is customarily improved on this soil—they eat and drink better, and have more of the physical comforts of life. Philosophers have been endeavoring to account for this. Some maintain there is something in the climate of America which will not permit organized beings to possess the fire and vigor of the animal creation of the other hemisphere. The dogs of this community are found not to have at all the ferocity of the European hounds: and the American cock does not keep up the high, military heart of his insular brother over the way. It has been considered that to the greater moisture of the British Isles (it is chiefly to these we confine our contrast—seeing they furnish us with the chief material for making it) is owing the superior freshness of complexion and roundness of form which distinguish the insulars. The air of this continent is far dryer than that of the United Kingdom. Another cause has been found in the astonishing haste in which Americans live and move and have their being—their incessant play of speculative thought: and especially the rapid way in which they furnish the microcosm with its necessary aliment—or, as Mr. Micawber would say, with a burst of confidence

—bolt their victuals, in fact. Other causes have been found in the general use of stoves in houses, and the consumption of acidulating fruit in this country. Certainly the health of American women, in particular, suffers from these two causes in a very palpable manner. The stoves of anthracitic America, vitiating the air of close rooms and relaxing the powers of the human body, are calculated to produce a great difference of some sort or other between our people—the women especially—and those islanders who use bituminous coal and open grates. All these things, of course, produce their results; but we think the chief cause of this effect—"or of this defect; for this effect defective comes by cause," as old Polonius would say—would seem to exist in the atmosphere; inasmuch as the lower animal creation on this continent is also found inferior to that of Europe in a certain amount of physical stamina.

As regards the mental and moral character of our people, it could be fairly shown that among all the influences affecting it, those of sun and soil are radically the most forcible. The vast and varied resources of our territory have made us a nation of energetic workers and traders. The lower faculties of our minds have been so excited by the prospects and opportunities which commerce has displayed and discovered to us, on all sides, that the rest of these faculties, in sight of such a wonderful business and the great ends to which it is tending, engage also in the excitement, and Science, Art, Poetry, Philosophy, Religion even, move down gladly to join the great and manifold march of our destinies. Whatever amount of social greatness, enterprise and far speculation distinguishes us from the other nations, is certainly owing to our continental place upon the surface of the globe—this moral *pou sto*, whence we may yet be enabled to move the whole world in a variety of ways. Our minds seem to grow to the measure of this territory, and to represent, in its capacities, the material resources of the empire in all their affluence and incompleteness.

Science and general intercourse will, doubtless, do a great deal in time, in the way of obliterating nations' distinctives. But these can never wholly pass away before the moral advances of civilization. In the human economy, in fact, it would seem that the principle of variety which we find at work every where in the universe, is just as necessary and good as in the material scheme of things. Man must always, more or less, bear the character of those elements by which he is surrounded.

SONG.

BY WM. H. C. HOSMER.

Music, where soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory. SHELLEY.

SHE knew me not, although her breast
Had pillowed oft my head,
And thought I long had been at rest
With Ocean's ghostly dead.
Full on my wan and wasted face
She fixed her melancholy gaze;
But there, alas! she could not trace
The look of other days.

She knew me not! the flight of time
An iron form will bow,
And bondage in a tropic clime
Had darkened cheek and brow:
I spoke of friends, with look cast down,
Who shared her joy in better hours—
Whom Death had added to his crown
Of darkly folded flowers:—

In vain! the mourning one no glance
Of love or welcome gave;
She thought beneath the blue expanse
Of ocean was my grave:
I then sang airs that in the cell
Of hoarding memory long had slept,
And with a look tongue cannot tell
She clasped my neck and wept.

SONNET.—THE COMET.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

UPON what deed of hazardous emprise,
Bold Comet, dost thou come? From vistas deep
Of space, thou hurriedly dost sweep,
Self-shining, with thy trail athwart the skies,
To greet the golden sun. Nor comest thou
Alone—a myriad more press on thy track,
In wild excursion; soon to measure back
The ebon distances. Come, tell us, now,
Why unannounced, strange visitant! once more,
So suddenly thou burstest on our sight,
A terror at mid-day—a wonder of the night?
Precursor of red war, then, dost thou soar,
Or monitor of wo? Peculiar Fire!
Thy presence can in us no confidence inspire.

FANCIES FROM A GARRET.

BY GEO. CANNING HILL.

BUBBLES.

And why not, pray, from a GARRET?
And from a COUNTRY GARRET, too?

THOUGH the sun doth not flood the crannies and crevices with its light—and though dangling webs from spiders' looms swing from one huge beam to another—yet may there brood no Fancies there?—fancies, too, themselves radiant with sunshine, and fringed with a fine web of beauty?

Ay—it is not in smooth-shaven meadows alone, or beneath broad-reaching trees, or beside brawling brooks, that a man's Fancies will disport themselves:—it is not in the woods only, that his inward nature will take airy wings, and revel among speculations far more real, after all, than the very realities about him:—but it is here—there—everywhere:—it is even beneath the rafters of a dim, dusty, and lumber-laden Garret.

I have got a little apartment in the south-east corner of one of these thought-peopled Garrets; none at all too spacious, to be sure; lighted by but a single window, and walled in on all sides by the weird and strange influences that haunt the place. To this retreat I am accustomed to betake myself occasionally, when I would indulge in that refreshing and genial siesta of the senses—a Reverie.

Here are no interruptions. Of a warm summer day, I open my door and suffer the cool wind to draw through the room. Sometimes, on entering at the window, it snatches hold of the corners of my manuscript sheets, whirls them rudely about to the floor, performs a rapid piroutte, and whisks out through the door. There it dances at its pleasure in the spacious and silent Garret-hall—piping its own soft music—and kicking up with its airy feet the venerable dust of years.

When the sunlight blazes upon the crisped shingles, it seems to me that it is night; and that I behold innumerable stars, where the light streams through the hundred holes in the roof. The effect is singular enough. And I go groping about in the darkness and the dust—crouching beneath huge beams—crawling carefully into dim archways and quaint-looking angles—ransacking the lumber of years' accumulation—and raising clouds of dust, which the slender lines of sunlight through the roof fashion into shining threads of gold.

All the influences here at times are sombre; yet they are not so sad as to depress me. I have a strange feeling of being momentarily out of the world. I do not feel lost: only isolated. Neither do I feel myself wholly lonely; for olden and strange associations come thronging to me, so that I may easily imagine myself surrounded with beings of life and thought.

I wander and grope about in this spacious garret, and lose myself sometimes in the varied play of my feelings. My eyes light on old bits of trumpery, that were vastly counted on fifty years ago. Here are children's worn and faded playthings—the baubles and hobby-horses, that absorbed minds which are now impressing an influence upon the world. Here still clasping an open beam, are the ends of the rope by which children swung themselves, full a half century ago; and the whole dusky beam seems circled round and round with rings of childish laughter. Here are dark corners, and cosy angles, and curious spaces, where each erected spacious playhouses, that might, in mimicry, have rivaled the establishments of the jealous Montagues and Capulets.

And I pick out from the rubbish, or take down from the edges of beams and rafters, remnants of ancient China sets, with their quaint devices shattered into other and stranger ones—all of them faithful souvenirs of the days and the habits of our godly grandmothers. And hidden away in the dusty lumber, are a few old and badly bedimmed portraits—coarsely enough done, but once probably sources of secret pride and gratification to their owners.

And then when I stand in the midst of these rare collections of time, and perceptibly feel the influence of the deep silence and the faded light, I say to my heart—Why should *not* a Garret be the place, of all others, the fullest of living Fancies?

—I had thrown myself into my arm-chair one day—it was in the latter part of a protracted and severe winter—and was gradually losing myself in the sweet and soothing play of feelings that always hover about me here. The wintry winds had bawled themselves hoarse over the snowy fields in the distance, and were charging in thick squadrons down the wooded road, to attack the first chance traveler. I could hear them piping shrilly at the crannies and beneath the eaves; and their whistling voices had, I confess, a secret charm for me. I knew they could not reach me with their frost-biting breath; and I unconsciously drew a bit nearer the fire, and wrapped myself more closely in the feeling of comfort that I had drawn about me.

It was already past mid-afternoon; and the pale and lifeless sun threw itself across my floor more like a veritable shadow, than like the cheerful sun it should have been.

I tried to lose myself entirely—to sleep; but that was only impossible. My thoughts would not wholly sleep. Yet they were, for all that, disposed to drowsiness.

Every thing I had ever heard, or read, seemed crowding back on my memory. Chance sayings

from lips that had not spoken in long years; and quaint lines from quaintest authors. Old books sifted out their piquancies into my lap, that I should pick them up and examine them over again, one at a time. My mind was, for the moment, converted into a crowded museum. Every thing was huddled together there; yet not so confusedly as that I could not lay my hand—so to say—on whatever I wanted.

By some unknown association, the line of Banquo, in his questioning of Macbeth respecting the three witches, came to me; and I know not if I repeated it aloud to myself or not, in the state of reverie into which my mind was lapsing:

"The earth has bubbles, as the water hath."

At all events, the line kept running and spinning round in my brain—I all the while trying to deduce some hidden meaning from it. I had it over and over again; and in time, my thoughts began to weave themselves together somewhat after this wise:—

—Bubbles? Yes—and a plenty of them, too!

The baby blows them from the smooth bowl of a clay pipe; distending its little cheeks to their utmost, and staring at the gaudy tints that sail over their surfaces, with a delight that is almost uncontrollable.

The youth blows them, when he looks out from one of the windows of his lofty air-castle; and his eye swims with the pleasant prospect he sees through the golden mist that hangs before him.

The man of mature years blows them—big and round; but they are not always so gayly painted as those he inflated years ago. The colors are faded: they seem soiled: they are, in truth, wanting. Yet the bubbles are no less bubbles, albeit they look so vapory and dull.

—And so, thought I, we all keep blowing bubbles, from early babyhood till we lean upon the staff. It is only when the silvery snows of old age lie thickly upon the temples, and the clear eye has altogether lost its crystal lustre, that we leave off the occupation.

Early in life we call it a pleasant pastime; when we grow older, we make it a business. While we are children, we send the fragile creations up into the air; and we laugh and clap our hands, to see the winds play gently with them as with foot-balls. And when at last their thousand liquid threads snap in sunder, and only a glistening water-drop falls to the earth, our faces for a moment forget their smiles, and then—we straightway go to blowing more.

We get further on in years. We are sanguine, even to feverishness. We hope for every thing which our minds can conceive. We know no such chances as those of impossibility. Our blood is hot: it flies swiftly along our veins, and we do not know how to brook restraint. Life is all pleasure; or rather, a concentric series of pleasure—the outer circles seemingly quite as thickly crowded with happiness as those nearer the centre. We snatch quick glances at the future; and we see the years going round and round in these charmed circles, till our brain grows giddy. And then we give ourselves up to nothing but this single object and purpose—PLEASURE.

We grow out of mere boyhood—that age of continual conflict betwixt pride and sense—that time wherein we experience more mortifications than during all the rest of our lives—and we feel the first flush of manhood on our brows. The limbs are lithe, and graceful, and strong. The senses take a secret pleasure at the very consciousness of their existence. The eye is quick, and clear, and far-sighted. The ear catches the slightest sounds. A sense of strength, and so of confidence, settles down upon the whole being. There are no feats—whether physical or intellectual—for which we do not seem to have abundant capacity.

And the hopes, too, are so high; and the ambition is so exalted; and the heart is so strong!

—Oh, how much it would take of trial, to crush the strength out of the heart now!

You are looking, with an eye full of hopeful expression, out upon the world's highway. Crowded as it is, you have no fears of there being no room for you. You are so full of self-reliance—to give it no harsher name—that you even think the world will need your services—that it can ill do without them.

—Immature fellow! You might die; and a thousand more of equal promise and hope, might die along with you; and yet your loss would never be felt by the world. There would be enough left to perform all you had in your heart resolved upon.

You think, as you pass on, and as the days begin to lag and grow more tedious, that you will need the sympathy of another, from which, as from a never-failing fountain, to feed your own. You sometimes, even now, have moments of weariness and exhaustion, although they are as fleeting as fleecy clouds; yet they suggest to you fears of weariness and exhaustion, in the battle of coming years—and you secretly resolve not to be taken unawares.

At the first, this is but a thought of expediency; or of something that looks as much to safety as to any thing else. Then it slowly and gradually takes form. Then it thrusts its bursting grain-head above the heart-soil; and it instantly becomes an existence—a living reality. Then it shoots and germinates rapidly; drawing strongly on the life for sustenance; and sucking up almost all the invigorating juices from the heart.

You are thrown off your guard by the most trifling cause—nay, by no causes at all. Your nerves become shattered, unstrung, and sadly out of tune. Your head swims with the slightest pretexts. Your eyes grow wild, and at times glassy, even to ghastliness. Your heart feels never so sad and so lonely; never so deeply in want of another's sympathy.

You have brothers?—No—no.

Sisters?—Ah—but even that will not do. Something nearer even than brother or sister, is what this heart-hunger craves now.

And all this time—silly fellow!—your eyes are tightly shut. You see nothing. You are willing to grope your way thus in the dark. Yet if you would but exercise a little of the reason you have laid by as of no present service, in what a straight-forward way would you go at your purpose!

The sight of a pale ribbon, flirting in the wind, throws you in a panic. The faintest smile from ruby lips, makes you fairly go mad. The sudden glance of a twinkling dark eye, only intoxicates you. How the hot blood rushes up to the eyes—and then slowly ebbs back upon the heart again!

—Ah! if you could but catch the sweet music of her voice!—

Well—well; and that time at length comes along. You have waited patiently and long. You have wrestled valiantly with your bashfulness—and, at last, you are the victor.

You speak to her, whose image has so long been haunting you. She replies to you. Her voice is like the low tones of a lute.

—Was there ever such joy?—

—Again. You just feel the slight weight of her hand upon your arm. Yet you think you cannot feel it, either. You wish she was heavier. You wish she was far more of a burden on your arm.

The lace-frills on either side of her face are snowy white; but not near so white as her face itself. Nothing could be whiter than that. You look hurriedly at it, and you greatly wonder while you fear.

Lean more on me for support! you say.

She throws up a grateful glance at you, but says nothing. Yet you read in that glance, as plainly as if it had been upon a printed page—

Thank you: I lean on you now all I can!—

But, how like a feather! How fearfully fragile! She leans on you with all her weight? Then is she scarce heavier than a shadow.—

You try cheering words. You tell her how balmy airs always refresh your senses; and timidly ask her if she is not already refreshed herself. The blushing red rose that has ambitiously climbed over the wall, you pluck hastily for her—heedless of either thorns or pain. You offer it to her. She lays it upon her lips.

Alas! how fearful the contrast with that blanched face. For the moment, yours is fully as white as her own.

You speak of flowers; but your lip quivers. You know that the flower you support on your arm is too white for a rose; too pale by far for a lily; too fragile altogether for an earth-flower: and you cannot keep it out of your mind, that she must soon bloom in another soil.

—Oh, God! How the rushing thoughts come now! All your ambition—that strong cord that bound you down to earth—is snapped like tow in a blaze! You could at once burn your books, and feel no regret; if by that means these cruel fears would release your heart from the clutch of their skinny fingers! You would give up your whole life-time, day by day, and year by year—if, by this devotion, you could crush the life out of these cruel spectres!

Then comes a long day: a dark day: a dismal day. No other such day could ever have been notched in the calendar. The sun is clear—but you do not see it. You are wholly in the darkness. The soft south winds blow upon your temples, and refresh your nostrils with the fragrance they have rifled from gardens full of flowers.

—If *she* could but feel this refreshing fragrance in *her* nostrils!—

You behold many faces—and many strange ones, too. These are wild briars running all over the turf you are slowly treading on; but no roses on one of them; nothing but thorns. Your eye is glassy; and it runs round hurriedly on the ring of faces that are turned to your own. Your muscles are so very rigid—you think your face is of marble.

There is a dark throng all around you. Circles of young girls—but not a smile on the face of one of them. Their eyes are cast down; and you fancy their pale lips slightly quiver. You look closer; and your own tremble and shake in spite of you.

The dull tramp of feet has ceased. There is no voice—no sound. The silence is unbroken. It hangs over you—over those about you—over the whole dense throng, like a heavy pall. You would even put out your hand and raise it from before your eyes. You feel strange sensations, as of suffocation; and you would fain speak aloud, to satisfy yourself that you still possess your senses.

—How heavy!—how oppressive!—how appalling!—

By and by, a low, faint, scarce audible sound rises on the air. It is very near you, yet it seems as if it were a very great way off. Now louder—now higher—now nearer still to you. It is as if the air were filled with low wails!

It is only a dirge for the dead.

—How your flesh creeps, as the fearfully solemn tones fall on your ears. How icy cold is the blood in your veins—and yet the beaded drops of perspiration stand upon your temples, and in your palms! How stoutly you struggle to feel that you still have your senses; and yet, in your strong agony, you fiercely bite your lip through and through, and know it not.

Alas!—what wo!—what wo!—what untold wo! No heart now, from whose depths to draw refreshing sympathy. No open ear, into which to pour the torrent of your untold grief. You cannot move from your tracks. You would not move if you could. You would not speak—nor utter so much as a faint cry. You would for ever stand there, like a lifeless block of marble.

You wonder if all the rest feel as you do; and you try to lift your eyes, to meet the gaze which you feel is upon you.

Just then, another wail of song—and your dimmed eyes drop to the ground. They behold what has been spared you till now.

They fall into a gaping grave!

—And then comes blindness again; and a swift swimming of the brain; and a sickening of all the senses; and you fear for yourself, lest you may suddenly reel and pitch into the newly-dug grave.—

Oh, God!—you pray—if this cup would but have passed from me!

Four men stand near the dark cavity. Their feet are imbedded in the gravel that has been freshly thrown out, and it rattles back again into the grave, with an unearthly echo.

The men each hold on upon a strap. They let it slip—you can distinctly hear it—through their hands. Down—down—down!

The coffin has gone down beneath the edge of the grave. It grates, and rubs, and rumbles against the rough sides of its cell, and then sinks into the silence and darkness for ever.

You hear sobs—quick, convulsive, heart-rending sobs. They are full to bursting with distress. They come from the lips of her mother—her sister—her brother.

You cannot bear it yourself. Oh, for only a single tear! Oh, for but a single heaving of the breast!

—But no—but no. No one to whom to carry all your griefs now. They must flow back upon your heart again. They must scorch it with their boiling lava. They press even now so hard upon you, that you feel fearfully self-possessed. It is almost impossible to bear it all.

Young girls step timidly up to the edge of the dark grave—snatch a look at the coffin that holds all your own heart—and cautiously throw roses down upon it.

The sight goes to your very heart. But no tears yet. What a relief would they not be?

And now you clench your hands tightly together, and bite your lip in fresh agony. You spit blood already from your mouth.

Only a prayer—a slow, solemn prayer from the reverend man of God—and all is over. The dense throng begin to turn away.

They are nearly all gone: they wait for you only.

Some one touches you gently on your arm; but you are senseless as stone. Your eyes are fixed on that remorseless grave—the greedy grave, that has in a moment swallowed up all your hopes of earthly happiness.

You only wish you could lie down, and be buried there too!

—Then you think of her again—of the time when she was in the flush of health and beauty. You remember well the very first look she gave you. It will never, you think, pass out of your memory.

You call up her tender expressions; her genial thoughts; and her many arch and graceful sayings. You think how surpassingly beautiful she seemed to you, on a certain summer morning, when you were riding together along a road lined with ruddy apple-blossoms, and vocal with the bewildering music of birds. You think, too, of the time when she gently dropped her head upon your manly shoulder, and you felt your soul full to the brim with happiness.

And then to have the crushing thought fall again like a great weight upon you—that this is all that is left of her love; and that she is carefully laid away for the rioting worm!

—Oh, for but a hot—a scalding tear! How you pray that this mighty grief will break its bounds and overflow!

This time they pull harder at your arm, and call you by name. You look up—but you comprehend nothing. You hear your name spoken—but know not by whom.

They warn you to come away. You move on reluctantly after them; but your last look is on that grave. And you think you will come back again, when night steals over the place; and watch by the side of it till she comes and sits down beside you; and then you will weave fresh roses again into garlands together.

—You are back in your little office once more. You open a book—a huge book—and lay it out upon the table before you. The events of the day you desire to make into something more real; and you bring them into close proximity with your daily duties—with the very books you have handled so often, with the clear type on the page.

Alas!—in only a moment—they become far too real to you. They roll rapidly over your brain, like yeasty waves over a drowning man.

—No ambition now—no more hope—no high thoughts for the future. You care nothing for applauding voices. They are but faint whispers, in the storm of your roaring and deafening trouble.

You pace to and fro in your little room; but no consolation. All your castles, that you had builded with such nice care, have crumbled to the ground. All the domestic bliss you had thought soon to enter upon, has suddenly become a blank. The home-fires you had thought to kindle so brightly on your hearth, are all smothered and smouldering. Only dry ashes before you: no blaze; no warmth. A vacant chair stands beside your own.

You seize your hat, and rush out to breathe out your still grief upon the winds—hoping, perchance, they may waft it to her ears.

—And this is your first disappointment—your first great grief. Would to God—you say—it may be your last!

—Bubbles—all bubbles, thought I, as the wind shrieked at the crevices of the Old Garret again. When do we stop blowing them?—and when do they stop bursting?

Now, I thought I knew what Banquo meant, when he said that the earth, like the water, had bubbles;—

"And this is of them!—"

I piled fresh logs upon my fire. I felt chilled, as with a searching wind.

My eyes wandered out at the window. The sick sun no longer lay across the floor. It had gone down behind the distant hills. The swart shadows were at the casement, and were slowly creeping in.

—They had come—thought I—to throw their dark shroud about the Fancies that were brooding here. And I gladly welcomed them, too.—

I buried my face in my hands; and a secret joy stole into my heart, that the Night had finally come.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

THE Rev. Sydney Saybrook preached his first sermon to an admiring congregation. The people of L—— were astonished; old men dwelt with delight on the excellent home-truths introduced, as it were, amid a bed of flowers—young men admired the eloquence and frank bearing of the speaker—and young ladies, ah! *that* was the thing. *They*, disdaining the matter-of-fact admiration of the rougher sex, looked forward into futurity, and, as the young minister was reported free of encumbrances, they thought of putting an end to his season of bliss by providing him with *one* as soon as possible.

This, however, is in strict confidence—they would not have acknowledged it for the world, and yet many of the brains pertaining to those attentive faces were busily at work within the pretty parsonage, altering, remodeling, arranging things to their own particular tastes. One would have that rose-vine taken away—it obscured the view; another would not only leave the rose, but would add a honeysuckle, too—it looked pretty and romantic; while a third had re-carpeted the stairs to the last flight by the time that Mr. Saybrook arrived at "thirteenthly."

Milly Ellsworth was a very pretty girl, and, therefore, what might perhaps have been vanity in one more plain, was with her only a pleasant consciousness of her own charms; as, in apparent forgetfulness of the saying that it takes two to make a bargain, she exclaimed:

"I have made up my mind to captivate Mr. Saybrook—it must be so beautiful to be a minister's wife."

The last remark was intended as a sort of compliment to their visitor, who enjoyed that enviable distinction, but Mrs. S—— merely smiled as Milly's earnest face was raised toward her.

"Only think of it," continued the young enthusiast.

"I do think of it," replied Mrs. S——, quietly; "but the thought to me brings up some scenes that are any thing but agreeable. If I cannot tell "tales that would freeze your very blood," I can relate some that *would* freeze a little of that enthusiasm. *A minister's wife!* You little know what is comprised in that title."

"Of course," replied Milly, with a demure face, "it is a station of great responsibility, and has its peculiar duties. A minister's wife, too, is a sort of pattern, and should be a—a—in short, just the thing."

"Exactly," returned Mrs. S——, smiling at this very satisfactory explanation, "but for 'pattern' read 'mirror'—a reflection of everybody's own particular ideas; in which, of course, no two agree. But let me hear *your* ideas on the subject, Milly—I wish to know what you consider 'just the thing.'"

"Why," continued Milly, warming with her subject, "her dress, in the first place, should be scrupulously plain—not an article of jewelry—a simple straw hat, perhaps, tied down with a single ribbon—and a white dress, with no ornament but natural flowers."

"Very good," said Mrs. S——, "as far as it goes; but the beauty of this very 'simple straw-hat' is, of course, to consist in its shape and style, and country villages are not proverbial for taste in this respect. It would never do for a minister's wife to spend her time in searching for a tasty bonnet, and with a limited purse this is no light labor. Then, too, she is obliged to encourage the manufactures of the town in which she resides. If you could have seen some of the hats *I* had to wear!"

Milly shuddered; she could have borne reverses of fortune, could even have stood at the stake unflinchingly, supported by the glories of martyrdom; but an unbecoming bonnet is one of those petty trials for which one gains no credit but that of bad taste.

"As to the white dress," continued Mrs. S——, "you must intend it to be made of some material from which dirt will glance harmlessly off on one side. Or perhaps you have one already—a legacy from one of those everlastingly white-robed heroines in the old novels. Those must assuredly have been spectre woods that they wandered in, for in *our* days brambles and under-wood leave their marks. *I* was obliged to give up white dresses."

Milly looked thoughtful.

"Oh, well," said she, after a short pause, "dress is very little, after all. I should like the idea of being a minister's wife; you are so looked-up to by the congregation; and then they bring you presents and think so much of you."

"Yes," replied Mrs. S——, "there *is* something in that; I had seven thimbles given to me once."

"Well, that must have been pleasant, I am sure."

"It would have done very well had they not expected me to use the whole seven at once. Don't look so frightened, Milly—I don't mean in a literal sense; but I was certainly expected to accomplish as much work as would have kept the seven well employed. This, with my household affairs, was somewhat impossible."

Milly sighed; she was not fond of work, and had vague visions of meals of fruit and milk, and interminable seams accomplishing themselves with neatness and dispatch.

"Now, that you look rather more rational," said Mrs. S——, with a smile, "I will give you a little

of my own experience, that you may not walk into these responsibilities with your eyes half-shut, as I did. My ideas upon the subject of minister's wives were very much like your own, and when I left my father's house in the city to accompany Mr. S—— to his home in a distant country-village, it was with the impression that I was to become a sort of queen—over a small territory, it is true, but filled with adoring subjects. Mr. S—— is not very communicative, and as he did not pull down my castles-in-the-air with any description of realities, I was rather disappointed to find no roses or honeysuckles; but a very substantial-looking house, with an immense corn-field on one side and a kitchen-garden on the other: I could scarcely repress my tears; but Mr. S——, who had been accustomed to the prospect all his life, welcomed me to my future home as though it were all that could be desired.

"The congregation soon flocked, not 'to pay their respects,' but to take an inventory of my person and manners. I was quite young and naturally lively, and old people shook their heads disapprovingly at the minister's choice, while grave spinsters, disappointed ones perhaps, tossed theirs at the idea of 'such a chit.' The very rigid ones black-balled me from *their* community as unworthy to enter, while the gay ones regarded me as a sort of amphibious animal, neither one thing nor the other.

"Before long, the gifts of which you speak thronged in. I was pleased at the attention—not dreaming, in my innocence, that twice as much would be required of me in return. My ignorance on a great many subjects excited the contempt, and often indignation of my country neighbors; they made not the least allowance for my city education.

"I was standing in the kitchen one day, with a delusive notion of making cake—for my attempts in the cookery line always placed me in a state of delightful uncertainty as to the end, it was quite a puzzle what things *would* turn out—when a middle-aged woman made her appearance, and, without being invited, seated herself near me. A basket accompanied her; and after remarking that 'it was awful hot!' she asked me 'if I would n't like some turnpike-cakes?'

"Previous unpalatable messes had been sent in to the table, and afraid that I might be drawn in to taste some nauseous compound, I replied rather hesitatingly—'No, I thank you—I do not think that I am very fond of them.'

"Mrs. Badger, for that was my visitor's name, placed a hand on each hip, and looking me full in the face, burst forth into a laugh that would have done credit to a backwood's-man. I trembled, and felt myself coloring to the tips of my ears. To this day I have a vivid recollection of the impression made upon me by that woman's contempt.

"'Well, wherever *was* you broughten up,' said my visitor, at length, 'to 'spose that turnpike-cakes was meant *to eat!* Why, bless your heart, child! they 're to make bread with!'

"I caught eagerly at the idea; Mr. S—— was partial to home-made bread—Mrs. Badger, who was by no means ill-natured, willingly left the turnpike-cakes, and I was soon plunged up to the elbows in my labor of love. I had very mistaken ideas though upon the subject of bread, and its capabilities of rising; I supposed that a very minute piece of dough would bake into a pretty loaf, and was extremely surprised when I beheld only an extensive tea-cake. Mr. S—— laughed good-naturedly at my baking, and pronounced it very well, what there was of it. Anxious to distinguish myself in his eyes as a good housekeeper, I toiled over pies, cake, and every thing eatable that I could think of; but, alas! the meed of praise always fell short of my expectations. He dispatched the pies with a mournful air, as he assured me that 'he never expected to taste any equal to his mother's;' and after trying in vain to reach this standard of perfection, I gave it up in despair. This, I have since found, is merely a delusion peculiar to men, to be classed in the same scale with the fancy that sermons were longer and winters merrier in childhood than they are now.

"*My* experience of ministers has convinced me that, with respect to worldly matters, they are an extremely thoughtless, improvident race; and the machinery of *work*, indispensable to the producing of comforts, always contrives to get on 'the blind side' of them. Mr. S—— seemed to imagine that shining shirt-bosoms and spotless cravats grew on trees, or were fished-up, unharmed, from the depths of the sea, for every week his astonishment at Biddy's failures was indescribable.

"Anxious to put an end to this perpetual state of surprise, I went into the kitchen to oversee the girl's performances—knowing about as much of the matter as she did. Her request, 'and would ye plaze, ma'am, to be afther showin' me,' just meant to do it myself. The sensations that Mr. S—— experienced on finding me thus employed were almost too deep to vent themselves in words, but he positively forbade my doing it again; so, whenever I knew that he was off on some lengthy visit, I continued my mysterious occupation unsuspected; while he rejoiced at Biddy's improvement, and in the innocence of his heart exclaimed:

"'Do n't tell *me*, my dear, that these Irish cannot be taught—look at Biddy!'

"I did look at her, and encountered so hopelessly vacant a visage that I laughed to myself at his credulity.

"I was invited, rather *commanded*, to join 'The Dorcas Society for the Relief of Indigent Females,' which met every week, and where the members always sewed on unbleached muslin and sixpenny calico; they made me president, and in consequence I was expected, at each meeting, to take home the unfinished work and do it up during the week. I was collector for the poor—and in my rounds some gave me sixpence, some nothing, and some impudence. I was superintendent of the Sunday-school, besides teacher of a Bible-class of middle-aged young ladies who were not quite grown up. I was member of a 'Society for the Diffusion of Useful Reading,' which also met every week; and where,

had I not been a minister's wife, I should certainly have fallen asleep over the 'Exhortations,' 'Helps,' 'Aids,' and 'Addresses,' that were showered upon us poor women; while I wondered that nobody took the trouble to write to men.

"You must acknowledge that my time was pretty well employed; but, besides all this, I was expected to entertain innumerable visitors. Traveling clergymen always made our house their stopping-place; and it must have been conveniently on the route to almost every place in the Union; for some were going north, some east, and some west, but that was always the halting-place. Their hours of arriving were various and unexpected; but *I* was expected to furnish banquets at the shortest notice—to drag forth inexhaustible stores of linen and bedding—and throw open airy apartments that had hitherto been concealed by secret springs. Mr. S—— was firmly convinced that the house possessed the elastic properties of India-rubber, and mildly disregarded my ignorance when I asserted that it would not stretch to any extent.

"A convention of ministers was to meet in the village, for some purpose or other, and the visitors, like British soldiers during the revolution, were to be quartered upon the inhabitants—with only this difference, they were to be invited before they entered a house. I was seated in Mr. S——'s study when he mentioned the ministers.

"'I spoke for you, too, my dear,' said he coolly, 'and said that we could accommodate six.'

"'Mr. S——!' I exclaimed, roused past all endurance; 'are you really crazy!'

"'Anna!' replied my husband, as he turned his eyes upon me. Mr. S—— was usually very mild, and appeared to think that a look was sufficient to subdue refractory spirits. He now undertook to *look* me into reason; while I, fairly boiling at the idea of being treated like a naughty child, and yet struggling with a sense of right and wrong, sat with downcast eyes trying in vain to get cool.

"'I hope," continued Mr. S——, 'that my wife has not forgotten the rules of hospitality, or the precepts of the Bible?'

"'But it is so impossible!' I pleaded. 'Neither beds nor any thing else will hold out under such an inundation.'

"'Remember the widow's cruse of oil,' replied my husband.

"'Yes,' said I, for I felt just the least bit termagantish, 'but such things do not happen now-a-days.'

"Mr. S—— *looked* again, and I was quieted, though I felt very much like laughing.

"'One can sleep on the sofa,' continued my husband, after a pause.

"It was the nearest approach toward calculating probabilities that I had ever known him to make; but I took somewhat of a wicked pleasure in replying,

"'Not if he is very tall—and then he would probably roll out, it is so narrow; and, after all, that is only one.'

"'Chairs!' suggested Mr. S——.

"'Do n't you think,' said I, rather hesitatingly, 'that they would rather go where they could be better accommodated?'

"'Anna,' said Mr. S——, as he deliberately laid down his pen, 'I am really sorry to see you so unwilling to contribute your mite toward entertaining those who should be welcome guests in every house.'

"'*Mite*, indeed!' thought I; 'but that sounded better in a sentence than 'superhuman efforts.'

"'Mr. S——,' said I, in a sort of frantic hope of reducing him to reason, 'there are exactly two spare-beds in the house—these divided among six full-grown men are not very extensive accommodations.'

"My husband turned upon me a look, 'more in sorrow than in anger,' and left the room, as I imagined, to examine our stock of blankets and comfortables. But not he; he only went to look for a book of reference, and soon was writing again as calmly as though six ministers were not hovering over us in perspective.

"I sat like one bewildered, and thought. Mr. S—— would not imagine the possibility of our not being able to accommodate them; and I foresaw that all the blame of a failure would fall upon me. Had they only been girls, I could have disposed of them somehow; but the idea of packing away six grave ministers, like so many bundles, was quite repugnant to my feelings of reverence. I thought, however, in vain—there was no conclusion to come to; nothing left for me but inglorious retreat. In spite of having taken him 'for better or for worse'—notwithstanding that I had vowed to cling to him through every thing—I deserted him in his hour of need. Yes, I thought that a good, practical lesson might be of benefit both to him and me; so I went off on a visit, ostensibly to spend the day, but I contrived to be gone all night—the very night that the ministers were to arrive.

"I learned the particulars of their visit from Mr. S——.

"They arrived about dinner-time, and rather disconcerted at my absence, Mr. S—— did the honors of the house with all the egregious mistakes that usually fall to the lot of absent-minded people. No extra provision had been made for the six guests; and Mr. S—— helped the oldest minister so liberally that the others were in danger of falling short. As he proceeded in his employment the alarming scantiness of the viands struck even *his* eye; and, in his first feelings of embarrassment, he abruptly left the room, and dashing into a closet near by, he soon returned with a dish, which he presented to one of the unfortunate ones, saying;

"'Mrs. S—— is quite famous for her—her'—

"What name he would have bestowed upon it he does not exactly know himself; but his visitor's optical organs being more on the alert, he indignantly declined the feast of soft-soap with which Mr. S—— was about to favor him. My husband asserts that his feelings were indescribable; and to this day, he has scarcely forgiven my desertion. He was

taking his first lesson in house-keeping; and saw, with some surprise, that a dinner provided for three or four persons would not answer for six more. He sent to the neighbors', and soon supplied deficiencies; but conversation rather flagged, and his visitors evidently looked upon him with some distrust. At tea-time Biddy made so many ridiculous mistakes that he was obliged to set the table himself, and expressly forbid her entering the room.

"The hour for retiring approached, and then, indeed, came 'the tug of war.' Mr. S—— examined the accommodations again and again, but no more beds grew beneath his eye; and at length, in despair, he concluded to marshal them upstairs in the order of precedence, and see how things turned out. Brother A—— took the light from his hand, and bade him 'good-night' in an imposing manner, but without a single hint that the company of Brother B—— or Brother C—— would be acceptable; and somewhat despairingly he descended to his other visitors. Brother B——, being of a convenient size, was bestowed upon the sofa; but there now remained four others for one bed and a half, for Mr. S—— had concluded to take one in with him. Two were dispatched to the remaining room; one was invited to share his apartment, and, after giving Brother A—— abundance of time to establish himself comfortably, Mr. S—— presented himself at his door with the remaining visitor, and aroused him from a sound sleep with a request to take him in. No wonder that Brother A—— looked dignified at this miserable management, or that Mr. S—— began to think that I might be half-right, after all.

The next morning matters drew to a crisis. The coffee, manufactured by Mr. S——, was execrable; and this, with a banquet of burned beef and something that Biddy termed 'short-cake,' lumps of dough, scorched without and raw within, utterly failed to satisfy the appetites of the six visitors, who were going upon a long journey; and they departed with a conviction that my husband's invitation had been extremely ill-timed, and prevented them from accepting others that might have proved pleasant.

"'My dear,' said Mr. S—— to me one day, after I had been home some little time, 'are you not making an uncommon quantity of cake? Do you expect any visitors?'

"'I do not *expect* any,' I replied. 'But they may come without expecting. Perhaps the six ministers will stop here on their return.'

"Mr. S—— gave me a look, but it was only to smile at the expression of my eyes, which, I felt, were fairly dancing; and he replied quite meekly:

"'It was very foolish of me to be so unreasonable—but I have had a lesson that will not be soon forgotten.'

"I could have thrown my arms around him in ecstasy, but they were full of flour, and as I had 'a respect for the *cloth*,' I desisted. He never again volunteered to take in six ministers at once; how truly they had been '*taken in*,' they could probably testify."

"Well," said Milly, with a sigh, "were you not sorry that you had married Mr. S——?"

"Not at all," replied the visitor, with a smile at this detriment to her advice, "I would do the same thing again to-morrow."

Milly was surprised; she had seen Mr. S——, a grave, mild-looking gentleman, in a white cravat, but, while she regarded him with the greatest reverence, and trembled whenever she encountered him on the stairs, she could not realize the possibility of his compensating for all these trials—even Mr. Saybrook failed there.

The next Sunday the young minister was as eloquent and fascinating as ever; but Milly glanced at his white cravat and thought of the ironings—she glanced at the congregation and thought of sewing-societies—and, like the things in "The Philosopher's Scales," Mr. Saybrook went up with a bound, while these stern realities pressed heavily down in the balance. Her eyes were opened, and the young minister fell to the lot of some competitor who had not been favored with "a peep behind the scenes."

FRAGMENT.—A PICTURE.

BY WM. ALBERT SUTLIFFE.

CALM was the wave; such stillness up in Heaven
Heralds the voicefulness of Deity,—
Or such, on earth, o'erstoops a placid mere,
Mountained all round, and sentineled of woods,
And citadeled of tufted islets green.
A bark lay on the deep; and from the shore
Fled back rude-climbing slopes, high-terminate
In snow and clustering cloud, and the hills stared
With a dry burning smile up zenith-ward,
Into the broad blue quiet of the sky:
Quiet the sea-kissed shore—noiseless the hills—
All soothed the Titan pulses of the deep—
And the huge-breathing winds were caverned all,
Moveless, and murmurless, as somewhere near
Some god were chambered, pillowed in sweet rest.
A bark was on the deep; and some few men,
Plain-garbed, and bronzed by life-expending toil,
Looked steadily down into the unwinking main,
And saw themselves look up—and nothing more.

GLIMPSES OF WESTERN TRAVEL.

On board one of those floating Babels, a steamer of the largest class, and bound by the way of the upper lakes for the territory of Wisconsin. The night of our leaving Buffalo was very tempestuous, which led some of the fearful passengers to inquire, "Will not the captain put into some port should the danger become imminent?" "There is no port that this boat can enter, short of Cleaveland," was the comforting reply. In the morning the weather became calm, and the day was pleasant upon Lake Erie. A view of Cleaveland from the lake, and a very imperfect one of Detroit, as we were receding from it in the early morning, was all that I saw of the towns upon the lower lakes. Looking out upon the St. Clair river, and near the magnificent Lake Huron, Fort Gratiot lingers as a beautiful picture upon my memory. Every thing belonging to the fort looked dazzlingly white in the afternoon sun, and contrasted finely with the green foliage of the trees with which it was surrounded. The burial-ground seemed, as we saw it from the river, to be in the midst of a grove of Nature's own planting. A retired and peaceful spot for the last rest of the weary-hearted! The evening found us far up upon Lake Huron. There was a clear moon, and it was delightful to stay out upon the guards and look upon the lake as its waves glittered in the moonlight. There was a lonely grandeur in that night scene upon "the great waters," that brought home to the heart a sense of how little human aid could avail us there, should evil betide our vessel. That moonlight scene upon Lake Huron is placed beside the view of Fort Gratiot in the treasure-house of memory. The morning had been dark, with a wintry sky, but the afternoon was warm and bright when we arrived at Mackinack. The isolation of its situation in the far northern waters—the antique appearance of a portion of its buildings, and the strange blending in its population of military and civil, savage and civilized life, combine to render Mackinaw indeed a unique spot. The island rises almost like a hill from the water, and the fort, as every one knows, is upon the height commanding the passage of the straits, and the town is built upon the lake shore beneath it, and close along the water's edge are erected the lodges of the Indians. Whether there are always so many lodges to be found there, or whether some of them were set up for a temporary gathering of the Indians at Mackinaw, I know not. They were made of a coarse matting, attached to poles that protruded from their tops, and were in a conical form I should suppose from their size that the families inhabiting them must be very small, or that there was little room allowed for guests. The bark canoes of the Indians were drawn up all along the lake-shore. They look frail things to trust in, out on the deep waters of the lake. A scene on board the boat impressed me strangely. On returning to the saloon after visiting the town, we found a refined and fashionable-looking group gathered around the piano engaged in a piece of modern music, and close behind them, and listening with apparently deep interest, stood some of the dark children of the forest. A squaw, with her pappoose lashed to her back, with its head just visible above her soiled blanket, forms a striking contrast to a fashionably dressed lady when placed beside her. There is an evident effort among the Indians to assume in a measure the dress of white people. Some poor and soiled articles of civilized attire, worn with their savage costume, only make their appearance the more miserable. The old mission-house was pointed out to me. Mackinack has long been abandoned as a missionary station, but it was evident that a missionary of evil was still laboring there in the midst of the Indians, and from their appearance had won many followers—the fire-water—that curse of the red man! It was painful to see the number of casks laid along the shore with the brand "whisky" upon them, and to think of the evil that would undoubtedly ensue from it. Mackinaw is somewhat important from its fishing trade, and its white-fish and trout are justly celebrated. These large trout have the beautifully spotted skins of the fish bearing the same name in the Eastern waters. What has been said of the transparency of the "blue waters of Huron" is not exaggeration. Of a clear day, when the lake is still, one can discern objects at the depth of many fathoms as distinctly as if they were at the surface of the water. There are old, bark-covered houses standing in the town, that look as if they must have stood there when Mackinaw was one of the frontier posts belonging to France. I observed no large trees, but there are many cedars along the bluff which surrounds the island. Landing at Milwaukee late at night and leaving it early in the morning, there was no opportunity for seeing this fast-improving city of the lake. It is some miles from Milwaukee on the west, before one enters the prairie country. There is much beautiful prairie between Milwaukee and the Rock river, interspersed with the oak openings, which form a characteristic feature of the country. These oak openings are of a burr oak, with low, spreading branches, and are free from any under-growth of shrubs, and at a little distance have much the appearance of extensive orchards. It was night long before we reached Janesville, upon the Rock river, the place of our destination. There was again a clear, bright moon, like that which looked down upon Huron, and the country was distinctly visible in its light.

Along the way we saw, in different places, the "camping out" so common among the team-drivers of the West, and I was reminded strikingly of scenes I had read of in gipsy life. The groups gathered around their fires—the fire-light shining and flicker-

ing upon the trees—the large wagons, with their white, covered tops, which at a little distance looked almost like tents in the moonlight, and the cattle in the background, formed altogether a picturesque scene. It is said that teams often go in this manner from the Mississippi to the lake and return, without their drivers seeking any other lodgings than such as they can find within or beneath their wagons. They select places for the night encampment were wood and water can be readily obtained, and turn out their cattle to crop the grass around them.

Janesville, the county town of Rock county, is already a place of very considerable business, although it is but little more than nine years since its site was the hunting-ground of the Pottawattomies and Winnebagoes. The town was originally built on the eastern side of the river, beneath and along the side of the bluff which there terminates Rock prairie on the west; but within two years past streets have been laid out in the oak openings on the western side of the river, and many buildings erected upon them. There is a stone academy on the western side of the river, which is also occupied for the present as a chapel for the services of the Episcopal denomination. A very fine, large flouring-mill is also in process of erection on the western side of the river. The court-house stands upon the brow of the bluff, on the eastern side of the river, and near the centre of the village, and commands a fine and extensive view. Rock river is a much purer and quicker stream than many of the rivers of the West. Rock prairie is many miles in extent—it is skirted by oak openings, and has some groves of timber dotted through it. The soil of the prairie is very dark and rich, and looks as though it might bear cultivation for ages without wearing out. Rock county possesses great agricultural resources, and has settled very rapidly for an inland district. The tide of foreign emigration that sets so strongly to the West, has brought many emigrants to this county. Many from the cold and sterile land of Norway have found homes upon its rich soil. In the deed-books, in the county register's office, are recorded many names that sound strangely to American ears. The foreign vote told heavily upon the last elections in the territory, and its weight was given on the side that usually receives the foreign vote every where in our country.

Beloit, in the lower part of the county, near the Illinois line, is said to have grown still more rapidly than Janesville, and there are also several other villages growing up in different parts of Rock county. This is a broad and rich and beautiful country, but to one whose life has been passed in the mountain-bounded valley of the Susquehanna, the absence of any high points of view detracts from its beauty. The autumnal burning of the prairies has passed. It is a magnificent sight in the night time, to see a belt of flame stretching along for miles, until in the distance it seems lost upon the very verge of the horizon.

A MIDNIGHT FANTASY.

BY WILLIAM ALBERT SUTLIFFE.

LIGHTING the lonely taper of a thought—
Lone and forlorn, solely entranced I sit,
While night, in silence deeper dipt for aye,
Hushes to midnight in a weirdish calm.
I may not muse the low abasing earth
That ever yearn beyond its sensual coil—
Nor all the stars, th' ambitious stars sublime,
Sprinkling the liquid blue on witching nights—
But in the hazy precincts of a dream,
Soft-pacing, like a shade, erring I roam.
Go to, go to, ye winds with wasting moan,
And chase the shadows through the woody aisles,
And gild the sleep-drunk earth with slender beam,
Ye stars that watch the undulating sea!
While dimly I, with memory's torch alight,
And fancy's shifting prism, chase my will,
My own dear will, incessant through and through
The antique halls of the Past's dusky dome.

And now the glimmering of a friendly face
Grows haze-like through the gloom; and now a burst
Of hateful passion in my childish soul;
And now a coterie of friends curing
My heart with sunshine, lighting up the dim
For many a dream-land rood.

But soon a shape
Comes brightening on and on into a face
Of serious loveliness and graceful form,
With eyes lit up in sweet expectancy,
And slanted earthward so to veil their joy:—
My sister at her bridal, know 't is she!

And then again, drooped as with hidden wo,
As one doth bide a threatened stormy shock,
And, trembling ever, yet affirmed and strong,
Doth linger till its coming; her I see,
Clinging with tendrils of enhanced love
To one pale image ever at her side
Until the cloud shall drop its deathly store.

A rainy burial on a sullen day,
When all the heaven showers its hoarded gloom,
Melts in and out the vision as I dream,
And the wild strangeness of the pale farewell—
And scattered sobs unclosing all the heart—
Blend darkly with the varying of my thought;
Till the starred midnight and the homeless wind
Thrill in upon the sense with light and sound,
Bringing me back from visions unto tears.

SPORTING ADVENTURES IN INDIA.

FROM THE M. S. OF A HIGHLAND OFFICER.

MOUNT ABOO, to the north of Guzerat, is one of the most interesting spots in the world, and also one of the pleasantest in the great eastern peninsula. It rears its giant form amongst a group of mountains which are surrounded on nearly all sides by the sultry plains peculiar to that part of India. These latter are so perfectly hot, that it has become a proverbial expression that there is only a sheet of brown paper between Deesa and the infernal regions; and really the gently undulating sandy expanse, destitute during the dry season of every thing like vegetation, save a stunted milk or thorn bush here and there, presents no bad resemblance to an uneven sheet of brown paper. Strange is the alteration about the beginning of June; the rains set in, and after the second day a tinge of green may be observed mingling with the dusky brown; a week elapses, and all is a smiling meadow. Not less extraordinary is the change in the rivers: at one time they are dry sandy channels; at another, torrents from a hundred yards to half a mile broad, full to the brim, and sweeping buffaloes, deer, sheep, cattle, trees, fragments of houses, and sometimes even human bodies, hurry headlong in their course toward the rhun of Cutch, (at that time a gulf,) where they and their victims are alike swallowed up in the ocean. A ride of fifty miles through a country principally jungle takes one from Deesa to the foot of Mount Aboo; but a traveler's bungalow is built at Goondree, as a kind of half-way house for those who do not relish the idea of a fifty mile morning gallop. At Apadra, a mile from the foot of the mountain, is another traveler's bungalow, and a village wherein reside the people whose business it is to transport baggage, and even individuals, to the top; for the path is such that a horse has quite enough to do to scramble up the rugged ascent, while to a wheel carriage of any description it is perfectly impossible. All burdens are therefore carried up by Coolies; when not too heavy they are borne upon the head, while the more weighty are slung upon poles by two or more men, as the case may be. Individuals, whom laziness or illness debar from using, or rather abusing, the muscles of their legs and backs to a degree necessary to replace them on the summit, are carried by four men, on a rude seat swung by ropes between two poles which rest on the bearers' shoulders; and, as the path leads along the very edge of frightful precipices, it is certainly a position well calculated to test a man's nerves, though I never heard of any accident occurring. The usual complement of bearers to each chair is eight, four being at work and four at rest. But one fat friend of mine they refused to have any thing to do with, unless he employed twelve, and after the first trial, unless he took sixteen; which to his intense disgust he was compelled to do, for he was not fond of parting with his money. Various and very interesting are the views obtained as the traveler is borne along in his ascent. Often after passing through some dense jungle (the whole hill-side being wooded, and infested with tigers and other *feræ naturæ*,) he finds himself on the verge of some precipitous and dark ravine, or catches a glimpse of the almost boundless jungle and plain which stretches away beyond his ken, far, far below him. An active and hardy race are the men that convey one up to the mountain brow; yet their forms, thin and meagre, give no promise to the eye, of their immense endurance. Patiently they toil on, the sweat oozing from every pore, and mingling in streams with cocoa-nut oil adown their dark half-naked bodies, as with an occasional "Hough! hough!!" when the ascent is steeper than usual, they hump their shoulders and steadily continue their painful task. The flavor of the creatures is nothing sweet; and as I was blessed with a pair of sturdy legs, after the first visit I always made use of them to attain the summit. When once past the gate, as two projecting rocks which narrow the path near the top are termed, a glorious sight, or rather succession of sights, meets the eye. At about five thousand feet above the plain an irregular and hilly table-land of some six miles in diameter occurs. By a table-land, however, I do not mean to convey the idea of any level space, for there is scarcely five hundred yards of continuous level to be found in the whole tract, but rather a species of main top to the entire mass, from whence many hills of various heights take their rise, the larger of these forming the different peaks of the mountain as seen from the plains below. Ravines and glens of varied description seam this top or table-land in every direction; small streams flow through the rugged fissures or grassy glades, and here and there cultivation is carried on with tolerable success. One feels, on arriving at this elevation, a greater freedom of breathing, a more bracing air, and altogether a renewal of that elasticity of the frame, sadly shaken and out of repair from the hot winds and fevered climate of the sultry plains beneath. But one of the chief attractions is the beautiful lake of pure cool water, which lies embosomed among these hills. It is about half a mile long, by a third of that distance in breadth, and was formed many hundred years ago, by damming up a marshy hollow with solid masonry and banks of earth (called a Bund in that country.) The stream which runs through it escapes, in its downward course, through a small ravine on the main side of the mountain. It is a most lovely spot, surrounded by grassy hills, gently swelling from the water's edge, with here and there a mighty black rock rear-

its rugged head in stern and solemn majesty. e hills are covered with fine large trees, or some-es thickets of wood and jungle, and the white ses of the different European residents, or whiter ts of occasional visitors, give a pleasing and social fect to the park-like scenery. From the foot of me of the hills which descend to the water's edge e earth has crumbled away, leaving here and ere a scarped, gravelly perpendicular fall of twenty thirty feet into the water, which beneath these mall precipices is generally very deep.

It was my good fortune to witness an amusing cene near one of these places. Lying under the hade of a tree one fine morning, and smoking the ipe of meditation as I gazed on the calm lake tretching beneath my feet, I was suddenly startled y a thundering roar not a hundred paces from me. looked up, and saw that it proceeded from a nagnificent Bramahinee bull: he was evidently in a desperate fury, and tore up the turf with head and horn in grand style, making the surrounding hills echo with his hollow bellowing—"*Reboant sylvæque et magnus Olympus*," as old Virgil has it. He was the champion in the lists; nor was his challenge long unanswered. Soon a roar, as deep and as full of rage as his own, was heard in the distance. Nearer and louder it came; and out of an adjoining thicket rushed another bull, brother-like, equal at all points, and a worthy antagonist for such a hero. For a second or so each stood proudly at gaze, surveying each other; then down went their heads, and they met with a shock that seemed to me the very image of a knightly joust. Well matched they were, and it was evident the combat would be a desperate one. Save where a shade of black appeared on the curled forehead and on the tuft of the tail, both were milk white, and both carried, of course, the large hump—that epicurean dish—peculiar to the breed; while their ponderous dewlaps, wide-spreading horns, and gallant bearing, produced a grand effect. There I lay regarding this strife with the most intense interest, but without the least alarm; for, even supposing they had ventured to resent my intrusion on their tilting ground, my double-barrelled gun, without which I rarely stirred, would soon have taught them good manners. Round and round they drove one another, till the grass was beaten down and the bushes torn up in all directions; but neither gave way until the fate of war brought one with his back to the lake on the slope of the hill which verged to the water. Here position told: his enemy, equal in strength, and being on the higher ground, began to prevail, and to force him backward. Bravely he battled, but in vain: still he only yielded to main force; and with foreheads joined as if soldered to each other, he retreated step by step toward the edge of that treacherous precipice noticed above. I scarcely ventured to breathe as the pair arrived within a foot of the trap, of which they were totally unconscious. Here a more strenuous resistance from the lowermost hero called forth a more vigorous shove from the uppermost, when suddenly (I've no doubt to his utter astonishment) his enemy receded and vanished from his view; while he, unable to check himself, lunged furiously forward, and following his adversary, tumbled headlong into the lake below—"*Præceps fertur in hostem.*" With breathless excitement I rushed to the brink, anxious to see this marvelous catastrophe brought to a close. In a few seconds both emerged from the bottom, puffing like grampuses, and at once made the best of their way to the shore, giving vent to many a fearful bellow. It was evident that the surprise and the plunge had banished all warlike thoughts, for on reaching terra firma they started off at full gallop in opposite directions, with their tails streaming in the air, and making the woods and valleys ring with their panic-stricken roarings.

The green and fresh appearance of the grass and foliage at Aboo was remarkably pleasant: even during the hottest weather dews and morning mists were not uncommon; and though by nine or ten o'clock the sun asserted his power, and caused all vapor to disperse, yet he shone forth with a benign aspect, and did not inflict that "knock-me-down" heat experienced in the plains below. Through the glens and over the hill-sides I used to wander through the live-long day, and each ramble brought me to new scenes of beauty, and made me more and more regret that the talent of the painter was not mine. How exceedingly lovely are the Dillwara temples! Situated on the bank of a small stream which flows through a well-cultivated valley, and bounded on each side by wooded hills, the exterior alone is imposing and beautiful; but the interior is a wonder, the grandeur and magnificence of which are far beyond my powers of description. One enters a large quadrangular court, in the centre of which is the shrine and porch of the deity Parsuatt (I think that is the right name.) The shrine and porch are oval in shape, and about one-fourth of the quadrangle is taken up by the former, which is a building admitting no light save from the porch door. A *silver key* opened this door to us, (although unbelievers,) and we were honored with a sight of the deity sitting cross-legged, in white marble, with a lamp or two burning before him, and a great many tawdry ornaments hanging about his domicile. But the porch is the most magnificent work of art. Under the same dome with the shrine, a succession of arches, instead of the walls, is continued round the oval: these arches are of the lightest form imaginable, often serpentine, worked and carved with every sort of device, and all made of the purest white marble: the pillars supporting them are light and tall, and also of white marble, with figures of men and women about two feet high, playing and singing and dancing: these are grotesquely carved in compartments, and in such high relief that one can insert the hand between them and the pillars. The roof, too, is wonderful: the most minute flowers, the most delicate tracery, are all carved exquisitely in white marble; a thousand different objects are also represented, but it would be impossible to enumerate all. Round the quadrangle runs a veranda supported by a double row of white marble pillars placed at equal distances

(about eight feet) from each other, and thus dividing the veranda into a number of imaginary squares between each four pillars; each square has its roof and its cornice round the lower edge of the roof, while the roofs are of every indescribable pattern, and two are seldom found alike; the cornices are covered with men and animals in all situations, hunting, battling, dancing, the whole executed in white marble; sometimes the roof will ascend gradually, narrowing with most elaborate and deep carving to a height of many feet, then the same carving after the same fashion is continued down again, till it looks like a beautiful stalactite depending from the centre of the roof. A second court of the same kind is also shown, and I think a third, but my memory will not allow me to be sure of this last point. The description I have given, though imperfect, will do for all. I must not, however, forget to mention the curious room in which a large figure of a royal personage on horseback, and some twenty or thirty figures of elephants, about five feet high, stand fully equipped with howdahs and trappings, the whole of which are carved most beautifully in solid white marble, and so minutely that even the very strands of the ropes are executed with the utmost fidelity. In fact, the whole thing is so wonderfully beautiful that I despair of doing more than conveying a faint idea of it. These temples are said to be some 600 or 900 years old, and are held in great sanctity as a place of pilgrimage. At a certain season of the year, thousands flock thither, and the Brahmins make a pretty decent thing out of the pious but deluded devotees. I have often wished that they were rooted out, and that I were made governor of Aboo, with the temple for my palace, and the top of the mountain for my park.

The Ghau-Muk, pronounced Gyemook, or cow's-mouth, is another sweet spot on the mountain-side; it is a small marble spout, carved in the form of a cow's head, through which a stream of pure, cold water flows into a square tank: it is a sacred spot to Fakeers and Brahmins, who resort there in great numbers; but its refreshing waters and the cool shade of the magnificent trees that surround it are far better recommendations to the tired wayfarer, and give him fresh courage to ascend the steep staircase of steps leading from it to the mountain-top.

One morning rather early, F. and his friend K., while lying in their tent on Mount Aboo, were aroused from sleep by the solemn tones of the Kitmutgar, or butler, announcing news, which, as a matter of course, meant game. Out of bed both sprang simultaneously, and soon discovered from the Shikaree that a panther had been somehow entrapped in a neighboring village, and that the natives wished the sahibs (*Anglicè* gentlemen) to come with their guns and kill it. Clothes being thrown on, and guns prepared without loss of time, out they sallied into the raw air of the morning (it was not yet light,) and followed the native guide. A smart walk of four or five miles across the mountain top brought them to a little village, or collection of huts, clustered upon the edge of a steep bank, which formed one side of a very narrow and rocky valley. Here an Indian hubbub of no ordinary character was going on; but as we approached, respect for the sahibs soon silenced it. All was now explained: a fierce and huge panther had for some time been the terror of the village: sheep, goats, calves, and an occasional piccaninny, had been carried off by the remorseless brute. By accident, the door of a goat-house, which contained about 18 goats, had been left open during the previous night, and the owner, hearing an uproar, rose to shut it, and only then discovered that he had also shut in the panther among his defenseless flock: on making this discovery, he lost no time in coming to demand the sahib's assistance. F. and K. held a council of war, as to the best mode of action: the goat-house was a round wall of rough stones about three feet high, from the top of which a thatched roof rose to a point in the centre, at about six feet in height above the wall-plate; the rude building had no window, and only the one door, which was so low as only to be entered in a stooping or rather crawling position. At first it was resolved to throw open the door, and shoot the brute as he bolted; but this plan was rejected for several reasons: the natives were crowding round on every side, the place was uneven and rocky, and if in his bolt they had the bad luck to miss him, there was a chance of not getting another shot at him; or, if they did, of hitting one of the natives, who would have run in all directions as soon as the panther appeared. At last, F., with more boldness than discretion, decided to try and shoot him from above: the thatch, however, was too old and rotten to bear his weight, and so a "charpoy" or frame of wood, with cords interlaced across it (used as a bedstead,) was procured and laid upon the thatch, and upon it mounted F. and an old gray-headed Shikaree of the village, more like a monkey than a man, whose charge it was to open a hole for F. to shoot through; this he accomplished with so much good will, but unfortunately with so little adroitness, that in a second or two the already ragged thatch had a hole close to F.'s head, not only quite large enough to shoot through, but also large enough for the panther to make his escape. A sudden execration caused him to desist; but in spite of the large hole, F. could discern nothing in the dark interior, but he distinctly heard the angry purring of the enraged savage, and the flapping of his tail against the ground, which is a sure prelude to a charge. F.'s thoughts were not altogether comfortable as he lay on the thatch, the infuriated and invisible brute being within a short spring of him, and having, no doubt, a clear view of his head and shoulders against the rising light. All of a sudden, the glare of the panther's eyes showed like two coals of fire; to level between them was the work of an instant, but lying on his right side F. was forced to bring the gun to the left shoulder, and as his finger pressed the trigger, he found that from habit he was closing the left eye; rectifying, however, his mistake at once, the explosion followed, and the pest of the village fell dead with a brace of bullets in his brain. It was found that he had killed 11 of the goats, but had not eaten any part of them; so that he seems to have slaughtered them from

ere wantonness and the love of destruction. He easured over seven feet from the nose to the tip of e tail, and was a very fine male specimen of his nd. It is needless to say that the two friends re-rned to breakfast well satisfied with their morning's ork.

The immense plains which stretch from the foot f Mount Aboo are occasionally broken by low, de-ched, and rocky hills, covered with dense jungle, at clothes the country for many miles round: everal rivers also meander through the expanse, fed ither by periodical rains, or by unfailing springs om the mountain range. In this wild country, V— and A—, two young officers, had determined to ause for a day or two during their journey from Aboo to Deesa, and endeavor to obtain some sport among the numerous *feræ naturæ* with which that district abounded. Our two sportsmen had no tent nor any great camp-equipage with them; a covered bullock-cart formed their house and bed; a couple of steady ponies (horses were useless in such a country) their cavallada; and some three or four servants, with the two shikarees, their retinue. Free and happy is such a life! They hunted when they pleased, ate when they pleased, and slept when they pleased; and, above all, no bugle called them to the dull routine of morning parade. The time of the year was not favorable to woodland shooting; for, after the rains, the grass and seeds grow to such a length as to render parts of the jungle impassable, and the foliage of the trees is so thick as to obstruct the view for any distance; while water being plentiful in every direction, it is usless to attempt night-shooting at the animals coming to drink. The sport was therefore but indifferent: and on the second day, after a morning and forenoon spent in poking their noses into a number of dark, tigerish-looking places, without any satisfactory result, although much "sign" was observed, they halted for tiffin on the banks of a small shallow stream, with a canopy of magnificent wild fig-trees spread over their heads. Whilst the servants were unpacking the scanty stock of provisions, one of the shikarees approached, and, having made his salaam, begged to inform the sahibs that if they so pleased, he and his brother shikaree would provide them some fresh fish for their tiffin. As there were no implements generally used in that sport among the party, the two friends were curious to see how this was to be effected, and the required permission was at once given, with an "All right, old fellow!—thank you, fire away!" The two shikarees, rolling up the sleeves of their upper garments, now entered the stream, the bottom of which was gravelly and hard; and, drawing their swords, stood one a little above the other on different sides of the channel, the water reaching to about their knees. Three or four of the villagers, who had joined the party as guides, now entered the water higher up, and forming a line across the stream, commenced wading down toward the shikarees, the two outermost feeling with their feet under each bank as they proceeded. Shortly the frightened fish began to swim down past the shikarees, who—as they passed—dexterously, with a sweep of their sharp swords, severed them in two, seldom missing their aim; while the two halves of each fish at once floated on the surface, and were thrown on the bank by a couple of men stationed in rear of the swordsmen. W— and A— followed down the river in a state of the greatest excitement at the novel sport; and were only prevented from jumping into the water to share it, by the fact of their nether limbs being closely encased in leathern gaiters. Eight or ten large fish had been taken, and the *chasse* had wandered some two or three hundred yards from the spot where the sahibs had left their guns, when suddenly a shriek was heard from one of the men who searched the bank with their feet: he was seen to fall back in the water; and a huge serpent, uncoiling himself from his cool lair, and raising his head above the surface, took his course down the centre of the stream, lashing the water into a foam, while the villagers fled in every direction. Not so the gallant shikarees: closing together as the monster approached, they cut at him vigorously and severely wounded him. A terrible tussle now ensued: turning upon his assailants with open mouth, the snake attempted to seize one of them; but was repelled by a shower of blows and several fresh wounds. He then once more sought safety in flight, but was pursued by his active enemies; and, being disabled by a well-directed cut, that broke his spine, was dragged to land amid the shouts of all present. The sahibs had, indeed, charged into the river to help the shikarees; but their guns being left behind, their knives were of little use in such a *melée*, and the victory belonged solely to the two swordsmen. The snake proved to be a very large rock snake (a species allied to the boa), and measured nearly fourteen feet in length; while the thickest part of his body was as large as a stout man's thigh. W— and A— made an attempt to preserve the skin; but the numerous wounds, the heat and closeness of the weather, and the want of arsenical soap, rendered their efforts unavailing.

SONNET.—PEACE.

Bless thy sacred influence, golden Peace!
Even desert lands beneath thy magic sway
Would smile once more. Fields, fruitful, now repay
The reaper for his toil, by rich increase;
War's captive but beholds thee, and his chain,
As by some charm, dissolves, to set him free;
Homes, erewhile silent, desolate, by thee
Made glad, with joyous notes resound again—
Soft is the feeling thy calm visit spreads
O'er every breast! Science and Art awake;
Now Commerce open all her ports doth make,
While Safety with her angel footsteps treads—
Nor battlements nor walls shall cities know,
When, like a mighty stream, thou over earth shalt flow.

SOMETHING NEW ABOUT BYRON.

BY AELDRIC.

CAN aught that is new be said of Byron? Can aught that is new be written to sink him lower beneath the scorn of wisdom, in the ignominy of moral littleness; aught that is new, to lift him higher before the gaze of romance, within the fane of mystic and Satanic beauty: aught that is new, to evolve before the magisterial aspect of philosophy the tangled mass of passion, hate, sentiment and poetic conception, that so long has awed the semi-wise into ecstatic contemplation, and charmed the semi-foolish into vain, insipid emulation? Can any thing new that can tend to open to the view of the world Lord Byron's utter earthliness be written, since all that has been denounced in holy horror from the pulpit; warned against from the paternal fire-side; lisped stealthily with the flush of maiden shame, or hymned in the Psalteria of poetasters, whose highest praise but evokes the wise man's judgment in condemnation? The subject would appear exhausted; for few subjects, and no man, have elicited so much commentary, and of such divers kinds. No youthful aspirant after literary distinction essays his hand upon the world's wide folio, but, in some moment of pleasurable pain, dips his pen into the horn of Byronic inspiration: there has been no critic, from the "Scotch Reviewers" down to our day, but has reduced to some fantastic analysis the sparkling effusions of the "English Bard." Much, much has been written; yet to me it seems that concerning this extraordinary man something more need still be written. Never, I think, has the peculiar quality of his poetry been thoroughly analyzed, and the simplicity of its charm, the nature of its singularity been clearly precipitated. Never, I think, has the character of the man been fully delineated, and his double littleness held up to view. This task I assume. Never, I think, has his success and renown been shown attributable to the intrinsic merits of his productions, and traceable to the judgment of the good and the wise among learned men. Be this task for others: and until it be done I will now cease to say that such a task were futile.

To the intrinsic merits of Lord Byron's poetry much, very much, of his success was due, and that chiefly to a peculiarity which I will hereafter point out; but not to them was due the gigantic temple of his popularity and fame. His mere poetic fame stands, and ever will stand, upon a poet's solid basis—Genius: but this overgrown temple of popularity was built of the sparkling gems of romance, gathered on earthly shores, and piled into the brilliant structure more by the fired imaginations of the world of builders—the public—than according to the commanding *dixit* of the architect himself. Byron sketched not more than the outlines of his fame; he foresaw not distinctly more: but, like a cunning and artful woman who shrouds from gaze the distincter outlines of her form, and but assumes a posture, bares but a mere glance of voluptuousness to the pregnant imagination, he blazoned forth his youth and noble birth, the world's hatred for him, and his hatred for the world; advertised that he had loved, deeply, ardently loved, and would not love again; boasted that he had been "sore given to revel and ungodly glee;" and then departed from Albion's chill and murky twilight to sunny and classic climes, sated with the world, and the world with him. With a brilliant yet devilish poetic allurement he pictured his proud and noble self a victim to genius and tortured sensibilities, basking in the light of Spain's bright skies, and the smiles of Spain's loveliest daughters; bound ere long to the fairest of all lands, to the land of love, and art, and song, and scene, and highest classic fame; thence to the almost dreamy ruins of Grecian temples, of Grecian beauty and Grecian greatness; wandering alone, with "sandal shoon and scallop shell," through the world, but not of it, through an etherealized path aloof from vulgar souls; eyeing afar repose amid the lofty grandeur of eternal snows which crown the downy verdure of the Alpine valleys, and trickle forever their glittering coolness into the lakes below. Thus far he bared to the world's morbid imagination, craving incessantly for spicy food, then wrapped himself within the folds of his own romance: the world's imagination did the rest.

Bulwer, in his "Life of Lord Byron," says:—"Childe Harold succeeded more than I think the merits of the first two cantos deserved; and not only was the success extraordinary, but of a description most likely to please. It was not the poem that was admired only; it was the poet about whom an interest was excited. The fictitious hero of the tale, between whom and the writer of it, we must confess, there was some kind of resemblance, was considered at once as an accurate portrait of the mysterious young noble, who had just returned from the lands of romance and song which he had been describing. If Lord Byron had been known in the world before his travels, the world would have viewed both himself and his travels differently; but though a peer of England, he was unknown to English society." A veil of mystery and singularity and romance being about him and the strange hero of his tale, and so he enjoyed the privilege of drawing upon his own imagination for the character in which the public should view him, and he created a fictitious and hellish light through which to be viewed; fictitious, ay, in most all save intentional malignity; I say intentional, for his morality was so far dead, that he would not have scrupled to become

ıy one of his heroes in act, could such a complex incident and circumstance become possible in a al bodily existence.

The more distinctly and substantially the author, he be a man of originality and genius, be brought efore the public gaze, the better will he be appreiated; the more will he be even overrated, by the ublic. It is creating a body for the dwelling of the oetic soul: the picture is more graphic. For the onstant association of the creator with his ideal eauty, encircles him with a never-fading halo; nd in those moments when our mind is too inert o rise to the contemplation of his ecstatic thought, t can gaze habitually and languidly upon the other artner of the firm, and tacitly credit him with a glory whose effulgence is acknowledged, still, at the ime, but dimly seen. This intimacy with him, which could not exist otherwise, introduces him more familiarly into the society of our affective faculties, and the acquaintanceship improves and ripens. But when the garments by which we know him, are woven of originality, and beauty, and romance, and noble name and birth, and the soft velvet of our own sympathy for sorrow and misfortune; and we have to enter the enchanted fields of far-off lands, to snuff the perfume of southern vines and flowering figs, amid bright vistas of olden grandeur and modern voluptuousness, to enjoy communion; the heart expands, and the brain glows beneath the warmth of overpowering imagination: the individual, composed of humanity and its poetry, as body and soul, is enshrined in veneration a household god, among the contemplative affections. Such was Byron, there was he known, and so was he enshrined. Thus do I take leave of my assertion that, although to the intrinsic merits of Lord Byron's poetry, much, very much was due, still, not to them was due the gigantic temple of his popularity and fame.

That much of Byron's popularity was due to the intrinsic merits of his productions, may not seem strange. Had they possessed the same characteristic, the same singularity, and been far less brilliant they would have elicited immense admiration. Still, there is no mystery in this. No other poet, perhaps, ancient or modern, ever possessed the same happy blending of southern exuberance and vividness, with the deep-inspired, psychological mysticism of the north. Apart then from his originality, which is every poet's inheritance, and a good command of words, this blending is, in its extraordinary degree, the chief among Lord Byron's claims to merit; together with the—certainly in him unique and only too apparent—dash of Satanic leaven that raised unceasingly the frothy acid. Dante, perhaps, of all the southern poets, possessed most of the spiritualism that breathes in dark Druidical forests; but his heavy philosophy weighs down the mind, and it staggers along in pursuit of that sublime spiritualism, that is to most intellects, after all, but an *ignis fatuus*. From Byron's poetic palace, from time to time, bursts forth, like a Bacchanalian, a round of untamed music, that revels nakedly in perfect abandonment: now leaping by long and rapid strides o'er chords of melody, towering up, up, up, through the vasty dome; now groaning through the double bass of trembling passion. Anon there unrolls a resplendent transparency of southern hues, that, at times, dart boldly into the endless fantasies of the kaleidoscope; again melt into blending prismata, or swimming circles unconceived of but through the distorted iris of a compressed eye-ball. At times, too, one strays through vast and sounding halls that reëcho but the wandering footsteps of a moody mind alone there by chance. At times, too, in some silent, sombre, far-distant recess, mid withe-bound, faggoty columns of Gothic mould, whose lofty branches are hung with ivy cold and mistletoe-bough, there glows suspended the blue ethereal flame of northern superstition, in a floorless chamber from whose mystic depths go forth the sinewy phantoms of the house of Woden. Anon there bursts an unearthly sound and glare that shakes and illumines the whole vast structure; and one almost hears the deliberate laugh of diabolic glee.

Lord Byron's poetry is entirely a poetry of sentiment: there is no philosophy in it. After all, a man's best study of the more intimate workings of the human heart, must find its materials within himself; and his productions will be moulded and colored by his principles; for it is they that supply the oil which feeds the habitual light in the chamber of the mind. When there exists no fixed principle, there exists no fixed light, no steady medium, no standard measure, then all is moral darkness, and vagaries, and dreamy riot. Now and then, it is true, solid thoughts and good may spring up from the mind's fertility, but if they be not pretty, they are cast aside, and if they be pretty, they are doomed to association with ignobler ones, to be ranged indiscriminately with pretty thoughts and profane, upon the shelves of poetry. There is nothing in Byron's poetry that can inspire any good. It is true there are good and noble sentiments woven in the mass; but it is so plain that only their beauty is turned toward us, to the entire neglect of intrinsic worth, that one cannot help associating them with the man, and they fade into vagaries. There are poets who, with vigorous and accustomed flight, transport us into more lofty realms of thought than Byron's gaudy wing would dare aspire to lift us to. Such are Milton, and Dante, and Klopstock; men, before whose towering intellects Byron, like us, bowed down in astonishment and veneration. There are those, too, who have swept their harps to lays of richer melody; such is he, as we have just learned, the thrilling music of whose harp is o'er, for the hand that waked it moulders in the grave. Alas! Tom Moore, the glow of Oriental fire is extinguished forever in Britain; but thy memory shall endure, green as the green and lonely isle that gave thee birth; and the melting warmth of thy mellow melodies shall not grow cold forever! Such was Dryden, too, who, softly sweet in Lydian measures, could lull and soothe our soul to pleasures. Such at times was Collins; such was preëminently Petrarch; such, too, was the rollicking old Anacreon

in his time. There are poets, too, who, with hard and honest hand, could lead us more at ease through the peasant's humble door, and open to us freely there the gushing fount of simple love, and sincere and innocent and homely pleasure, and the sweet joys of peaceful rest. Such could Burns, and such could Florian. There are poets who, with measured tread, could lead us a more majestic walk upon classic terraces, and withdraw us further from the commonalities of life. Such is Homer, and Virgil, and Tasso, and Pope. There are poets of wiser and more practical philosophy, who could feel and appreciate the poetry of wisdom; like Schiller: and there are poets, too, like Ariosto, who could glide and curvet about his pen, performing strange feats of ideal legerdemain in a perfect gymnasium of poetry, from whom Byron, like almost all others, must turn away in helpless laughter. There is never a time when a mind at all appreciative of poetry, and unburthened of immediately oppressing cares, cannot seize upon some one of these styles, according to its passing humor, and enjoy it with infinite satisfaction, until its too unvaried strain becomes wearisome. How admired and popular, then, would be a poet, whose happy tone could blend these seemingly heterogeneous qualities in its *material*, and afford spicy food savory to every whim and phase of appetite! Such, in a great measure, is Horace, and hence, in a measure, his untiring popularity through all ages. Such was Shakspeare, who, though he did not possess the ultraism of Byron, was a thousand times more philosophical; and who, could he have exchanged conditions, accidental circumstances with Lord Byron, inherited his name and title, worn his garb of romance and his air of eccentricity among modern women who would but flatter it to a disease, had shone a luminous sun of poetry, whilst Byron but passed as a flashy meteor. Finally, such, too, was Byron, with this distinctive mark, that in him the *melange* is more perceptible, continuous, never ceases; and hence, in a great measure, his popularity to the end of time. He was always thoughtful, observant, meditative, verbose, and often wrote great poems under the inspiration of the moment. He was equally at home in grave and gay, in lively and severe, in tender and morose, in grand, in trifling, in voluptuous. He stood equally at home in his listless boat upon the stilly lake naveled among the hills, soothed by the softer influences afloat on Nature's bosom; and on the heaving deck amid torn ocean's roar, loving the unearthly terrors. He stood equally at home amid the bowers of a sunny and sea-girt isle, his soul melting for the moment, into ecstasies of voluptuous love; and amid bare mountain pates and wintry pyramids of snow, amid rugged rocks, and clefts, and crags, that rend the mighty thunder as it speeds; communing, with blanched face and swelling mind, with the angry spirits of Storm and Solitude. He was equally at home when, dejected and melancholy, he "poured through the mellow horn his plaintive soul," and sighed and mourned in loneliness, making maidens weep; and when, fired by the poisoned cup and "*carnal companie*," he reveled in profanity, and to hear his ribald jests, made maidens blush. So far, indeed, would his nature bear contrast, that he would have been equally at home when, wasted by the heat of an Asiatic sun and withering Siroc, he might repose in coolness beneath the broken arch and temple, conjuring up grim shadows of old armies past away, contrasting the proud glory of learned and heroic Greece with the shame of the cowardly vassals whose careless song is e'en now beguiling his ear with its lightness; when he might wander without a care or elevating thought amid the cinnamon groves of the Cingalese, embodying all thought in beautiful, redolent materiality, scenting even an immortal Paradise in the ravishing sweetness of a perfumed atmosphere; as when, standing alone at midnight, in the deep darkness of a polar season, when the moon rides high, and the stars shine unclouded, when the dry icicles crackle in the breeze, and sparkle as they fall shivered into tiny diamonds, the solemn spirit of metaphysical contemplation thrills a low symphony of feeling and of awe that the melting rays of a southern sun could never reach.

So great was Byron's versatility; and, yielding ever to the influence of the moment, so did he throw off at times the characteristic poetry of all climes, all people, and all moods: and, if there is no one kind in which he has not been surpassed; through his versatility and boldness his fame has not dimmed in the contrast. The characteristic of southern poetry is a materializing even of the spiritual; that of northern poetry, a spiritualizing, an etherealizing even of the material. Even the northern and southern tongues, though all springing from the same root, are modified and characterized by the tone and natural feeling which climate and association have diversified. In southern tongues, sounds seem such as those that the soul of music and of feeling might give vent to, as through the lips it passes to liberty away; in northern tongues sounds seem such as the soul of thought and feeling might mutter when their confined power is aroused to action within us. How different and characteristic are Lord Byron's descriptions where, in one, describing the voluptuous Dudu, he says with true southern softness:

> "She was not violently lively, but
> Stole on your senses like a May-day breaking."

Ekeing out the materialized comparison with redundant melody; and when, with stern northern contemplation he realizes that

> "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
> There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
> There is society where none intrudes
> By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
> I love not man the less, but Nature more,
> From these our interviews, in which I steal
> From all I may be, or have been before,
> To mingle with the universe, and feel
> What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal."

Is there not something still pent up here, still a cud for feeling, still something that the very sounds confine within us unmigratory; something, in the utterance of which we feel no relief of the burthen of feeling? Does it not seem that the southern laborer goes forth into the bright fields, and labors in imita-

on of Nature's external beauties, singing his feeling way to the air; whilst the northern man bears his aterial to his home, and there revolves and fashions is productions from the depth and cunning of his reamy mind? How warmed by the brightness and armony of the external world must not Ariosto have een when, in the seventh canto of the "Orlando," e portrays the exceeding beauty of Alcina, combining all that was most beautiful for eyes to ook upon!

> "Sotto due negri, e sottilissimi archi
> Son due negri occhi, anzi due chiari soli,
> Pietosi a riguardar, a mover parchi."

And then,

> "Sotto quel sta, quasi fra due vallette,
> La bocca sparsa di natio cinabro;
> Quivi due filze son di perle elette,
> Che chiude ed apre un bello e dolce labro:
> Quindi escon le cortesi parolette
> Da render molle ogni corrozzo e scabro:
> Quivi si forma quel soave riso,
> Ch' apre a sua porta in terra il paradiso."

A perfect Paradise of material delights must have been Tasso's garden of Armida, in the XV. Canto of the Jerusalem. Yet in these things does Byron so often approach to the rivalry of Tasso and Ariosto, both in his appreciation of sensual beauty, and in his grace of diction, that this alone, in many minds, would have stamped him as a great poet. Nevertheless, when other natures step in to judgment, they behold him at times glorying in the midst of an Alpine storm, exulting in the lightning, muttering, tone for tone, the loud crash of thunder; rejoicing and abroad upon the night like a fierce passion let loose, breathing life and soul and the voice of loud defiance, into the solid mountains.

> "O night,
> And storm and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
> Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
> Of a dark eye in woman! Far along
> From peak to peak the rattling crags among,
> Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
> But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
> And Jura answers from her misty shroud
> Back to the joyous Alps who call on her aloud!
>
> And this is in the night: most glorious night!
> Thou wert not made for slumber!—let me be
> A sharer in thy fierce and fair delight—
> *A portion of the tempest and of thee.*
> How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
> And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
> And now again 't is black—and now the glee
> Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain mirth,
> As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth."

Heavens! what a terrible fascination in the fellow! Here is shown not only the weird psychology of the north, but another great illustration of Lord Byron's humor; for what but a spirit racy of the lower regions, could invoke that loud and awful warring of the elements, that darting to and fro from crag to crag, of deadly thunderbolt, as a fair, congenial delight; and long to claim kindred with, and become a part of the destroying emissary?

How, then, shall we characterize Lord Byron's poetry, and make plain the mystery of its singularity? How shall we assert that its charm is simple, and prove its simplicity, evolving it from the intricacies of Romance? Be it remembered that I said Lord Byron was totally, utterly earthly: yet I say his poetry is Satanic. This is no paradox. There are minds which are utterly earthly and are not Satanic; but this is owing solely to their supineness and incapacity. A mind essentially active, grasping, comprehensive; its vast faculties born of Heaven, yet thwarted and diverted to passion and sensuality; succumbing, not only without resistance, but with infinite relish to the passing whim; courting voluptuousness, and reveling in it; conceiving stupendous and holy thoughts, yet wantonly blasting them, to joy in their sad and terrible destruction; understanding the most hidden depths of human weakness, and human tenderness, and human feeling, yet exploring but to profane; gifted with the finest appreciation of beauty and pleasure, yet gorging to satiety, intoxication, disgust—then turning in selfishness, hatred and malice from all that is good; such a mind, I say, is earthly, nay more, in its unbridled license it is devilish. Had Satan freed from fire, and sent on earth a fiend, a fiend damned for hatred, selfishness and wanton malice, to be the chief among English poets, this poet would have written in Byronic style, and with Byronic humor; with more ability, perhaps, but not with greater fidelity to his court; nor would the infernal glare of his fierce and voluptuous sentiment be more apparent. Byron touched no beauty that he did not wither; no virtue, no holy feeling that he did not mock. Why was it? It was by reason of the deep-seated malice of his thought. Womanly beauty in his hands was a plaything, womanly weakness a delight, woman's fall a glory, and woman's virtue a scorn. He could gaze on the stars, and the mountains, and the ocean, but he could not see and feel the poetry of their creation and government, as the stupendous works of God's hand, and as types and illustrations of scientific, and universal, and eternal law. He drew down the very stars from Heaven to minister to mere sentiment of man's or woman's humor. He could draw the most pleasing picture for gratified sensibilities to pour upon, rejoicing; and with fell joy he would dash it o'er, gloating in the destruction of all moral beauty. Among the darker, deadlier passions of revenge and hatred he was perfectly at ease: any passion, whatsoever, was to his mind savory food; and there exists no passion of lightest or heaviest grade, that Byron has not felt. His mental existence was in a sphere of passion; in it did he live; by it was he ruled; and —by the odor of passion is his poetry characterized. Let me then term it a poetry of passion, wild sentiment, and moral riot; earthly, diabolical, as you will —it is all the same. Let me call it original, bold, audacious. Let me call it a mingling of northern superstitious etherealism, and southern brilliancy and materialism. Let me call it wandering, astray, without principle or guide; without aim, or any motive but the fitful blasts of his own caprice and passion. Let me call it self-esteem and praise, scorn of the moral judgment of the world, scorn of true humanity, and glory in one's own contempt and wickedness; and I have characterized Lord Byron's poetry, and unraveled the mystery of its charm.

Concerning Byron's character as a man, little need be said to prove its double littleness. From every

man, no matter how low his capacity, something good, something useful is expected; and he who meets not this natural, this rational expectation, merits the stigma of littleness of character. To some men are given high conceptions, deep penetration, exalted feelings and impulses, and energy of mind: yet, if they meet not the rational expectation of greater good, greater utility than is the average offspring of lowlier men, they merit the stigma of littleness of character; and if they produce no good at all, they are doubly little. If not only this, but they positively pervert those gifts to the detriment of others, they are trebly little. Nay, more—a man's littleness, if he pervert his gifts, does not increase in direct ratio with his relative capacities; but I feel that I am justified in applying here the mathematical law of gravitation, and in saying that his littleness—measured on God's measure of mankind—increases as the square of his distance above the average capacity of his race. How much, then, must the greatest admirers of Lord Byron; those who seem struck with awe before the mountain of his stupendous power, despise, in their inmost heart, his utter, utter littleness! Truly may we comprise him in the Latin poet's pithy words—"*Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.*"

No man is great who has not the strength of mind to work utility from vast resources, and is able, besides, to appreciate the necessity of working that utility, in spite of whim, humor, flattery, success or misfortune: yet not one sentiment, of benefit to mankind or individual, amongst those now ministering upon this earth of trial, of suffering, and of temptation, can claim paternity in Lord Byron. As his poetry is a poetry of passion unregulated by principle, so was the life of his feelings and his intellect, a life of unbridled license. Let no one put forth, in extenuation, that he often meant well; and that his venom, when he spat it, was the secretion of unhappiness and misfortune; for we have no proof, no reason to believe that he ever meant well, but his own assertion—which is singular when contrasted with his life and his writings; and as to his sufferings, he courted, nursed suffering as the theme of all his writings. How strangely does the assertion of his moral intent, in his farewell to the "Childe," contrast with the confession of the truth which a moment of intoxication beguiled from him in the II. Canto of Don Juan! In the one we read—

"Farewell! with *him* alone may rest the *pain*,
If such there were—with *you*, the moral of this strain."

In the other, where his true character speaks—

"As for the ladies I have nought to say,
A wanderer from the British world of fashion,
Where I, like other dogs, have had my day,
Like other men, too, may have had my passion—
But that, like other things, has passed away,
And all her fools whom I *could* lay the lash on,
Foes, friends, men, women, now are nought to me
But dreams of what has been, no more to be."

Shall we say that he lies, or that he only writes the first crazy thing that comes uppermost in his brain? I prefer the latter—or both; for they equally prove that he had no positive intent of good. His history, romance, character, all are truthfully told in that one stanza. 'T is useless to dwell upon it.

That he had his inspirations of religious truth which are common to all men, one may read abundantly in his works, especially in "Childe Harold." Poor Byron seemed to grow sober and reflective, as the last Canto waned away. He could see the Almighty's form glassed in the tempest, calm or convulsed; in its never-ending oscillations, the image of Eternity; in its incomprehensibility, "the throne of the Invisible." The first time (how melancholy to him must have been the feeling!) that he ever longed to be associated with exalted womanly virtue, was, when in the CXVII. stanza—he breaks forth:

"Ye elements!—in whose ennobling stir
I feel myself exalted—can ye not
Accord me such a being?"

And how unmistakably does he not confess himself a stranger to it, as he continues—

"Do I err
In deeming such inhabit many a spot?
Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot."

Frequently the circumstance of association seemed to be the channel through which the rejected grace of faith was poured upon his soul. As he enters the portals of the church of churches, the mausoleum of the prince of the apostles, his gifted light shines forth—

"But thou, of temples old or altars new,
Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true."

This last line seems to belie the opinion that Byron never saw any thing in religion but the poetry of it: it sounds like an involuntary revelation of interior conviction. Again—

"——the mind
Has grown colossal, and can only find
A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
Thy hopes of immortality: and thou
Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,
See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by his brow."

Yet, poor, weak, fickle, terrified man! How often does he turn from the afflatus of Revelation, to build again his temple of doubt and despair, upon the mere caprice of his humor! Fickle, most fickle ground. It well nigh makes one weep to hear his melancholy breathing:

"Son of the morning, rise! approach you here!
Come, but molest not yon defenseless urn:
Look on this spot—a nation's sepulchre!
Abode of gods whose shrines no longer burn.
Even gods must yield—religions take their turn:
'T was Jove's, 't is Mahomet's—and other creeds
Will rise with other years, till man shall learn
Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds;
Poor child of doubt and death, whose hope is built on reeds."

"Poor child of doubt and death" we will then term thee, Byron; we will grieve over thy sorrows and thy wrongs, pitying thee: we will melt over thy gushing tenderness which, ever and anon, pleads with so soft a feeling, so sweet a melody, that every warm heart feels drawn toward thee in sympathy: we will mourn with thy despondings; and over thy wavering and despair we will drop a tear; and so pass thee on to the mysterious judgments of thy God, where thou art gone!

I cannot dismiss this subject without a word in regard to the influence of Lord Byron's writings on the minds of readers. To the reader whose principles and faith are fixed, defined, there are few dangers; for there is scarcely any attempt in all Byron's works, at either philosophy or sophistry: but to one whose tone of sentiment and feeling is to be moulded, or can, to any extent, be moulded, there is most pernicious danger, ruin. There is an irresistible charm and brilliancy that enchant; for, all veneration Byron cast aside, and he touches, handles the most sublime with an audacious boldness that dazzles him who does not tremble. This infatuating allurement seems to me to consist principally in the contrastive. The poetry of harmony and law had little affinity with Byron's wayward fancy; and there is more of that *eclat* in the contrasts of nature physical and metaphysical, which astonishes, which raises emotions in us with infinitely less labor to ourselves, than through the process of analysis or progressive contemplation. As a *jeu de mot* sparkles and delights by the approximation, through mere fancy, of things essentially opposite—and the more diametrically opposite, the greater the pleasurable surprise—so is it in poetry: the poetry of harmony raises and refines by softening, expanding the mind, whilst the poetry of contrast but dazzles without leaving an impress; it runs together colors before unassociated, that play and flash, like fire-works, around each other with the centripetal force of fancied homogeneousness, and the centrifugal power of real dissimilitude, astonishing with novelty; or, through the same power of fancy, heap together heterogeneous ideas in fantastic association, that surprise us by their fictitious harmony. One poetry is that of truth, the other that of fancy. The poetry of truth and real affinity is God's own beauty: through the poetic harmony and relationship that reigns throughout the universe, can we arrive at the knowledge of God; through that do we see Him in his works, and through that do we gradually rise to the homage of veneration: whilst the poetry of only fancy prompts us to create our own beauty, despising the guidance of veneration; to overlook the divine intellect in its works, and to accustom ourselves to the neglect of religion and principle, in our contemplations. Whoever has read Byron cannot but remember how often he has been dazzled by the boldness of the poet's flights of contrast; and upon reflection, will confess that he has seen in them, most apparently, the giddy raving of utter moral recklessness. He will confess that he perceives the intellectual epicure delivered, in self-abandonment, a prey to his fevered imagination; his accursed appetite ever on edge, at the scent of strife, and blood, and tumult, and black passion, and pride, and soft voluptuousness. He will confess that when the poor, sated mortal yearned for rest, it was not the rest of peace; but retirement in a far-off nook, apart from the society of men, wherein he could pass his hours in greater unreserve, to chew the cud of gorged passion, or hide his childish tears of self-earned melancholy. Let no one then pour his sentiment into the mould of Lord Byron's recklessness; for that would be destruction; and in this, it seems to me, lies the only danger. Yet there is a pervading, seductive beauty that might thrill an angel's bosom, in a moment of forgetfulness; and there are few conceptions, no matter from what inspired source they may spring, which, in their decided earthly limitation, the powers of darkness could not with malignant meaning consistently *encore*.

ZULMA.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

Sweet little baby mine,
Gift from a Hand Divine,
What shall I sing thee this bright summer morn?
Is it a fairy dream?
All things more lovely seem
To this fond, grateful heart since thou wert born!

Strange that we love thee so!
Let us the secret know,
Tell us the way that all hearts thou hast won;
Surely some magic lies
Deep in thine earnest eyes,
Or in that smile of thine, beautiful one!

Over thy baby brow
Brown locks are waving now,
When the sun toucheth them changing to gold,
Sweeter art thou by far
Than the pale lilies are,
Or the blue violets that thou dost hold.

Dear little household pet,
With thy bright eyes of jet,
Shining so softly the long lashes through,
Wert thou not born to be
Cherished as tenderly,
Treasured for aye by as fond hearts and true?

Oh! if a mother's prayer
Reach Heaven's purer air,
Not for the wealth of this world will I plead,
But that the boon of love,
Holy as that above,
May be thine own in thine hour of need!

And that the smile of Him,
Greater than seraphim,
Before whom angels and archangels bow,
Always may rest on thee,
So shall my darling be
Ever as pure and as happy as now!

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BOARDING-HOUSE.

BY CORNELIA CAROLLA.

LIKE most old things, I have "seen better days;" but I am strong and firm as in my youth. The misfortune that reduced me to "taking boarders," was a change in the fashion. When I was built, the part of the town which I inhabit, was the residence of the "ton"—emphatically the West End! But as the city enlarged its limits, they gradually deserted my neighborhood, and removed to more remote situations. Besides, the large, airy houses of the past generation do not suit the degenerate taste of the present day. The exquisitely carved wood-work, so much admired in my youth, is sneered at by those whose brains can neither design, nor fingers execute, such beautiful devices. Such things have grown old-fashioned! And the mantle-pieces, with their elaborate ships under sail, and figures of the ancient gods; their satyrs, dryads, fauns and nymphs; their wreaths, doves, Hymens and Cupids, are torn away, and replaced by plain, smooth, black, funereal-looking marble, brought over seas from Alexandria, in degraded Egypt.

I had once a beautiful garden; but it has been destroyed. The tall, straight poplar, the trembling aspen, the delicate, lace-like fringe-tree, the majestic oak and unchanging cedar, have all fallen under the merciless hand of modern improvement. The sweet flowers have ceased to shed their grateful perfume on the air. The evergreen box no longer relieves the cheerless expanse of winter's snow. The moon looks not on the maiden's blushing face as she listens, in the garden-walk, to the welcome words of love, and tears the unoffending rose, lest it should breathe the tale. The musical laugh of little children echoes no more through blooming alcoves. The black Hamburgh grape, with its purple clusters of pulpy fruit, has ceased to shade the thoughtful old man from the noonday sun, or shield him in the enjoyment of his after-dinner nap. The apricot, trained, *espalier*-fashion, along the walls, has vanished, with its crimson fruit. The burning-bush and holly no longer retain their glowing berries and green leaves, through December storms, or adorn the Christmas board. The crocus, violet and daffodil have failed to herald the approach of spring. All, all are gone; my garden has disappeared. A little square, paven yard is the only trace of it which remains. A small border, a few inches wide, containing a weak, sickly rose, a few hardy hollyhocks, and an attenuated dahlia, betrays the extent of my landlady's meagre devotion at the shrine of Flora. A few unfortunate flowers have been brought occasionally within my walls, but some unlucky chambermaid invariably tilted them out of the window.

I said that my old inhabitants deserted me for more quiet parts of the city, and I remained vacant for some time; those who were wealthy enough to own me (for the ground where I stood had become very valuable) preferring a more fashionable neighborhood. At last, a speculator bought me, and built a long row of additional rooms on the large lot which had been my garden, and refitting the inside throughout, leased me for a boarding-house.

I was, of course, very indignant at being degraded in my old age, for I still retained my primitive love of quiet; but I was a powerless instrument in the hands of my tormentors, and was compelled to submit. I, however, became somewhat comforted when I thought of the multiplicity of events that would occur within my walls, and that all would be known to me. I have a love of gossip, and I promised myself much pleasure in studying the characters, and learning the histories, of the many inhabitants who would fill my rooms. Nor was I disappointed, for could I tell gracefully all that I have seen, I should relate, as good Sir Philip Sidney would say, "many tales that would hold children from their play, and old men from the chimney-corner." But I am old and forgetful, and a novice in literary matters. Still, I cannot abandon my cherished idea of attempting the recital of some of the things that I have witnessed and heard. I give them without reference to date, for my mind is somewhat confused with the numerous events and characters that press forward like half-starved ghosts, each anxious to take the first place at my table. I am indulgent toward them, and hold them somewhat excusable for their rudeness, when I reflect that they passed their lives in boarding-houses, where each one must, perforce, take a selfish care of himself, with little heed of his neighbors.

But I must first recall my keepers.

There was Mrs. Albertson, a lady of good family in reduced circumstances. She had the misfortune to be poor and the folly to be proud, and was ashamed of honest labor. She tried every means to prevent the fact of her taking boarders from becoming known. The ladies were not allowed to sit near the windows unless the blinds were down, "because," she said, "it made the establishment look like a boarding-house." Her family lived in the front part of the adjoining dwelling, which she also occupied, and all their visitors were instructed to call at that door. She received the contempt she so richly merited; and her two daughters, who were really pretty, became old maids, simply because sensible men would not marry women who thought honest poverty a disgrace; and the young ladies were too intelligent to become the wives of the senseless puppies who sought them.

Mrs. Wentworth furnished her house in the most exquisite style, although she kept her boarders on remarkably low diet. A piece of beef was placed

on the table as long as any fragments of meat clung to the bones, which were afterward served up in soup. The bread was generally so stale as to endanger the teeth, and it was difficult to distinguish coffee from tea, or tea from coffee. Mrs. Wentworth could not imagine why her boarders left her so soon; and no one had sufficient courage to brave her anger and tell her the truth. A year after her house was opened, her furniture was sold to pay the rent.

Mrs. Gleason fell into the opposite extreme: Her table was excellent; but her prices not sufficient to support the expenditure, and those who profited by her loss were too selfish to acquaint her with the cause.

Mrs. Holden had kept a quiet, comfortable house, where the boarders were like a private family. In an evil hour, however, she resolved to attempt "getting into society," as the increase of great acquaintances is now called, and took me, and furnished me in fine style, in order to attract a "higher class" of persons than she had hitherto been accustomed to meet, hoping to live on the same terms with them that she had previously done with her more sensible and familiar boarders. But she soon found out her mistake. Most of the inmates of fashionable boarding-houses look on the mistress of the house as their natural enemy, and, although Mrs. Holden was really a good, clever woman in her way, she found herself treated by her new boarders rather as their servant than their companion. She often sighed for her happy little home; but it was too late for repentance, and she consoled herself with the thought, that she made more money in her new house.

Mrs. Hall kept a showy establishment, hoping to find a rich husband for her pretty daughter. The young lady was much admired, and attracted many gentlemen to the house, who, of course, paid pretty well for the pleasure of residing under the same roof with so beautiful a girl. Most of them, however, vacated the premises, unwilling to trust their hearts in the neighborhood of beauty, when they found the mind destitute of cultivation, and, indeed, wanting in natural strength. She was accomplished—that was all. She could talk nonsense; but whenever conversation took a more sensible turn she was silent. She found a rich husband, however, possessed of the same grade of intellect as herself, and they live contentedly in their little world of trivial events.

A school has been called a miniature world; a boarding-house is much more truly entitled so, since within its walls rage all the passions, the joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears, that rack humanity. Glance along the table when its inmates are assembled. How many virtues and vices are reflected in the different countenances that meet the eye! There is an old man, happy in the knowledge of a well-spent life; seated next him, may be seen one of half his years, already bowed by sorrows which his own vices have occasioned. Near him an innocent girl, shrinking involuntarily from her neighbor, with the instinctive antipathy of virtue for vice. Next to her a widow, who, before her mourning weeds are thrown aside, forgets the departed one she had once professed to love so deeply. Here a wife, who heedless of matronly dignity, flirts with every brainless fop, with the careless gayety of a school-girl. There a blushing bride, dreaming only of a blissful future, while *vis a vis* with a constituent, a politician discusses the probable results of the next election, and beholds the profitable office he toils for within his grasp. Near him sits a poet, with pale, intellectual brow, revolving in his mind the dazzling thoughts that shall live hereafter on the "deathless page," while his nearest neighbor, an anxious merchant, hastily swallows his food, to return to his toil before the shrine of Mammon. There an uxorious old man watches, with jealous eyes, the words and smiles of his giddy young bride. Here an old woman disfigures the beauty of age, and turns the reverence it excites to ridicule, by aping in dress and manner the youth which she can never recall. Her shriveled neck covered with thin gauze, the glittering jewels on her bony hands, the rouge on her wrinkled and sunken cheeks, the gay silks that mock the silvery hairs that peep from beneath the ebon colored wig, betray the paltry vanity of a weak mind, and make me sigh to see age deform itself in such a masquerade. Even so might I proceed through the whole list on my landlady's books; but I must cease mere speculation, for I promised to relate some of the incidents that have occurred within my walls—such histories as I have heard.

Often has the caution that "walls have ears" been uttered, timidly and shrinkingly, in my rooms; but the speakers little dreamed that those walls were then using their "ears," and to good purpose. I seek not to betray confidences: I have none: I was never willingly trusted! No one but the actors in the scenes that I am about to relate (if they are still alive) will recognize the facts; and if they choose to publish their part in the transactions, they must take the responsibility. But this can never be; their mortal remains have reposed for many a year in the silent embrace of the grave, and "God have mercy on their souls!" Some of my characters may also be mistaken for portraits of those who frequent other walls than mine; but if any one recognizes his own faults, let him remember, that life is the same in all situations, and that at my age I need scarcely descend to the Present when my sympathies dwell with the Past.

But where shall I commence my stories? As I said before, characters and incidents press so rudely forward that I am at a loss which to select; but there is one who stands aside from the crowd, whose deep, unearthly eyes haunt me; whose shadowy hand is upraised as though in solemn warning; around whose pale lips seems to hover a tale of sin and suffering. His story is a sad one, and I will take for

SKETCH—No. 1,

REMORSE.

In the quiet depth of night the desolate silence which reigned throughout the house was frequently broken by the hasty step of Paul Weldon, as he

paced the long passages. At first it startled the inmates from repose, but they soon became accustomed to the sound and ceased to note it, or, if they heard it, merely muttering, "It is only poor Weldon," settled themselves again to sleep. Night after night, like an unquiet spirit, he walked up and down the corridors, across the long dining-room, through the wide hall and parlor, until the approaching day brought with it signs of life. He then returned to his apartments. Some thought him mad, and whispered of a crazed mother and hereditary insanity, trembling, at times, at the wild lustre of his eyes; another suggested deep study of dark, forbidden things, and hinted that older and wiser men had bartered their souls before for such knowledge. A horror-loving youth insinuated that some dark crime had been committed, while all shrank, involuntarily, from contact with the unfortunate Weldon.

He was gentle, yet children clung to their mothers when he approached; there was something so fearful in the glance of his large, sunken eyes. Without seeming to shun companionship, he stood apart from all. Indeed, sometimes he forced himself to seek society, and, apparently, would fain have found friends had not every one avoided him. No matter how gay the conversation might be when he entered the public drawing-room, it immediately languished and ceased at his appearance: there was a strange charm about him which cast a gloom over all. The giddiest were subdued by it; the gravest felt its melancholy influence. All eyed him askance, and whenever his pale lips moved they unconsciously nerved themselves for some terrible tale.

Perhaps he felt his fearful power, since he soon ceased to seek companionship, and confined himself almost exclusively to his apartments. He seemed to have neither friends, occupation, nor home. The present looked cheerless to him; the future, hopeless: he dwelt only in the dreadful memories of the past.

His agonies in seclusion were terrible. Sometimes he threw himself on a chair and moved his body to and fro, moaning as if in suffering; now he started up and walked the floor; then seated himself and strove to read, evidently utterly incapable of confining his attention to any single subject. Book after book was opened and thrown aside. At last, seizing his hat, he rushed into the street, where his rapid walk and abstracted manner excited astonishment but too visible to his sensitive mind. At length he ceased to quit the house, and hiding himself in his apartments, ventured from them only in the darkness, silence, and solitude of night.

He apparently struggled against this strange restlessness, for he would lie down on his bed and strive to sleep; but when repose came it brought with it such fearful dreams that he soon awoke, and sprang from his, to him, accursed couch.

"O, no, I cannot—cannot sleep!" exclaimed he; "there is no rest for me, nor will there be until I find it in the grave. Ah, might I indeed, find repose in its embrace, how soon would I seek its icy portals; but no, I cannot, for even there crime finds its reward: must I not awake to judgment and to punishment? Remorse—remorse! how shall I destroy thy fangs? How shall I hide me from that fearful vision?"

From his wild self-accusations I learned his history. It was a sad one. The effects of his youthful vices had awakened in his heart that sleepless demon, remorse, which acting on his sensitive, imaginative mind, made life a curse where it might have been a blessing.

He was an only son—the idol of parents too indulgent for his good. When will parents learn to temper kindness with prudence? Daily is the lesson of their complicated duties taught them by the fate of those who fall victims to their careless teachings. Here, one is ruined by over indulgence; there, another is embittered and hardened by undue rigor; here, genius is crushed by ridicule; there, stupidity is rendered vain by undeserved praise. How rarely is the onerous office of a parent properly fulfilled!

Weldon's early training left him quite unfitted to resist temptation in any form. Impulse, not principle, was the law of his actions. At college he formed an intimacy with some dissipated young men As the wine circulated they boasted of their licentiousness, until Paul Weldon's better feelings were crushed, and he thought with them, that the ruin of the peace of the innocent and happy was a feat to be proud of.

Under such guidance he followed them to their haunts of dissipation: he was initiated into their orgies, and soon became the boon companion of the vilest of the vile—of a set of villains who wore the semblance of gentlemen, and yet, at heart, were as deeply dyed with crime as the wretch who expiates his guilt on the gallows. Strange that society banishes from its temples those who break the laws of men, yet welcomes with open arms the offender against the laws of God and the dictates of natural justice.

We will not follow Weldon through his downward path. At first conscience restrained him, but the ridicule of his associates soon drowned her warning voice, and he hurried on in his reckless course until he became a leader among his former teachers in vice.

Thus passed his college life, and when he returned to his home it was with feelings dulled and seared by crime.

Paul Weldon's father was a country gentleman of the old school. His mother, the proud daughter of a poor earl, had been a belle, and had married, partly for love, partly for money. Preferring to be "first in a province rather than second in a city," when her charms waned she retired to her husband's fine old country-house, where she assumed the airs of a queen regnant over the neighboring provincials. In the outskirts of the village, however, was one who neither courted nor fawned upon her. This was Mrs. White, the widow of a gallant officer who fell bravely fighting for his country, bequeathing to his young wife's guardianship his only child—a daughter, then an in-

fant. Mrs. White possessed a small annuity, and with this she purchased the cottage near Weldon Manor. Here she lived quietly and happily, devoting her whole time to the education of her daughter, who, like a rose in the desert, seemed "born to blush unseen."

When the Weldons returned to the old house, which they had not visited for years, Lucy White was a lovely, innocent girl of sixteen. I have said that Mrs. White did not court the lady of the manor, wherefore she was hated by her; but living apart and alone, the humble inhabitants of the cottage were ignorant of the enmity of the haughty dame.

Shortly after the arrival of the Weldons at the manor-house, their son returned from college. He soon discovered the beautiful cottager, and found means to make her acquaintance. From that time the fair girl was seldom alone, and she soon discovered that the light of loving eyes was preferable even to the holy radiance of the stars, and that the low tones of love were sweeter than the songs of birds, or the music of murmuring streams. She was guileless, unsuspecting; he was artful and persuasive—one who could easily make "the worse seem the better cause," and the result was that her unsuspecting love became her ruin. Her idol was her betrayer! She soon awoke to the consequences of her crime, and besought her destroyer to spare her from misery—to save her from disgrace. Paul's heart was melted; he loved her truly and would have repaired the wrong he had done her; but his mother unfortunately discovered the state of things, and by prayers and entreaties, jeers and taunts, so wrought on his pride that he determined to forsake her.

Poor Lucy! how earnestly, how vainly she entreated him to save her.

"O, Paul—Paul," she exclaimed, "if you love me—if you ever loved me—spare me! Save me, I entreat you, for the sake of my poor widowed mother! For the sake of my unborn babe, if not for mine; drive me not forth an outcast—homeless, friendless. Too guilty to dwell with the pure; too innocent to consort with the vicious, where shall I go? Men will behold me with sneering pity; women will turn aside from the fallen. I am a woman and have sinned, and may not hope for pardon. In happier days, Paul, you have often told me how dear I was to you, and have you so soon learned to despise me for my sin? You turn away! Ah, yes; it is so; you—even you whom I loved so truly, and trusted so deeply, turn from me in my sorrow—in my shame. But no—no; I cannot—I will not believe it. Speak to me—give me hope, or else confirm my despair."

Paul averted his head, for love and pity struggled in his heart; but the demon pride, mastered the angels, and he determined to leave her to her wretchedness. Still his tongue refused to speak the heartless words.

"What, still silent?" she cried. "Will you not even speak to me, Paul? And a few short months ago you seemed to live only in my presence; now you are eager to shun me. Then you had no eyes for any one but me; now, you turn away; then you had no ears for sweeter music than my voice, now you shudder at its sound; then you vowed you would never know joy apart from me; now you would drive me from you forever. Then your low, loving, passionate tones entered my soul, lulling its guardian spirit with their sweet music until my senses swam in a sweet delirium of delight, from which I awoke—to find myself the wretched creature you have made me. And you, who wrought this change—you, who sought me but to betray—stand there before me, silent, trembling, when I ask you to repair your wrong—when for the sake of love and pity I ask for justice. You will not even answer me. Why do you hesitate, if you would give me hope? Why prolong my suffering? If you would plunge me into despair, why dally with me? Why not let me know the worst? Speak, answer me, I entreat—I command you!"

She retreated a few paces, and gazing steadily on his averted face, awaited his reply. He hesitated; at last he spoke:

"Dear Lucy," said he, "you know I love you, but—but—"

"But what," she exclaimed; "do not stammer—do not hesitate. Speak, and quickly!"

"Well, then," he replied, "I love you and pity you; but I cannot make you my wife. Nay," he continued, as the pale impress of hopeless agony stole over her features, "nay, do not look so terribly, Lucy; all will yet be well!"

As he spoke he advanced and took her hand within his own; but she withdrew it quickly, as though she had been touched by a scorpion.

"Yes, yes; all will be well for you, but not for me. Paul Weldon, how dearly, how deeply I have loved you I need not say, for I have proved it, and have been rewarded for it by treachery, disgrace, and despair. But enough of this; you have decided, so have I; and all that now remains is to say that I will pray to God, if He will listen to the prayer of the fallen, that you may never know such wo as you have caused me, and to entreat you, when you go forth into the world, that when you see the young and innocent, happy in their purity, you will spare them for my sake—that you will never whisper of love and joy when you meditate treachery and ruin! And now farewell. We shall never meet again on earth! Once more, farewell—forever!"

As she spoke she glided from the room. After standing, irresolute, a few moments, he seized his hat, and left the house.

That night sleep refused to visit his eyes. Hour by hour he paced his chamber, thinking of the ruin he had wrought, and upbraiding himself for his cruelty. The struggle between love and pride was again renewed, and this time the good angel was victorious, and he determined to atone for his previous injuries by such reparation as remained in his power. Resolving not to expose his new made resolution to his mother's attacks, he intended to persuade Lucy to an immediate marriage. At daybreak he sought the rector of the parish, and having told

his story, induced him to consent to perform the marriage service. From thence he hastened to the well-known cottage. Meeting Mrs. White at the door, he asked for Lucy, and was told that she had not risen; but as he seemed eager to speak to her, Mrs. White summoned the servant and bade her call her daughter. A moment later a shrill shriek was heard, and the girl rushed into the apartment, pale and breathless:

"O, madam, madam," she exclaimed, "she is dead—she is dead!"

With a bound Paul sprang up the staircase, and then into Lucy's chamber, followed close by her horror-stricken mother. There, on the bed, pale, cold and lifeless, lay fair Lucy White. A cup upon the table, and a bottle, labeled "laudanum," betrayed the manner of her death. All these things Paul took in at a glance, and stood petrified with horror. The thought struck him that life might not yet be quite extinct, throwing aside the covering, he placed his hand above her heart; but it was cold and still; its pulses had ceased to beat. She was indeed—dead! He knelt beside the corpse, and in his agony, called on Heaven to destroy him, accusing himself of having murdered the most fair and innocent of beings. The mother, roused from her anguish, learned, for the first time, that the dear child she mourned, had fallen from her purity and innocence. At first she would not believe the dreadful truth, and springing up, she caught the betrayer by the arm.

"Paul Weldon," she exclaimed, "by all you hold sacred, I command you to tell me the truth: Was she innocent or guilty?"

"She was betrayed!" he replied, shuddering.

"Then the curse of the widow and the childless be upon you! Begone! Linger not a moment by the corpse of your victim, lest she rise from death to upbraid you! Away, and hope not for peace on earth. Go where you will, a mother's curse shall follow the murderer of her child!"

Mechanically he left the room, and wandered away, he knew not whither. His brain whirled. He saw strange phantoms around him. He fancied the bright heavens strove to fall on him. Dark, angry clouds seemed to envelop him and prevent him from escaping. The birds accused him in their songs. The wind whispered his crime among the green leaves. They trembled as they heard the story, and even the grass and the sweet flowers bowed their heads as they learned his crime. All nature accused him, and he strove to hide himself from the light of day. On, on, he fled until he saw a simple dwelling.

"Ah," he cried, "this at least is the work of human hands. Here at least dwells a human being. God's works are pure and they accuse me; but sheltered by what the hand of man has made, I shall feel secure."

The door stood open and he rushed in. The family were seated at their breakfast, and sprang up in amazement when he appeared. The children shrieked, and he felt that they, too, knew his crime; that they, too, upbraided him. He left the house and sought the woods, but their grand, solemn quiet oppressed him.

"I will go to my father's house," said he; "there, at least, no one can accuse me, for my parents share my crime."

He strove to retrace his steps, but could not: his mind grew more confused, his head became giddy, and he sunk exhausted by the roadside.

The news of Lucy's death sped like lightning through the village, and when Lady Laura Weldon summoned her dressing-maid, the girl's pale face struck an unexpected terror to the heart of the mistress.

"What is the matter, Warren?" said she.

"O, madam, such dreadful news," replied the frightened girl. "Lucy White has killed herself!"

"O, mercy," shrieked her lady; "Warren, the salts: I shall faint. There, there, I am better now. How could you break such awful news so abruptly. But where is Paul? Go and tell him to come to me."

The girl hesitated.

"Why do you hesitate? Go and tell my son to come here. Go—instantly."

"Ah, madam," said the girl, "I fear it would be useless to seek him. He was there when the death was discovered, and Mrs. White upbraided him so dreadfully, that he rushed from the house and has not been heard of since."

"Good God! has no one seen him? Run quickly; tell all the servants to seek him and bring him back. By force, if it be required. Bid them search in every direction: whoever finds him shall be well rewarded."

A few hours later Paul was brought home. On his arrival he was carried to bed, and a physician summoned. His mother knelt by his side, and strove to rouse him to consciousness. At length a few muttered words broke from his lips; then wild cries; then delirious ravings, in which he accused himself of murder, and called on earth and heaven to witness that his mother had instigated him to do the deed, begging the attendants to take her away lest she should also kill him. Thus he lay for weeks; sometimes in a deep stupor, sometimes in furious insanity, when his mad cries rang through the house, curdling the blood of his hearers. Gradually the fever left him, and hope was entertained that he would at length recover. He became convalescent; but still, apparently, not quite sane. He was moody and silent, and avoided companionship. The physicians bade them humor all his wishes, and he was permitted to wander about the mansion and the park, unattended. Care, however, was taken that he should not escape; but as he never attempted any thing of the kind, their vigilance gradually relaxed. One day he cunningly contrived to elude them, and hastened to the cottage of Mrs. White.

The widow sat before the fire with her head bowed down. A step upon the threshold aroused her attention. She turned and beheld Paul Weldon; but so pale, so thin was he, so wild were his looks, that she scarcely knew him. She sprang up with a shriek, remembering his madness, and would have

left the apartment; but he placed himself before her.

"Nay, do not leave me," said he; "I have come to converse with you. You are greatly changed since I saw you last. And Lucy—is she, too, altered? She was pale and cold when I left her, and I thought that she was dead. But they tell me I was mistaken. May I not see her? Where is she?"

Mrs. White saw that he was still insane and dreaded to tell him the truth, yet she feared to deceive him.

He arose and took her by the hand.

"Come, show me where she is," said he. "You need not refuse, for I will know. Come!"

Finding it useless to resist, she led him toward the church-yard. When they approached the gate, he said:

"You go to the grave-yard. Is she, then, really dead?"

Mrs. White replied not, but entered, and seeking poor Lucy's grave, pointed to it, saying:

"Lucy sleeps here!"

A simple stone with the single word "Lucy" marked her resting-place. It stood apart from those around it, as if the dead, like the living, shrunk from the unfortunate. It was late in the autumn, and the trees were stripped of their foliage. The wind swept mournfully through their bare branches, and eddied around the vaults and monuments, like a spirit moaning over the dead.

Paul gazed long and silently on the solitary mound of earth where his victim slept. At length he turned to Mrs. White, who was striving to subdue her sobs.

"They deceived me, then, and she *is* dead; and they have buried her deep in the earth to hide her from my sight," said he. "But there are no flowers on her grave—no birds to cheer her lonely resting-place. And see! even the very leaves have striven to hide her grave from me. But they shall not—they shall not. I will see her once more. Ha, ha, ha!"

With this he dashed the leaves away, and commenced tearing up the earth with his hands. Mrs. White strove vainly to restrain him; he threw her from him and pursued his fearful task with the strength and activity of insanity. He was suddenly arrested by the strong hands of his attendants, who had missed him, and in their search had been directed thither. He resisted stoutly, but at length was overpowered by their superior numbers.

Next day his fever returned, and for weeks his life was despaired of. His illness now took a favorable turn, and he slowly recovered. With renewed strength reason returned; and his physicians advised an immediate change of scene and air, lest the sight of familiar faces should cause a second relapse into insanity. Preparations were immediately made for a visit to the Continent; and when Paul was well enough to be removed, they departed, late at night, in order that the darkness might hide every thing from his eyes.

A week later they found themselves in Paris, and Paul was still improving in health. Here they rested a short time, and strove by every means to dispel the melancholy which still brooded over him. When summer arrived they repaired to one of the German watering-places. The two succeeding years were spent in Italy, and then, as Mr. Weldon's health declined, and he pined for the air of his native land, they returned to London. Immediately after their arrival Lady Laura fell ill and died.

The corpse was removed for interment to Weldon. The anxious father would fain have left Paul in London; but the latter persisted in paying the last sad rites to his mother.

He was deeply affected when, after his long absence, he found himself gazing again on the scene of his sin and suffering. His thoughts, were, however, diverted from such reflections by his grief for his mother.

Next day she was buried. For a fortnight Paul never left his father's side; the old man was sinking rapidly. At the expiration of that time Mr. Weldon was laid beside his wife, and Paul was alone in the world. On his death-bed Mr. Weldon entreated his son to leave England immediately after his funeral, and advised him not to return until time had entirely obliterated the past.

The funeral was over, and Paul sat alone in his chamber, looking silently and sadly toward the church, in whose dreary vaults his parents now slept their last sleep. That benumbing sensation of utter desolation which comes when we have seen the grave close over those nearest and dearest to us, stole over his heart. The past, with its shadowy memories, arose in his mind. He thought of the beloved but mistaken mother who had cherished him so fondly—of the noble father who regarded him with so much pride. He remembered the affectionate words and caresses that he had received from them, and sighed to think how frequently he had caused them unnecessary pain by his boyish willfulness. But those lamented ones were lost to him forever. They lay in the cold gloomy vault, in the lonely church. Then his thoughts wandered to an humble grave in the church-yard. He remembered the fair young girl that he had betrayed; he thought of *her* wild love and *his* crime, and felt that God's just and unfailing retribution had already commenced. He was alone in the world; those whom he had most loved had been snatched away by death. There, in the bounds of that church, rested father, mother, and the one he had betrayed.

He arose and sought their resting-place. There at least he would be less lonely, for would not they be near him, although invisible to his sight? He hastened to the church-yard. He sought among the graves until a simple stone, with the single word "Lucy," told him who slept beneath. He knelt beside the grave, gazing intently on it, as though his sight could pierce the earth to where she lay within her coffin. He fancied he saw her, pale, cold, rigid, as on that fatal morning when he last beheld her. He remembered how time had flown, and knew that her beauteous form had long since returned to its original

clay. He smoothed the long grass that grew above her, and parted the creeping ivy that partly enveloped the grave-stone. Flowers had been planted around, and they bloomed and flourished luxuriously. He hated them when he remembered that they drew their nourishment from the ashes of the dead. Gradually the feeling changed. He plucked one of them and gazed into its cup, until he fancied he saw her face within its depth. He recalled to mind how she had loved them in her life, and felt that even in the spirit-land she delighted in their grateful incense. Their presence at her grave finally comforted him. A slight whirring sound, followed by a sharp cry, startled him. He raised his eyes, and glanced nervously toward the spot from whence the sound proceeded. Upon a grave-stone near him sat a bird, which, as he gazed on it, uttered another cry, and soared away into the azure overhead. He followed it with his eyes until it disappeared, and then, urged by an irresistible impulse, arose and approached the grave on which the bird had perched. He glanced at the head-stone, and read the name of "Mary White" on its pure surface. A heavy groan burst from his lips, as the words met his eyes. He did not need words to tell him the history of the broken-hearted mother who slept beneath the marble. He felt it all; she, too, was dead, and her blood also rested on his soul! The bitter curse which, in the madness of her anguish she had invoked, rang again in his ears. "He should never know peace." The dead had said it. The desolate mother had called down curses on him ere she died, and they were already closing around him. He was, indeed, accursed. Father and mother had been taken from him. The joyousness of youth had passed forever. Remorse had fastened its fangs in his heart. A demon pursued him wherever he fled. His senses whirled; the hot blood danced madly through his veins. He bared his brow, that the soft air might cool the fever of his brain. He felt the old mood returning. He feared that he would again become insane. He knew himself on the very verge of madness, and strove to restore the balance of his mind. He entered the church, and resting his burning head upon the cold marble underneath which his parents reposed, endeavored to calm himself—to tear his thoughts from subjects which he dreaded to dwell on. He remembered his promise to his dying father, and felt that, to save himself from madness, he must fulfill it, and that quickly. Still Weldon had an irresistible charm for him, since he was there near the resting-place of his lost ones. He could come daily to water the grave of his injured, murdered love with repentant tears. But he was bound by his pledge, and he fully recognized the wisdom which dictated it. Gradually he became more composed, his mind grew more clear, and still kneeling, with bowed head, he entreated his dear parents to offer up the prayer for him which he himself dared not make.

He remained thus until the last rays of the setting sun left the spire of the church, when a step by his side aroused him. He turned and beheld his father's steward. Tears stood in the old man's eyes, as, with a faltering voice, he addressed him.

"Pardon me, sir, for intruding upon your grief," said he; "but he who sleeps below required me to perform the duty which brings me here. He bade me entreat you to leave Weldon as soon as he was laid in his grave. Forgive my boldness; but I hope you will obey his urgent, often-repeated request."

"And did he say I must go so soon, Elwood?" asked Paul, anxiously.

"He did," replied the old man. "Indeed he wished you to depart in a few hours after his funeral. I ought to have told you before; but I could not interrupt the indulgence of your grief. There is a sacred comfort in weeping alone over the graves of those whom we love."

"Well, return and order the carriage: I will be with you at once," replied Paul.

Elwood bowed and withdrew, and Paul again knelt beside the tomb of his parents, and, pressing his lips to the cold marble, inwardly invoked their blessings. He then arose and turned to depart; but when he reached the door suddenly paused, and rushing back, threw himself once more on the tomb, and burst into tears.

Tears! what sad, yet welcome guests they are! When the deep sorrow which is pent in the heart bursts forth in its natural expression, what relief is found. Thank God for the power to weep, for grief would become madness but for this means to give it vent. Tears have a healing magic, for after an utter abandonment to weeping there comes a heavy, sullen stupor, from which gradually arises slight gleams of hope, which dissipate the midnight gloom of sorrow, and light up the horizon of the future.

Paul wept long and bitterly, then sunk into deep thought, and at length arose and left the church. He knelt a short time by Lucy's grave, and then by a desperate effort sprung to his feet and rushed from the burial-ground, without casting a single look behind him. He hurried to the manor-house, and finding the carriage in waiting threw himself into it, and, with a hasty adieu to those around, bade the coachman drive on. The next day he found himself in London, from whence he sailed for the Continent. There he wandered from place to place, sometimes mingling with the gay, at others, immuring himself in religious houses, or again seeking excitement in every thing which promised forgetfulness. He next sought oblivion in travel, and went to Palestine, hoping to find in its sacred scenes something more powerful to charm his mind than the all-engrossing subject which continually haunted him. He visited Egypt, and pondering over her buried mysteries strove to devote his intellect to the solution of those wonderful records of old, which she holds with jealous hands, granting but slight glimpses of Truth to the most profound of seers. In vain: the one thought reigned supreme. He now hastened back to Europe, and visiting every place of note, strove to interest himself in her glorious historical remembrances, which impregnate her very air with food for thought. Still in vain. At last he resolved to

seek America—the happy land of Freedom. There, among a nation who dwelt but little on the past, who looked to the future with glorious aspirations; there, where none need despair—where the road to fame was open unto all; there, in the bounding hopefulness of a young people's heart, he hoped to find that something which might excite an overwhelming interest in his soul. His last hope failed him, and the mirage-like Lethe which he had so long and vainly followed on the Sahara of sorrow disappeared forever from his view.

Visiting one of our northern cities, and feeling unwilling to endure the noise and bustle of a large hotel, he resolved to seek a private boarding-house. He was directed to one which ranked among the highest. The terms were soon arranged, and Paul Weldon came to dwell within my walls.

What impression his strange, restless melancholy produced among his fellow-boarders, I have already made known. The cause of his conduct was a mystery which each one vainly tried to solve; and, failing in this, each gave a different reason for what they could not comprehend, agreeing in but one particular—to avoid him.

His nocturnal rambles annoyed them; but he was so gentle and inoffensive, they could not complain of this one fault. It was true that very nervous ladies indulged in delicate shrieks of alarm, or perhaps fainted outright, when returning late from some festive hall, they encountered him in the dimly-lighted passage. But, then it was so good an opportunity for displaying their pretty little feminine fears, that they were rather grateful to him than otherwise: for how could they be angry with one who indirectly caused such tender inquiries as were always made the following morning. And then how interesting the frightened lady looked, as with a scarf or mantilla thrown gracefully around her, (as though the fright caused a chill, which lasted thus long,) she related the incident to her commiserating admirers—and what a dear, delicate little creature she could seem upon such occasions! Too ethereal for this rude world, it excited a fear lest she might too soon be called to a more fitting home.

It was such thoughts, perhaps, that stirred in the hearts of the devoted swains, and made them bristle up, and look fierce, and wonder why such a person was kept in the house, hinting that they would speak sharply to the landlady about it, and have the matter corrected. And then to hear with what earnest sweetness, with what an angelic spirit of forgiveness the fair lady entreated them not to do so; and how the gentlemen expressed their admiration of the lady's forbearance. It was worth a half-a-dozen fainting fits to give these nervous ladies an opportunity for a display of such exquisite delicacy, and such rare virtues.

Paul consequently remained undisturbed, though he continued to be shunned by all. Under the withering influence of the demon which possessed him, his health gradually declined. Day by day his cheek grew paler, and his form more slender. He now ceased to frequent the public table, and ordered his meals to be served in his own apartments; and only when the solemn stillness of night roused afresh the fearful memories of the past, did he quit his chamber and wander out in the deserted corridors.

At length he became unable to leave his bed. He refused to call in a physician, and required but little attention; and lay there alone, gradually sinking into the grave, without a single friend to soothe or console him. When his illness and his loneliness became known among his fellow-boarders, they all expressed much regret; but he had held himself aloof from all, and there was such an impenetrable mystery around him, that all hesitated at proffering any of those delicate acts of kindness, which are so welcome to an invalid. At length, a young man named Barton, resolved to act the Good Samaritan, even at the risk of being repelled by the sick man. Mr. Barton was one of those true Christians, who do not hesitate at performing their duty, even when it jars with their feelings. He accordingly sought Paul's chamber; and, tapping at the door, was bidden to enter.

Weldon started when he saw a stranger, but immediately recovering himself, spoke.

"I am happy to see you, sir," said he: "pray be seated?"

Mr. Barton sat down; and after apologizing for his intrusion, asked if he could render him any service. Paul expressed his gratitude, but declined the proffered assistance.

"Human aid cannot help me now," was his reply. "I feel that I am dying, and I thank God for it; although death is a fearful thing to one so stained with guilt as I am."

"But," replied Barton, "have you no hope from the mercy of God? Repent of your sins, seek forgiveness through the Saviour, and you will find peace."

"Peace!" exclaimed Weldon; "talk not of peace to me: I cannot—dare not hope for it!"

"Nay," replied Barton, "do not despair? The Saviour pardoned the thief upon the cross; and He has bidden all that are weary and heavy laden to come unto Him. There, and there only, will you find rest and joy."

"O, do not mock me with such words!" exclaimed Weldon. "I tell you, I may not—dare not hope. Teach me to exorcise the restless spirit of the dead, and then I *may* find peace. Night after night she comes to me in my dreams: waking, she is ever before me—her accusing eyes are fixed upon me. Years have elapsed since she died; oceans roll between her grave and me. I have knelt at the holiest shrines—I have dwelt in the lowest depths of vice—I have joined the giddy in pursuit of pleasure—the wise in toil for knowledge. I have hidden in the caverns of the earth, and stood upon her mountain tops. The palace and the hovel, alternately, have been my home. Men have fawned, and fair maidens smiled on me; but all in vain. Still—still her pale face haunts me. The holy hymn and the din of battle—the mad curse of the drunken revel—the silvery laugh of pleasure—the soothing words of woman—and the flattering homage of man have alike failed to

silence the bitter, ringing reproach of conscience. Then, bid me not hope for the peace which for years I have vainly sought. Would you go to the fiends of hell, and picture heaven with all its joys to them, and say—'see; all this might have been yours, though now it is lost forever?' Would you stand upon the scaffold beside the condemned felon, and tell him that a bright heritage had been left him, and paint all the joys of life, saying—all these were his could he but live; and add, that there was no hope—he must die? It were as merciful as to tell me of that for which I would freely give up all that I possess; nay, even life itself to win—yet dare not hope for."

"Still," replied Barton, "you need not despair. There is no guilt, however black, that God will not wipe away. I fear you have never yet sought in the proper manner for the peace which you desire?"

"And do you think I might indeed find it?" asked Weldon, eagerly. "O, if you can but teach me how to drive this restless fiend, Remorse, from my heart, I will be forever grateful!—but you must first know what has been my crime. The blood of two innocent, unoffending women rests upon my head; and one of them was my betrothed wife. She loved me—yes, loved me deeply, madly; and I—I betrayed her. She died by her own hand, and her mother of a broken heart. Knowing this, do you still think I might hope for pardon?"

"Your crime was a fearful one; but surely your deep repentance, your great suffering have, in a measure, expatiated your guilt. But permit me to arrange your pillows, and then I will read to you for a short time."

The pillows having been arranged, Barton produced a pocket Bible, and read such passages as he thought applicable to Weldon's case; pausing occasionally to comment upon them. This was continued as long as he thought Paul's strength would permit, and then he arose and took his leave, advising the sick man to sleep if possible. Weldon thanked him for his kind visit, and begged him to return soon again, which Barton readily promised to do.

Thereafter Weldon found his new friend by his bedside daily, advising and soothing him. Under Barton's teachings his mind gradually became more calm, and he learned to look on the past without that agonizing remorse with which he once regarded it. He repented of his sin, and at last found hope that it might be forgiven. But his life was fast ebbing away, and scarcely had he rejoiced in the reality of his new-found peace, when he died. Calmly and happily did his spirit burst its bonds and fly to join the loved and lamented ones in a holier and happier home.

ARIADNE:

OR THE LOVE WATCH.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

"'T is she of Crete."

WHEREFORE, wherefore, dost thou stand
By the sea-washed shore so lonely?
Morn's first crimson shadows only
Saw a vessel leave the strand!
But its canvas glancing white,
Long hath left thy straining sight—
Sunset dies o'er sea and land:
Yet across the waste of waters,
Saddest of Earth's quivering daughters
Stretcheth still each small white hand!

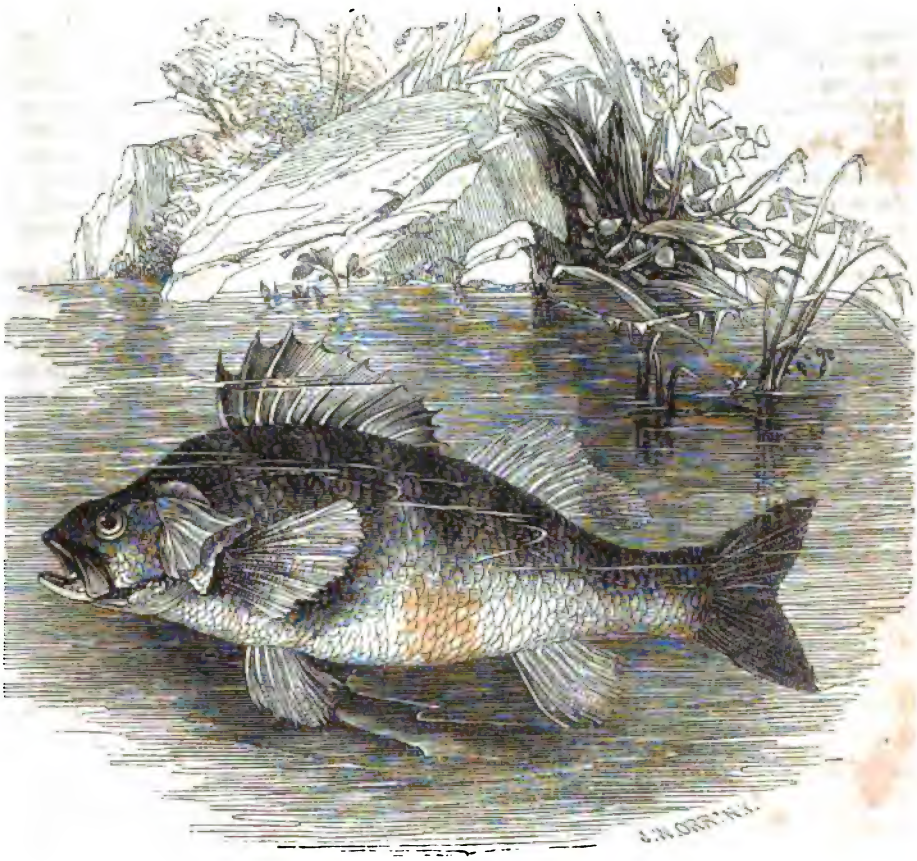
Cretan girl, still art thou there?
Luna her soft watch is keeping,
Eve's first timid star is peeping
Through the hushed and shining air:
For that fair ship dost thou wait—
Beautiful, yet desolate?
With thy long and jet black hair
Wild and loose about thee falling—
Still complaining, moaning, calling—
In thy heart's forlorn despair!

Watching still beside the sea?—
Gem-like stars to midnight given
Flash upon the purple heaven—
O! forsaken Ariadne!
Leave thy seat beside the shore—
He will come to thee no more—
That young king is false to thee,
Who for his sake crossed the ocean,
And with deep, intense devotion
Worshiped him, as Deity!

Royal princess! morn again
On thy weary watching breaketh—
Hope deferred thy heart sick maketh—
Stretch thy hand no more—'t is vain!
Could that false Athenian king
Know what desperate faith doth cling
To thy heart, he would again
Seek the bride so soon forsaken—
But thy trust would then be shaken:
Better dwell thou by the main!

THE GAME OF THE MONTH.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "FRANK FORESTER'S FIELD SPORTS," "FISH AND FISHING," ETC.



THE PERCH.

THE Yellow Perch; *Perca flavescens*.

This fine fish, which belongs to the family *Percoidæ*, of the division *Acanthopterygii*, or thorny-finned, is the common perch of the waters of the United States; ranging from the extreme east to the extreme west of the continent; from the streams and pools of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, to the feeders of Lake Superior and the northern tributaries of the Canadian lakes.

To the northward, it is not found in the rivers flowing into the Arctic Ocean or Hudson's Bay, and its southern limit is ill-defined, and can scarcely be ascertained, except by personal inspection; since the denizens of the southern waters have been disfigured by appellations, local, provincial, and most unscientifical, so barbarous as to defy the most intelligent inquirer.

The title of the division *Acanthopterygii*, or *thorny-finned*, is founded on the principle that every genus and sub-genus thereof has one or more of the fins supported on, or preceded by, strong, sharp spines, capable of inflicting a severe wound, and forming a very efficient weapon of defense, so that the boldest and most voracious of fishes rarely venture to seize them. All the genera have two dorsal fins—the first, or foremost, of which is invariably supported on spines, as opposed to soft branched rays; while the second, or hindmost, is of soft texture, preceded by one or more hard spines—two pectoral fins, both soft-rayed—one ventral, and one anal, each of which is often preceded by one or more spines—and one caudal, or tail fin, which is the main propelling power of the animal. On the number of the hard spines supplementary to the soft fins, are founded the

different families; and on the number of spines in the first dorsal, the dental system, and some other parts of the bony structure, the lesser or individual distinctions. On color, as distinctive of genera, or even varieties, little or no reliance can be placed, unless confirmed by distinct variations in the bony formation; since in all fishes there is observed to exist a great range of hues, shades, and even positive colors, arising sometimes from mere casual influences operating on individual specimens, sometimes from accidents of light or shade affecting peculiar situations, and most frequently of all from the soil and character of the feeding-grounds, and from the various mineral or earthy substances held in solution by the waters they frequent.

These latter influences frequently modify the same fish in different streams, even of the same region and neighborhood, and flowing over soils apparently identical, to such an extent, that the casual observer not unnaturally believes them to be distinct varieties, if not species, and can be with difficulty convinced, on the immutable evidences of structural sameness.

This fact has led, in a great measure, to the complicating and confounding the science of Natural History, by the undue multiplication of names, species, and genera, where no specific differences exist; rendering the science infinitely difficult to the beginner, and causing the unlearned to undervalue the lore of the naturalist, and to deny the reality of all scientific distinctions whatsoever.

On differences of structure, such as the situation and texture of the fins, the number of spines or soft rays in each, the form of the gill covers, the character and position of the teeth, perfect reliance may be placed, as indicating unchangeable specific characteristics, by observation of which the educated naturalist will name at a glance the species, genus and subgenus of any fish, unseen before; and will unerringly determine his habits, his food, and in some degree his habitation.

Thus of the *Percoid* family we distinguish the subgenera *Perca*, perch proper, from *Gristes* and *Centrarchus*, to which are referred the types black basse of the lakes, and the little rock basse of the St. Lawrence basin, by the fact that the *Percæ* have one spine to the ventrals and two to the anal. The *Gristes* one to the ventrals and three to the anal. The *Centrarchi* one to the ventrals and six to the anal.

And in like manner, by the number of spines supporting the first dorsal, we are enabled to pronounce on the truth or untruthfulness of the many subdivisions of the perch family, as predicated by the fishermen of various regions, and insisted on by credulous naturalists, such as Dr. Smith, of Massachusetts, whose book is rendered absolutely valueless by the readiness which he displays in adopting every local legend concerning new varieties, and classifying new species; until, if we believe him at all, we must believe that every several stream and pool from Maine to Minnesota has its own distinct variety of perch; nor of perch only, but of trout, and, more or less, of every finny tenant of the waters.

The truth appears to have been at length firmly established, and to be this—that there is but one clearly defined and distinct perch, *perca flavescens*, the yellow perch, found in the United States—that the *perca fluviatilis*, common river perch of Europe, does not exist at all in American waters, though it is so closely connected with our fish that a casual observer would pronounce them identical—that the supposed subgenera of *perca granulata*, or rough-headed perch, *perca argentea*, silver perch, *perca acuta*, or sharp-nosed perch, and *perca gracilis*, said to be peculiar to the small lake of Skaneateles, in the interior of New York, are not sufficiently made out as permanent varieties; and that the variations of color from dark green, and greenish brown, to bright yellow, silvery, and something nearly approaching to orange, are merely local, casual, and individual differences, and not general, permanent, specific distinctions.

The following luminous description of this game and excellent fish is borrowed from Dr. Richardson's *Faura-boreali-Americana*, or natural history of the Northern Regions of America, including parts of the United States, and the British Provinces as far north as to the Arctic Ocean. The specimen from which it was compiled was caught at Penetanguishine, on the great Georgian bay of Lake Huron, but will answer for fish of this genus taken in any part of America which they may chance to frequent; so small is their variation in any respect but that of color, which appears to vary in obedience to no fixed law of locality or latitude, except that it appears to me that of the fishes taken in estuaries and at the mouths of tidal rivers, the color is deeper and the tints fade from cerulean black along the dorsal outline to olive green on the flanks, with a silver belly; while in clear lakes and fresh streams, they change from olive-green on the back to bright golden yellow on the sides and belly.

THE YELLOW PERCH.

Color.—General tint of the back greenish-yellow; of the sides golden-yellow with minute black specks; and of the belly whitish. Nine or ten dark bands descend from the back to the sides, and taper away toward the belly; the alternate ones are shorter, and on the tail and shoulders they are less distinctly defined: the longest band is opposite to the posterior part of the first dorsal fin, on which there is a large black mark.

Form.—The body is moderately compressed, its greatest thickness being somewhat more than one half of its depth. Its profile is oblong, tapering more toward the tail, which is nearly cylindrical: its greatest depth is at the ventrals, and rather exceeds one-fourth of the total length, caudal included.

The head constitutes two-sevenths of the total length, and its height, at the eye, is equal to one-half its length from the tip of the snout to the point of the gill-cover. The forehead is flat, but appears depressed, owing to the convexity of the nape. The snout is a little convex. The orbits are lateral, distant more than one of their own diameters from the tip of the snout, and more than two diameters from

the point of the gill-cover. The jaws are equal. The mouth descends as it runs backward, its posterior angle being under the centre of the orbit.

Teeth.—The intermaxillaries, lower-jaw, knob of the vomer, and edge of the palate-bones, are covered with very small, straight or slightly-curved, densely-crowded teeth (*en velours.*) The vault of the palate, posterior part of the vomer, and the pointed tongue, are smooth.

Gill-covers.—The preoperculum is narrow; its upper limb rising vertically forms a right-angle with the lower one; and its edge is armed with small spinous teeth, those on the lower limb being directed forward. The bony operculum terminates in a narrow sub-spinous point, beneath which there are three denticulations, with grooves running backward from them. An acute-pointed membranous flap prolonged from the margin of the suboperculum conceals these parts in the recent fish. The edge of the interoperculum and posterior part of the suboperculum are minutely denticulated. The edges of the humeral bones are slightly grooved and denticulated, the denticulations being more obvious in some individuals than in others.

Scales.—There are sixty scales on the lateral line, and twenty-two in a vertical row between the first dorsal and centre of the belly. The scales are rather small, their bases truncated and furrowed to near the middle (*striées en éventail*) by six grooves corresponding to eight minute lobes of the margin. A narrow border of the outer rounded edge is very minutely streaked, producing teeth on the margin, visible under a lens. The length and breadth of a scale, taken from the side, are about equal, being two and a half lines. A linear inch measured on the sides or belly, longitudinally, contains twelve scales, the scales on the belly having, however, less vertical breadth. On the back an inch includes seventeen or eighteen. The asperity of the scales is perceptible to the finger, when it is drawn over them from the tail toward the head. The lateral-line is thrice as near to the back as to the belly, and is slightly arched till it passes the dorsal and anal fins, when it runs straight through the middle of the tail. It is marked on each scale by a tubular elevation, which is divided irregularly by an oblique depression.

Fins.—Br. 7—7; D. 13—1 | 13; P. 14; V. 1 | 5; A. 2 | 8; C. 17 5-5.*

The first dorsal commences a little posterior to the point of the gill-cover and to the pectorals: its fourth and fifth rays are the highest: the first ray is slender and not half the height of the second; the last ray is so short as to be detected only by a close examination. The second dorsal commences a quarter of an inch from the first, the space between them being occupied by two or three inter-spinous bones without rays: its first ray is spinous, and is closely applied to the base of the second, which is thrice as long, distinctly articulated, and divided at the tip: the remaining rays are all divided at their summits, but at their bases the articulations are obsolete. The pectorals originate opposite to the spinous point of the operculum; they are somewhat longer than the ventrals, which are attached opposite to the second spine of the first dorsal. The anal is rounded: its first ray is one-fourth part shorter than the second, both being spinous: the succeeding rays are articulated and branched, the five anterior ones being longer than the second spine, the others becoming successively shorter: its termination is opposite to that of the second dorsal. The caudal is distinctly forked, its base is scaly, the scales advancing farther on the outer rays and covering one-third of their length.

Such is the general description of the fish throughout the country at large, but great allowance must be made for accidental and local variations of color, some specimens being light-green, backed and barred with black, with silvery bellies, others exactly as portrayed above, others nearly orange, and approaching in some degree to the splendor of the gold-fish.

As I have observed, no fish is more general than this in every description of waters throughout his range in the United States. From the largest rivers, so low down their channels that the waters begin to be brackish, to the smallest mountain rivulets; from the mill-pond, and small, clear mountain tarn, to the vast expanses of Huron, Michigan and Superior, they are omnipresent and numerous.

They spawn in March, each female excluding a vast quantity of spawn. So many as 992,000 ova having been taken, as it is stated by Mr. Brown in his "American Angler's Guide," though he does not annex his authority, from a single female.

They may be taken during every month of the year with the hook, being bold biters and among the most voracious of all fishes, devouring the spawn and young fry of their own species with savage avidity, and being among the most deadly foes to the trout preserves, owing to the rapacity with which they ransack the spawning beds.

They are in the main a lively and active fish, roving about in small bands or shoals, sometimes swimming high and near the surface, leaping merrily at the flies and smaller water insects, and sometimes, especially in clear, rapid scours of gravel-bedded rivers, sweeping along the bottom gathering the small, red brandling worms, of which they are very fond, caddises, and other water reptiles, as well the spawn of such fish as use these localities.

The larger fish will, however, often select stations, such as the lee of a large stone at the tail of a ripple, especially under the umbrage of trees growing on the bank, or among the piles and timbers of mill-dams or sluice-ways, whence they sally out like the pike or trout on any passing prey with great velocity and accuracy of aim. Still even these are decidedly gregarious, as one is never found singly in a hole, such places being invariably frequented by such band as it will liberally support, who rarely stray beyond its limits, and prey, for the most part

* *Br.* represents the rays within the gill-covers, which form the breathing apparatus of the animal—D. the dorsals—P. pectorals—V. ventrals—A. anal—C. caudal. The notations 1 | 13, 2 | 5, and 2 | 8, respectively indicate one hard spine thirteen soft rays, etc. etc.

over the same fishing-ground, and in the same course.

This propensity is taken advantage of by the angler, since, when he has once struck upon a well-stocked haunt, while the fish are in the humor to bite, he will be very apt, if patient and skillful, to take the whole shoal without the loss of a single fish.

The growth of the yellow perch is slow, and appears to be proportioned pretty accurately to the size and character of the waters which he frequents. In small, swift running brooks, or little spring-ponds or mill-dams, he rarely exceeds a few inches in length and a few ounces in weight, partaking generally of the green and silvery type of the fish. In estuaries and large rivers, in the pellucid tarns and lakelets, which are dotted so beautifully through all the uplands of the eastern and middle states from Maine to Pennsylvania, in the vast expanses of the great northern lakes of Canada, in the giant rivers of the west, they attain far more rapidly to a great size, three or four pounds being a run by no means unusual, and individuals being not unfrequently taken up to five, six and seven pounds, when they are very firm, fat, and in capital condition for the table.

They may be caught in all months of the year. Mr. Brown considers that they "may be had in the largest quantities and in the finest condition from May to July;" but from my own experience, which has been limited principally to the lakelets of Maine, to Greenwood or Wawayanda lake, in Orange county, New York, to Lake Hopatkong, desecrated into Brooklyn pond, in Sussex county, New Jersey, and to some of the north-eastern streams and ponds of Pennsylvania, I should say that late in the autumn—

When the maple boughs are crimson,
And the hickory shines like gold,
And the noons are sultry hot,
And the nights are frosty cold;

They bite with greater freedom, show more sport, and are better on the table than at any other season of the year.

The yellow perch is a bold, nay! a savage biter, and a greedy feeder; it is even recorded of him that he has been known to strike at his own eye, casually torn out by the point of the hook, which is to me by no means incredible.

Securely weaponed by the sharp palisade of arrowy spines bristling along his back, and by the stout jagged thorns protruding in advance of his ventral anal fins, when of any considerable size, he fears neither the tremendous rush and shark-like jaws of the savage mascalonge, nor the terrible agility and dauntless daring of the namaycush and siskawity, those vast lake trouts, but feeds himself, a lesser tyrant of the waters, on whatever crosses his path of havoc.

A light, stiff, ten-foot rod, with a small reel, and twenty-five or thirty yards of line, with a small cork float, and a proper sinker for bottom fishing, is the best implement; and the best baits for this method are the common ground-worm or the little scarlet brandling. The latter particularly in rapid channels and scours. Cheese pastes are also used, and at times successfully, but I do not advocate their use, but the most certainly deadly of all baits is the paste made from the preserved roe of any fish which frequents the waters you are to fish. Trout-roe, in lakes or rivers haunted by that gamest and best of all the inhabitants of the water, kills unerringly.

In brackish water shrimp beats the world for perch, remembering that you fish near to or upon the bottom.

Perch, especially when of large size, may be trolled for as pike, with the hind legs of a frog, or with any small fish on a gorge hook. But in my opinion the prettiest of all modes of catching them is to rove for them with the live minnow.

For this purpose you take a fine, clear, gut leader, with a No. 9 Limerick hook whipped on at the tail, and an inch and a half above it, and back to back to the tail hook, a second one size smaller than the first.

The upper should be hooked securely into the lower jaw of a moderate sized minnow, and the lower into his dorsal fin, care being taken not to pierce his back, when he will swim about naturally and gayly for many hours, if not taken by a fish, and if carefully released without laceration, will survive the operation. A small cork, or, what is better, quill-float, is necessary to this method, and a few shot, sufficient to sink the bait to within three inches of the bottom. When a bite is felt, a little time should be given before striking; when struck, the perch is surely taken, for though he pulls hard for a short time he has neither the fierce courage nor the wily craft of the trout, but succumbs after a few brief struggles. A reel is necessary, and the float often dispensed with by veterans in the art.

The following very graphic extracts, on perch fishing in the waters of the Niagara river and Lake Erie, are from the pen of probably the best piscatorial writer of the United States, long an esteemed correspondent of the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, from whose lucubrations I have borrowed largely in my larger works on "Fish and Fishing," and to whom I gladly record my obligation:

"*The Yellow Perch.* This beautiful and active fish is almost omnipresent in the fresh waters of the Northern States. There are probably two distinct but similar species in our country, blended together under this common name. The perch of New England differs from ours principally in the shape of the head. In the Saratoga Lake, Owasco Lake, Cayuga Outlet, the Flats of Lake Huron, and many other localities, the perch is larger than with us, frequently weighing three pounds. Among the perch of our streams and rivers, a half-pounder is a very portly citizen—though on a few particular bars they are sometimes taken in considerable numbers, averaging nearly a pound each. It is almost always to be had, from earliest spring to the commencement of winter; and when poor Piscator has had all his lobsters*

* By lobsters the writer means the small fresh-water crayfish.

taken by the sheeps-head, and utterly despairs of bass, he can, at any time, and almost any where, in our river, bait with the minnow and the worm, and retrieve somewhat from frowning fortune, by catching a mess of perch.

"In the spring, as soon as the ice has left the streams, the perch begins running up our creeks to spawn. He is then caught in them in great plenty. About the middle of May, however, he seems to prefer the Niagara's clear current, and almost entirely deserts the Tonawanda, and other amber waters. You then find him in the eddies, on the edge of swift ripples, and often in the swift waters, watching for the minnow. As the water-weeds increase in height, he ensconces himself among them, and, in mid-summer, comes out to seek his prey only in the morning and toward night. He seems to delight especially in a grassy bottom, and when the black frost has cut down the tall water-weeds, and the more delicate herbage that never attains the surface is withered, he disappears until spring—probably secluding himself in the depths of the river.

"The back fin ofthe perch is large, and armed with strong spines. He is bold and ravenous. He will not give way to the pike or to the black bass; and though he may sometimes be eaten by them, his comrades will retaliate upon the young of his destroyers.

"The proper bait for the perch is the minnow. He will take that all seasons. In mid-summer, however, he prefers the worm, at which he generally bites freely. He is often taken with the grub, or with small pieces of fish of any kind.

"He is a capital fish at all times for the table. His flesh is hard and savory. He should be fried with salt pork rather than butter, and thoroughly done. He makes good chowder, though inferior for that purpose to the black bass or the yellow pike.

"A difference of opinion exists among our most tasteful icthyophagists, as to whether this fish should be scaled or skinned. Let me tell you how to skin him. Take a sharp-pointed knife, and rip up the skin along the back, from the posterior extremity of the back fin, on one or both sides of it, along its whole length—then take the fish firmly by the head with the left hand, and with the right take hold of the skin of the back near the head, first on one side and then on the other, and peal it down over the tail. This being done, all the fins are thereby removed except those of the back and belly, which are easily drawn out by a gentle pulling toward the head. Cut off the head, and you have a skinless, finless lump of pure white flesh. Some say this is the only way a perch should be prepared for the cook's art—others say it impairs the flavor, and should never be pursued. As for me, I say, '*in medio tutissimus ibis*,'—neither of the disputants is infallible. Much, very much of the sweetness of the perch, and, indeed, almost all fishes, resides in the skin, which should never be parted with except for some special reason; therefore, as a general thing, I scale my perch. But, in summer, the skin of the perch is apt to acquire a slight bitter taste, or a smack of the mud—therefore, in summer, I skin my perch."

Before quitting this subject, I will simply point out that the excellent little pan fish taken in salt water, near the turn of the tide, in most of our large rivers, and usually known as white perch, or silver perch, is not a perch, but the little white, or the little red bass. And herewith, good-night; and good luck to the gentle friends and good fishermen all who read Graham.

WRECK AND RUIN.

FROM HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

In October, 1848, I went over to the Island of Capri, some twenty miles from Naples, to enjoy a rustic festival. Our party consisted of some Englishmen and some Italians; the latter, being in the service of the government, had a fixed limit to their leave of absence. When the morning arrived that was appointed for the departure of our Italian friends, we accompanied them to the shore, where they made their arrangements for the passage back to the mainland. There was a strong west-and-by-south wind roaring round the island, and the sea looked dangerous; but, in Naples, where there is no career for a young man out of government employ, an official must not trifle with his post. The preparations, therefore, for the launching of the boat went on.

It was one of those wide-bottomed boats, commonly used in the port of Naples, upon which the stranger starts out for a moonlight row to Posilippo, or betakes himself with his portmanteau and his carpet-bag, or with his wife and her pill-box full of a few things to the steamer. Such boats are not made for riding on a stormy sea. The men preparing to put out that morning were our two friends the officials, and two boatmen. One of the passengers was hailed by the captain of a good strong bark, upon the point of starting. "Come with us, Raffaelluccio; it will be madness to sail out in that cockle-shell, through such a sea!" Raffaelluccio, a delicate youth, replied that he was no coward. He had come in the boat, and might go back in the boat, with the Madonna's

blessing. The other passenger was a stout, black-bearded man, and the two boatmen were a youth and a weather-beaten sailor from the port of Naples.

The little harbor at Capri is so sheltered from certain winds, that there is often a deceptive smoothness in its waters. It was only by looking out to sea that one detected, on that wild October morning, how the waters writhed under the torture of the wind. Far as the eye could reach the sea was covered with those smaller storm waves, called, in the phrase of the country, *pecore;* these, as the day advanced, swelled into great billows, *cavalloni*, which came rolling on upon our little island, and dashed violently against the coast of Massa and Sorrento.

The boat had been shoved off, and had returned for some article, left accidentally behind. A group of weather-wise old sailors thronged about the foolhardy crew, in vain urging them to wait for fairer weather. They put out to sea again, and made straight for the cape under the summer palace of Tiberius. This is a well-known point, which boatmen often seek when they desire to catch a direct wind for their passage to the main-land. The gale that had been blowing round the island appeared to pour out from this point its undivided force, and beat the sea with a strength almost irresistible. We saw the mast of the little boat snapped the moment it had reached the cape, and the crew put back, not to await calmer weather, but to seek another temporary mast, and start again. No threat or persuasion could detain the Italians, who feared to exceed their term of leave. A rude mast was set up, and again the boat started, leaping across wave after wave. We saw no more of it.

"I watched it for some distance," said the captain of the barque, which had started at the same time. "Their mast bent as though it would break with every puff of wind, and the little sail fluttered like a handkerchief upon the waves. In a moment it disappeared, and we knew that our foreboding had proved true." The rest of the tale I had from the lips of the black-bearded official, the sole survivor; and a wilder tale of human passion does not often fall within the bounds of sober truth.

The old mariner, at starting, had been placed at the helm, as the most competent man of the party; but there was an alarming difference between the eddies, currents, and billows at the cape, and the smooth waters of the Bay of Naples. A monstrous *cavallone* appeared in the distance; leaping, roaring, foaming, it was close upon their quarter; its crest overhung them; in an instant, said my informant, they were swallowed up. The boat was overturned; but the crew—struggling desperately for life—rose with it once more to the surface, clinging to its bottom. In their last agony they glared upon each other, face to face, among the beating waves, and the loud execrations of his companions were poured passionately on the ancient mariner, whose want of skill was cursed as the fatal cause of their despair. The hold of the poor old fellow, weak with age and faint with emotion, had not strength to bear him up amid the tossing of the waters, and as his grasp relaxed, the others watched his weakness with a fiendish satisfaction. "It is some consolation," exclaimed one, "to see you die first, fool as you are!" He did not hear the latest maledictions, but went down in the deep sea. The next who died was Raffaelluccio, upon whose daily work the daily bread of a mother and three sisters depended. "I am stiff with cold, and can hang on no longer," he said to his companion. "Get on my shoulders," was the answer of the stronger man. And so he did, and so he died: the living man with the dead weight upon him grappling still for life, and drifting before the storm. The young boatman, the other survivor, trembling himself upon the brink of eternity, crept round to the dead body, and having robbed it of a watch and chain and other valuables, pushed it from the shoulders of his friend into the sea. So there remained these two men, clinging to the boat, and gazing on each other anxiously.

The thought had crossed the mind of the young man that, if they lived until they should be thrown ashore, the surviving passenger would require that he should deliver up the watch and other valuables to the family of Raffaelluccio. He may not have taken them with a design of theft. He probably saw that the dead body cumbered his companion, and committed it from a good humane motive to the sea, having removed the jewelry. But to retain possession of the property, his conscience did not bid him shrink from murder of which no eye of man would ever see the stain. An unexpected blow would silence his companion, and leave him on the boat to drift to land, a sole survivor, quietly made richer by the wreck. "I read it in his eyes," said my informant. "The devil was in them, and I watched him well; but a heavy sea raised his side of the boat—that was his opportunity, and immediately he struck a heavy blow upon my head. If he was the younger I was the stronger, and he summoned me to struggle for my life, or for that chance of life which either of us had upon the gulf of waters. There was a horrible wrestling! I am the only survivor.

"All that day, and through a stormy, pitch-dark night, I lay tossed about, almost senseless, in the Bay of Naples. But before dawn on the second day, my boat was cast ashore at Torre dell' Annunziata, and there locked between two rocks. I had just strength to crawl to the Coast-Guard house, in which I perceived that lights were twinkling. I was spurned. My papers were demanded.

"Faint as I was, in time I found it possible to make the good officials understand my case, and excuse the production of credentials from the fishes. They took me in, and treated me with Christian kindness. My looks had frightened them: my face was bloated, and my eyes protruded like those of a lobster."

The mother of Raffaelluccio was living in Capri, and I was there when the news came back of her son's fate. In the darkness of an October night, the ruined family—the bereaved mother and her daughters—mounted to their house-top, and turning toward the sea, shrieked wildly for the son and brother whom it held from them.

The voice of wo that then thrilled in my ears will never be forgotten. I never knew till then what agony could be; not expressed only, but communicated by the wail of women.

LE PETIT SAVOYARD.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF GUIRAUD.)

BY WILLIAM ROWE.

WELL, go to France, poor little child! yes, go.
My love for thee is worthless: I am poor.
People enjoy elsewhere; here we endure:
Go child, 't is for your good; 't is better so.

When this poor arm was strong to labor once,
Refreshed, rewarded when my darling smiled,
Who then had dared advise me to renounce
The dear caresses of my child?

But I am widowed; Strength departs with Joy.
Now sick and sad, I know not what to do.
'T is vain to beg; our friends are paupers too.
Leave thy lorn mother; leave this poor Savoy;
Go where God takes thee—go, my cherished boy!

Still, far away, think on this homestead lone;
Remember it; and this last hour, and *this;*
A mother blesses her beloved one
With her embrace; my blessing with my kiss!

Now, do you see yon oak? I think I may
Go so far with thee; four long years are o'er
Since with your father, when he went away,
I walked there too; but he returned no more.

Were he but here to guide thee forth, 't would be
Less sorrow to my heart to bid thee go.
Thou art not ten years old; so helpless—oh!
How I shall pray to God, my child, for thee!

Unless He aid, how can thy small feet tread
Through a cold world, without a mother's care?
She would, at least, instruct thee how to bear;
Poor little child! O, why have I no bread?

But 't is God's will, and we must humbly bow;
Do n't weep to leave me, little hapless thing!
Take to their palace-gates a cheerful brow,
'T will grieve thee, oft, to think of me, I know;
But to amuse the rest, thou still must sing.

Sing, ere life's bitterness for thee shall come.
Now take thy wallet and that poor marmotte;
Beguile the way with my old songs of home,
Sung to thy cradle in this mountain cot.

If I had strength, as in the time gone by,
I 'd hold thee by the hand and lead thee on;
But I should fail, before three days were done;
Yes, thou shouldst leave me soon behind, and I—
Where I was born, my son, I wish to die.

Hear thy poor mother's last advice, and take
The warning, if thou wouldst be blest of Heaven;
The poor man's only wealth is what is given.
Ask of the rich; he gives for Jesu's sake.

Thy father said so too;
Be thou more fortunate, my boy; adieu!

The sun had fallen beneath the neighboring steep,
And "we must part," the mother said at last—
On through the oaks the little wanderer passed,
Turning, at times; but did not dare to weep.

[To the above I have presumed to make a pendant.]

THE DYING SAVOYARD.

COLD, cold is the storm, with its darkness and danger!
Take pity, dear friends, on a poor little stranger:
To-night is a feast in your village, I 'm told,
While shuddering and foodless I sob in the cold.
You all are in gladness; but I am in sorrow,
And must rest on the ground, to be dead on to-morrow.

Oh! dreary to die with my home at a distance,
And all those I love too far off for assistance;
Around me the snow-flakes are falling and flying,
And the sad light of evening is darkening and dying;
The winds freeze my blood as they mournfully sweep,
And icicles hang on my rags as I weep.

Ah, pity my poverty, pity my years,
And pass not a child, in his hunger and tears;
And see, the companion and friend of my lot,
As forlorn as myself, my poor, pining marmotte;
He is shivering and hungry, and nestling in quest
Of the warmth that is nearly gone out of my breast.

O, never again shall a wandering boy
See the dear cottage homes and the skies of Savoy,
Or hear the gay herd-song, the falling of rills
In the fresh-swelling air of her beautiful hills;
Oh, where are they now, those old mornings of joy?
They are lost, they are lost, to the wandering boy!

Oh, never again shall my fond mother kiss me;
How dearly she loved me—how much will she miss me!
And how must she mourn, my affectionate mother,
For her lost little child, and she has not another!
Long, long may she weep at the door of her cot,
Ere she sees me return with my merry marmotte.

So the Savoyard mourned, the poor child, in his sorrow,
Undoomed to go forth at the voice of the morrow,
With his friend, the marmotte, he had died ere the day;
And they scooped them one grave in the snow where they lay;
And a slight cross of lath rises over the spot
Where the Savoyard sleeps with his mountain marmotte.

MABEL DACRE:

OR THE TRIAL OF FAITH.

BY HELEN.

CHAPTER I.

To him who in the love of Nature holds communion with her visible forms she speaks a various language.
BRYANT'S THANATOPSIS.

RARELY does the sun shine upon a lovelier spot than the small, secluded town of Riverdale. Shut in between high hills, that served to screen it also from the bleak north winds, it seemed to embrace within its narrow limits every element of beauty; and though from its retired situation it afforded no business facilities, and therefore contained little wealth and no style, yet to those who sought the beautiful in Nature, or for whom solitude had charms, it was a little paradise.

And so thought Mabel Dacre, as she sat with her hands clasped over a book that lay half-open in her lap, and her eyes gazing earnestly and with rapt attention on the distant landscape. It was sunset, and far off in the clear horizon floated the golden clouds curtaining the day-god's couch. A crimson light, softened by that exquisite misty veil in which Nature is so fond of adorning herself, rested like a glory upon the tops of the hills, and threw into deep shadow the quiet valley at their feet; while upon the river which wound slowly along, reluctant as it would seem to leave a place so lovely, a few bright gleams yet lingered. "How beautiful," murmured Mabel to herself, as her delighted gaze took in at once the scene that we have vainly attempted to describe; "how can any one think the world so dark and dreary?"

"I will tell you, my Mabel," said a low voice at her side, as blushing, yet smiling, Mabel turned and met the fond gaze of Walter Lee, who had advanced unperceived, so absorbed had she previously been. Now, however, she willingly lent an ear to her lover's voice. "I will tell you; it is because so few are in unison with the loveliness, the repose, the purity of Nature, that they find in her no beauty; the vain toils of ambition, the grasping pursuit of wealth, the wearying chase for pleasure, unfit men for loving that which is simple, pure and universal. You, dearest, are a true child of Nature, and you feel almost a child's love for a mother, toward the beauty around you.

"My sweet one," he continued, as with delighted eyes he gazed upon the lovely face uplifted to him in all the unconsciousness and confiding love of childhood, "my beautiful Mabel, will you laugh at my fancies if I say that I find in Nature the original of even all your charms: from the violet you stole the deep-blue of those dear eyes, and from whence learned your hair its graceful waving, save from the tendrils of the vine: so confess now, fair pilferer, ere I bring forward other charges." And with these words he took the book from her hands; it was a volume of Spenser's Faery Queen. Mabel laughingly reproached him for stealing so quietly upon her.

"But where have you been, Walter, this long, long day; I was so lonely, I had no one to read to me, so I soon tired of my needle-work, and in very weariness I wandered off to see the sun set."

"Have you, indeed, missed me, Mabel, darling; bless you for those words; to me, too, it was a weary day, in the close, dark city, but duty called me there, and I have brought letters to the rector from London."

"Letters to my father! and from London," exclaimed the surprised girl; "who can he have in the great city to write to him; I have often heard him say he knew no one in London. But hark! I hear the sunset-bell, and my father will be waiting for me for our evening service." And so saying, with one last look at the distant landscape, Mabel put her arm fondly in Walter's, and with step as light and graceful as the mountain deer's, turned toward the little, low-roofed cottage of the Rector of Riverdale. "Will you not come in, Walter," said Mabel, in soft, persuasive accents.

"Not to-night," he replied; "I have been away all day, and there are numerous duties for me to fulfill ere to-morrow's round commences. Good-night, sweet love," he fondly murmured, as Mabel entered the house.

She advanced hurriedly to the rector's study, where she found him seated in his accustomed arm-chair by the window, but she was struck at once with the look of anxiety and sorrow so unusual to his placid and venerable face; an open letter lay in his lap, but his eyes were closed, and his lips moved as if in prayer.

"Father, dearest father, what has happened; why do you look so sad," exclaimed Mabel, as she knelt at his side.

"Is it you, my child," said the old man, softly stroking her silken hair—then a sigh so deep escaped him that Mabel was still more terrified. "Be calm, my love, my little lamb," he murmured gently, and with accents choked and broken, "listen calmly, and I will tell you all. You know, Mabel dear, that I am not your own father, but you know not, nor did I, until to-day, that your own father is living; that he is a nobleman of high rank, and having been under our new sovereign, King James, restored to his estates, he now claims his daughter, and de-

sires me to accompany you at once to London, or at least to York, where he will meet you."

Mabel's cheek grew paler and paler, as she took in the full meaning of these to her painful words; her strength forsook her, and she sunk upon the floor at his feet—

"My father, my own true, loving father, I cannot leave you, and Walter, oh! where can I hide from this cold, stern man, who has left me so long without a word, and now expects me to break, in a moment, the ties that constant intercourse for fifteen years have formed; no, I will not obey this proud dictate. Say I shall not go, dear, dear father," said the weeping girl, throwing herself on his neck.

"Hush! hush! my daughter; remember who controls our destinies; think who it is that orders all the events of life. He has said, 'Children, obey your parents,' 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' and shall I, one of his ministers, counsel you to disobey him No, my precious child, dear as you are to my heart;- though the light of this world will have gone out for me when I no longer see my Mabel's face, or hear her soft, sweet tones, yet I would have you go at once, my child; and go determined; so far as you can under God, to please your father—render to him the obedience that is due from a child to a parent. In one thing, however, you will be tried, your father is a Roman Catholic; in your religious faith be firm and steadfast; let no persuasions induce you to give up the simple faith of our Protestant church; be strong, be prudent, and be gentle in all your intercourse with him, and perhaps the daughter may yet lead her father back to the pure faith of his ancestors, though," murmured he to himself, "a king's favor is a tempting bait."

"But Walter," tremblingly uttered the weeping girl, who had hardly understood the rector's words, so filled was her heart with that dear image. "Walter! must I leave him—I was so soon to be all his; can I not write and tell my father so, and then perhaps—he might—I am sure if he only knew Walter"—she blushed and hesitated, and then stopped, waiting in tearful suspense to hear what would be said by him whose word for fifteen years had been her law.

"Mabel, my darling child, it may not be; you must not even dream of such a step. Think you the noble Earl of Arlington would suffer his daughter to wed a poor curate? No, my precious child, you must give up Walter—forget him—think only of your duty to your father, or rather, your duty to your God."

He said no more, for Mabel, upon whose loving heart these words fell like the sentence of death, sunk fainting upon the floor. No words escaped from those pale lips, and not even a sigh relieved the bursting heart.

"Poor stricken lamb!" said the kind old man, as he gently raised the lifeless form, "had I but known thy future destiny this suffering at least thou shouldst have been spared—little did I dream when, fifteen years ago, thou wert brought, a little child beautiful as the angels, to my lonely home, that thou wast one day to tread the halls of royalty." He laid her gently on the couch, and hastily summoning what help he could command, watched fondly and anxiously the return of consciousness.

And now let us review briefly the circumstances that have so strangely formed the lot of our young heroine.

About eighteen years previous to the time at which our story commences, Robert, Earl of Arlington, had married a young and beautiful girl, whom, though of rather humble origin, he loved as passionately as a nature selfish as his could love; she was frail and delicate, and died soon after the birth of her first child, a daughter, to whom the sorrowing husband gave her name—Mabel. His disappointment at not having a son embittered his feelings for the poor, motherless babe, and two years after having, in consequence of his being concerned in a rebellion against the reigning monarch, been compelled to leave his country and to endure the confiscation of his estates; he determined to place his child in the keeping of some one whom he could trust, and who would educate her carefully; thinking that should he ever regain his rank, she could easily acquire all the necessary accomplishments. He at once recalled the Rector of Riverdale, of whose learning and virtue he had often heard his young wife speak in terms of eloquent praise, as the very person to whom with the most perfect confidence he could entrust his child. Descended from high and even noble ancestors, and educated at Oxford, the rector was eminently fitted for the development and guidance of his daughter's mind; while for her physical education, the charming and healthy situation of Riverdale afforded every facility. Hastily making his preparations, therefore, and under cover of an assumed name, he sent his child to the old man, with a letter stating only that, being obliged to fly from England, he wished her to be brought up in ignorance of his name or station; and he made at the same time ample provision for her wants as far as money could supply them.

Years passed, and no tidings came of the unknown father; and gradually the conviction forced itself upon the rector's mind that he must be dead; an opinion which fifteen years of utter silence had tended to confirm, and the kind old man had learned to love the gentle Mabel as his own child; all others considered her as his niece, for as such he was to represent her, and she was accordingly called Mabel Dacre. But after the death of Charles, through the influence of some friends, the long banished man was recalled, and on his return having publicly renounced his allegiance to the Established Church and embraced Romanism, his estates and titles were restored to him, and he was high in favor with the new monarch James II., whose strong partiality for papists was well known. He had obtained occasionally some information respecting his child, and had even made a secret visit to the town, since his return, to satisfy his proud heart as to his daughter's fitness to share in his recovered *greatness*—but even his haughty spirit was charmed with the exquisite

beauty and grace of Mabel, as she, so unconscious that her father even *lived*, passed before him. He immediately made arrangements to receive her, and then dispatched the letter which had thrown the little household at Riverdale into such sorrow and dismay.

CHAPTER II.

And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated, who could guess
If ever more should meet these mutual eyes?
CHILDE HAROLD.

Walter Lee was the youngest son of a baronet, who, during the late struggle, had lost both life and property in defense of his sovereign. The oldest son died soon after his father, having been severely wounded at the battle of Edgehill. Walter had been intended for the church, and his education carried on with that end in view; the sad fate of his father and only brother had contributed to strengthen his youthful inclination to the ministry; and after collecting what remained of his father's property he completed his studies, and having heard that the curacy at Riverdale, near which town his father had at one time resided, was vacant, he applied immediately to the rector for it, and had the good fortune to be successful.

The worthy man was at once prepossessed in favor of the young scholar, whose acquirements were much above the usual standard, and whose clear, open brow and brilliant eyes seemed to indicate a man of no ordinary character. And in truth his was a nature such as we seldom meet with in this every-day world; full of devotion to his cause, and zealous for his Master's glory, his efforts to do good were untiring. His was a truly noble heart—so strong and loyal, so open and sincere; full of all generous thoughts and high aspirations, and withal, as tender and loving as a woman's: with a soul that shrank in abhorrence from meanness, deceit, or the licentiousness so common to the times, he yet felt and ever showed the kindest pity and compassion for the sinner.

Six years had passed since he came to Riverdale, and Mr. Dacre loved him as a son, for such he had long seemed to him, while Walter felt for his venerable pastor the deepest love and reverence.

And Mabel—how shall we describe her, the fair and gentle being, who from the winning simplicity and grace of childhood, had passed almost unconsciously into that loveliest period of womanhood, when as yet the heart has lost none of its early freshness, the sweet dew of life's morning, and its pure affections have only expanded into fuller beauty; its opening mind only exhales a richer perfume; beautiful without vanity, intelligent yet simple and childlike; loving, gentle and timid, yet at the same time high-souled, generous and full of enthusiasm—such was Mabel Dacre at seventeen. Could it be otherwise than that those two, so fitted for each other, such twin-souls as it were, should love? Silently, at first, a pure affection sprang up in their youthful hearts; it grew with their growth and strenghtened with their strength; each felt, long before any promise had passed between them, that they were no longer free, and when in low and trembling tones Walter drew from his beloved her plighted troth, they both felt that no time could alter, no circumstances change their fervent, undying love. And it was this love, the growth of years, that Mabel was now so suddenly called upon to resign; she had not at first, in her artless simplicity, even imagined this as the result of her father's letter; it was the thought of parting for a *time* with him she so passionately loved, that had caused the first bitter sorrow. Into her pure and simple mind it did not enter that her father would forbid her union with Walter, that he *could* break ties so solemnly contracted, or sever hearts so closely united; but as her ear took in the last fearful sentences of the rector, light and almost life forsook her, her brain reeled, and her heart became like ice. It was well that consciousness failed, and that a temporary oblivion deadened the first keen pang; but oh, that sad, dreary awakening to sorrow; that half-shrinking, trembling dread with which we strive to recall the terrible event that has changed life into a gloomy solitude and hushed up within us the very sound of joy. Long did Mabel strive to keep back the return of reason, to dream on in blissful ignorance, but it would come, "*You must give up Walter*—you must strive to *forget* him." These words rang for ever in the dark chambers of her now desolate heart; she knew it must be so, she felt that even Walter would bid her go, and as her opening eyes caught a view of her dear old father (for such he ever seemed to her) gazing so sadly upon her, she sprang from the bed and feebly sunk at his feet; then hiding her face in his lap, she wept such tears as she could never shed again; the bitterness of death was past, her duty was before her, and in that sad hour the old man's prayers were answered; strength from above inspired her drooping heart, and though in those soft eyes the light of joy had faded, and no gleam of brightness played around the mouth that once dimpled with the innocent mirth of an unclouded girlhood, yet Mr. Dacre felt, as he kissed her pure, calm brow, and gazed almost reverently into the clear depths of those spiritual eyes, that a power mightier than the spell of earthly love dwelt in that frail form; and his voice was almost exultant as with trembling hand he implored the blessing of God the Father, the Son and the Spirit upon her youthful head.

That evening, long after the sun had set behind the hills, in the same lovely spot where Mabel was wont to watch his parting glories, two youthful forms sat with clasped hands, and pale, tearful faces. The moon rose in all her unclouded beauty, pouring a flood of silvery radiance over the scene; for a momoment, the exquisite beauty of Nature sent its wonted light to Mabel's face: then, with a faint cry of agony, she exclaimed—

"It is the last time, Walter—dear, dear Walter! I shall never again gaze upon this beauty with thee. O, God, who makest the world so lovely, can it be that Thou requirest of me this sacrifice!"

There was no sound for many minutes; but Walter's head was bowed as if in prayer, and his strong frame shook like a reed.

"God knoweth best, my own beloved," at length he murmured. "It may be that for me this trial was sent, to teach me the hard lesson—'Little children, keep yourselves from idols.' I knew it not, but now I feel that your image reigned in the heart I had offered to my God, and that earth had more share in my thoughts than Heaven.

"But, oh! to part from you, my Mabel—to give you up to others, my treasure, my love, my life! Oh! I cannot submit—my heart is crushed under this bitter trial! Alas! at times I have no trust, no hope, no faith!"

"Say not so, my own, my noble Walter; give up all else, but cling to your faith; forsake not our only strength: think, in this terrible parting, how tenfold would be our anguish, did we not both look forward to that world where there is no more parting, and where 'God shall wipe all tears from all eyes.'"

"But, O, my beautiful Mabel, sometimes a strange shuddering fear comes over me, that in that gay and gorgeous world where your future steps will wander, you will be so admired, courted, and caressed, that you will cease to yearn for the simple home of your girlhood, cease to love—"

"Nay, Walter, speak not those dreadful words? Say not you doubt the faith, the love, the constancy of years: oh! do not let us add this drop to the bitter cup we are called upon to drink. Ah! if I thought you could *doubt* me, I should have lost the only happiness that yet remains for me—the thought of your full and perfect trust in my love. Do not let us doubt each other for one moment, Walter dearest; it would be to break the only tie yet left between us, our mutual trust."

"Forgive me, sweet Mabel, my beloved, once my plighted wife—nay, let me not speak that word! Ah! *Mabel*, *Mabel*, what have I left to live for?"

"God, and thine own soul, beloved: let me support and strengthen thee in this our greatest trial; for, from thy example, how often have I gathered fortitude and patience. And remember, Walter dearest, that just as full, as perfect, as entire and devoted as your *love*, so may be your *faith* in me. I ask you, as my last request, to feel this always, though it may sometimes seem *hard*, though years of silence may pass, for I know you can never, never forget me!"

"I do—I will trust you always, my beloved. I ask from *you* no promise, but, before Heaven! I solemnly pronounce myself yours; and should God in his wisdom see fit to forbid our ever again meeting, my heart shall still cherish your image only, and go widowed to its grave."

Night had already filled the firmament with its countless stars, ere the young lovers, for the last time, slowly and sadly wended their way to the happy home of Mabel's childhood and youth.

Ah! who can tell the bitterness of that parting; the choking thoughts that could not be uttered, the throbbing hearts whose chords had been so rudely severed; earth had for them no sterner lesson, the light of life is faded—well will it be if "in the darkness stars arise, and the night is holy."

CHAPTER III.

"Your house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold,
Basins and ewers, to lave your dainty hands,
Your hangings all of Tyrian tapestry."
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

A year had passed since the events narrated in our last chapter, and how had the time sped with Mabel. Received with a proud and delighted affection by her newly-found parent, and welcomed with almost a mother's kindness by his titled and wealthy bride, she could not feel otherwise than grateful, and, at times, happy; but as increased intimacy revealed more and more to her of the characters of those whom, under God, she was most bound to obey and honor, Mabel's heart sunk, and her thoughts flew back to the simple piety and humble faith of her early teacher and guardian. The worldliness, the cold selfishness, the grasping ambition, and slavish cringing to superior rank that she saw in all around her, was to the high-souled and enthusiastic girl deserving of the most profound contempt and pity. She saw the father whom she so longed to honor and respect, fawning and bending befor a monarch whom he hoped still further to propitiate, and at times he would talk to Mabel about her own advancement, until her whole frame trembled with a nameless fear. He had lately begun to speak more sternly with regard to her neglect of the ceremonies of the Romish Church, not dreaming that this neglect arose from a determined opposition. It did not once occur to him—so little had his own religious belief to do with conviction—that, in the mind of a young and beautiful girl, there *could* be a settled and resolute preference for any particular church. Mabel had, indeed, never joined in any of the rites of her father's church, but this he had attributed to thoughtlessness and indifference, little dreaming that, in her own solitary chamber, she enjoyed the purest and truest communion with her Maker, and that not the sternest mandate he could utter, would tempt her to abjure her Protestant faith.

But the trial was yet to come.

For some months after her arrival at the castle, Mabel had continued to receive, constantly, letters from Walter and Mr. Dacre; but she was not long to enjoy this gratification.

"Mabel, my daughter," said Lord Arlington one day, as he saw with a frown the blush and smile with which she received an unusually large packet from Riverdale; "it were well if you could remember for yourself what were proper and becoming in the rank you now hold; but since your own sense has not prompted you to cease at *once* all communication with those among whom nothing but your father's misfortunes could have placed you, I am now compelled to forbid your ever again receiving any of those voluminous epistles, which, to judge from your countenance, must possess a degree of interest perfectly unaccountable. Does the old man

send his weekly sermons for your soul's benefit?" he sneeringly said.

Mabel endeavored to reply, but her eyes fell under his cold, searching gaze; she could not speak, as the thought flashed through her mind that she should never again see that well-known hand, or read those precious words of affection from Walter, never more be cheered and supported by the advice and sympathy of him whom she reverenced more than any earthly being.

"Oh! father, do not, do not compel me to give up my dearest—"

She stopped, for the frown on her father's face grew darker at this involuntary betrayal of her preference for her early friends.—

"Do not compel me to seem so ungrateful and proud to those, whose kindness made me what I am: let me at least write a few words to tell them of your wishes?"

"Mabel—I have already been sufficiently annoyed and displeased by your evident dislike to your new life, and your childish preference for your country home; rouse me no further by opposition, strive to overcome your early prejudices, and to remember you are an *Earl's daughter*, and that you may be the wife—"

At this moment, Mabel uttered a faint cry of surprise and terror; then recollecting herself, she complained of feeling unwell, and begged her father's permission to retire to her own apartment.

"Go, my daughter; but do not let a trifling indisposition prevent your being in readiness to accompany us this evening to the palace, for the king expressly requested me to bring you, and your mother has provided your toilette for the occasion: let me see my Mabel the gayest and happiest, as she will be the loveliest, in the proud assemblage?"

With a sad and heavy heart Mabel gained her own chamber, and there—seated on the floor, with her head buried in the velvet cushions of the luxurious divan, and her precious letters clasped to her bosom—she wept bitterly. Long did she sit thus, with her soft, black hair hanging like a veil around her, and her head bowed in that utter abandonment to grief, that only an impassioned nature can feel.

CHAPTER IV.

"Oh! her smile—it seems half holy,
As if drawn from thoughts more far
Than our common jestings are;
And if any painter drew her,
He would paint her unaware,
With a halo round her hair."

ELIZABETH BARRETT.

Never was the Lady Mabel's beauty more transcendent than on that evening; and as she entered the splendid apartments where King James held his levee, a low murmur of admiration arose on every side.

"What exquisite creature is she, who moves like a queen by right of her own loveliness!" exclaimed a young French nobleman of the highest rank, who was visiting at the court. "Tell me, Ormond?" he said, turning to an older person who stood beside him, "do your cold English eyes behold unmoved such a vision of beauty; for my own part, I confess that, never upon my sight rose so peerless a creature." And, in truth, Mabel's beauty was of no ordinary kind; tall, and rather slender, yet with all the roundness of *contour*, and the gracefulness of childhood, every movement had a charm. Her complexion was exquisitely fair, and so transparently delicate that it glowed with every passing emotion her eyes, large and full, were of that dark violet hue, that varies every moment—sometimes so soft and liquid that you would have thought her a creature all gentleness, then flashing with the light of thought, brilliant and sparkling, as though a tear had never dimmed their lustre. At times, the mirth—so natural to her once—would play over her lovely features, glancing in dimples round her rosy mouth, and bringing to view the pearly teeth, so small and regular.

On this evening she was robed in a thin, exquisite dress of the richest lace, over a satin of such lustre as to resemble woven silver, whilst on her raven hair rested a tiara of brilliants, such as a nobleman's revenue could not purchase, the gift of the Queen to Lady Arlington on her marriage. Her snowy neck and arms were circled with the same sparkling gems, and one shone like a star on the girdle that confined her slender waist. Who would have recognized in the queenly bearing and rather haughty countenance of the Lady Mabel, the sweet, simple and loving maiden, who used to dance over the fields at Riverdale? And yet could she have met in all that crowd of flatterers one true friend, one pure, guileless nature, Mabel's whole face would have changed, and her free spirit have flowed out in all its wonted fullness and confidingness. The young Duke D'Alençon, the French nobleman to whom we have before alluded, was of the blood-royal, and an especial favorite of Louis Fourteenth, the reigning monarch of France He had been educated at a convent, and was early imbued with the strongest reverence for the Romish church: so deeply was his mind filled with its superstitions, that it was only the most earnest solicitations of relations that prevented his becoming a monk. A residence at the Court of Louis, the most dissipated and reckless of any in Europe, had moderated, in some measure, his severe notions of conduct, but his attachment to the forms and ceremonies of his own church remained as firm and bigoted as before. It was the sympathy between himself and the English monarch, that had induced him to visit the Court of St. James.

To Lord Arlington, the king had often spoken of his dear friend D'Alençon; and, ever striving to add new links to the ties that bound the nation to France, he expressed his wish that a union between Mabel and the young duke might be formed, adding, at the same time, that the latter would wed none but a member of his own communion. To this proposal, Lord Arlington with much delight had acceded, and declared that *his* daughter could be no other than a zealous Catholic. It was with this plan at heart, he had so earnestly desired Mabel to be present on the evening before-mentioned, and all transpired to the

satisfaction of the ambitious parent. The king himself introduced D'Alençon to the lovely Mabel, and after whispering in her ear some words of flattery, that called a blush to her fair cheek, he left them to converse undisturbed. The young duke's nature was more earnest, sincere, and enthusiastic than any our heroine had yet encountered, and she accordingly listened with unusual interest to his words, and replied with more of her accustomed spirit and vivacity than she had ever before displayed.

Little dreamed the artless girl that her father was watching every glance of her eye, and that already, in his ambitious mind, a resolution was formed as inflexible as iron, a plan for her aggrandizement, which no prayers, or tears, or entreaties of hers could alter in the minutest particulars.

Not many weeks had passed since that evening, and the young duke had sought Mabel's side at every festive occasion, yet still to her he had never breathed his love. Something there was in her simple purity that almost awed him; her calm dignity prevented all courtly gallantries, while her apparent indifference kept back an impassioned declaration. To her father, therefore, he resolved to speak first, and it was with difficulty Lord Arlington concealed his delight, when the prospect of his daughter's alliance with the blood-royal of France was first presented to him as a *certain* thing; for, to his mind, the possibility of Mabel's opposition would have seemed absurd. The proposal was at once accepted, and the day fixed upon for the nuptials, which were to be celebrated according to the Romish form; and, previous to the ceremony, the young pair were to confess and receive mass, after the custom of that church.

The next day, the happy father called his daughter to the library, and there proceeded to lay before the astonished girl her brilliant prospects; not to ask her consent, not even to inquire whether she loved D'Alençon, but with the iron tone of one who expects no opposition, and to whom denial would be of no avail. Mabel heard at first as one in a dream, her eyes dilated, her bosom heaved, but when he went on, and named the day that had been fixed upon, she seemed to feel as one who has heard his doom, but whose lips will cry for mercy, though there is no hope.

"My father!" she passionately exclaimed, "it must not be. I cannot, cannot wed him—oh, God! teach me in this hour what I shall say. The time has come—I can no longer keep silent! Father—I have striven to be dutiful, I have tried to please you; nay, sometimes I have grieved my conscience rather than disobey you—but it cannot be so any longer. No!" she wildly said, and her eyes glowed, her whole frame trembled with the violence of her emotion, "I am your child, and, as such, I am bound as far as I can to obey you, but I have another father, even *God*, and to him, before you, before all the world, I owe allegiance. I have solemnly pledged myself to obey his will as I have been taught it; I am a member of His church—yes, my father, I am a Protestant, a Puritan, if so in derision you call those who acknowledge no supreme head but *Christ*, no *infallible guide* but the Bible; and can you ask me, in obedience to your will, to renounce my faith, to abjure my church, to forsake that which is dearer to me than all the world beside? No, you will not, you cannot be so cruel, so unjust, so harsh!"

"Cease, cease this idle ranting, Lady Mabel. As your father, it is my duty to bring you into the true church, from which, but for my carelessness, you should never have wandered. Is not the opinion of your father, and your sovereign, of more value than your own unenlightened prejudices? Is it not your duty to obey your only parent, at the expense only of the sacrifice of a mere form of worship?

"Nay, *speak* not; I will hear no complaints, no refusals: you shall marry D'Alençon on the day I have fixed, or I will deprive your old Puritan teacher of his living, and send him forth a *beggar*."

With a faint shriek Mabel sprung forward, and fell at her father's feet, clasping his knees with her cold hands, and lifting her despairing eyes to his face,

"Spare, oh! spare me this trial, my father; I will do aught else to please you, but, oh! do not ask me solemnly to confess a faith I have not, or to promise a love that I can *never*, *never* give: let me be your own Mabel—let me live with you, and cheer your declining years? I ask no high station, I covet no wealth—only let me be at peace with God, and my own soul! In pity hear me, O father; for her sake, whose name I bear, do not revenge my denial of your wishes on the head of that innocent old man—do not send his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave?"

For a moment, one moment only, the proud heart of the aspiring man was softened, as he called to mind one who had also knelt before him, and implored him to let her once more see her childhood's friends; but the next, the vision of a coronet over that pale brow, round which the long dark curls were falling, and he coldly said—

"You have but to *choose*. I ask no dreadful sacrifice at your hands: methinks it were to many rather a pleasant prospect to be Duchess D'Alençon, and you will remember your own impressions of him were decidedly agreeable. However, he will be satisfied when you are his, I doubt not; I will leave you to meditate, and remember, in a life of *forty* years, your father was never known to give up any thing on which his will was fixed."

Mabel said no more; on that sweet face had fallen the deadness of despair, no sound escaped from her lips, her eyes wandered vacantly round as if her mind had failed under the pressure of some great calamity—but she was not forsaken in that dark hour by Him to whom she had solemnly given her service. Although the terrible thought that she should send forth her beloved and venerable father to destitution and want was ever in her mind, and—added to it—the remembrance that Walter, too, would be left desolate, even were he suffered to retain the curacy, which, in itself, was very improbable; yet the words of Mr. Dacre were with her—"My child, never give up your faith, let *no* threats induce you; and then, above even this, the words of Christ, 'whoso loveth

father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me.' "

Strengthened by these reflections, Mabel resolved, before God, never to abjure her faith, and never to wed one whom she could not love or revere.

The weeks passed slowly on, and nothing more was said to Mabel on the subject of her marriage, but she saw the preparations going on with a languid indifference, which her father attributed to her perfect resignation to his will. One thing she had requested of Lord Arlington, and he had granted it, and this was—that the duke should visit her only, occasionally, as a common acquaintance.

The wedding-day approached: it was the night before—the magnificent dress, with the gorgeous jewels and bridal gifts, were all prepared. Mabel asked leave to retire early, and as she knelt, according to the custom, to receive her father's good-night embrace, she gently kissed his hand and a tear fell upon it. With more than his usual tenderness, he said—"God bless and keep you, my darling daughter!"

. . . . . .

That morning, Mabel did not appear. It was late, and becoming alarmed, her father entered her room. The curtained bed had not been touched. She had fled—and with her, a young girl, her waiting-maid, who loved her fair mistress with almost a passionate fondness. No clue could be obtained of her course; search was unavailing; and, heart-broken and disconsolate, the father—after a year or two of utter silence as to her fate—relapsed into a sad and stern misanthropy. None but himself knew how sharp were the pangs of remorse, or how his solitude was haunted by a pale, sad face, and the moans of a broken heart.

CHAPTER V.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine. HEMANS.

It was early in June, 1660, that in one of the oldest settlements of the New England colony, quite a large number of persons were assembled in the best room the town afforded, to worship God according to the rites of the English church. It was the first time since the settlement of the place that the liturgy of the church had been heard there; and the congregation, many of them wept with delight to hear again those well-remembered strains; and their voices swelled in one unanimous response, as the lips of the aged man of God repeated, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost."

Then, when in his sermon he touchingly alluded to the storm of persecution that had driven him out of the quiet harbor, in which he had hoped to lie moored, for his few remaining years, and forced him, a mere wreck, across the wide ocean, many were the tears that fell from the eyes of those who had left parents and homes, and wandered away to this new country. But on the ears of one in particular the sweet and soothing tones of the church-service seemed to fall like magic.

This was a pale, sad, drooping girl, the village schoolmistress; none knew much about her history, save that some three years before, a vessel landed from England, having met with terrible disasters, and brought a company of pilgrims, who, though they could not endure the mummeries which the church was continually borrowing from Rome, yet loved and revered its services, and desired to retain its ritual. Among their number was an old man, accompanied by two young girls, one of them of rare beauty and grace, though her face was worn with weeping and care. The old man was simple-hearted, pious, and benevolent, and soon became much beloved by all the colonists. He was quite poor, having been only a schoolmaster in his native country, so that on their arrival he opened a school, in which the fair young girl above mentioned assisted, while the other, Alice, managed the household affairs. Thus things went on until nearly two years had passed, then Alice married, and moved away, leaving Mr. Acton and Mabel alone together. He had become too feeble to attend much to the school, so that Mabel now took charge of that and the house also, besides ministering in every way to the old man's comfort, who seemed to look upon her as a being from another world, so entirely was his love mingled with veneration; he guarded her with the most jealous care, and watched that none should dare to treat her with disrespect or even familiarity. Such was the reverence with which his example inspired others that she was almost universally called the Lady Mabel. And yet she was neither proud nor haughty; and never was there a sad heart to which Mabel's sweet voice and lovely face were not soothing as the tones of music; and by the bed of sickness, or in the hour of death, she was always ready to minister help to the afflicted, and to breathe into the sufferer's ear the blessed promises of the gospel.

But, ah! in all these long dreary years, how had Mable pined for some voice to breathe comfort into her sad heart, and to awaken once more the chords of affection within its silent chambers. Since a poor persecuted girl, she fled, in the dark and gloomy night, from the princely mansion of her cruel father, "choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season," how much of suffering, toil, and privation had she endured.

It was by the help of Alice, her waiting-maid, that her plan of flying to America was formed and carried out. Alice's uncle, Mr. Acton, had written to her to announce his intended departure to the colonies, with a company about to sail; and Mable determined to join him, and accompany them to America. Alice was easily persuaded to escape with her young mistress, and their arrangements had been made some days previous to the wedding-day; but Mabel had hoped till the last that her stern father would relent. Disguised in a suit of Alice's apparel, she easily effected her escape from the castle, and from thence to the little seaport town, where Mr. Acton resided. To him, Mabel made known all that was necessary of her sad story, and the old man, touched

with pity for the poor dove flying from the tormentors, promised his aid and protection as long as she required it. A day or two after they all embarked; and Mabel, as she saw the distant shore sink below the horizon, felt that she was leaving all she loved on earth, and that henceforth her life must be one of toil, hardship, and privation, without a single ray of gladness to cheer and brighten it; but her pure spirit did not waver for a moment; dearer to her the faith in which she had been educated, and which she had so early learned to prize, than luxury or splendor, or even earthly love. Then, too, she was comforted by the thought that her father would not carry out his threat, now that threats were useless, and Mr. Dacre would close his life in peace among his beloved parishioners; and Walter, ah! could he know the sufferings to which she was exposed, how would his loving heart ache—and she thanked Heaven for sparing him this trial; never for a moment did she doubt his constancy, or cease to dwell upon his love as still fully hers. Beautiful faith of a warm, trusting heart! how seldom on earth do we find it.

We have wandered far away from the little band of worshipers, but our readers will at once recognize in the pale sad girl, who listened with such trembling eagerness to the solemn words of the liturgy, Mabel Dacre, (as she once more called herself,) and can readily understand the emotion with which she heard for the first time in so many years, the same pure ritual, which in childhood she had learned to love. Often had a deep manly voice, whose lightest tones were music to her ears, repeated those well known words, and Mabel's heart was too full for utterance, she could only weep.

And now for a time let us return to Riverdale, and see the changes that have taken place there.

For months after Mabel's departure, the little cottage was filled with gloom, yet still her sweet loving letters, like gleams of sunshine, often illumined its darkness, and Walter, who *now* shared the loneliness of Mr. Dacre's abode, would often sit for hours with one of those precious missives clasped in his hand, and his eyes wandering from one to another of the dear objects which her touch had rendered sacred. There were her flowers, still blooming as freshly as ever, while she whose slender fingers had so often trained their graceful foliage, was gone forever. Alas! how sad, how inexpressibly harassing to his loving heart, was this living death of her whom he so idolized; separated as fully as though the dark portals of the grave had arisen between them, yet with the agonizing thought ever in his mind that far away, in a gay and brilliant throng, her beauty gladdened other eyes, her silvery voice made music to other ears, while her poor lonely heart was yearning to flee away and be at rest.

For a time not a doubt of her constant, faithful devotion to him ever crossed his mind; and even when a long interval passed and no letters came in answer to his repeated and affectionate ones, not a line to cheer his poor desolate heart, he still tried not to give way to despondency or doubt; "do not let us distrust each other, Walter," these sweet words would come like an angel message, when his hope, and his faith in woman's love were well nigh gone.

And then a new trial came in the increasing feebleness of his beloved rector. The old man's worn-out frame could not long have endured even with the gentle cares and sweet cherishing of his adopted daughter. Anxiety for her fate, and the long cessation of all intercourse between them, brought on a melancholy that seemed to deprive him of all energy or strength; and day by day Walter saw the bowed and aged form grow weaker, and the gentle voice more tremulous.

One evening in autumn, as Walter sat by his bedside, reading from that priceless volume, which was now the rector's only comfort, the post-boy entered with a letter from London.

"It is for you, dear father," said the young man, at the same time handing him the letter. Mr. Dacre's eyes glowed with unusual lustre, and he said reverently, "Thank God! I shall once more hear the sweet words of affection from my darling child! read it to me, Walter, I am too blind to read it myself."

Walter opened the letter; but at the first glance a chill like ice crept over his frame. "It is not from Mabel, father," he said, in a voice of such ill-suppressed agony, that Mr. Dacre started, then almost gasping for breath, he read as follows:

"Mr. Dacre,—At the request of Lady Mabel Arlington, I desire to inform you of her approaching marriage with the Duke D'Alençon, a zealous supporter of her father's faith, and a nobleman of the highest rank. Under such circumstances she deems it proper that *all* intercourse between herself and her childhood's associates should cease entirely.

"Robert, Earl of Arlington."

"Oh God! must I drink this cup of bitterness! My Mabel false to her faith; my child, my child, it must not be," murmured the old man—and his cheek grew paler and paler. The shock was too great for his weak frame, and with one long sigh his ransomed spirit fled to its eternal rest.

What language can paint the bitterness, the deep intensity of Walter's anguish. That Mabel, his beloved, his plighted wife, could be another's, was a thought too fearful for his soul's strength; he could not believe that there was on earth a misery so great. No, it should not be; and he cried aloud in the terrible struggle with his agony,

"I will tear her away from them all; I will fly to her, and lay at her feet my wealth of despised affection. Yes, I will snatch my treasure from those gilded nobles, and bring her to some lonely wilderness where none shall dare molest us.

"Oh Mable, my love, my precious one; can your heart so soon have grown cold; have you forgotten already in your gorgeous home the happy cottage where you grew in innocence and beauty, and each day, each hour, I loved you with an intense and yet tenderer passion? Is the gay world, then, so alluring, so fascinating. Alas! I could not give my darling wealth, or luxury, or splendor, and in her new home, she has found them all. Poor, pre-

sumptuous fool that I was, to think that amid the gifted, the learned, the flattering crowd who throng around the peerless Lady Mabel, she could remember through long years of absence, the humble, unknown curate.

"And yet she bade me not doubt her even in the darkest hours, she was so true, so loving, so constant; is there not some ray of hope; some little ground for faith"—and in very despair he read again the fatal letter—"by Lady Mabel's request," met his eye, and once more he flung it from him.

"Ah, Mabel, could you not have spared me this pang. You feared lest I should intrude upon your happiness, lest I should scate away the golden visions that are lulling your conscience to sleep; fear not, I shall never come to reproach you; life shall henceforth be a vain yet constant struggle to forget thee.

"And can it be, oh God, my king, that thou requirest of me a broken heart—is this, indeed, thy chosen sacrifice? Then be it so—'thy will be done.'

"But ah, not here let me live, not amid these scenes let my future years be spent. Here every thing speaks of her; each sound in nature seems to thrill my heart with that dear name; the little birds call Mabel in the joyous tones she used to warble, and the river sighs forth her name as it flows along to the ocean.

"I shall never conquer myself here, never be a useful, calm, devoted servant of Him to whose cause I am pledged. Far from all these happy memories, let me seek a new and wider sphere of action. I will go forth into the life and freshness, the hardy vigor and stern independence of the pilgrim settlements; and may God grant me strength and power to carry forward his work, though it lead me even among the wild savages of a western wilderness."

Such were the thoughts that daily passed through his tortured mind; and ere many months passed Walter Lee stood on the deck of a vessel that was bearing him to his new home. He had joined a brother clergyman who, with his young sister, a fair and lovely girl, were, like him, seeking new scenes and associations. They were the last of their family; and on them, too, the insidious hand of disease had impressed its symptoms, though to the girl it only added a richer glow to the transparent cheek, and a more sparkling lustre to the radiant eye; but Charles Wentworth, for that was the name of the young clergyman, was already, to all eyes but his own and his idolized sister's, the marked victim of that fatal disease, by which nearly all his family had suffered.

Consumption had given that pale cheek its wan, haggard look, and to those large eloquent eyes their peculiar and unnatural fire. His voice, though full of melody, was feeble and low as a woman's; and, unable to preach, he had resolved to try change of air, in hopes that his own and his sister's health would be benefited.

Walter had formed a strong friendship for the pure-minded and talented young man, whose gentle and affectionate nature needed a strong heart to lean upon; and the lovely Evelyn, too, he regarded with a deep and painful interest; so frail and fair a thing you seldom saw, with a hold on life so insecure, and yet so gay and unconscious; her thoughts, her hopes, and her whole loving heart were with her brother, for whom she fondly pictured a future of happiness, and success in the new world where they were going. And for herself, she had no thought beyond the pleasure of the moment, in adding to his comfort, in contributing to his enjoyment. Such were the feelings of all when they commenced their new life; but Walter Lee was not one toward whom a young and susceptible heart like Evelyn's could long remain unmoved; his devotion and tenderness to her brother his earnest, affectionate, and serious pleadings with *her*, upon those subjects in which he was himself most deeply interested, and his brilliancy and eloquence in conversation, charmed her completely, and ere she was herself aware of it, she loved him with all the depth of her nature. Charles knew by the varying color of her cheek, and the ardor with which she hung upon every word and look of their beloved friend, that her heart was wholly his, and he trembled lest her love should not be returned; for he knew the slender chord of her life would soon be broken under the burden of an unrequited passion.

With nervous and painful anxiety, therefore, he watched each motion and glance of William's, for so our hero had told them to call him, his heart so sensitive when they first met, could not bear to hear from woman's lips the name of Walter. Evelyn's voice, too, was singularly like Mabel's, so much so that at times a tone or word of hers would send the blood in a warm glow to his cheek, and cause him to reply with a tenderness of look and accent that though it was but momentary, always sent a thrill of joy to the young girl's heart.

"William," said Charles Wentworth, one evening, as they sat together in their new home, admiring the rich hues of the autumnal leaves, and listening to the sweet music of Evelyn's voice, as it came to them from the little garden where she loved to wander, "how is it, William," he asked earnestly, "that, with a heart so sensitive and warm, you have never loved?"

With a sudden start, and turning away his head, while his voice sunk to an accent of touching pathos, William replied, "I do love;" then hastily recollecting himself, he hesitated, and said in a hurried and agitated voice, "Yes—that is—I mean I love an ideal of my own."

But Charles heard not the confused explanation, he dwelt with secret rapture on the thought that Evelyn was loved; she would be so happy, his sweet, his lovely sister; he knew that no one could help loving her.

A few months had passed away, and Walter (or William, as I suppose we must now call him) was gradually becoming more dependent upon Evelyn's society for his happiness, so sad and bitter were the memories that haunted him when alone, that he would fly to her presence to dispel them; it was a relief to his slighted heart to be *so fondly welcomed*: and almost unconsciously he was led on, till Charles had no longer any doubt that his affections were

ndly Evelyn's, and she so happy, so blessed in his resence, asked nothing more. The cold bleak rinds of autumn, with their first breath, seemed to hill the little life in Wentworth's feeble frame; very day he failed, and yet Evelyn could not, would ot believe that he was passing away.

One evening, after a wretched day, he insisted upon eing lifted into a chair, that he might behold the un-set. Alas! it was only to hasten a few days the pproach of the fatal messenger.

The exertion was too great for him, a large blood-essel ruptured, and in a few moments all saw that is life was fast ebbing away.

Evelyn and William stood by in mute despair, the ormer, her cheek deadly pale, her whole frame con-ulsed, bent over him in that silent, tearless anguish, o terrible to behold.

"William," whispered the dying man, "come ear, I have a solemn charge for you—my darling sister! oh guard her, cherish and protect her, as you value my peace in death. I give her to you; oh promise me that you will be to her, father, brother, husband—all; promise me this, my friend, my only friend—and he took the cold passive hand of Evelyn and laid it gently in William's, then clasping them in his own, he said, you promise me never to leave her, to value her happiness more than your own; do you not, oh will you not promise this for the sake of a dying man?"

"I will—I do promise," faltered the young man, in earnest, solemn accents; "and may 'God do so to me and more also,' if I ever willingly cause her pain."

"I know you love her," Charles continued; "I have seen it in your every act; and oh, William, you have yet to learn the wealth of love and tender-ness in that young heart—it is thine, all thine.

"God bless you, dear ones; do not mourn for me, I am so happy thus to die;" and here the low tones grew fainter and fainter, the large eloquent eyes gave one last lingering look of ardent love, and then were closed forever.

William's words and presence alone had power to soothe or even moderate the intensity of Evelyn's grief; and he would not leave her until he saw her restored to something of her accustomed cheerful-ness. He talked to her kindly and tenderly of their future home, when he should have a settled parish; he tried to persuade his own heart that he was happy; but at times memories of the past would come before him, and a longing so irresistible to behold once more the face that even now haunted his dreams, would take possession of him, that even to Evelyn, so blinded by love, he appeared constrained and un-happy; and tears would fill her loving eyes as she gazed upon him, and felt she could not drive away his gloom; then William would call to mind his pro-mise, to care for her happiness before his own, and would hasten to chase away the tears, and recall her wonted brightness. But with all his cherishing, he could not but perceive that her health was declining, and he earnestly besought her to be more careful and prudent, and to guard more watchfully against the first indications of disease. "Oh, you are too fearful, my William," she would say, in a cheerful tone, yet in her own secret heart she often mourned in bitter-ness of spirit over her doom, for such it seemed to her.

"I have good news for you, dearest," said Wil-liam Lee, as he entered the lowly home of the widow lady, with whom, since her brother's death, Evelyn had lived. "I have heard from Mr. Clare, the kind old minister whom you remember as having crossed the sea with us. He writes most urgently for you to come to them at once; and his daughter, Mrs. Ives, adds a most affectionate postscript, to say that our wedding, my Evelyn, shall take place at her house. I have already found you an escort, as I am obliged to set out on my western expedition to-morrow. Can you be all ready for a start to-morrow?"

"Oh yes, I am quite ready; and since you must leave so soon, I shall be very glad to go. I shall be so much happier there among those who knew our dear Charles."

Accordingly, a few days found Evelyn settled as an inmate in the house of Mr. Clare, the aged man of God whom we mentioned as having been the first to establish an Episcopal church in the little town of M——. While William, who longed to escape for a while from all society, and nerve his mind for the performance of that promise, which yet weighed heavily on his heart, was going as a missionary among the Indians. Often would he reproach him-self that he could turn from the fond, tender, pas-sionate love of Evelyn, and sigh for a heart that had cast him off forever.

"I will go away," he said to his poor struggling heart. "I will go among the Red Men of the woods, and there, in solitude, and amid the vastness of nature, I will learn to school my heart; I will bury her image in the pathless woods, and return a new man. Alas! how vain the effort to flee from that which we carry within us; to seek 'mid change of scene for that which we can never find—forget-fulness.

CHAPTER VI.

"The deepest sorrow that stern fate can bring
In all her catalogue of suffering,
To love, adore, and be beloved again;
To know between you lies a gulf that ever
Your forms, your hopes, your destinies must sever."

"Oh, Mabel dear, I am so tired; I have come so fast," said Evelyn Wentworth, as she ran into the little parlor where Mable Dacre sat with her work-basket beside her, busily employed as usual. Her brilliant eyes sparkled with excitement, and her cheek glowed with a feverish flush as she took Mabel's small hands in her own, and exclaimed—"Do come, Mabel, darling, I have so much to tell you, and I want you to help me to gather some flowers to deck our little cottage, for William is to be here to-night—just think, dear sister, this very even-ing—oh, I can hardly believe it. Six whole months since I have seen him, and now, Mabel, he writes so

lovingly, and says he will never leave me any more; oh, I am so happy."

"But, sister mine," said the silvery voice of Mabel, as she lifted her large, serene eyes to the excited face of Evelyn, whom she loved with all a sister's fondness; "my darling, why have you run so fast and exhausted yourself now, when you wish and need most to be bright and well; will you never learn prudence, thoughtless Evelyn. I shall not let you stir now until you are quite, quite rested; for, see here are flowers enough to make a perfect bower of your little room."

Mabel was right in chiding the imprudent girl, for in a few moments the glow had faded from her cheek, and was succeeded by a deadly paleness; Mabel ran for water, and just arrived in time to catch her sinking form as she fell faint and breathless upon a couch.

"I am a poor, weak child," she said, softly; "but I shall soon be better, Mabel, darling." A sweet, grateful smile played over her delicate features as Mabel tenderly kissed her and smoothed back the soft auburn ringlets.

A few hours passed, and they were all seated in the little flower-decked parlor awaiting William's return, save Mabel—she had escaped into the garden, and seating herself in the shadiest corner, her thoughts flew back to the time when she, too, was happy in the blessedness of love; unconsciously her lips moved and breathed in low, impassioned accents the name that was ever in her heart.

"I am here, dear Evelyn," said a voice close beside her, whose tones made her heart leap and her pulses thrill; she turned quickly—and Walter Lee stood before her.

One moment, and they were clasped in each other's arms; the long hoarded love of years seemed all to flow out in that close, silent, passionate embrace, the next—and Mabel's heart recalled with a pang as keen as death, his first words. A cold shudder crept over her.

"Walter, speak!" she almost gasped forth; "tell me, tell me *truly*, what have you to do with Evelyn?"

"I am her affianced husband," he said, in those low, despairing tones that tell of a crushed and broken spirit; "but you, Mabel, why are you here; you, the proud and titled wife of a noble; say, beautiful vision, why have you come to mock me in this trying hour—to take from me all my firm resolves, and to light again the fire that for so long has smouldered in my poor, desolate heart. Oh, Mabel, Mabel, why were you false?"

At first, a bitter, piercing cry was her only answer. "Walter," at length she said, with tearful accents, "for six long, weary years I have thought and wept and dreamed of only thee; my sleep was filled with visions so blissful of thy dear presence, that I dreaded the awakening, and yet, you could doubt me—ah, how little can man's heart know of the depth, the devotedness, the unchanging constancy of woman's love."

"Mabel, you wrong me; indeed you wrong me. I did not doubt you, even through long months of utter silence, until there came that cruel letter signed by your father, and sent by your request, to tell of your *marriage;* yes, the words burnt into my heart like letters of fire, and can never, never be erased. How could I but think it true, in spite of all my faith, since it bore your father's seal?"

With mute anguish Mabel heard this new revelation of her father's sinful tyranny; she could hardly believe that he was capable of such meanness and guilt; she could not comprehend the absorbing nature of that eager grasping for power that has led men to wade through the blood even of near relatives to reach the object of their desires.

Then Walter spoke of their beloved friend, Mr. Dacre, of his death, so sudden at the last, though long expected; and Mabel knew, though no such words were spoken, that it was her father's letter which had hastened the final blow.

She wept as she thought that never more on earth should she behold the face whose smile had been the sunshine of her youth, but even while she wept, a smile of triumph lit up her tear-bathed eyes, as she remembered he was now in a world where there is no doubting or darkness, "for the Lamb is the light thereof;" he knew now that his prayers, his lessons, and his example had not been all in vain, and that the trial of her faith, though a fiery one, had but strengthened and confirmed it.

Long and earnestly they conversed, and Mabel drew from her lover all his varied history. Into her ear he poured forth the long hidden, but still fervent love that even his belief in her estrangement could never subdue. Then he told of his promise to Charles Wentworth, of Evelyn's tender love, and his almost involuntary engagement.

Mabel heard his words with a beating heart, each moment her cheek grew paler, but in her eye and on her lip there rested a look of calm, almost sublime self-sacrifice, a firm resolve to obey the dictates of that still, small voice within.

"Walter," she said, in a tone so low and solemn that he was awed—"Walter, you must never *breathe* to human ear the secret of our mutual love; it would kill Evelyn, she is your plighted wife; would you snap the frail thread of her young life; your promise to that dying man forbids it, your own conscience forbids it.

"Walter, my beloved, my cherished friend, my brother, remember her *life* depends on the fidelity with which you keep this secret, and I charge you, as you will answer to her brother, that you be not guilty of her life!"

"Oh, Mabel, my angel Mabel, must it indeed be so; is there no hope—think how hard it will be to press back once again the rushing tide of love that has for long years been gathering silently yet strongly in my heart."

"Is it easier, think you, for me," said the noble girl, lifting her clear eyes, lit with the purity of an angelic spirit, to his; "shall I have no struggle, now that hopes long since crushed have sprung up only to be once more blasted; it is hard, but we can do

it, my Walter; yes, and we must do it, faithfully and truly, as we hope for peace in our lives and joy in heaven."

She took once more his hand in hers, and kissed it with a sister's tenderness—"Be strong, dear *brother*; trust in God, we shall meet again where there is neither sorrow nor sighing—farewell."

The next morning Mabel left M——; she wrote a line to Evelyn, saying that she was summoned to attend the sick-bed of a friend, her old companion, Alice, and wishing her, at the same time, the purest happiness earth can bestow.

In a few weeks Walter and Evelyn were married.

CHAPTER VII.

Mighty ones, Love and Death,
Ye are strong in this world of ours;
Ye meet at the banquet, ye dwell amidst the flowers
—Which hath the conqueror's wreath.
HEMANS.

Let us now transport ourselves to a large and luxurious apartment in one of England's stateliest mansions. It was dusk, but there was no light in the room save the flickering and uncertain glare of a cheerful wood-fire, in front of which was seated a man in the prime of life, yet with deep lines of care engraven on his high brow, and traces of some bitter sorrow round his thin, compressed lips; but those lips were parted now with a smile of deep and fond affection, and his eyes were fixed earnestly upon a sweet, loving face upturned to his; it was the face of an exquisitely beautiful girl, who sat on a low stool beside him—she had apparently been reading, for a large volume lay in her lap, but now they were silent for a long time—his hand rested on her silken hair, and he seemed absorbed in thought; at last she whispered, "Dear father." A tear started to those eyes so unused to weep—

"And do you, indeed, love me, my sweet, forgiving Mabel. Can you so easily forget, in a few months of kindness, the cruelty, sternness and injustice of years? But, in truth, my child, I have been bitterly punished; in all those long, long years I have never known happiness. In the dark night a pale, sad, weeping form would come and stand beside my bed, and stretch out its thin, shadowy arms so imploringly. I fled from society—I shut myself up in my own apartments; I called to mind my past life, and I shuddered at the review; I could not bear the presence even of my gay and haughty wife, and for months I never spoke one word to her. I was wicked—proud—angry with the world. At last I partly overcame my hatred and bitterness. I hoped on in spite of every thing that I should yet see my Mabel and ask her forgiveness. When Lady Arlington died I shut myself up once more, and I humbly hope meditation and sorrow had made me a better man, even before I had your sweet example and precious words to be my daily support.

"Oh, my child, my only comfort, you can never know half the blessedness, the peace your presence brings me; truly I can say, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'"

There was no reply save Mabel's silent tears and the fond pressure of her hand.

It was the announcement of Lady Arlington's death, which Mabel had seen in the English papers, accompanied by rumors of her father's entire seclusion, that first induced her to return to her forsaken home. Then, too, she thought it would be better for her to avoid Walter and Evelyn, which she could not do, while stay where within their reach, without awakening some suspicion in the latter's mind. A thousand times since her return had she thanked God who had guided her through so many trials to the very place where she was most needed; yes, in her devoted heart there was no murmuring, though all that life could give she had renounced in resigning Walter's love; even for that she thanked God, since it had been the means of leading her to be the comfort and the solace of her father's lonely home; and Mabel saw, with a joy too deep for utterance, that her example, her words, and her constant influence were bringing her father back to the pure faith she had so nobly illustrated in her life. This was reward enough—quietly and peacefully their life glided along. Her father's wealth was in Mabel's hands an instrument of good to hundreds—she established schools, visited the poor and the sick, and was idolized by all the tenantry. She had told her father her whole history, and they often now talked together about Walter and Mr. Dacre. Lord Arlington confessed, with burning shame and sorrow, his having written that letter to prevent Mr. Dacre's coming to London, and to destroy all friendship between them; and then he would look at Mabel so humbly, and ask her if she could forgive him, could love him after all the misery he had caused her.

"Do not think of those things now, dearest father; you know I love you, and you make me so happy now, that I can almost forget the past."

. . . . . .

Two years have passed since Mabel's return. It is a bright June day, and in a little cottage, covered almost by the clustering vines that peeped in at every window, a young, fair creature, with a heart as guileless as a child's, was lying on a bed of death.

In that sweet, infantine expression, in those soft, blue eyes and the cherub mouth, we recognize at once Evelyn Wentworth; but ah! how changed; those eyes were now sunken and dimmed; the cheeks, once so roseate, were deadly pale, and the blue veins could be distinctly traced through the transparent skin. Beside her sat Walter Lee, still young and handsome, though the struggle of life had cast a shade over his brow, and taken something from the calm, serene expression naturally his.

A little girl lay in a cradle by the bedside, whose golden curls fell over shoulders white and round as a classic model; her face, though glowing with health, was strangely like her mother's; the fairy's name was Mabel.

"My own beloved," murmured those pale lips, and Walter bent to catch the lightest sound. "You have been faithful and true to me, and since first we met, never have you caused me a pang. I bless you

for all the wealth of love with which you have filled my heart; I bless you for the smiles of fond affection with which you ever greeted me, and oh! for countless words and tones that my soul has cherished in its deepest shrines; but ah! my William, I know full well I have never been to you, I never could be to you, all that your soul required; I am too weak and childish and ignorant, to be your comfort and strength and help; do not chide me for these words, dearest, there is no bitterness in the thought; you are too noble, exalted and talented for such a companion, and I can only thank and bless you for making my short life so happy, and pray that God would reward you with a bliss greater than your longing heart has ever known.

"And now, my precious husband, hear my last request; our child, our little darling will need a mother's care; and there is only one in all the world, to whom, without anxiety or fear, I can resign her; it is Mabel Dacre. Go to her at once, after my death, and tell her with my last breath I begged her to be a mother to my child; you will love her, William, she is far more worthy of you than I am; she is the only being I have ever seen who could, I think, fully appreciate the depths of your noble nature; she will love our little daughter if only for her mother's sake; and oh! William, she will teach her better than I can her duty to God.

"Promise me you will do as I ask of you, my precious husband, and I shall have no fears in my last hours that my child will pine as I did for a mother's love."

With tearful earnestness the self-reproachful man gave the required promise, and bending over her kissed the pale face, over which a smile of such angelic peace and love was hovering.

In a few more days the sods were laid over that loving heart, and Walter Lee was once more desolate; but in the darkness glimmered a ray of hope, that Mabel might still be free; could it be that her warm affections had been hoarded up for him, that she whom to see was to love, had in all this time found no one to displace his image in her soul; was there on earth such happiness. He knew that Mabel was with her father, for she had written to Evelyn after her arrival; so, two years after his wife's death, with his little daughter, whose childish beauty attracted all beholders, Walter sailed for England, his early home.

Let us glance over the events of a few months, and take a peep into that large, old-fashioned room, where we left Lord Arlington and his daughter. It is evening now, and seated before the same glowing fire two figures are revealed by the flickering light; their hands are clasped, and a look of unutterable happiness dwells in their quiet faces; the eyes of one are gazing with a tenderness, a depth of love almost *holy*, upon the sweet countenance of the other.

At a little distance, in a large arm-chair, sits Lord Arlington, his face beaming with happiness as he looks upon them; while nestling in his lap, her little white arms around him, lies a lovely child, his own adopted daughter—his *second Mabel*.

THE LUCKY PENNY.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

(*Continued from page* 315.)

CHAPTER II.

The next morning saw Richard at the bookseller's door, full ten minutes before the appointed time. Around his slender throat was the promised handkerchief; and there was an air of gentility about the lad, though under evident restraint, in his threadbare best clothes. He was neither tall nor large of his age, yet he had outgrown his dress: to look at him when his cloth cap (from which depended a worn tassel, brown with age,) was on, you would have thought that his eyes were too large for his small, delicate features; but when that was removed, and the pale, full, well-developed brow, shaded by an abundance of light-brown hair, was displayed, then the schoolmaster's son had an air, despite his ill-fitting clothes, his patched shoes, his sunken cheeks, and the cold, mercilessly blue "handkerchief" round his throat, of the highest and most earnest intelligence. What most rendered him different from other boys, however, was his frequent habit of uplooking: there was nothing weak or silly in this manner, nor did his eyes wander away from the things around him, as if he heard them not; his large, quick eyes, bright and gray, were rapid and observant; but it was as if he carried what he saw *below* to be judged *above;* his leisure looks were "uplooking," his slight figure was erect, and he never slouched in his gait, or dragged his feet after him, as many lads are apt to do. As he stood at his new master's door, in the gray fog of a London morning, he longed for the door to open; he longed to begin work; he thought the clocks were all wrong; and, though there was hardly a creature moving in the streets, except a stray cat or a slip-shod charwoman, he would have it that the entire London population were a set of slug-a-beds, unworthy of the name of Britons; for he had great veneration for Britons, and when he used to write impromptu copies on the broken slate, his favorite sentence was "Rule Britannia."

At last he heard doors opening beneath the area gratings, and in due time the shop-door was unbarred by a not very clean-faced woman, who inquired—

"Are you the new boy?" Richard said he was. "Well," added the woman, looking him over carefully, "when master had a mind to get a new boy, he might have got something with flesh on its bones, and stout arms. Sorra a much joy I 'll have wid a shrimpeen of a child like you in the house. Sorra a helping hand at the knives, or shoes, or messages, I 'll go bail!"

"Indeed I can do every thing you want, and bring you all you wish," said Richard, cheerfully.

"Bring me all I wish!" repeated the Irish servant, in a low, desponding tone. "Oh, then, hear to the presumption of youth! May be, you think I 'm like yer mother, and that all my wishes end in a half-pint of beer, or a glass of gin?"

Richard felt his susceptible blood rush over his face. "My mother," he said, "never took a glass of gin in her life!"

She looked fixedly at him, and gradually her large mouth expanded into a smile. "Yer a better boy than I thought ye, though you can't bring me all I wish; you can't bring me my two fine boys back from the withered church-yard; you can't bring me back my strength, my heart, my youth, my gay, bright youth! All I wish! Och, wirrasthue! if I had all I wish, it 's not in slavery I 'd be in an airee all day, with a poor lone man for a master, that thinks the world and its sunshine is made out of musty books—and newspapers—that I can't get the reading of. Can you read?"

"Yes."

"Well, if you 'll read me a bit of the news—the raale newspaper, political news—not your po-leece thrash, but the States of Europe—I 'll stand yer friend."

Richard followed her down stairs, wondering what interest such a deplorable looking woman could possibly take in the "States of Europe." She told him what to do, concerning knives and shoes and coat-brushing, and left him to do it; but the "all" was so very little, that, in addition to her directions, he made up the fire and swept the hearth; and his habits of order and quickness gave the small, dismal kitchen an air of neatness approaching to comfort, which perhaps it had never before exhibited during the dynasty of "Matty Hayes." It was this good woman's habit always to speak in a tone of injured innocence. She anticipated that every thing must go wrong, and she met the evil half-way, with a sort of grim exultation. She delighted in contradiction; and would contradict herself, rather than not contradict at all. There was, however, as is usual with her "people," an under-current of good-nature coursing round her heart, which rendered her speech and action two different and opposite things.

"Master's shoes nor coat aint ready, of course?" she called from the landing. In a moment Richard's light feet flew up the stairs, and he laid them on her bony arms.

"Then I 'm sure he 's let the fire out, if these are done," she muttered to herself. "There never was a boy that did not undo ten things while he did one!"

When she descended, she looked round, silenced by the change Richard had wrought in the den of a kitchen, and hardly knowing whether she ought to blame or praise.

"I do n't mean to pay you for all this fine work," she said; "and there 's no breakfast for you—no, nor bit nor sup—it 's as much as I can do to manage for us three—master, and I, and Peter."

"I have had my breakfast, thank you; and as I can do nothing here, I will go up stairs, if you will be so good as to tell me what I can do there."

"Tell you what to do," she repeated. "Are you an apprentice, that you want teaching? A pretty boy, indeed, you are for a place, if you can 't take down shutters, and sweep and dust a shop, and clean windows—I dare say you 'll break 'em when you do—and mop the pavement (always do *that* in frosty weather, like the doctor's boy next door, to break people's legs, and make a job of their precious limbs) —and sweep the snow over the slides, that the old people may *slider* about for your amusement."

Richard felt a choking sensation at his throat, and as usual he flushed, but tried not to look angry.

"There!" she exclaimed, "do n't give me any impudence: quick lads are always impudent. I thought how it would be when you were *so mighty neat*."

During this unsavory dialogue, and in direct opposition to her declared intention, she was cutting a remarkably thick piece of bread and butter; and having done so, she pushed it to the boy, saying—"There, go to your work now, and do n't say you are starved by Matthew Whitelock's housekeeper."

Richard was a peace-loving lad: he saw the storm gathering in Matty's face, and notwithstanding his boasted breakfast (he had slipped back one of the pieces of bread his mother had given him) he could from any other hands have eaten the bread with great *goût*; but the hands that fed him from infancy were delicately clean and white, and—it might be the darkness and murkiness of a January morning, but every thing, and above all things Matty, looked fearfully dirty—a favorite proverb of his mother's took possession of his mind—

"Cleanliness is next to godliness."

But he loved peace, and he thanked "Matthew Whitelock's housekeeper;" simply repeating that he had breakfasted. Matty was a resolute woman; she had made up her mind he should eat what she had prepared; and, consequently, laying her massive hands upon his shoulders, she forced him suddenly down upon a chair, from which he as suddenly sprang up as from an air cushion, but not before a most unearthly howl intimated that he had pressed too heavily upon "Peter," a rough, gray terrier, who, in these days, when tangled, ragged dogs are the fashion, would have been called a "beauty."

"And that 's your thanks, Peter, my darlin' for not biting him, to have him scrunch down upon you, as if you war a cat," she exclaimed; then, turning suddenly upon poor Richard, she commanded him to eat at once, and be done with it, and not stand there aggravating her, and murdering her dog.

At first Richard eat with a feeling of disgust; but the bread was good, and he was hungry. Peter seated himself before the lad, rising every second moment on his haunches, and making little twitching movements with his fore-paws: Richard gave him a piece of the crumb.

"Look at that, now," said Matty; "ye' just give the poor innocent baste the crumb, because ye' do n't like it ye'rself."

Richard presented him with a bit of the crisp brown crust.

"See, now, if that brat of a boy ain't trying already to break every tooth in the crature's head with his crusts."

Richard finished without offering Peter another morsel.

"Well!" ejaculated his tormentor, "if ever I saw such a selfish boy of yer age, and that 's speaking volumes, as master says; not to give the brute the last crumb, for good luck; but some has no nature in 'em; and the poor baste bobbing at you, as if you had never scrooged him into a pancake. There, go along, do; and, harkee! if you run the window-bars through the glass, you 'll have to pay for every pane you break: and mind the trap that 's over the cellar: but sure you war here before, when I was sick. Ah! I dare say you 'll go off in consumption, just as the last boy did: it 's all along the smell of the old books, and the *ile* of the papers, to say nothing of the gas. I wonder how master and I live through it; but it wont be for long, I 'm certain of that; I 'm a poor fading-away crature."

As Richard ran up the dark stairs, he could not avoid turning to look at the "fading-away crature." The cheerful blaze of the fire threw her figure into strong light, and her shadow on the wall grew up into the ceiling. She recalled all Richard had ever heard of "ogres"—so gaunt, and strong, and terrible—tremendous people who trouble the world forever, and never die.

Richard entered the shop with the feeling of a governor going to take the command of a new province. Could it be absolutely real, that he was the appointed messenger to go in and out, backward and forward, amongst such a multitude of books! To him the store seemed more than ever immense. Surely Mr. Whitelock must have added hundreds to his hundreds since he stood upon that threshold to help the poor dying boy. He recalled the feeling of awe with which he regarded that dingy interior; he thought Mr. Whitelock must be the happiest man in the world, not only to live amongst so many books, but to be their absolute owner; he wondered how he could bear to sell them: he resolved to count them; and thrilled from head to foot at the new-born pleasure—even in anticipation—that perhaps he might be permitted to read them. There was a delight; to read every one of the books that filled these shelves! But then came the thought that, however delicious it would be to get all that knowledge into his head, it would do his mother no *real good*, unless he could put the knowledge so acquired in practice: yes, put it in practice, to make money and means sufficient to keep his mother—his loving, tender, gentle mother—who seemed threatened with a terrible affliction; to keep her from want—from cold—from every apprehension of distress. Richard never stood idly to muse: no, *he thought*. His thoughts were active—strong, too, for a boy of his years; and they came abundantly while he occupied himself with his duties; fine, healthy, earnest thoughts they were—sanctified by an unexpressed, yet fervent, prayer to the Almighty, to bless his mother, and to prosper his own exertions for her happiness.

There is something most holy and beautiful in the attachment between mother and son: it is not always so tender or so enduring as the love between mother and daughter; but when circumstances arise to call forth the affections of a large-hearted, lonely boy toward his mother, there can be no feeling more intense or more devoted.

Again Richard's habits of order increased his usefulness fourfold. He arranged all things in the neatest way, resolving to ask leave to dust the shelves, after the shop was shut; and determined to keep the windows clean; his mother's window was the cleanest in the court, why should not his master's be clean also?

He was finishing his morning's work by mending an old stumpy pen—the last of three belonging to a leaden inkstand—when his master entered.

"So, you can mend pens?"

"Yes, sir, I think I can: would you be so good as to try this one?"

He good-naturedly did so, and, as it suited him, he was really pleased; and then told Richard where to find some things, and where to keep others, until it was time to carry out certain library books, and make sundry calls, to inquire after those that had not been returned.

Richard thought it no harm to peep into the books as he went along. The first novel he opened was all about great lords and ladies, and what they did and said, and how they looked and walked, and spent their time; and Richard, when he had read half a page, came to the conclusion that those grand folks must be different in every respect from any human beings he had ever seen. He had resolved to be very quick in his messages; but as he read, his pace insensibly slackened, and his master (a long, lean man, whose benevolent countenance was somewhat hardened by a firm set mouth) met him at the door.

"You have loitered."

"I just looked into the book, sir; and I am afraid I did not come as fast as I intended."

"I sent you to carry books, not to read them; and this sort of books would not do you any good, but rather harm."

"Please, sir, I thought I had time enough."

"Remember what Poor Richard says, 'that what we call time enough always proves little enough.' Besides, I have a right to your *time*; it is all you have to give in exchange for my money, and it is as dishonest to squander the one as it would be to squander the other."

"I will never look in a book again, sir, without your leave."

It was perhaps strange that, though the bookseller had seen as much of what is called "the world,"—that is, of his own particular "world," with now and then a peep into its higher and lower regions—as most men, and been—as kind-natured men invariably are—frequently deceived, yet he never doubted the integrity of his little messenger's promise, believing he would keep it to the letter; and he turned away without a single additional word of reproof or displeasure; but Richard heard sundry murmurings and grumblings on the stairs—ascending and descending—which convinced him that Matty would not be as easily pacified as her master. The bookseller told him he might go down and have his dinner.

"Your room would be more plasing than your company," said Matty. Without a word he was returning whence he came.

"Where are you going?" she inquired, vehemently.

"You did not wish me to stay."

"But yer master did; he 's never contint but when he fills up this bit of a kitchen with tagrag and bobtail; but, no matter—there, eat your dinner."

"Am I always to dine here?" he said, in a hesitating voice.

"Just like the rest of them! Yer going to find fault with the blessed food—I knew ye' would—I said so to-day. Says I, 'He was too fond of giving his bread to the dogs, to care for his dinner.'"

The woman's contradictions perplexed the boy so much that he could not speak. Moreover, he felt a sort of self-reproach for eating all that meat, when his mother wanted; this made him more than once lay down his knife and fork, and look upward.

"Mighty fine eyes ye' have, to be sure, and fond of showing them," said the sarcastic Matty.

"I 'm quite done, thank you," he said, after murmuring a grace he truly felt.

"Come back: what 's to come of what ye' choose to lave on yer plate? Do you mean that I don't give Peter enough? He wouldn't think it worth his while to ask for all you 'd eat in a month. Why ye 've left the best cut of the silver side!—the daintiness of some boys! I 'll go bail ye 've eat yer own weight of pudding or hard-bake while ye' were out; but as master said, 'Give him his dinner,' I 'v no notion of yer not eating it; so, put it up in paper, and let me see the last of ye' this blessed day."

Richard thanked her so warmly, that she knew, with instinctive feeling, there was some one at home he loved better than himself. Her heart softened—or rather, her mood changed. But while she paused, Richard thought, and held the piece of meat on the paper she had given him, without folding it up.

"I 'd rather not take it, thank you," said the boy, gently. "I 'd much rather not take it."

"Poor and proud—poor and proud," muttered Matty; "but ye' *shall* take it. I 'm not to be contradicted by the likes of you."

"I will not take it," he said, firmly. "Master ordered me my dinner, but did not say I was to take away any thing; and, as it is his—not yours—So, thank you—all—"

He dared not finish the sentence: Matty struck down the knuckles of both hands violently on the table, and advanced her strongly-marked face close to his: it was illumined by fierce anger, and her small, piercing, black eyes flashed fire.

"Do ye' mean to tell me, ye' *waspeen*, that I 'm a thief?"

"No—no—no, indeed," said Richard, backing out as fast as he could. Still the flaming face and flashing eyes followed him; but something arrested his progress—he could retreat no farther: it was the bookseller, who inquired what was the matter. Matty multiplied and exaggerated: the little "nagur" had as good as called her a thief. After many fruitless exertions to obtain silence, the master at last succeeded in hearing the truth from Richard.

"She gave me a beautiful dinner—a fine dinner, sir—too good—too much—and I could not eat it all; so she desired me to take up what I left, and carry it it home. It was so kind of her; but I thought you would not approve of my taking it. It was no longer my dinner, when I had eaten all I could: it did not appear to me quite hers to give."

"To doubt my right!" commenced Matty; but Mr. Whitelock commanded her to listen, in a tone she was little accustomed to.

"The lad is right, Matty; it is the proper sense of justice and honesty. I am glad to see it, Matty; it is not common. You may take what you leave in future, my boy; Matty was right, and you were right. No words, Matty."

And the master—who was really, like many peace-lovers, fearful of noise, and consequently gave way more frequently than he ought to do, merely to avoid it—seeing that he had, in this instance, the advantage, and being well pleased with himself, resolved to make a dignified exit, and withdrew, thinking—"An evidence of truth, and an evidence of honesty—both in one day—both in one day; very pleasing, very remarkable."

Matty, however, had been offended; and she determined to show it. She paced up and down the kitchen, talking loudly to herself.

"I 'm not the sort to squander my master's property on comers or goers: I know what 's enough for a boy's dinner; and, whether he eats it or not, there it is, and I have nothing to do with it after; for Peter scorns scraps. There—be off with ye'rself—there 's nothing keeping ye' that I know of now, ye' got yer answer. Setting up for honesty, indeed! as if there was no one ever honest before ye'."

The boy's eyes filled with tears.

"I do not know," he said, "why every one should be so kind to me."

"You young villain!" exclaimed Matty, with a flourish of a brobdignag poker, which seemed forged by the Cyclops. "Get out of my kitchen this moment! What do ye' mean by saying I 'm *kind*—kind enagh! A mighty fine thing ye' are to take

away my character! Botheration! *is that* what I'm come to?"

Richard flew up the stairs, concluded his evening's shop-work to his master's satisfaction, again went out to distribute and gather books, and religiously kept his promise; never paused before a print-shop, nor under a tempting lamp-post, to read a sentence; thought it would not become him to be proud, so nodded to Ned Brady, at his old corner. Ned hopped after him, first on one leg, then on the other, and after a brilliant somerset stood right in his path

"Come and watch for a job," he exclaimed.

"I don't want it, thank you; I've a place."

"A place! Britons never should be slaves! I like odd jobs, and freedom! Lend us a bob?"

"I have not got it."

"Well, then, a brownie."

"I have not even that," replied Richard.

Ned eyed him closely.

"To think of your turning out like *that*," he said, and he then walked round and round him. "We did not think we had such a fine gentleman for a friend, when we said he'd got the lucky penny."

"We were never *friends*," observed Richard, coldly.

"Don't be too up," was the reply, "and cut a poor cove because his toggery is not as fine as your'n. Rather small, though, aint they? Would just fit me." He made two or three mocking bows round Richard, and vanished, playing the cart-wheel—turning over and over—along the street.

"He carried many a heavy load for me, though, when I was in my former hard place, and it's a pity he is such a bad boy in some things," thought Richard, as he trudged on. He left the books, offering to do any thing else he could, at his master's, and felt all the anticipations of "*home*" more delightfully than ever, when he saw the candle-light glimmering through the chinks of his mother's shutter. The tiny room seemed to him a paradise. The widow had finished her embroidery and was netting, so her eyes did not look as strained and weary as usual. There was something simmering and smelling very savory on the fire; but Richard put back his hand to pull out his piece of beef. It was gone!

Richard had no doubt that his quandam "friend" had picked his pocket, more in fun than malice; and he was confirmed in the idea, by seeing a boy's shadow on the wall of the opposite house—Ned, doubtless, waiting to see how he bore his disappointment. His first impulse was to run out and thrash the thief; but the memory of their nodding companionship, and of the loads the unfortunate lad had carried for him twice or thrice—running off with what Richard had staggered under—harmonized by the perfume of the *pot au feu*, taught him forbearance, and the evening passed, as the widow said, "full of hope." Many such succeeded. Richard well satisfied his master, although he was a reserved, peculiar man, not much known, and less liked; he frequented no public places, and kept little society, spending his evenings in making up his accounts, arranging his books, and reading. Matty had often told her confidential friend, the milk-woman, that "one might as well live in the house with a *corpse*," adding her belief "that all would be *corpses* one day, for certain; and the sooner she was one the pleasanter it would be for herself, only that, being a lone woman, she thought while people had the holy breath of life in their bodies they might as well be alive—that was all."

Richard had numbered more than fourteen years when he entered Mr. Whitelock's service. He managed to keep on speaking terms with Matty, for when she would not talk to him she talked at him. He frequently remained half an hour after all was shut up to read to her; and once when Mr. Whitelock called to her to inquire who was below, she answered, in a tone of fierce indignation, that it was only the "State of Europe, the French at another revulsion, and Spain on the top of the Pyramids."

Richard's life passed very happily: he was gaining knowledge, he was assisting his beloved mother, he was inhaling the atmosphere of all others he most enjoyed. He had permission to take home any book at night, provided he brought it in the morning; at first, he greedily devoured all that came in his way, but the reading-stock of a third class library was not likely to feed a mind eager for actual knowledge, and largely comprehensive. Poetry he imbibed fervently; but whenever he could get biography or scientific books, he dispensed with the luxury of sleep, and came with pale cheeks and haggard eyes to his employment in the morning. "Sandford and Merton, with its bright lessons of practical independence, was his favorite relaxation, and frequently, as he told his mother, "he took a plunge" into Franklin's life as a refreshment. Then he wrote copies upon stray slips of paper; worked sums and problems on a rough piece of common slate; read what he most admired to his mother, though he was often grieved that her enthusiasm did not keep pace with his, and that she had little relish for any thing that "had not HOPE in it." Then she would insist on his going to rest, when he was all eagerness to finish a book or unravel a mystery—not the transparent mystery of a novel, but the mystery of some mighty worker in the business of life; some giant amongst men, who achieved greatness though born in obscurity; some artist, whose fame towered toward the heavens, like the tree produced by the grain of mustard-seed; some Lancaster, or Washington, or Howard, or Watt, or humble, benevolent Wilderspin, revolutionising sloth into activity, touching the eyes of multitudes with a magic wand, so that they cried out as one man, Behold, we see!—electrifying nations, calling into existence the dormant powers and sympathies of nature and of art.

Often his eyes refused to slumber or sleep, when, in obedience to the gentle request which love turned into a command, he lay down, beneath the shadow of his mother's blessing; and his brain would throb, and his heart beat; and when *she slept*, he would creep from his humble pallet and read by the light of the one lamp which illumined the court, and was (so

he thought) fortunately placed opposite their window. Not that the boy understood all he read, but he imbibed its influence, and clasping his large brow within his palms, he would weigh and consider, and feel, within that narrow room, where poverty still lingered—though *then*, with their simple and few wants, rather as a shadow than a substance—and his heart throbbing as he thought, "What shall I do to be *great*?" even, it might have been, when the chastened and subdued spirit of his young but almost sightless mother murmured in her half-broken sleep, "What shall I do to be *saved*?" And then, as the spring advanced, and night and morning blended sweetly together, he hastened to his work joyfully—for he loved the labor that gave him food and knowledge. Matty would say his "food went into an ill skin—never did credit to man or *mortial*;" while his silent master, absorbed in his occupations, and pretty much abstracted from the every-day goings-on of his establishment—having, as he said of himself, an honest curse of a housekeeper and a jewel of a boy—was, nevertheless, sometimes startled by the singular questions Richard asked, meekly and modestly seeking for information, from him whom his enthusiastic nature believed one of the mild lights of literature.

What will youths who are pampered or wooed into learning say of the circulating boy of a circulating library, performing the menial offices of his station, yet working his mind ardently and steadily *onward*?

One evening, after he had gone out with his books, his mother entered the shop, timidly and with hesitating step, which those who struggle against blindness unconsciously assume. Matty was there, removing some papers; Peter, the most silent of all dogs, lay upon the mat, and Mrs. Dolland stumbled over him: Peter only gave vent to a stifled remonstrance, but that was enough to set Matty into a passion.

"Could n't you see the dog!" she exclaimed. "If you war a customer tin times over, you had no call to the baste; he's neither pens, ink, wafers, books, nor blotting-paper—no, nor the writer of a book—to be trampled under your feet."

"I did not see him," she said meekly.

"Can 't you use your eyes?"

The unconscious roughness cut like a razor.

"I did," she replied, turning her large, sorrowful, and dimmed eyeballs toward Matty—"I did; I used them night and day, until it was the will of God to take away their light."

"God look down upon you!" exclaimed the woman tenderly. "Sure it isn't going blind you are—a young woman like you to go blind?"

"I wanted to see Mr. Whitelock," she said, without heeding Matty's observation. "I wanted to speak a few words to him."

Matty loved a gossip. She never suspected the fair, frail, trembling woman, "going blind," to be Richard's mother. He never mentioned his mother's blindness; he could not speak of it; he hoped it would never be *worse* than it was. She could still read, and do plain work; and so Matty heard not of it. She had nothing particular to do that evening, and the sight of a stranger did her good, because she expected a gossip.

"Master can't always be interrupted," she replied, "particularly by them he does n't know; but if you will tell me your name and business, I'll see what can be done for you."

"I am Richard's mother."

"Think of that now. We do our best with him, poor boy—but he 's an unruly member!"

"Richard!" exclaimed the poor woman, in a tone of dismay.

"Ay, indeed; that is, he 's not so jist at the prisent time, but he 'll become so, like all the rest of them boys, one of these days."

"God forbid!" ejaculated the widow.

"Amin!" said Matty; but he 'll be sure to come to it at last."

"Come to what?" inquired the alarmed mother.

"To all sorts and kinds of contrariness," replied Matty, rapidly; "boys can 't help it, you see; it 's their nature; they 're not patient, bidable, gentle creatures like *us*—not they! Mischief, and all kinds of murther, and upsetting, and latch-keys, and fidgets, and police-courts, and going out at nights, and staying out all day (though that 's a good riddance) and boxing, and apple-stealing, falling in love, and kicking up *shindies*."

"I beg your pardon, but I do not understand you," interrupted Mrs. Dolland, with more determination than she had exercised for years. She felt as if this strange, abrupt, half-mad woman was stringing together a set of accusations against her child.

"I 'm obleeged to you, ma'am, for the compliment," said Matty, dropping a curtsey; "but, as that 's neither here nor there, what 's your business with the masther?"

"That I can only tell himself," she replied.

"Well," muttered Matty, "that beats—! But the women now have no modesty. Them English is all a silent set—no sociability in them. Tell himself!—as if it was n't more natural for a half-blind craythur like that to discoorse a woman than a man. Well, well! No wonder my hair 's gone gray and my heart hard!"

There was something almost courtly in Mr. Whitelock's manner of addressing women. People in his own class of life, who observed it, thought it ridiculous, and never speculated as to how this politeness became engrafted on his nature. He placed a seat for Mrs. Dolland in his little parlor; and, though it was a warm autumn evening, he moved it to keep her out of the air that blew over a box of yellowish, stunted mignonette, and two sickly wall-flowers, which graced the sill of his back window; he also pushed his own chair as far as he could from the widow's, but, like all persons with impaired vision, she moved nearer to him, and turned her restless eyes toward the door.

"It is shut close," said the bookseller.

[To be continued.

MEDITATIONS ON THE LAST JUDGMENT.

BY ERASTUS W. ELLSWORTH.

THOU, who, from majesty of light,
Didst move Isaiah's heart aright,
And touch his prophet lips with fire,
Once more a mortal song inspire.

Uplift my powers above the sphere
Of themes that daily earth me here;
Give me, on things within thy Book,
With the large eye of truth to look.

So shall my daily works be sped,
For when this heart of mine is fed
On things of lofty consequence,
My daily life is more intense.

My mortal spirits most ally
With nature and humanity,
When most I bear, however known,
Some deep emotion all my own.

Night hovers! What with hand and thought
My will would do, must soon be wrought;
Lo! how the years no more return,
Each with his own sepulchral urn.

Give me, O Lord, an eye to see
Illusion from reality:
This world, and all its ample scene,
Is like a grand cathedral screen;

So vastly spread, and graven high
With labyrinthine blazonry;
Rapt to a whisper, I behold
Art so sublime and manifold.

Lo! half in light, and half in gloom,
Sleeps at the base an ancient tomb,
Whose prickly-blooming niches bear
All forms of rapture and despair.

Above, in solemn 'scutcheons hung,
Are legends in an unknown tongue—
The fingers of the God of light
Touched on the awful walls of night.

Through middle breadth, from side to side,
The bounding-footed hours glide,
And scatter blooms, like meteor things,
About a glass with glowing wings.

But I behold an usher wait,
And wave me onward to a gate,
Whose leaves on groaning staples turn,
Within whose arch no lamp will burn.

When, for my feet, those valves shall play,
How soon this grandeur fleets away,
How, through a vista vast and clear,
These eyes shall look, these ears shall hear,

Preluding my eternity,
Deep stops unmouthed in symphony—
Hymns of an inexpressive choir,
Or tremblings of a winnowed fire.

O Thou, who laidst thy splendors by,
To show me how to live and die,
Be thou, O Lord, my hope and home,
Now, and in ages yet to come.

When the firm stars and swinging spheres,
Conscious of their accomplished years,
Flare in the motions of thy mind,
As tressets to a midnight wind,

And shrunk of oil, collect their gold,
And the great angel, once foretold,
Girt with a noonday, comes to stand,
One foot on sea, and one on land;

When powers that wear a grand impress,
Beatitudes expressionless,
Curbed in the glory of a zone,
Set forth the white eternal throne;

When the loud trump, with solemn jar,
Shall rouse thy creatures to thy bar,
Unhousing all the sprites that dwell
In realms of heaven and earth and hell;

When, up from where earth's empire stirs,
From all her unchained sepulchres,
The trump-alarmed nations run,
As vapors flitting to the sun;

When, up from hell's vulcanic gloom,
The devils soar to final doom,
And shade, in horror and affright,
Their eyelids from access of light.

When thou art come to judgment sore,
Whom every eye shall see; before
Whose eyes the heavens shall crack and roll,
Even as a furnace-writhing scroll;

When Thou, alone, dost sit serene,
In that immense concurrent scene,
Revolving, in thy dome of thought,
All that eternal ages wrought.

When Gabriel lays, with solemn look,
Beneath thine eye the dooms-day book,
And opens where the leaves rehearse
The index of the universe;

When the proud rebel's reckoned score
Is big with debts unknown before;
When, 'lumined in unshaded day,
The good man's whiteness all is gray;

When, at that session in the air,
My name is called in judgment there,
When what is writ shall plainly draw
The sword of that unswerving law;

When swathed in tempest, like a star
O'er an unknown horizon bar,
Millions of ghosts unharbored all,
Shall watch to see me rise or fall;

O then, what prayer shall I renew
To make my Judge my Father too?
What breath of mine—what moving tone
Shall make my bosom all his own?

Look not on alms my hands have done,
Nor on the tint my soul hath won;
Lord, when thine eye shall rest on me,
Remember thy Gethsemane.

THE TRIAL BY BATTLE.

A TALE OF CHIVALRY.

(*Continued from page* 339.)

CHAPTER II.

THE CHAMPION.

THE Emperor Henry IV. of Germany, the husband of the falsely accused empress, was one of the bravest and most unfortunate princes who ever sat upon a throne. He had succeeded his father, Henry the Black, in 1036, at the age of six years, and the diet had given to Agnes of Aquetaine the administration of the affairs of state during his minority. But the princes and barons of Germany feeling themselves humiliated by their subjection to a foreign female, revolted against the empire, and Otho, Margrave of Saxony, commenced that series of civil wars, in which the emperor was destined to consume his life. Thus Henry IV. was always engaged in contests, first with his uncles, and then with his son; sometimes an emperor, sometimes a fugitive; to-day a proscribes, to-morrow proscribed; but always a "man of war and we," even in his greatest triumphs. After having deposed Pope Gregory VII. —after having, in expiation of that sacrilege, crossed the Apennines on foot, his staff in his hand, like a mendicant, in the depth of winter—after having waited three days in the court of the Castle of Canassa without clothes, without fire, without food, till it pleased his highness to admit him into his presence, he kissed his feet, and swore on the cross to submit himself to his authority; for at this price alone would the pope absolve the imperial penitent of the guilt of sacrilege; but the humiliation of the emperor displeased and disgusted the Lombards, who accused him of cowardice. Threatened by them with deposition, if he did not break the shameful league he had made with the pope, he purchased peace with the Lombards by renouncing his submission to Gregory. His acceptance of these terms set him at variance with the German barons, who elected Rodolphe, of Suabia, in his place. Henry, who had gone to Italy as a suppliant, returned to Germany a soldier, though under the ban of the church, for his rival, Rodolphe, had received from Pope Gregory a crown of gold, in token of his investure by him of temporal dominion, and a bull invoking the malediction of heaven upon his enemy. Henry defeated and slew Rodolphe at the battle of Wolskieur, near Gera, after which he returned victorious and furious into Italy, bringing with him the Bishop Guibert, whom he had made pope. This time it was for Gregory to tremble, who could not expect more mercy than he had shown to Henry. He shut himself up in Rome, and when the emperor appeared under the walls, sent a legate to make up the quarrel, by the offer of the investiture of the crown, and absolution and reconciliation to the church. Henry's only reply was the capture of the city. The pope fled to the Castle of St. Angelo, where he was put in a state of blockade by Henry, who placed upon the papal throne the Anti-Pope Guibert, from whose hand he received the imperial crown. He had scarcely done this before he received the annoying intelligence that the Saxons had elected in his room, Hermann, Count of Luxembourg. Henry repassed the Apennines, beat the Saxons, subdued Thuringia, and took Hermann prisoner, whom he permitted to live and die unknown in an obscure corner of his empire. He once more re-entered Italy, where he caused his son Conrad to be elected King of the Romans. Believing he had settled peace on a firm basis, he came back to Germany, and turned his arms against the Bavarians and Suabians, who still remained in a state of revolt.

His son, whom he had just made king of the Romans, and who aspired to the empire, conspired at that time against his father, raised an army, and got Pope Urban II. to excommunicate him a second time. Henry upon this convoked the diet to Aix-la-Chapelle, laid open before it his paternal grief, and displayed the wounds of a heart wrung by filial ingratitude, and demanded that his second son, Henry, should be acknowledged for king of the Romans, in the place of his brother. In the midst of the sitting, he received a mysterious intimation that his presence was required at Cologne, where, he was told, an important secret would be made known to him. Henry quitted the diet in great haste; and found two of the noblest barons in the empire, Guthram de Falkenbourg and Walter de Than, waiting for him at the gates of his palace. The emperor invited them to enter with him, and led them into his chamber, when perceiving sadness and gloom painted on their faces, he demanded "why they appeared so thoughtful and sorrowful!"

"Because the majesty of the throne is in danger," replied Guthram, with some abruptness.

"Who has endangered the throne?" demanded the emperor.

"The Empress Praxida, your wife," said Guthram.

No other tidings would have made Henry of Germany turn pale, for he had only been married to the empress two years, for whom he felt the tenderness of a parent, and the faithful love of a husband. His union with this angelic young woman had given him the only happy hours he had passed during his stormy and unfortunate life. He had not courage at this miserable moment even to ask what his wife had done, but was gathering the strength of a failing heart to do so, when Guthram broke the ominous

silence, by saying, "she has done what we cannot pass by unnoticed, for the honor of the imperial throne, and we should deserve the name of traitors to our sovereign lord, if we should hesitate to make her misconduct known to him."

"What has she done?" again demanded the emperor, growing paler than before.

"In your absence she has encouraged the love of a young knight, and that so openly," replied Guthram, "that if she gives birth to a son, however the people may rejoice in that event, your nobility will mourn; for though any master is good enough for the multitude, none but the noblest in the empire can command the highest nobles in the world, who will render homage to none but the son of an emperor."

Henry supported himself against the chair of state on which he leaned, or he would have fallen to the floor, for he remembered that only a month before, the empress had written to him to announce her maternal hopes, with the pleasure natural to a young woman about to become a mother.

"What has become of the knight?" asked the emperor.

"He quitted Cologne as suddenly as he entered it, without any person knowing from whence he came, or whither he is going. His country and name are secrets with which we are unacquainted, but you had better ask the empress, she perhaps, can satisfy your majesty."

"Very well," replied the emperor. "Enter, gentlemen, that cabinet." Then the emperor summoned his chamberlain, and bade him conduct the empress to his chamber. As soon as the emperor was alone, he threw himself into the chair, like a man who had lost his personal strength and mental firmness. He who had endured with unbending fortitude civil and foreign wars, the ban of the church, and the filial revolt, yielded to a doubt. His head, which had borne the weight of a crown for five-and-forty years, without bending beneath the burden, grew feeble under the weight of a suspicion, and hung down as if the hand of a giant was upon it. In a moment the man, who had scarcely passed his full meridian of intellect, forgot every thing—empire, ban, malediction, revolt. He remembered nothing but his wife, the only human being who possessed his entire confidence, and who had deceived him more basely than any other creature had yet done. Much as he had experienced, throughout his long regnal life, of disloyalty and guile, tears fell from his eyes, for the rod of misfortune, like that of Moses, had struck the rock so forcibly, that it had drawn these drops from a source hitherto sealed up and barren.

The empress entered unseen, for her light step had not been heard by her unhappy husband. Fair, blooming, and blue-eyed, with a graceful form, of tall and slender proportions, this daughter of a northern clime approached her lord with a sweet smile, and with almost filial reverence united to conjugal affection, imprinted a chaste kiss on the troubled brow of her lord, who shrank and shuddered as if the touch of her rosy lips had been the fangs of a serpent.

"What is the matter, my lord?" asked the empress, in a tone of alarm.

"Woman," replied the emperor, raising his head and showing her his tearful eyes, "you have seen me for four years carrying a heavy cross; you have seen my crown a crown of thorns; you have seen my face bathed in the sweat of toil, my brow in blood; but you never saw my eyelids moistened with tears. Well, behold me now—and see me weep!"

"And why do you weep, my dearly-loved lord?" replied the empress, in a tone of sorrowful inquiry.

"Because, abandoned by my people, denied by my vassals, cursed by the church, and proscribed by my son, I had nothing but you in the world—and you, Praxida, you too have betrayed me."

The empress stood like a statue, only her complexion, varying from red to pale, betrayed her feelings. "My lord," said she, "it is not true. You are my liege lord and my sovereign master; but if any other man than yourself had dared to utter such words, I would answer that he lied through envy or malice."

The emperor turned in the direction of his cabinet, and in a loud voice said, "Come in." The door opened, and Guthram de Falkenbourg, and Walter de Than entered the imperial chamber. The empress, at the sight of her enemies, trembled all over. They advanced to the other side of the emperor's chair, and, holding up their hands, prepared to make their unjust accusation good upon the first sign he might give.

He motioned them to speak, and they were not slow to avail themselves of his permission.

"Sire," said they, "what we have told you is true; and we are ready to support the charge at the peril of our bodies and souls, two against two, against any knights who may dare to dispute the truth of our impeachment of the empress."

"Do you hear what they say, madam? for it shall be done as they have demanded; and if, in a year and a day, you cannot find any knights to clear your fame by a victorious combat, you will be burned alive in the great square of Cologne, in the face of the people, and by the torch of the common hangman."

"My lord, I invoke the aid of God," replied the empress, "and I hope, by His grace, my truth and innocence will find vindicators, and will be completely established."

"Well, be it so," said the emperor; and he summoned his guards, to whose wardship he consigned his empress. By his command she was conveyed to the lowest apartment in the castle, which differed in nothing from a prison but in name.

She had been imprisoned nearly a twelve-month, and had given birth to a son, condemned, like herself, to the pile. This babe she nourished at her own bosom, and reared with her own hands, like one of the wives of the people. None of her women paid her any attention or rendered her the smallest service, but Douce, Marchioness of Provence, who, having abandoned her own country, then the theatre of civil war, to seek an asylum at the court of her suzerain, had remained faithful to her mistress in her

misfortunes. The empress, who had diligently exerted herself, by letters and promises, to procure champions for her ordeal by battle, had been hitherto completely unsuccessful. The renown of her accusers, their prowess in war and revengeful dispositions, had outweighed all her entreaties and largesses. Only three days of the time allowed by the emperor now remained, and the envoy sent by the fair Marchioness of Provence had not yet returned. She began to despair herself—she who had always soothed the despondency of the injured empress with hope.

As to the poor emperor, no one suffered like him; struck by this blow at once as sovereign, husband, and father, he had vowed publicly to join the Crusades, in the hope of averting the wrath of heaven; and the day he had fixed for the vindication or execution of the empress, would bring to him as severe a trial as to that unfortunate and injured princess. He had, at length, given the matter into the case of heaven, and, immuring himself in the most private apartments in his palace of Cologne, gave up all business, whether public or private, having no heart to attend to any thing whatever. Such was the state of his mind when the dawn of the three hundred and sixty-fifth day found him still miserable, and his accused empress championless.

At noon, he had scarcely quitted his oratory when he was told that a foreign knight, from a distant country, wished to speak to him. The emperor was agitated, for, at the bottom of his heart, he secretly wished that heaven would yet send the unfortunate Praxida a champion; and he received him in the same chamber in which, sitting in the same chair, he had commanded the arrest of the empress. The knight entered, and bent his knee to the ground. The emperor bade him rise, and declare the occasion of his visit to his court.

"My lord," replied the unknown knight, "I am a Spanish count. I was told at matins that the empress, your spouse, was accused by two knights of your court, and that if, within the space of a year and a day, she could not find a champion to defend her by battle, she would be publicly burned. Now, I have heard so much good said of this lady, and she is so renowned for piety throughout the world, that I am come from my own distant land to undertake her quarrel against both her accusers."

"Count, you are welcome," replied the emperor. "Certainly you show great friendship for the accused, or a great desire for renown. You are yet in time to save her, for there still remains one day before the sentence to which the laws of Germany condemn the adultress can be put in force against her."

"Sire," said the count, "I have a favor to ask you, which I hope you will courteously grant me. I wish to see the empress, for in this interview I should be able to form some opinion of her guilt or innocence; for, if I think her guilty, I will not imperil my body and soul in battle for her, but if she is innocent, I will fight, not only with one of her accusers, but with both, and indeed, will undertake her defense against every knight in Germany."

"It is but justice on my part," replied the emperor, "to grant your request, Sir Count."

The unknown bowed, and retreated toward the door, but the emperor recalled him. "My lord count, have you made a vow to keep your visor down, and conceal your face?"

"No, sire," replied the knight.

"Then you will do me the favor to raise your visor, that I may engrave on my memory the features of him who is about to imperil his life to save my honor?"

The knight took off his helmet, and the emperor saw the dark-complexioned, but expressive features of a young man of eighteen or nineteen years. His forehead and head were finely formed, and indicative of talent and power. The monarch regarded the youthful countenance of the champion with a sigh, and remembered with regret that the accusers of Praxida, his empress, were men not only well-skilled in war, but in the prime of manly strength. "May God preserve you, lord count," said he, "for you appear to me full young for success in the difficult enterprise you have undertaken. Reflect, for there is still time to withdraw your promise."

"Do me the honor to let me see the empress," replied the knight, who had no intention of abandoning without cause an unfortunate lady.

The emperor gave him his signet-ring. "Go then, Sir Knight; this seal will open for you the doors of her prison."

The knight kissed, on his knee, the hand which offered him the ring; then rose, saluted the monarch, and departed.

The sight of the emperor's signet opened, as he had said, the guarded apartment of the empress, and in ten minutes the youthful champion found himself in the presence of the accused lady, for whom he was about to risk his life.

The empress was seated on her bed, nursing her infant. Accustomed to the entrance of her jailors, and for a long time abandoned by her women, she never even raised her head when the door was opened, only, by the instinct of modesty, she covered with her mantle her unveiled bosom, still continuing the plaintive hymn by which she lulled her babe to rest, accompanying the air with the movement of a nurse who rocks her babe to sleep.

The knight contemplated for some minutes, in tearful silence, this moving picture of fallen greatness, till, perceiving that the empress seemed unconscious of his vicinity, he accosted her in these words: "Madam, deign to raise your eyes, and honor with your notice, a man whom the renown of your virtue has led from a distant land, to vindicate your honor, defamed, he trusts, by false accusation; but before I undertake your cause, it is absolutely necessary that I should learn from you whether you are innocent of the charge laid against you. For, madam, I require a clear conscience, as well as a strong arm, since a trial by battle is an appeal to God, the judge of all, to decide the cause by the victory or fall of the champion. In the name of heaven, I entreat you to speak the truth; in which case, if

you can prove your innocence to me, I swear by my knighthood that I will defend you to the last drop of my blood; trusting that the Lord will strengthen me to do your battle with such power as will clear your honor, and preserve my own life."

"First, let me thank you, Sir Knight," replied the empress, shedding tears of joy; "but, before I clear up my fame in your hearing, I pray you tell me your name, and permit me to see your face."

"My face, madam, may be seen by every body," said the count; "but my name is a different thing, since I have sworn to tell it to none but you." He removed his helmet, and displayed to her sight his noble and ingenuous countenance, full of the fire and intelligence of upright youth verging upon manhood.

"Your name and quality, then, be pleased to show me," replied the empress.

"I am a prince of Spain: Raymond Berenger, Count of Barcelona."

At that name, so celebrated from father to son for lofty generosity and heroic deeds, the empress clasped her hands together, while a smile of joy lighted up her beautiful features through her tears, like a sunbeam breaking through a watery cloud.

"My lord, I can never repay you for the consolation you have afforded me this day; but you have demanded the truth from me—the whole truth: I ought to tell it you, and I will not disguise it from your knowledge. It is true that there came, in my husband's absence, to the court of Cologne, a young and handsome knight, who, perhaps, was under some vow, either to his sovereign or the lady of his heart, to conceal his name and rank; for he told them to no one, not even to me. It was supposed, from his magnificence and generosity, that he was the son of a king; but we called him, from the gem he wore on his finger, the Knight of the Emerald. It is true that he sometimes conversed with me; but with so much respect, that I could not distance him without appearing to consider his attention as a matter of more consequence than it really was. Still he made a point of attending me on every public occasion. It happened one day, when we were hawking on the borders of the Rhine, and were got as far as Lusdorf, without meeting any game, till at last a heron rose, and I unhooded and cast off my falcon, who immediately soared; and, as he was a fine one, of true Norwegian breed, he soon reached the quarry, and I put my horse to a full gallop, to be in at the death. Carried away by my ardor, I leaped a stream, followed by none of my ladies but Douce, for they were timid horsewomen. The wicked knights, who have falsely slandered me, could not take the leap on their heavy steeds, but led my ladies to a fordable part of the rivulet. While making to the spot where the game had fallen, we saw a mounted cavalier fly from it like a phantom, and reënter a wood along the shore. The heron we found fluttering in the agonies of death, for the falcon had pierced his brain; but he still held an emerald ring in his beak, which Douce, as well as myself, immediately recognized as the one we had often seen on the finger of the unknown knight, whom we rightly supposed to be the cavalier who had galloped into the wood. I was wrong, I will own, to do as I then did; but women are vain and thoughtless. So, instead of throwing the jewel into the stream, as I ought, perhaps, to have done, I put it on my finger, and displaying it to my suite as they came up, related the adventure, without being aware of my own imprudence. Nobody, however, doubted the truth of my recital but Guthrum and Walter, who smiled incredulously, in a manner that seemed to ask explanations which would have compromised my dignity, without allaying their unjust suspicions. I put on my glove, replaced my falcon on my wrist, without meeting with any other extraordinary discovery. At mass, however, I again met the knight of the emerald, and then perceived that he was without his ring, which, from that moment, I resolved to return to him upon the first suitable opportunity. A week after this adventure, the festival of Cologne was held. You are aware that this feast attracts a concourse of people from all parts of Germany: minstrels, players, and *jongleurs* of course abound. Among these last, there was a man who showed wild beasts, which he displayed on a theatre built for the occasion, in the grand square, where the spectators could gaze without danger on a lion from Barbary, and a tiger from India. Seated in a gallery, raised fifteen feet above them—I was there with my ladies—when, happening to discover the knight of the emerald among the company, I was going to give the ring to Douce, in order to restore it to him, when a spring from the tiger, accompanied by a dreadful roar, so terrified me, that I dropped the jewel from my finger into the cage of the lion, which was immediately below the balcony in which I was placed. Instantly, before I could utter a word, I saw the knight in the theatre, sword in hand. The tiger remained for a moment quiet, apparently astonished at the unparalleled boldness of the action, before he sprung upon the dauntless stranger; then we saw what appeared like a flash of lightning, and the head of the monster rolled upon the sand, upon which his immense body and terrible paws were deeply impressed. The knight took a diamond agraffe from his cap, flung it to the wild-beast man, and thrusting his arm through the bars of the lion's cage, took up the ring I had dropped, and brought it to me, while the air rang with the acclamations of the spectators; but, as I had resolved to return it to him, I put back his hand, and said—'No, my lord knight; this ring has cost you too dear for me to retain. Keep it in remembrance of me.' These were the last words I ever addressed to him; for fearing the adventure would make more noise, I dispatched Douce with a message to the knight of the emerald, beseeching him in my name to quit Cologne. He departed the same evening, without informing me of his name or quality, or telling me whence he came, or whither he was going. This, my lord count, is the whole truth. And if I have been imprudent, I have, I think, paid dearly for my fault, by a twelve-month's imprisonment, and a false accusation, that imperils my life."

The count drew his sword, and turning the cross of the handle most reverently toward the empress, said—

"Swear to me, madam, upon this blade, that what you have just now related to me is perfectly true."

"I swear," replied the empress, "that I have told you nothing but the truth."

"Well, by this sword, and the help of God, you shall be delivered from this prison, in which you have been confined a year, and be cleared also from the deadly accusation that clouds your fame."

"May God grant it!" said the pious empress.

"Now, madam, will you bestow upon me one of your jewels, in token that you accept me for your knight?"

"My lord count, take this gold chain, the only relic of my former state that I still possess. This pledge will serve as a proof that I have chosen you for my champion."

"Madam, I take it with thanks," replied the Count of Barcelona, returning, as he spoke, his sword to its scabbard, and replacing his helmet on his head. He bowed courteously to the fair prisoner, and rejoined the emperor, who was anxiously expecting his return.

"Sire," said the count, "I have seen her majesty, the empress, and am satisfied with her explanations. Will you, therefore, be pleased to inform her accusers, that I am ready to do battle in her cause with one or both—either together, or by single combat."

"My lord count," replied the emperor, "you shall engage them separately; for it shall never be said that a knight who undertook the cause of an accused lady in so noble a manner did not find noble enemies." [*To be continued.*

"I KNOW WHERE THE FAIRIES ARE."

BY MARIE DELAMAIR.

PROEM.—Giant Night in grim repose was sleeping beneath the soft influence of the moonbeams, which spread over him like the silvery drapery of a bridal couch; when the fairies came forth from their flowery abodes, and engaged in their merry dance, with laughter and song; till, growing boisterous in their mirth, they aroused old Nox from his slumber, who, frowning, drove the affrighted moon behind the western hills, when the children of Gladness hid themselves in haste. But when Aurora, Goddess of the Morning, showed her radiant face in the east, Darkness folded his wings and retired before her.

The moon on the bosom of night was reposing,
As wrapped in her mantle of glory he lay,
Whilst the wings of the angel of darkness were closing
Beneath the soft touch of her bright silvery ray.
Far, far from her smile grim darkness had fled,
And queen of the night she gloried to rise,
While the tears which the angels o'er mortals had shed,
Congealed into stars, bespangled the skies.

'T was the hour of twelve, the bright, witching hour,
That I gazed on this slumber of night,
And thought of the time when the fairies had power
To dance, while he slept o'ercome by moonlight.
While thus the proud giant lay hushed in repose,
There suddenly burst from the bosom of earth
A strain of low music, that swelled as it rose
Till it seemed the outpouring of gladness and mirth.

At the sound of this music the flowers awoke—
Their bright little cups in a moment expand—
When lo! from these cells there suddenly broke,
As freed by some magic, a gay fairy band.
Each flower sent forth a sweet laughing elf,
Whom safely it guarded from danger by day,
And kept closely prisoned, in spite of itself,
Till their queen gave the elfins permission to play.

Their prisons then opened, and out they came streaming,
From the cell of each flower that was blooming around,
Methought, for a while, I surely was dreaming,
I knew not that earth did with fairies abound.

I saw the bright cerius its golden rays spread,
Its snowy-white petals next slowly unfold,
And forth from its centre, whence fragrance is shed,
Came the queen of the fairies in emerald and gold.

From the leaves of the rose-bud, from the violet's cell,
From the depths of the fuchia, they merrily sprung;
A thousand seemed hid in the jessamine's bell,
And e'en on the bachelor's-button they hung.
Away they all sped with the swiftness of thought,
To form a bright court for their lovely young queen,
Who, borne on the wings of a zephyr, was brought
To grace with her presence their dance on the green.

I saw them then dance around an old oak,
To the sound of that heart-stirring strain,
Till, growing too noisy, old Darkness awoke
And sent them all back to their flowers again.
Then slowly the giant arose from his rest,
His mantle of glory aside he first cast,
Then frowned on the moon till she sunk in the west,
For she knew that her hour of triumph was past.

Yes, yes it was o'er, and darkness again
Spread out his broad wings for a while,
Till the light of the Morn, as she rose o'er the plain,
Dispelled all his gloom by her smile;
She breathed on the stars till they melted in dew,
Which she shed on the flowers around—
And I said in my heart as I bade them adieu,
I know where the Fairies are found.

CANADIAN LIFE.

JEANIE BURNS.

Ah, human hearts are strangely cast,
  Time softens grief and pain;
Like reeds that shiver in the blast,
  They bend to rise again.

But she in silence bowed her head,
  To none her sorrow would impart;
Earth's faithful arms inclose the dead,
  And hide for aye her broken heart! *S. M.*

Our man James came to me to request the loan of one of the horses, to attend a funeral. M. was absent on business, and the horses and the man's time were both greatly needed to prepare the land for the fall crops. I demurred; James looked anxious and disappointed; and the loan of the horse was at length granted, but not without a strict injunction that he should return to his work the moment the funeral was over. He did not come back until late that evening. I had just finished my tea, and was nursing my wrath at his staying out the whole day, when the door of the room (we had but one, and that was shared in common with the servants,) opened, and the delinquent at last appeared. He hung up the new English saddle, and sat down by the blazing hearth without speaking a word.

"What detained you so long, James? You ought to have had half an acre of land, at least, ploughed to-day."

"Verra true, mistress. It was nae fau't o' mine. I had mista'en the hour. The funeral didna' come in afore sun-down, and I cam' awa' directly it was ower."

"Was it any relation of yours?"

"Na, na, jist a freend, an auld acquaintance, but nane o' my ain kin. I never felt sae sad in a' my life, as I ha' dune this day. I ha' seen the clods piled on many a heid, and never felt the saut tear in my e'en. But, puir Jeanie! puir lass. It was a sair sight to see them thrown doon upon her."

My curiosity was excited; I pushed the tea-things from me, and told Bell to give James his supper.

"Naething for me the night, Bell—I canna' eat—my thoughts will a' rin on that puir lass. Sae young—sae bonnie, an' a few months ago as blythe as a lark, an' now a clod o' the earth. Hout, we maun all dee when our ain time oomes; but, somehow, I canna' think that Jeanie ought to ha' gane sae sune."

"Who is Jeanie Burns? Tell me, James, something about her."

In compliance with my request, the man gave me the following story. I wish I could convey it in his own words, but though I can perfectly understand the Scotch dialect when spoken, I could not write it in its charming simplicity: that honest, truthful brevity, which is so characteristic of this noble people.

"Jeanie Burns was the daughter of a respectable shoemaker, who gained a comfortable living by his trade in a small town in Ayrshire. Her father, like herself, was an only child, and followed the same vocation, and wrought under the same roof that his father had done before him. The elder Burns had met with many reverses, and now helpless and blind, was entirely dependent upon the charity of his son. Honest Jock had not married until late in life, that he might more comfortably provide for the wants of his aged parent. His mother had been dead for some years. She was a meek, pious woman, and Jock quaintly affirmed, 'That it had pleased the Lord to provide a better inheritance for his dear auld mither than his arm could win, proud and happy as he would have been to have supported her when she was no longer able to work for him.'

"Jock's paternal love was repaid at last; chance threw in his way a canny young lass, baith guid and bonny: they were united, and Jeanie was the sole fruit of this marriage. But Jeanie proved a host in herself, and grew up the best natured, the prettiest, and the most industrious lass in the village, and was a general favorite both with young and old. She helped her mother in the house, bound shoes for her father, and attended to all the wants of her dear old grandfather, Saunders Burns; who was so much attached to his little handmaid that he was never happy when she was absent.

"Happiness is not a flower of long growth in this world; it requires the dew and sunlight of Heaven to nourish it, and it soon withers, removed from its native skies. The cholera visited the remote village. It smote the strong man in the pride of his strength, and the matron in the beauty of her prime; while it spared the helpless and the aged, the infant of a few days, and the parent of many years. Both Jeanie's parents fell victims to the fatal disease, and the old blind Saunders and the young Jeanie were left to fight alone a hard battle with poverty and grief. The truly deserving are never entirely forsaken. God may afflict them with many trials, but he watches over them still, and often provides for their wants in a manner truly miraculous. Sympathizing friends gathered round the orphan girl in her hour of need, and obtained for her sufficient employment to enable her to support her old grandfather and herself, and provide for them the common necessaries of life,

"Jeanie was an excellent seamstress, and what

between making waistcoats and trowsers for the sailors, and binding shoes for the shoemakers, a business that she thoroughly understood, she soon had her little hired room neatly furnished, and her grandfather as clean and spruce as ever. When she led him into the kirk of a Sabbath morning, all the neighbors greeted the dutiful daughter with an approving smile, and the old man looked so serene and happy that Jeanie was fully repaid for her labors of love.

"Her industry and piety often formed the theme of conversation to the young lads of the village. 'What a guid wife Jenie Burns will mak',' cried one. 'Ay,' said another, 'he need na complain o' ill-fortin, who has the luck to get the like o' her.'

"'An' she 's sae bonnie,' would Willie Robertson add with a sigh, 'I would na' covet the wealth o' the hale world an she were mine.'

"Willie was a fine, active young man, who bore an excellent character, and his comrades thought it very likely that Willie was to be the fortunate man.

"Robertson was the youngest son of a farmer in the neighborhood. He had no land of his own, and he was one of a very large family. From a boy he had assisted his father in working the farm for their common maintenance; but after he took to looking at Jeanie Burns at kirk, instead of minding his prayers, he began to wish that he had a homestead of his own, which he could ask Jeanie and her grandfather to share. He made his wishes known to his father. The old man was prudent. A marriage with Jeanie Burns offered no advantages in a pecuniary view. But the girl was a good, honest girl, of whom any man might be proud. He had himself married for love, and had enjoyed great comfort in his wife.

"'Willie, my lad,' he said, 'I canna' gi'e ye a share o' the farm. It is ower sma' for the mony mouths it has to feed. I ha'e laid by a little siller for a rainy day, an' this I will gi'e ye to win a farm for yersel' in the woods o' Canada. There is plenty o' room there, an' industry brings its ain reward. If Jeanie Burns lo'es you, as weel as yer dear mither did me, she will be fain to follow you there.'

"Willie grasped his father's hand, for he was too much elated to speak, and he ran away to tell his tale of love to the girl of his heart. Jeanie had long loved Robertson in secret, and they were not long in settling the matter. They forgot in their first moments of joy that old Saunders had to be consulted, for they had determined to take the old man with them. But here an obstacle occurred of which they had not dreamed. Old age is selfish, and Saunders obstinately refused to comply with their wishes. The grave that held the remains of his wife and son was dearer to him than all the comforts promised to him by the impatient lovers in that far foreign land. Jeanie wept—but Saunders, deaf and blind, neither heard nor saw her grief, and, like a dutiful child, she breathed no complaint to him, but promised to remain with him until his head rested upon the same pillow with the dead.

"This was a sore and great trial to Willie Robertson, but he consoled himself for his disappointment with the thought that Saunders could not live long, and that he would go and prepare a place for his Jean, and have every thing ready for her reception against the old man died.

"'I was a cousin of Willie's," continued James, 'by the mither's side, and he persuaded me to accompany him to Canada. We set sail the first day of May, and were here in time to chop a small fallow for a fall crop. While Robertson had more of this world's gear than I, for his father had provided him with sufficient funds to purchase a good lot of wild land, which he did in the township of M——, and I was to work with him on shares. We were one of the first settlers in that place, and we found the work before us rough and hard to our heart's content. But Willie had a strong motive for exertion—and never did man work harder than he did that first year on his bush-farm, for the love of Jeanie Burns.'

"We built a comfortable log-house, in which we were assisted by the few neighbors we had, who likewise lent a hand in clearing ten acres we had chopped for fall crop.

"All this time Willie kept up a constant correspondence with Jeanie Burns; and he used to talk to me of her coming out, and his future plans, every night when our work was done. If I had not loved and respected the girl mysel' I should have got unco tired o' the subject.

"We had just put in our first crop of wheat, when a letter came from Jeanie bringing us the news of her grandfather's death. Weel I ken the word that Willie spak' to me when he closed that letter. 'Jamie, the auld man is gane at last—an', God forgi'e me, I feel too gladsome to greet. Jeanie is willin' to come whenever I ha'e the means to bring her out, an', hout man, I 'm jist thinkin' that she winna' ha'e to wait lang.'

"Good workmen were getting very high wages just then, and Willie left the care of the place to me, and hired for three months with auld Squire Jones. He was an excellent teamster, and could put his hand to any sort of work. When his term of service expired he sent Jeanie forty dollars, to pay her passage out, which he hoped she would not delay longer than the spring.

"He got an answer from Jeanie full of love and gratitude, but she thought that her voyage might be delayed until the fall. The good woman, with whom she had lodged since her parent's died, had just lost her husband, and was in a bad state of health, and she begged Jeanie to stay with her until her daughter could leave her service in Edinburgh and come to take charge of the house. This person had been a kind and steadfast friend to Jeanie in all her troubles, and had helped her nurse the old man in his dying illness. I am sure it was just like Jeanie to act as she did. She had all her life looked more to the comforts of others than to her ain. But Robertson was an angry man when he got that letter, and he said, 'If that was a' the lo'e that Jeanie Burns had for him, to prefer an auld woman's comfort, who was naething to her, to her betrothed husband, she

might bide awa' as lang as she pleased, he would never trouble himsel' to write to her again.'

"I did na' think that the man was in earnest, an' I remonstrated with him on his folly an' injustice. This ended in a sharp quarrel atween us, and I left him to gang his ain gate, an' went to live with my uncle, who kept a blacksmith's forge in the village.

"After a while, we heard that Willie Robertson was married to a Canadian woman—neither young nor good-looking, and very much his inferior in every way, but she had a good lot of land in the rear of his farm. Of course I thought that it was all broken off with puir Jeanie, and I wondered what she would spier at the marriage.

"It was early in June, and our Canadian woods were in their first flush o' green—an' how green and lightsome they be in their spring dress—when Jeanie Burns landed in Canada. She traveled her lane up the country, wondering why Willie was not at Montreal to meet her as he had promised in the last letter he sent her. It was late in the afternoon when the steamboat brought her to C——, and, without waiting to ask any questions respecting him, she hired a man and cart to take her and her luggage to M——. The road through the bush was very heavy, and it was night before they reached Robertson's clearing, and with some difficulty the driver found his way among the logs to the cabin-door.

"Hearing the sound of wheels, the wife, a coarse, ill-dressed slattern, came out to see what could bring strangers to such an out-o'-the-way place at that late hour. "Puir Jeanie! I can weel imagine the fluttering o' her heart when she spier'd of the woman for ane Willie Robertson, and asked if he was at hame?'

"'Yes,' answered the wife gruffly; 'but he is not in from the fallow yet—you may see him up yonder, tending the blazing logs.'

"While Jeanie was striving to look in the direction which the woman pointed out, and could na' see through the tears that blinded her e'e, the driver jumped down from the cart, and asked the puir girl where he should leave her trunks, as it was getting late, and he must be off.

"'You need not bring these big chests in here,' said Mrs. Robertson; 'I have no room in my house for strangers and their luggage.'

"'Your house!' gasped Jeanie, catching her arm. 'Did you na' tell me that *he* lived here?—and wherever Willie Robertson bides Jeanie Burns sud be a welcome guest. Tell him,' she continued, trembling all ower, for she told me afterward that there was something in the woman's look and tone that made the cold chills run to her heart, 'that an auld friend from Scotland has jist came off a lang, wearisome journey to see him.'

"'You may speak for yourself!' cried the woman angrily, 'for my husband is now coming down the clearing.'

"The word husband was scarcely out o' her mouth than puir Jeanie fell as ane dead across the door-step.

"The driver lifted up the unfortunate girl, carried her into the cabin, and placed her in a chair, regardless of the opposition of Mrs. Robertson, whose jealousy was now fairly aroused, and who declared that the bold huzzie should not enter her doors.

"It was a long time before the driver succeeded in bringing Jeanie to herself, and she had only just unclosed her eyes when Willie came in.

"'Wife,' he said, 'whose cart is this standing at the door, and what do these people want here?'

"'You know best,' cried the angry woman, bursting into tears; 'that creature is no acquaintance of mine, and if she is suffered to remain here, I will leave the house.'

"'Forgi'e me, good woman, for having unwittingly offended ye,' said Jeanie, rising. 'But, merciful Father! how sud I ken that Willie Robertson, my ain Willie, had a wife? Oh, Willie!' she cried, covering her face in her hands, to hide all the agony that was in her heart, 'I ha' come a lang way, an' a weary to see ye, an' ye might ha' spared me the grief—the burning shame o' this. Farewell, Willie Robertson!—I will never mair trouble ye nor her wi' my presence, but this cruel deed of yours has broken my heart!'

"She went away weeping, and he had not the courage to detain her, or say one word to comfort her, or account for his strange conduct; yet, if I know him right, that must ha' been the most sorrowfu' moment in his life.

"Jeanie was a distant connection of my uncle's, and she found us out that night on her return to the village, and told us all her grief. My aunt, who was a kind, good woman, was indignant at the treatment she had received, and loved and cherished her as if she had been her own child.

"For two whole weeks she kept her bed, and was so ill that the doctor despaired of her life; and when she did come again among us, the color had faded from her cheeks, and the light from her sweet blue eyes, and she spoke in a low, subdued voice, but she never spoke of *him* as the cause of her grief.

"One day she called me aside and said—

"'Jamie, you know how I lo'ed an' trusted him, an' obeyed his ain wishes in comin' out to this strange country to be his wife. But 'tis all over now,' and she pressed her sma' hands tightly over her breast, to keep doon the swelling o' her heart. 'Jamie, I know now that it is a' for the best; I lo'ed him too weel—mair than ony creature sud lo'e a perishing thing o' earth. But I thought that he wud be sae glad an' sae proud to see his ain Jeanie sae sune. But, oh!—ah, weel!—I maun na think o' that; what I wud jist say is this,' an' she took a sma' packet fra' her breast, while the tears streamed down her pale cheeks. 'He sent me forty dollars to bring me ower the sea to him—God bless him for that!—I ken he worked hard to earn it, for he lo'ed me then—I was na' idle during his absence. I had saved enough to bury my dear auld grandfather, and to pay my ain expenses out; and I thought, like the gude servant in the parable, I wud return Willie his ain with interest; an' I hoped to see him smile at my

diligence, an' ca' me his bonnie gude lassie. Jamie, I canna' keep this siller—it lies like a weight o' lead on my heart. Tak' it back to him; an' tell him fra' me, that I forgi'e him a' his cruel deceit, an' pray to God to grant him prosperity, and restore to him that peace o' mind o' which he has robbed me forever.'

"I did as she bade me. Willie looked stupefied when I delivered her message. The only remark he made, when I gave him back the money, was—'I maun be gratefu', man, that she did na' curse me.' The wife came in, and he hid away the packet and slunk off. The man looked degraded in his own eyes, and so wretched, that I pitied him from my very heart.

"When I came home, Jeanie met me at my uncle's gate.

'Tell me?' she said, in a low, anxious voice, 'tell me, Cousin Jamie, what passed atween ye? Had he nae word for me?'

"'Naething, Jeanie; the man is lost to himsel'—to a' who ance wished him weel. He is not worth a decent body's thought.'

"She sighed deeply, for I saw that her heart craved after some word fra' him; but she said nae mair, but pale and sorrowfu', the very ghaist o' her former sel', went back into the house.

"From that hour she never breathed his name to ony of us; but we all ken'd that it was her love for him, that was preying upon her life. The grief that has nae voice, like the canker-worm, always lies ne'est to the heart. Puir Jeanie! she held out during the simmer, but when the fall came, she just withered awa' like a flower nipped by the early frost, and this day we laid her in the earth.

"After the funeral was ower, and the mourners were all gone, I stood beside her grave, thinking ower the days of my boyhood, when she and I were happy weans, an' used to pu' the gowans together, on the heathery hills o' dear auld Scotland. An' I tried in vain to understan' the mysterious providence o' God, who had stricken her who seemed sae gude and pure, an' spared the like o' me, who was mair deservin' o' his wrath, when I heard a deep groan, an' I saw Willie Robertson standing near me beside the grave.

"'Ye may as weel spare your grief, noo,' said I, for I felt hard toward him, an' rejoice that the weary is at rest.'

"'It was I murdered her,' said he, 'an' the thought will haunt me to my last day. Did she remember me on her death-bed?'

"'Her thoughts were only ken'd by Him who reads the secrets of a' hearts, Willie. Her end was peace, an' her Saviour's blessed name was the last sound upon her lips. But if ever woman died fra' a broken heart, there she lies.'

"'Oh, Jeanie!' he cried, mine ain darling Jeanie! my blessed lammie! I was na' worthy o' yer love—my heart, too, is breaking. To bring ye back ance mair, I wud lay me down an' dee!'

"An' he flung himsel' upon the grave, and embraced the fresh clods, and greeted like a child.

"When he grew more calm, we had a long conversation about the past, and truly I believe that the man was not in his right senses when he married yon wife; at ony rate, he is not lang for this world; he has fretted the flesh aff his banes, an' before many months are ower, his heid will lie as low as puir Jeanie Burns's."

THE LAST HOUR OF SAPPHO.

BY E. ANNA LEWIS.

THE PROMONTORY OF LEUCADIA.

This is the spot—'t is here tradition says,
That hopeless love from this high towering rock
Leaped headlong to oblivion, or to death.
Oh, 't is a giddy height? my dizzy head
Swims at the precipice!—'t is death to fall. SOUTHEY.

My life is in its last hour . . . .
——————farewell, ye opening heavens!
Look not upon me thus reproachfully—
Ye were not meant for me—earth! take these atoms! *Manfred.*

I.

THE sun was sinking from soft Hella's shore,
Yet lingering still, as if he loved to pour
His beams o'er towers and temples then sublime,
But mouldering now beneath the tooth of Time;
To kiss the sloping hills, and myrtle boughs,
And flowers, and streams, and Lesbian maiden's brows,
As they were warbling 'long the sultry vale
Like blithesome birds, or lisping some love tale:
Slowly he sunk, while far the deep waves rolled
Beneath his fiery track, like molten gold;
The spire, and minaret from the distant dome,
And castle hoar, and fane, and royal home;
The olive grove, the dark majestic palm,
The cypress sadd'ning in the pensive calm,
And in the liquid distance many an isle
Gleamed in his yellow beams and parting smile;
And there the lowing herds adown the hill
Were winding to their homes by glade and rill;

The weary peasants by their cabin door
To their shrill pipes their simple idyls pour;
Maidens reclining 'neath the spreading trees,
Bathe their dark brows in the refreshing breeze,
Send their wild mirth along the vales afar,
And greet with glowing eyes the evening star—
O, who would deem at such soft twilight time
Sorrow could rear her throne in that delightful clime.

II.

High on Leucadia's famed and jutting rock,
Whose rugged base doth scorn the fearful shock
Of ocean's waves, half-veiled in evening shade,
Sat Lesbian Sappho all for death arrayed:
Around her beauteous form her tunic flung,
And her dark tresses long and flowing hung
Down to the rock, steeped in the briny dew.
And gently waving as the breezes blew
Along the lea. One small hand held her lute,
The other rested on its strings all mute
As they had never breathed one thrilling song
Of fervent love, or anguish cherished long.
Her swollen eyes, dejected, had not wept,
Though her past life in one dark tissue swept
Before her now—"I would sing one song more—
One wild, undying strain, ere life be o'er;
And I would gather in this latest theme
My sufferings—my heart's benighted dream,
This fierce, consuming flame that racks my soul,
So that when Phaon glances o'er the scroll
I leave, my fate may flash upon his heart
Swift as from clouds the long pent lightnings start—
Awake, my soul! nor yet within me die!
Draw back the veil from thy deep agony;
And chant but one song more—one sad farewell
To love and life:—oh! breathe in it thy knell!
Thy requiem—a dagger make each tone—
To pierce false Phaon's heart when I am gone!"
She said; then swept its straining chords—but fleet
As struck, her lute fell shattered at her feet.
She gazed upon it as it quivering lay,
And felt that thus her hopes had ever passed away.

III.

Upon that melting scene, those glowing skies,
She cast around her sad and swimming eyes,
And to them breathed one silent, long farewell;
For in her earlier years they held a spell
Upon her lute, and she had of them sung
Ere darker passions had her bosom wrung.
Turning far thence, she gazed across the sea,
To where young Phaon dwelt—bright Sicily;
Then her heart swelled—to every wo awake,
And beat the narrow cage it could not break—
"Yes—yes—inconstant Phaon! thou art there
Rejoicing, heedless of my lone despair—
I see thee in the laurel-grove—thy noble form
Move on—a maiden hanging on thine arm,
And drinking thy sweet words, erst breathed to me—
Forsake me, reason—thought—and memory!—
I see thee in the gay Sicilian dance,
Bending upon the fair thy tender glance;
Where jewels gleam, and where soft beauty glows;
The song swells high, the crowned goblet flows;
Thy smile—my heart's once light upon thy brow;
I see thee by a beauteous maiden now—
Love's fickle vows—thy witching flatteries hear,
As thou dost breathe them in her willing ear.
O misery! why am I thus awake?
Sad heart of mine, oh! wilt thou never break?
There's but one remedy for such deep wo;
A fearful antidote—but be it so!
And must I go?—from thee no farewell sigh;
No word to soothe my last keen agony;
No smile to cheer me in the hour of death?—
Oh! for some power, swift as the tempest's breath,
To catch my dying shriek as I depart,
And ring it as a death-knell in thy heart.
And yet I would not chide thee, Phaon. No!
But I would wake thee to a sense of wo,
And all the misery that thou hast wrought,
And why a home beneath the waves I sought,
When thou wast far away: may peace be thine!
The gods preserve thee from a fate like mine!
The quick and fevered pulse, the tears that blind,
The heart's dark void, the canker of the mind;
And if to 'parted spirits power be given,
To leave the high abode they hold in heaven,
Oh, I will guide thy footsteps from all wo,
Thy guardian angel be while lingering here below.

IV.

Phaon, thou wast the fond reality
Of my youth's cherished dream—the phantasy
That hath beguiled me from my earliest days,
Luring me on—the theme of all my lays,
The pole-star of my heart in grief or joy,
The day-spring of my life, my Deity!
That I might win thy love, and make thee mine—
O dream too pure, too heavenly, too divine
For earth!—I've toiled through long and weary years,
In hours I stole from sleep and life's dull cares,
And earned a laurel for my fading brow,
That will not wither like thy fragile vow;—
Yes, I have swept my lyre through Lesbian isles,
Till it has won from kings their softest smiles;
And royal dames have worshiped where I trod,
As there had been enshrined their favorite god;
The proud have sought my hand—the high of birth
Have knelt to me, as I were not of earth;
But these are nothing, since they fail to move
Thy heart, and gain for me thy constant love.
This was the die on which I staked my all,
And I, alas! have lost, and perish in thy thrall.

V.

And now, to thee, thou wild and mighty sea!
Terrific emblem of futurity!
That in thy restless might dost round me roll,
And chafe thyself like my own troubled soul;
Upon whose fickle bosom none can trace
The pathways of the dead unto their place
Of endless rest. From blighting storms of life,
From my own heart's corroding fire's and strife—
The flame that hath no sure relief but death,
I come to seek for peace, thy waves beneath.
Ope now thy breast, and hide forever there
My lifeless form—my fondness and despair!"
She said, then drew her robe around her close,
And calmly as reclining to repose
At eventide, from that tremendous height,
Headlong descended to eternal night,
On sea-weed beds to rest in slumbers sweet,
The boundless main her tomb, the waves her winding-sheet.

NINE O'CLOCK.

The night of the 30th of June, 1793, is memorable in the prison annals of Paris, as the last night in confinement of the leaders of the famous Girondin party in the first French Revolution. On the morning of the 31st, the twenty-one deputies, who represented the department of the Gironde, were guillotined, to make way for Robespierre and the Reign of Terror.

With these men fell the last revolutionists of that period, who shrank from founding a republic on massacre; who recoiled from substituting for a monarchy of corruption, a monarchy of bloodshed. The elements of their defeat lay as much in themselves, as in the events of their time. They were not, as a party, true to their own convictions; they temporized; they fatally attempted to take a middle course amid the terrible emergencies of a terrible epoch, and they fell—fell before worse men, because those men were in earnest.

Condemned to die, the Girondins submitted nobly to their fate; their great glory was the glory of their deaths. The speech of one of them, on hearing his sentence pronounced, was a prophecy of the future, fulfilled to the letter.

"*I* die," he said to the Jacobin judges, the creatures of Robespierre, who tried him, "*I* die at a time when the people have lost their reason: *you* will die on the day when they recover it."

Valazé was the only member of the condemned party who displayed a momentary weakness; he stabbed himself on hearing his sentence pronounced. But the blow was not mortal—he died on the scaffold, and died bravely with the rest.

On the night of the 30th, the Girondists held their famous banquet in the prison; celebrated, with the ferocious stoicism of the time, their last social meeting before the morning on which they were to die. Other men, besides the twenty-one, were present at this supper of the condemned. They were prisoners who held Girondin opinions, but whose names were not illustrious enough for history to preserve. Though sentenced to confinement, they were not sentenced to death. Some of their number, who had protested most boldly against the condemnation of the deputies, were ordered to witness the execution on the morrow, as a timely example to terrify them into submission. More than this, Robespierre and his colleagues did not as yet venture to attempt: the Reign of Terror was a cautious reign at starting.

The supper-table of the prison was spread: the guests, twenty-one of their number stamped already with the seal of death, were congregated at the last Girondin banquet: toast followed toast; the *Marseillaise* was sung; the desperate triumph of the feast was rising fast to its climax, when a new and ominous subject of conversation was started at the lower end of the table, and spread electrically, almost in a moment, to the top.

This subject—by whom originated no one knew—was simply a question as to the hour in the morning at which the execution was to take place. Every one of the prisoners appeared to be in ignorance on this point; and the gaolers either could not, or would not enlighten them. Until the cart for the condemned rolled into the prison-yard, not one of the Girondins could tell whether he was to be called out to the guillotine soon after sunrise, or not till near noon.

This uncertainty was made a topic for discussion, or for jesting on all sides. It was eagerly seized on as a pretext for raising to the highest pitch the ghastly animation and hilarity of the evening. In some quarters, the recognized hour of former executions was quoted as a precedent sure to be followed by the executioners of the morrow; in others, it was asserted that Robespierre and his party would purposely depart from established customs in this, as in previous instances. Dozens of wild schemes were suggested for guessing the hour, by fortune-telling rules on the cards; bets were offered and accepted among the prisoners who were not condemned to death, and witnessed in stoical mockery by the prisoners who were. Jests were exchanged about early rising and hurried toilets: in short, every man contributed an assertion, a contradiction, or a witticism to keep up the new topic of conversation, with one solitary exception. That exception was the Girondin Duprat, one of the deputies who was sentenced to die by the guillotine.

He was a younger man than the majority of his brethren, and was personally remarkable by his pale, handsome, melancholy face, and his reserved yet gentle manners. Throughout the evening he had spoken but rarely; there was something of the silence and serenity of a martyr in his demeanor. That he feared death as little as any of his companions was plainly visible in his bright steady eye; in his unchanging complexion; in his firm, calm voice, when he occasionally addressed those who happened to be near him. But he was evidently out of place at the banquet: his temperament was reflective, his disposition serious; feasts were at no time a sphere in which he was calculated to shine.

His taciturnity, while the hour of the execution was under discussion, had separated him from most of those with whom he sat, at the lower end of the table. They edged up toward the top, where the conversation was most general and most animated. One of his friends, however, still kept his place by Duprat's side, and thus questioned him anxiously, but in low tones, on the cause of his immovable silence—

"Are you the only man of the company, Duprat, who has neither a guess nor a joke to make about the time of the execution?"

"I never joke, Marigny," was the answer given, with a slight smile which had something of the sar-

castic in it; "and as for guessing at the time of the execution, I never guess at things which I *know*."

"Know! You know the hour of the execution? Then why not communicate your knowledge to your friends around you?"

"Because not one of them would believe what I said."

"But, surely, you could prove it. Somebody must have told you?"

"Nobody has told me."

"You have seen some private letter, then; or you have managed to get sight of the execution-order; or—"

"Spare your conjectures, Marigny. I have not read, as I have not been told, what is the hour at which we are to die to-morrow."

"Then how on earth can you possibly know it?"

"I do *not* know when the execution will begin, or when it will end—I only know that it will be *going on* at nine o'clock to-morrow morning. Out of the twenty-one who are to suffer death, one will be guillotined exactly at that hour. Whether he will be the first whose head falls, or the last, I cannot tell."

"And pray who may this man be, who is to die exactly at nine o'clock? Of course, prophetically knowing so much, you know that?"

"I *do* know it. I am the man whose death by the guillotine will take place exactly at the hour I have mentioned."

"You said just now, Duprat, that you never joked. Do you expect me to believe that what you have just spoken is spoken in earnest?"

"I repeat that I never joke, and I answer that I expect you to believe me. I know the hour at which my death will take place to-morrow, just as certainly as I know the fact of my own existence to-night."

"But how? My dear friend, can you really lay claim to supernatural intuition, in this eighteenth century of the world, in this renowned Age of Reason?"

"No two men, Marigny, understand that word, supernatural, exactly in the same sense: you and I differ about its meaning; or, in other words, differ about the real distinction between the doubtful and the true. We will not discuss the subject: I wish to be understood, at the outset, as laying claim to no superior intuitions whatever; but I tell you, at the same time, that even in this Age of Reason, I have reason for what I have said. My father and my brother both died at nine o'clock in the morning, and were both warned very strangely of their deaths. I am the last of my family: I was warned last night, as they were warned: and I shall die by the guillotine, as they died in their beds, at the fatal hour of nine."

"But, Duprat, why have I never heard of this before? As your eldest and, I am sure, your dearest friend, I thought you had long since trusted me with all your secrets?"

"And you shall know this secret: I only kept it from you till the time when I could be certain that my death would substantiate my words, to the very letter. Come—you are as bad supper-company as I am: let us slip away from the table unperceived, while our friends are all engaged in conversation. Yonder end of the hall is dark and quiet—we can speak there uninteruptedly, for some hours to come."

He led the way from the supper-table, followed by Marigny. Arrived at one of the darkest and most retired corners of the great hall of the prison, Duprat spoke again—

"I believe, Marigny," he said, "that you are one of those who have been ordered by our tyrants to witness my execution, and the execution of my brethren, as a warning spectacle for an enemy to the Jacobin cause?"

"My dear, dear friend, it is too true: I am ordered to witness the butchery which I cannot prevent—our last awful parting will be at the foot of the scaffold. I am among the victims who are spared—mercilessly spared—for a little while yet."

"Say the martyrs! We die as martyrs—calmly, hopefully, innocently. When I am placed under the guillotine to-morrow morning, listen, my friend, for the striking of the church clocks—listen for the hour while you look your last on me! Until that time suspend your judgement on the strange chapter of family history which I am now about to relate."

Marigny took his friend's hand, and promised compliance with the request. Duprat then began as follows—

"You knew my brother Alfred when he was quite a youth, and you knew something of what people flippantly termed the eccentricities of his character. He was three years my junior; but, from childhood, he showed far less of a child's innate levity and happiness than his elder brother. He was noted for his seriousness and thoughtfulness as a boy; showed little inclination for a boy's usual lessons, and less still for a boy's usual recreations—in short, he was considered by every body (my father included) as deficient in intellect; as a vacant dreamer, and an inveterate idler, whom it was hopeless to improve. Our tutor tried to lead him to various studies, and tried in vain. It was the same when the cultivation of his mind was given up, and the cultivation of his body was next attempted. The fencing-master could make nothing of him; and the dancing-master, after the first three lessons, resigned in despair. Seeing that it was useless to set others to teach him, my father made a virtue of necessity, and left him, if he chose, to teach himself.

"To the astonishment of every one, he had not been long consigned to his own guidance, when he was discovered in the library, reading every old treatise on astrology which he could lay his hands on. He had rejected all useful knowledge for the most obselete of obsolete sciences—the old abandoned delusion of divination by the stars! My father laughed heartily over the strange study to which his idle son had at last applied himself, but made no attempt to oppose his new caprice, and sar-

castically presented him with a telescope on his next birthday. I should remind you here, of what you may perhaps have forgotten, that my father was a philosopher of the Voltaire school, who believed that the summit of human wisdom was to arrive at the power of sneering at all enthusiasms, and doubting of all truths. Apart from his philosophy, he was a kind hearted, easy man, of quick rather than of profound intelligence. He could see nothing in my brother's new occupation but the evidence of a new idleness; a fresh caprice, which would be abandoned in a few months. My father was not the man to appreciate those yearnings toward the poetical and the spiritual which were part of Alfred's temperament, and which gave to his peculiar studies of the stars and their influences, a certain charm altogether unconnected with the more practical attractions of scientific investigation.

"This idle caprice of my brother's, as my father insisted on terming it, had lasted more than a twelve-month, when there occurred the first of a series of mysterious and—as I consider them—supernatural events, with all of which Alfred was very remarkably connected. I was myself a witness of the strange circumstance which I am now about to relate to you.

"One day—my brother being then sixteen years of age—I happened to go into my father's study during his absence, and found Alfred there, standing close to a window which looked into the garden. I walked up to him, and observed a curious expression of vacancy and rigidity in his face, especially in his eyes. Although I knew him to be subject to what are called fits of absence, I still thought it rather extraordinary that he never moved, and never noticed me when I was close to him. I took his hand, and asked if he was unwell. His flesh felt quite cold: neither my touch nor my voice produced the smallest sensation in him. Almost at the same moment, when I noticed this, I happened to be looking accidentally toward the garden. There was my father walking along one of the paths, and there by his side, walking with him, was *another Alfred!*—Another; yet exactly the same as the Alfred by whose side I was standing, whose hand I still held in mine!

"Thoroughly panic-stricken, I dropped his hand, and uttered a cry of terror. At the loud sound of my voice, the statue-like presence before me immediately began to show signs of animation. I looked round again at the garden. The figure of my brother which I had beheld there was gone, and I saw to my horror that my father was looking for it—looking in all directions for the companion (spectre or human being) of his walk.

"When I turned toward Alfred once more, he had (if I may so express it) come to life again, and was asking—with his usual gentleness of manner and kindness of voice—why I was looking so pale. I evaded the question by making some excuse, and in my turn inquired of him how long he had been in my father's study.

"'Surely you ought to know best," he answered, with a laugh, "for you must have been here before me. It is not many minutes ago since I was walking in the garden with—'

"Before he could complete the sentence my father entered the room.

"'Oh! here you are, Master Alfred,' said he. 'May I ask for what purpose you took it into your wise head to vanish in that extraordinary manner? Why you slipped away from me in an instant, while I was picking a flower! On my word, sir, you're a better player at hide-and-seek than your brother—*he* would only have run into the shrubbery, *you* have managed to run in here, though how you did it in the time passes my poor comprehension. I was not a moment picking the flower, yet in that moment you were gone!'

"Alfred glanced suddenly and searchingly at me: his face became deadly pale; and, without speaking a word, he hurried from the room.

"'Can *you* explain this?' said my father, looking very much astonished.

"I hesitated a moment, and then told him what I had seen. He took a pinch of snuff—a favorite habit with him when he was going to be sarcastic, in imitation of Voltaire.

"'One visionary in a family is enough,' said he: I recommend you not to turn yourself into a bad imitation of your brother Alfred! Send your ghost after me, my good boy! I am going back into the garden, and should like to see him again.'

"Ridicule, even much sharper than this, would have had little effect on me. If I was certain of any thing in the world, I was certain that I had seen my brother in the study—nay, more, had touched him—and equally certain that I had seen his double—his exact similitude in the garden. As far as any man could know that he was in possession of his own senses, I knew myself to be in possession of mine. Left alone to think over what I had beheld, I felt a supernatural terror creeping through me—a terror which increased when I recollected that, on one or two occasions, friends had said they had seen Alfred out of doors, when we all knew him to be at home. These statements—which my father had laughed at, and had taught me to laugh at, either as a trick, or a delusion on the part of others—now recurred to my memory as startling corroborations of what I had just seen myself. The solitude of the study oppressed me in a manner which I cannot describe. I left the apartment to seek Alfred, determined to question him with all possible caution, on the subject of his strange trance, and his sensations at the moment when I had awakened him from it.

"I found him in his bed-room, still pale, and now very thoughtful. As the first words in reference to the scene in the study passed my lips, he started violently, and entreated me, with very unusual warmth of speech and manner, never to speak to him on that subject again—never, if I had any love or regard for him! Of course, I complied with his request. The mystery, however, was not destined to end here.

"About two months after the event which I have

just related, we had arranged, one evening, to go to the theatre. My father had insisted that Alfred should be of the party, otherwise he would certainly have declined accompanying us; for he had no inclination whatever for public amusements of any kind. However, with his usual docility, he prepared to obey my father's desire, by going up-stairs to put on his evening-dress. It was winter time, so he was obliged to take a candle with him.

"We waited in the drawing-room for his return a very long time, so long, that my father was on the point of sending up-stairs to remind him of the lateness of the hour, when Alfred reappeared without the candle which he had taken with him from the room. The ghastly alteration that had passed over his face—the hideous, death-look that distorted his features I shall never forgot—I shall see it to-morrow on the scaffold!

"Before either my father or I could utter a word, my brother said—'I have been taken suddenly ill; but I am better now. Do you still wish me to go to the theatre?'

"'Certainly not, my dear Alfred,' answered my father; 'we must send for the doctor immediately.'

"'Pray do not call in the doctor, sir; he would be of no use. I will tell you why, if you will let me speak to you alone.'

"My father, looking seriously alarmed, signed to me to leave the room. For more than half an hour I remained absent, suffering almost unendurable suspense and anxiety on my brother's account. When I was recalled, I observed that Alfred was quite calm, though still deadly pale. My father's manner displayed an agitation which I had never observed in it before. He rose from his chair when I re-entered the room, and left me alone with my brother.

"'Promise me,' said Alfred, in answer to my entreaties to know what had happened, 'promise that you will not ask me to tell you more than my father has permitted me to tell. It is his desire that I should keep certain things a secret from you.'

"I gave the required promise, but gave it most unwillingly. Alfred then proceeded.

"'When I left you to go and dress for the theatre, I felt a sense of oppression all over me, which I cannot describe. As soon as I was alone, it seemed as if some part of the life within me was slowly wasting away. I could hardly breathe the air around me, big drops of perspiration burst out on my forehead, and then a feeling of terror seized me which I was utterly unable to control. Some of those strange fancies of seeing my mother's spirit, which used to influence me at the time of her death, came back again to my mind. I ascended the stairs slowly and painfully, not daring to look behind me, for I heard—yes, heard!—something following me. When I had got into my room, and had shut the door, I began to recover my self-possession a little. But the sense of oppression was still as heavy on me as ever, when I approached the wardrobe to get out my clothes. Just as I stretched forth my hand to turn the key, I saw, to my horror, the two doors of the wardrobe opening of themselves, opening slowly and silently: The candle went out at the same moment, and the whole inside of the wardrobe became to me like a great mirror, with a bright light shining in the middle of it. Out of that light there came a figure, the exact counterpart of myself. Over its breast hung an open scroll, and on that I read the warning of my own death, and a revelation of the destinies of my father and his race. Do not ask me what were the words on the scroll, I have given my promise not to tell you. I may only say that, as soon as I had read all, the room grew dark, and the vision disappeared.'

"Forgetful of my promise, I entreated Alfred to repeat to me the words on the scroll. He smiled sadly, and refused to speak on the subject any more. I next sought out my father, and begged him to divulge the secret. Still sceptical to the last, he answered that one diseased imagination in the family was enough, and that he would not permit me to run the risk of being infected by Alfred's mental malady. I passed the whole of that day and the next in a state of agitation and alarm which nothing could tranquilize. The sight I had seen in the study gave a terrible significance to the little that my brother had told me. I was uneasy if he was a moment out of my sight. There was something in his expression—calm and even cheerful as it was—which made me dread the worst.

"On the morning of the third day after the occurrence I have just related, I rose very early, after a sleepless night, and went into Alfred's bed-room. He was awake, and welcomed me with more than usual affection and kindness. As I drew a chair to his bedside, he asked me to get pen, ink and paper, and write down something from his dictation. I obeyed, and found to my terror and distress, that the idea of death was more present to his imagination than ever. He employed me in writing a statement of his wishes in regard to the disposal of all his own little possessions, as keepsakes to be given, after he was no more, to my father, myself, the house-servants, and one or two of his most intimate friends. Over and over again I entreated him to tell me whether he really believed that his death was near. He invariably replied that I should soon know, and then led the conversation to indifferent topics. As the morning advanced, he asked to see my father, who came, accompanied by the doctor, the latter having been in attendance for the last two days.

"Alfred took my father's hand, and begged his forgiveness of any offense, any disobedience of which he had ever been guilty. Then, reaching out his other hand, and taking mine, as I stood on the opposite side of the bed, he asked what the time was. A clock was placed on the mantel-piece of the room, but not in a position in which he could see it as he now lay. I turned round to look at the dial, and answered that it was just on the stroke of nine.

"Farewell!' said Alfred, calmly; 'in this world, farewell for ever!'

"The next instant the clock struck. I felt his fingers tremble in mine, then grow quite still. The doctor seized a hand-mirror that lay on the table, and held it over his lips. He was dead—dead, as the

last chime of the hour echoed through the awful silence of the room!

"I pass over the first days of our affliction. You, who have suffered the loss of a beloved sister, can well imagine their misery. I pass over these days, and pause for a moment at the time when we could speak with some calmness and resignation on the subject of our bereavement. On the arrival of that period, I ventured, in conversation with my father, to refer to the vision which had been seen by our dear Alfred in his bed-room, and to the prophecy which he described himself as having read upon the supernatural scroll.

"Even yet my father persisted in his scepticism; but now, as it seemed to me, more because he was afraid, than because he was unwilling, to believe. I again recalled to his memory what I myself had seen in the study. I asked him to recollect how certain Alfred had been beforehand, and how fatally right, about the day and hour of his death. Still I could get but one answer; my brother had died of a nervous disorder (the doctor said so); his imagination had been diseased from his childhood; there was only one way of treating the vision which he described himself as having seen, and that was not to speak of it again between ourselves; never to speak of it at all to our friends.

"We were sitting in the study during this conversation. It was evening. As my father uttered the last words of his reply to me, I saw his eye turn suddenly and uneasily toward the farther end of the room. In dead silence, I looked in the same direction, and saw the door opening slowly of itself. The vacant space beyond was filled with a bright, steady glow, which hid all outer objects in the hall, and which I cannot describe to you by likening it to any light that we are accustomed to behold either by day or night. In my terror, I caught my father by the arm, and asked him, in a whisper, whether he did not see something extraordinary in the direction of the door-way?

"'Yes,' he answered, in tones as low as mine, 'I see, or fancy I see, a strange light. The subject on which we have been speaking has impressed our feelings as it should not. Our nerves are still unstrung by the shock of the bereavement we have suffered: our senses are deluding us. Let us look away toward the garden.'

"'But the opening of the door, father; remember the opening of the door!'

"'Ours is not the first door which has accidently flown open of itself.'

"'Then why not shut it again?'

"'Why not, indeed. I will close it at once.' He rose, advanced a few paces, then stopped, and came back to his place. "It is a warm evening,' he said, avoiding my eyes, which were eagerly fixed on him, 'the room will be all the cooler if the door is suffered to remain open.'

"His face grew quite pale as he spoke. The light lasted for a few minutes longer, then suddenly disappeared. For the rest of the evening my father's manner was very much altered. He was silent and thoughtful, and complained of a feeling of oppression and langor, which he tried to persuade himself was produced by the heat of the weather. At an unusually early hour he retired to his room.

"The next morning, when I got down stairs, I found, to my astonishment, that the servants were engaged in preparations for the departure of somebody from the house. I made inquiries of one of them who was hurriedly packing a trunk. 'My master, sir, starts for Lyons the first thing this morning,' was the reply. I immediately repaired to my father's room, and found him there with an open letter in his hand, which he was reading. His face, as he looked up at me on my entrance, expressed the most violent emotions of apprehension and despair.

"'I hardly know whether I am awake or dreaming; whether I am the dupe of a terrible delusion, or the victim of a supernatural reality more terrible still,' he said, in low, awe-struck tones as I approached him. 'One of the prophecies which Alfred told me in private that he had read upon the scroll, has come true! He predicted the loss of the bulk of my fortune—here is the letter, which informs me that the merchant at Lyons, in whose hands my money was placed, has become a bankrupt. Can the occurrence of this ruinous calamity be the chance fulfillment of a mere guess? Or was the doom of my family really revealed to my dead son? I go to Lyons immediately to know the truth: this letter may have been written under false information; it may be the work of an impostor. And yet, Alfred's prediction—I shudder to think of it!'

"'The light, father! I exclaimed; 'the light we saw last night in the study!'

"'Hush! don't speak of it! Alfred said that I should be warned of the truth of the prophecy, and of its immediate fulfillment, by the shining of the same supernatural light that he had seen—I tried to disbelieve what I beheld last night—I hardly know whether I dare believe it even now! This prophecy is not the last: there are others yet to be fulfilled—but let us not speak, let us not think of them! I must start at once for Lyons; I must be on the spot, if this horrible news is true, to save what I can from the wreck. The letter—give me back the letter!—I must go directly!'

"He hurried from the room. I followed him; and, with some difficulty, obtained permission to be the companion of his momentous journey. When we arrived at Lyons, we found that the statement in the letter was true. My father's fortune was gone: a mere pittance, derived from a small estate that had belonged to my mother, was all that was left to us.

"My father's health gave way under this misfortune. He never referred again to Alfred's prediction, and I was afraid to mention the subject; but I saw that it was affecting his mind quite as painfully as the loss of his property. Over, and over again, he checked himself very strangely when he was on the point of speaking to me about my brother. I saw that there was some secret pressing heavily on

his mind, which he was afraid to disclose to me. It was useless to ask for his confidence. His temper had become irritable under disaster; perhaps, also, under the dread uncertainties which were now evidently tormenting him in secret. My situation was a very sad, and a very dreary one, at that time: I had no remembrances of the past that were not mournful and affrighting remembrances; I had no hopes for the future that were not darkened by a vague presentiment of troubles and perils to come; and I was expressly forbidden by my father to say a word about the terrible events which had cast an unnatural gloom over my youthful career, to any of the friends (yourself included) whose counsel and whose sympathy might have guided and sustained me in the day of trial.

"We returned to Paris; sold our house there, and retired to live on the small estate, to which I have referred, as the last possession left us. We had not been many days in our new abode, when my father imprudently exposed himself to a heavy shower of rain, and suffered, in consequence, from a violent attack of cold. This temporary malady was not dreaded by the medical attendant; but it was soon aggravated by a fever, produced as much by the anxiety and distress of mind from which he continued to suffer, as by any other cause. Still the doctor gave hope; but still he grew daily worse—so much worse, that I removed my bed into his room, and never quitted him night or day.

"One night I had fallen asleep, overpowered by fatigue and anxiety, when I was awakened by a cry from my father. I instantly trimmed the light, and ran to his side. He was sitting up in bed, with his eyes fixed on the door, which had been left ajar to ventilate the room. I saw nothing in that direction, and asked what was the matter. He murmured some expressions of affection toward me, and begged me to sit by his bedside till the morning; but gave no definite answer to my question. Once or twice I thought he wandered a little; and I observed that he occasionally moved his hand under the pillow, as if searching for something there. However, when the morning came, he appeared to be quite calm and self-possessed. The doctor arrived; and pronouncing him to be better, retired to the dressing-room to write a prescription. The moment his back was turned, my father laid his weak hand on my arm, and whispered faintly:—'Last night I saw the supernatural light again—the second prediction—true, true—my death this time—the same hour as Alfred's—nine—nine o'clock, this morning.' He paused a moment through weakness; then added:—'Take that sealed paper—under the pillow—when I am dead, read it—now go into the dressing-room—my watch is there—I have heard the church clock strike eight; let me see how long it is now till nine—go—go quickly!'

"Horror-stricken, moving and acting like a man in a trance, I silently obeyed him. The doctor was still in the dressing-room: despair made me catch eagerly at any chance of saving my father; I told his medical attendant what I had just heard, and entreated advice and assistance without delay.

"'He is a little delirious,' said the doctor—'don't be alarmed: we can cheat him out of his dangerous idea, and so perhaps save his life. Where is the watch?' (I produced it)—'See: it is ten minutes to nine. I will put back the hands one hour; that will give good time for a composing draught to operate. There! take him the watch, and let him see the false time with his own eyes. He will be comfortably asleep before the hour-hand gets round again to nine.'

"I went back with the watch to my father's bedside. 'Too slow,' he murmured, as he looked at the dial—'too slow by an hour—the church clock—I counted eight.'

"'Father! dear father! you are mistaken,' I cried. '*I* counted also: it was only seven.'

"'Only seven!' he echoed faintly, 'another hour then—another hour to live!' He evidently believed what I had said to him. In spite of the fatal experiences of the past, I now ventured to hope the best from our stratagem, as I resumed my place by his side.

"The doctor came in; but my father never noticed him. He kept his eyes fixed on the watch, which lay between us, on the coverlet. When the minute hand was within a few seconds of indicating the false hour of eight, he looked round at me, murmured very feebly and doubtingly, 'another hour to live!' and then gently closed his eyes. I looked at the watch, and saw that it was just eight o'clock, according to our alteration of the right time. At the same moment, I heard the doctor, whose hand had been on my father's pulse, exclaim, 'My God! it's stopped! He *has* died at nine o'clock!'

"The fatality, which no human stratagem or human science could turn aside, was accomplished! I was alone in the world!

"In the solitude of our little cottage, on the day of my father's burial, I opened the sealed letter, which he had told me to take from the pillow of his death-bed. In preparing to read it, I knew that I was preparing for the knowledge of my own doom; but I neither trembled nor wept. I was beyond all grief: despair, such as mine was then, is calm and self-possessed to the last.

"The letter ran thus:—'After your father and your brother have fallen under the fatality that pursues our house, it is right, my dear son, that you should be warned how *you* are included in the last of the predictions which still remains unaccomplished. Know, then, that the final lines read by our dear Alfred on the scroll, prophesied that *you* should die, as *we* have died, at the fatal hour of nine; but by a bloody and violent death, the day of which was not foretold. My beloved boy! you know not, you never will know, what I suffered in the possession of this terrible secret, as the truth of the former prophecies forced itself more and more plainly on my mind! Even now, as I write, I hope against all hope; believe vainly and desperately against all experience, that this last, worst doom may be

avoided. Be cautious; be patient; look well before you at each step of your career. The fatality by which you are threatened is terrible; but there is a Power above fatality; and before that Power my spirit and my child's spirit now pray for you. Remember this when your heart is heavy, and your path through life grows dark. Remember that the better world is still before you, the world where we shall all meet! Farewell!'

"When I first read those lines, I read them with the gloomy, immovable resignation of the Eastern fatalists; and that resignation never left me afterward. Here, in this prison, I feel it, calm as ever. I bowed patiently to my doom, when it was only predicted: I bow to it as patiently now, when it is on the eve of accomplishment. You have often wondered, my friend, at the tranquil, equable sadness of my manner: after what I have just told you, can you wonder any longer?

"But let me return for a moment to the past. Though I had no hope of escaping the fatality which had overtaken my father and my brother, my life, after my double bereavement, was the existence of all others which might seem most likely to evade the accomplishment of my predicted doom. Yourself and one other friend excepted, I saw no society; my walks were limited to the cottage garden and the neighboring fields, and my every-day, unvarying occupation was confined to that hard and resolute course of study, by which alone I could hope to prevent my mind from dwelling on what I had suffered in the past, or on what I might still be condemned to suffer in the future. Never was there a life more quiet and more uneventful than mine!

"You know how I awoke to an ambition, which irresistibly impelled me to change this mode of existence. News from Paris penetrated even to my obscure retreat, and disturbed my self-imposed tranquillity. I heard of the last errors and weaknesses of Louis the Sixteenth; I heard of the assembling of the States-General; and I knew that the French Revolution had begun. The tremendous emergencies of that epoch drew men of all characters from private to public pursuits, and made politics the necessity rather than the choice of every Frenchman's life. The great change preparing for the country acted universally on individuals, even to the humblest, and it acted on *me*.

"I was elected a deputy, more for the sake of the name I bore, than on account of any little influence which my acquirements and my character might have exercised in the neighborhood of my country abode. I removed to Paris, and took my seat in the Chamber, little thinking at that time, of the crime and the bloodshed to which our revolution, so moderate in its beginning, would lead; little thinking that I had taken the first, irretrievable step toward the bloody and the violent death which was lying in store for me.

"Need I go on? You know how warmly I joined the Girondin party; you know how we have been sacrificed; you know what the death is which I and my brethren are to suffer to-morrow. On now ending, I repeat what I said at the beginning:—Judge not of my narrative till you have seen with your own eyes what really takes place in the morning. I have carefully abstained from all comment, I have simply related events as they happened, forbearing to add my own views of their significance, my own ideas on the explanation of which they admit. You may believe us to have been a family of nervous visionaries, witnesses of certain remarkable contingencies; victims of curious, but not impossible chances, which we have fancifully and falsely interpreted into supernatural events. I leave you undisturbed in this conviction (if you really feel it;) to-morrow you will think differently; to-morrow you will be an altered man. In the meantime, remember what I now say, as you would remember my dying words:—Last night I saw the supernatural radiance which warned my father and my brother; and which warns *me*, that, whatever the time when the execution begins, whatever the order in which the twenty-one Girondins are chosen for death, I shall be the man who kneels under the guillotine, as the clock strikes nine!"

It was morning. Of the ghastly festivities of the night no sign remained. The prison-hall wore an altered look, as the twenty-one condemned men (followed by those who were ordered to witness their execution) were marched out to the carts appointed to take them from the dungeon to the scaffold.

The sky was cloudless, the sun warm and brilliant, as the Girondin leaders and their companions were drawn slowly through the streets to the place of execution. Duprat and Marigny were placed in separate vehicles: the contrast in their demeanor at that awful moment was strongly marked. The features of the doomed man still preserved their noble and melancholy repose; his glance was steady; his color never changed. The face of Marigny, on the contrary, displayed the strongest agitation; he was pale even to his lips. The terrible narrative he had heard, the anticipation of the final and appalling proof by which its truth was now to be tested, had robbed him, for the first time in his life, of all his self-possession. Duprat had predicted truly; the morrow had come, and he was an altered man already.

The carts drew up at the foot of the scaffold which was soon to be stained with the blood of twenty-one human beings. The condemned deputies mounted it; and ranged themselves at the end opposite the guillotine. The prisoners who were to behold the execution remained in their cart. Before Duprat ascended the steps, he took his friend's hand for the last time: "Farewell!" he said, calmly. "Farewell! I go to my father and my brother! Remember my words of last night."

With straining eyes, and bloodless cheeks, Marigny saw Duprat take his position in the middle row of his companions, who stood in three ranks of seven each. Then the awful spectacle of the execution began. After the first seven deputies had suffered

there was a pause; the horrible traces of the judicial massacre were being removed. When the execution proceeded, Duprat was the third taken from the middle rank of the condemned. As he came forward, and stood for an instant erect under the guillotine, he looked with a smile on his friend, and repeated in a clear voice the word, "*Remember!*"—then bowed himself on the block. The blood stood still at Marigny's heart, as he looked and listened, during the moment of silence that followed. That moment past, the church clock of Paris struck. He dropped down on the cart, and covered his face with his hands; for through the heavy beat of the hour he heard the fall of the fatal steel.

"Pray, sir, was it nine or ten that struck just now?" said one of Marigny's fellow prisoners to an officer of the guard, who stood near the cart.

The person addressed referred to his watch, and answered—"NINE O'CLOCK!"

VIRGINIA DARE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

[The first-born child of English parents in the Western World was the granddaughter of Governor White, who planted a short-lived colony at Roanoke, Virginia, in the year 1587.]

'T WAS lovely in the deep greenwood
Of old Virginia's glade,
Ere the sharp axe amid its boughs
A fearful chasm had made;
Long spikes of rich catalpa flowers
Hung pendent from the tree,
And the maqudia's ample cup
O'erflowed with fragrance free;

And through the shades the antlered deer
Like fairy visions flew,
And mighty vines from tree to tree
Their wealth of clusters threw,
While winged odors from the hills
Reviving welcome bore,
To greet the stranger bands that came
From Albion's distant shore.

Up rose their roofs in copse and dell,
Outpealed the laborer's horn,
And graceful through the broken mould
Peered forth their tasseled corn:
While from one rose-encircled bower,
Hid in the nested grove,
Came, blending with the robin's lay,
The lullaby of love.

There sang a mother to her babe—
A mother young and fair—
"No flower like thee adorns the vale,
O sweet Virginia Dare!
Thou art the lily of our love,
The forest's sylph-like queen,
The first-born bud from Saxon stem
That this New World hath seen;

"Thy father's axe in thicket rings,
To fell the kingly tree;
Thy grandsire sails o'er ocean-brine—
A gallant man is he!
And when once more, from England's realm,
He comes with bounty rare,
A thousand gifts to thee he 'll bring,
Mine own Virginia Dare!"

As sweet that mother's loving tones
Their warbled music shed,
As though in proud baronial hall,
O'er silken cradle-bed;
No more the pomps and gauds of life
Maintained their strong control,
For holy love's new gift had shed
Fresh greenness o'er her soul.

And when the husband from his toil
Returned at closing day,
How dear to him the lowly home
Where all his treasures lay.
"O, Ellinor! 't is naught to me,
The hardship or the storm,
While thus thy blessed smile I see,
And clasp our infant's form."

No secret sigh o'er pleasures lost
Convulsed their tranquil breast,
For where the pure affections dwell
The heart hath perfect rest.
So fled the Summer's balmy prime,
The Autumn's golden wing,
And Winter laid his hoary head
Upon the lap of Spring.

Yet oft, with wily, wary step,
The red-browed Indian crept
Close round his pale-faced neighbor's home,
And listened while they slept;
But fierce Wingina, lofty chief,
Aloof, their movements eyed,
Nor courteous bowed his plumed head,
Nor checked his haughty stride.

John White leaped from his vessel's prow,
He had braved the boisterous sea,
And boldly rode the mountain-wave—
A stalwort man was he.
John White leaped from his vessel's prow,
And joy was in his eye;
For his daughter's smile had lured him on
Amid the stormiest sky.

Where were the roofs that flecked the green?
The smoke-wreaths curling high?
He calls—he shouts—the cherished names,
But Echo makes reply.
"Where art thou, Ellinor! my child!
And sweet Virginia Dare!
O, silver cloud, that cleaves the blue
Like angel's wing—*say where!*

"Where is the glorious Saxon vine
We set so strong and fair?"
The stern gray rocks in mockery smiled,
And coldly answered "*where!*"
"Ho! flitting savage! stay thy step,
And tell—" but light as air
He vanished, and the falling stream
Responsive murmured—"*where!*"

So, o'er the ruined palisade,
The blackened threshold-stone,
The funeral of colonial hope,
That old man wept—alone!

And mournful rose his wild lament,
In accents of despair,
For the lost daughter of his love,
And young Virginia Dare.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Poetical Works of Fitz Greene Halleck. New Edition. Redfield: Clinton Hall, New York.

This is a new and very beautiful edition, the most beautiful that has ever been published, of one of the sweetest, most elaborately finished, most expressive and original poets of America. No one can read Halleck, without being at once impressed with the sense that he is a writer entirely *sui generis* and most peculiar; not merely imitating no one, but resembling no one, and—

"Si liceat magnis componere parva"—

Like the notorious Andrew Jackson Allen, himself alone.

Mr. Bryant we have never heard accused of imitation; yet it is notorious that his style, elaborate, didactic, stately, sometimes magniloquent, sometimes magnificent, always as brightly polished and always as cold as a Toledo rapier's blade, always arousing admiration, and at times awe, but rarely awakening sympathy, but never calling forth a tear, closely resembles that of many English poets, none of them his inferior, the most remarkable of whom are Thompson of the Seasons, and Young of the Night Thoughts; and Wordsworth; and although I acquit him wholly of any premeditated design to follow in any of their footsteps, I still hold it as an undoubted truth, that unless those three great didacticians had written before him, Bryant would not have written, at least as he has written. Not that I design or desire to underrate his talent, or detract from his well-earned laurels; for I admire him as a grand, calm, pure, and at times almost sublime, English writer; but that no passage ever caused me a thrill in the veins, a tear in the eye, or a flush on the cheek; and that his want of home human sympathies renders the report of his fame greater than the reality of his popularity.

Longfellow, again, principally I believe from mere base malignity on the part of his would-be critics, and vile envy of his superiority, has been falsely accused of plagiarism, and most unjustly charged with copying Keats, Shelley, and Tennyson, with the former two of whom he has nothing whatever in common, while he resembles the latter only in the perfect flow of his inimitable rythm, and the really artificial, but most seemingly inartificial, structure of his smooth versification; in all of which he as far excels his supposed model, as he does in expression, simplicity and force, not of diction only but of thought, and in the fire of his quick and vivid fancy.

Of Halleck, on the contrary, though he alone has successfully followed Byron in the half-lyric, half-comic vein of Don Juan and Fanny; even as Byron alone followed that of Whistlecraft—though in the fineness of his fancy, in the neat finish and epigrammatic turn of his antithetical verses, in his playful wit, and felicitous turns of natural pathos, he rivals if not equals Moore—it has never been said, never could be said, that he resembles, much less copies, either Moore or Byron, or any other poet of ancient times or modern.

The most observable characteristics of Halleck are the exquisite grace with which he glides from the purest and sweetest sentiments into the most delicate, yet most pungent wit; in the playfulness of his fancy; the truth of his humanity; and the epigrammatic terseness of his smaller compositions. Such as—

Green be the turf above thee
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise—

An elegy of which it can be truly said, as of how few persons through all time, that there is not one idea wanting, or one superfluous; not one word that could be altered without injuring the beauty and force of the ensemble.

The most frequently quoted of Mr. Halleck's poems, are "The Death of Bozzaris," and "Alnwick Castle," the latter perhaps the most generally popular of all his writings. But, in my judgment, the best, beyond all doubt, is "The Field of the Grounded Arms;" which, because it is entirely beyond the low sphere of New York poetical criticism, as being writ in unrhymed lyric lines, has been little praised or noticed, in proportion to its real merits, which are of the highest.

The same exquisite power and felicity in the fitness of wording, noticed above, of the lines "On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake," and the terseness of phraseology, in which Mr. Halleck clearly surpasses every contemporaneous poet, native or foreign, is here most conspicuous; as is the perfect harmony, which causes unrhymed metric lines, which some wiseacres would doubtless call rhythmic prose, to read melodious and sonorous as the most perfect rhymed lyrics. My limits will not allow me to quote this beautiful poem, breathing the true fire of honest and impartial patriotism and love of country; and, as it is already long before the public, and known to all judicious readers, I prefer to pass on to a long extract from an unpublished poem on "Connecticut," the poet's birth-place and heart's home, a portion of which is now for the first time suffered to see the light.

"Connecticut" is in our poet's favorite measure, the decasyllabic stanza of eight lines, and in his favorite vein, the serio-humorous style of "Fanny." I confess, for my own part, that I prefer the simple-serious to the semi-comic semi-sentimental strain; for a sweet fall of pathos melting into a dying close, and then abruptly terminated by a sarcasm or a sneer, rather strikes me with a jarring violence, like that arising from a musical discord, than charms me by the contrast it affords. Admiration, at the dexterity of the versifier, mingles too largely with vexation at the violence done to the harmony of beauty.

But of Mr. Halleck's genial and various genius no component part is more clearly marked than his hearty pantagruelism, which finds something humorous in the deepest of sentiments, which must have its shot at every folly as it flies, and which must vent its sarcasm at the weak point, even in what it most admires; and never, it must be said, was wit of the most pointed less ill-natured, humor more fairy-like and fanciful, or sarcasm more softly veiled in dewy flowers of immortal verse.

His biting satires on the grim old Puritans, quaint and cruel, godly and greedy, forgiving any thing to no men except their own pet sins to themselves, most clamorous

for tolerance to their own creed, most intolerant to that of all others, are most refreshing in this age of cant and fulsome section-adulation.

The following stanzas, in a bolder vein, following up his exposition of Mather's mendacity, are as sublime as they are bold and independent—

XVII.

No: a born Poet at his cradle fire
The Muses nursed him as their bud unblown,
And gave him, as his mind grew high and higher,
Their ducal strawberry leaf 's enwreathed renown.
Alas! that mightiest masters of the lyre,
Whose pens above an eagle's heart have grown,
In all the proud nobility of wing,
Should stoop'to dip their points in passion's poison spring.

XVIII.

For MILTON, weary of his youth's young wife,
To her, to king, to church, to law untrue,
Warred for divorce and discord to the knife,
And proudest wore his plume of darkest hue:
And DANTE, when his Florence, in her strife,
Robbed him of office and his temper, threw
'Mongst friends and foes a bomb-shell of fierce rhymes,
Shivering their names and fames to all succeeding times.

The two closing stanzas of this fragment are so perfectly, chastely and inimitably beautiful, that they induce a strong hope that Mr. Halleck's fastidious judgment—for it is neither indolence of habit, nor difficulty of composition, which keeps our poet for periods so long and tedious behind the curtain, but the severe taste and chariness of his muse, which causes him to reject as unworthy of his pen what most writers would rejoice to put forward as the cope-stone of their renown—will suffer him ere long to give us his "Connecticut" entire.

XXIV.

Beneath thy star, as one of the THIRTEEN,
Land of my lay! through many a battle's night,
Thy gallant men stepped, steady and serene,
To that war-music's stern and strong delight.
Where bayonets clenched above the trampled green,
Where sabres grappled in the ocean fight;
In siege, in storm, on deck or rampart, there
They hunted the wolf Danger to his lair,
And sought and won sweet peace, and wreaths for Honor's hair.

XXV.

And with thy smiles, sweet Peace, came woman's, bringing
The Eden sunshine of her welcome kiss,
And lover's flutes, and children's voices singing
The maiden's promised, matron's perfect bliss,
And heart and home-bells blending with their ringing
Thank-offerings borne to holier words than this,
And the proud queen of Glory's laurel leaves,
And gold, the gift to Peace, of Plenty's summer sheaves.

Honor and health to Halleck, and may he speak to us in the high-hearted, honest music of his soul oftener than heretofore; and let him rest assured he cannot speak to us too often or too long. VALETO.

Mysteries; or Glimpses of the Supernatural. By Charles Wyllys Elliott. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

The publication of this volume is timely. It goes over the whole field appropriated to oracles, astrology, dreams, demons, ghosts, spectres, and the like, with long chapters on the Salem Witchcraft, the Cock-lane Ghost, the Rochester Knockings and the Stratford Mysteries. The rules of evidence in relation to such marvels are also clearly stated. Mr. Elliott's style is somewhat affected, but his information gives evidence of research, and the circulation of his book may produce good. Every thing which will tend in the slightest degree to scare away the late importations of vulgar vagabonds from the "spiritual world," ironically so called, is worthy of patronage. We are not, of course, so audaciously incredulous as to doubt the reality of "the spirits," but we sincerely hope that the Maine Liquor Law, in its most stringent provisions, may be applied to them; for such a set of unfleshed drivelers and disembodied nuisances never before attempted to convey to mortal ears the gossip of ghost-land.

A curious story is related in Mr. Elliott's book, on the authority of Southey. We cannot forbear quoting it as an illustration of the way that John Bull experiences supernatural fear. "In 1702 Whiston predicted that the comet would appear on Wednesday, 14th October, at five minutes after five in the morning, and that the world would be destroyed by fire on the Friday following. His reputation was high, and the comet appeared. A number of persons got into boats and barges on the Thames, thinking the water the safest place. South Sea and India stock fell. A captain of a Dutch ship threw all his powder into the river, that the ship might not be endangered. At noon, after the comet had appeared, it is said that more than one hundred clergymen were ferried over to Lambeth, to request that proper prayers might be prepared, there being none in the church service. People believed that the day of judgment was at hand, and some acted on this belief as if some temporary evil was to be expected. On Thursday more than 7,000 kept mistresses were publicly married. There was a prodigious run kept on the bank: Sir Gilbert Heathcote, at that time head director, issued orders to all the fire offices in London, requiring them to keep a good look-out, and have a particular eye on the Bank of England." The run on the bank, and the orders of Sir Gilbert, in view of the world's being destroyed by fire, are touches of practical humor, which the most daring humorist would hardly have ventured to imagine.

The Works of Shakspeare: the Text Carefully Restored according to the First Editions; with Introductions, Notes Original and Selected, and a Life of the Poet. By the Rev. H. N. Hudson, A. M. Boston: James Munroe & Co. Vol. 5, 12mo.

The present volume of Mr. Hudson's beautiful edition of Shakspeare contains King Richard II., the first and second parts of Henry IV., and Henry V. The introductions, especially those to Henry IV., are probably the ablest of the editor's many able disquisitions. The analysis of Prince Henry, Hotspur, Glendower, and, above all, Falstaffe, are in Mr. Hudson's most matured style, both of thought and expression. They are positive additions to critical literature. No editor of Shakspeare, no critic of character, has ever approached the masterly dissection of Falstaffe given in this volume. The fat knight's great intellect has perfect justice done to it, while his humor is richly set forth. Mr. Hudson says very finely of him, that he has "all the intellectual qualities that enter into the composition of practical wisdom, without one of the moral." Of his sensuality, it is remarked: "The animal susceptibilities of our nature are in him carried up to their highest pitch, and his several appetites hug their respective objects with exquisite gust. Moreover, his speech borrows additional flavor and effect from the thick foldings of flesh which it oozes through; therefore he glories in his much flesh, and cherishes it as being the procreant cradle of jests; if he be fat, it enables his tongue to drop fatness; and in the chambers of his brain all the pleasurable agitations that pervade the structure below are curiously wrought into mental delectation. With how keen and inexhaustible a relish does he pour down sack, as if he tasted it all over and through his body to the ends of his fingers and toes! Yet who does not see that he has far more pleasure in discoursing about it than in drinking it? And so it is through all the particulars of his enormous sensuality. And he makes the same use of

his vices and infirmities; nay, he often exaggerates and caricatures those he has, and sometimes affects those he has not, that he may suck the same profit from them."

The Book of Snobs. By William M. Thackeray. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 *vol.* 18*mo.*

These biting and brilliant squibs were originally published in Punch. In their collected form they will take their place among the most characteristic of Thackeray's works. This volume, in short, contains the philosophy of Snobbism, as Vanity Fair and Pendennis contain its illustrations in life. But while these sketches are philosophical, the philosophy teaches by example. We have city snobs—military, clerical and literary snobs—party-giving, dinner-giving, dining-out snobs—whig snobs, tory snobs, radical snobs—snobs in the country and snobs on the continent—university snobs, club snobs, and regal snobs. The result is that the author, in snobbing the race, at last becomes almost a snob himself—as it was said of Mr. Brownson, that he was so much of a protestant that he protested himself out of protestantism. Thackeray's definition of a snob is "he who meanly admires mean things."

The "Snob Royal" is one of the best essays in the volume. "In a country," says Thackeray, "where snobs are in the majority, a prime one, surely, cannot be unfit to govern. With us they have succeeded to admiration. For instance, James I. was a snob, and a Scotch snob; than which the world contains no more offensive creature. He appears not to have had one of the good qualities of a man—neither courage, nor generosity, nor honesty, nor brains; but read what the great divines and doctors of England said about him! Charles II., his grandson, was a rogue, but not a snob; while Louis XIV., his old square-toes of a contemporary—the great worshiper of big-wiggery—has always struck me as a most undoubted and royal snob." In George the Fourth he also finds a regal snob. "With the same humility with which the footmen at the King's Arms gave way before the Plush Royal, the aristocracy of the English nation bent down and truckled before Georgius, and proclaimed him the first gentleman in Europe. And it 's a wonder to think what is the gentlefolks opinion of a gentleman when they gave Georgius such a title."

Outlines of English Literature. By Thomas B. Shaw, B. A. A new American edition, with a Sketch of American Literature. By Henry T. Tuckerman. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

This compact duodecimo volume is an admirable guide to English and American literature. Mr. Shaw's work has been extensively circulated in England and America, and well deserves its reputation. It is well-written, evinces a well-trained study of the great English writers, and abounds in information and judicious criticism. It clearly conveys to the reader, uninformed in literary history, accurate ideas of the sliding-scale of English reputations. Mr. Tuckerman's sketch of American literature occupies fifty closely-printed pages, and is a model of compactness of style and distinctness of judgment. From a few of his critical estimates we should feel inclined to dissent, and it would be strange, indeed, if any two persons could agree in opinion on the merits of the scores of authors coming within the scope of the editor's plan; but, as a whole, the judgments evince a genial and catholic taste, unbiassed by prejudice, and combining both the disposition and the power to decide justly. The critic's discrimination is exhibited equally in his criticisms on works of the understanding and works of the imagination. The style is remarkably condensed; every word tells; yet the sweet and fluent ease of Mr. Tuckerman's diction gives no evidence of purchasing brevity at any sacrifice of grace. The book deserves an extensive circulation as the best and most available introduction to English and American literature.

Pierre; or The Ambiguities. By Herman Melville. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

This work is generally considered a failure. The cause of its ill-success is certainly not to be sought in its lack of power. None of Melville's novels equals the present in force and subtlety of thinking and unity of purpose. Many of the scenes are wrought out with great splendor and vigor, and a capacity is evinced of holding with a firm grasp, and describing with a masterly distinctness, some of the most evanescent phenomena of morbid emotions. But the spirit pervading the whole book is intolerably unhealthy, and the most friendly reader is obliged at the end to protest against such a provoking perversion of talent and waste of power. The author has attempted seemingly to combine in it the peculiarities of Poe and Hawthorne, and has succeeded in producing nothing but a powerfully unpleasant caricature of morbid thought and passion. Pierre, we take it, is crazy, and the merit of the book is in clearly presenting the psychology of his madness; but the details of such a mental malady as that which afflicts Pierre are almost as disgusting as those of physical disease itself.

The Men of the Time, or Sketches of Living Notables. New York: Redfield. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

This is a thick duodecimo volume of some six hundred closely printed pages, devoted to clear and concise biographies of men whose names are now before the world. The number of notables is nearly nine hundred, and it contains almost every name of reputation in Europe or America. The labor of its compilation must have been great, as the editor has diligently explored the recondite as well as obvious sources of information. In most of the American biographies the information has been obtained at first hand. The collection comprises living authors, architects, artists, composers, demagogues, divines, dramatists, engineers, journalists, merchants, novelists, philanthropists, poets, politicians, savans, statesmen, travelers, voyagers and warriors. The biographies vary in length according to the importance of the subject, some of them being admirably and critically written, giving estimates of character as well as narratives of events. It is a book which should be in every house. The newspaper itself cannot be thoroughly understood without a reference to this volume.

Dombey and Son. By Charles Dickens. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 *vols.* 12*mo.*

This is a cheap, elegant, and finely illustrated edition of Dickens' celebrated novel, which we trust will be followed by an edition of his other works in the same form. "Dombey and Son," though defective in plot, and with some blunders in characterization, is still brimful of the author's genius, and contains many scenes and characters which cannot fade from the reader's memory. Dombey, Carker, Major Bagstock and Edith, are apt to be bores when they are not caricatures, but Florence, little Paul, Captain "Ed'ard Cuttle," Toots and Susan Nipper, are acquaintances which, once made, are a possession forever. As there is no complete American edition of Dickens' works in a convenient readable form, we trust that the Harper's will give us one modeled on the present volumes.

SIPS OF PUNCH.

MASTER TOM surprises the family by stating that he intends taking *his* ladies out on a fishing excursion.

"Please, Sir, did you want any body to *keep order* on these here Hustings on Polling Day?"

PITY THE SORROWS OF THE POOR POLICE.

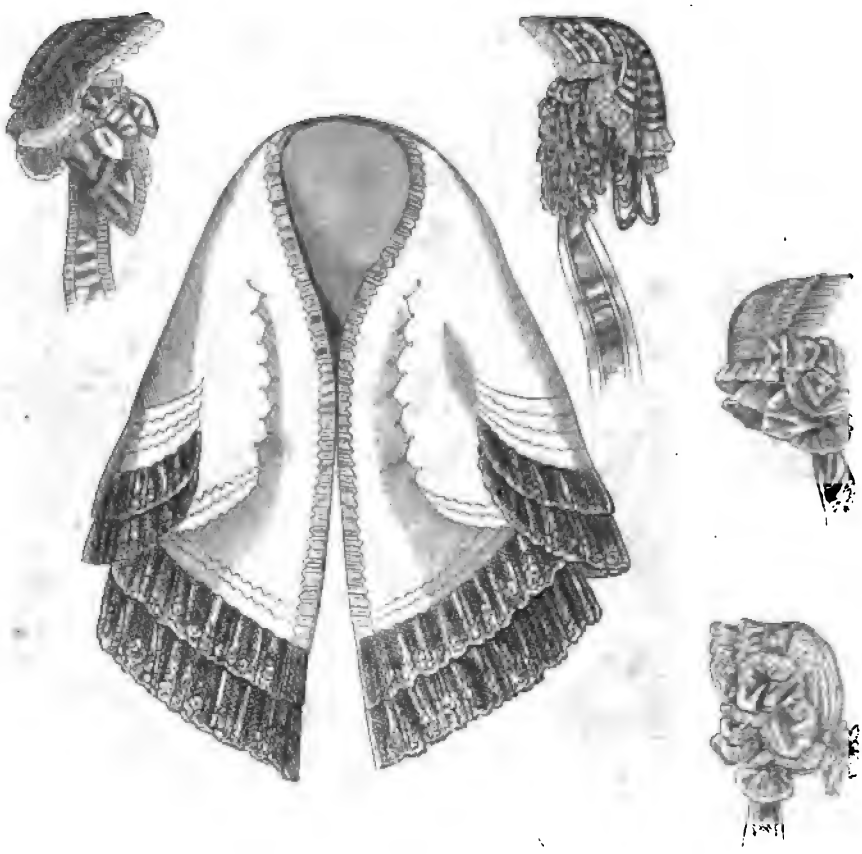
"Lor, Soosan! How 's a Feller to eat Meat such Weather as this. Now, a bit o' Pickled Salmon and Cowcumber, or a Lobster Salad *might* do."

FASHION PLATE.

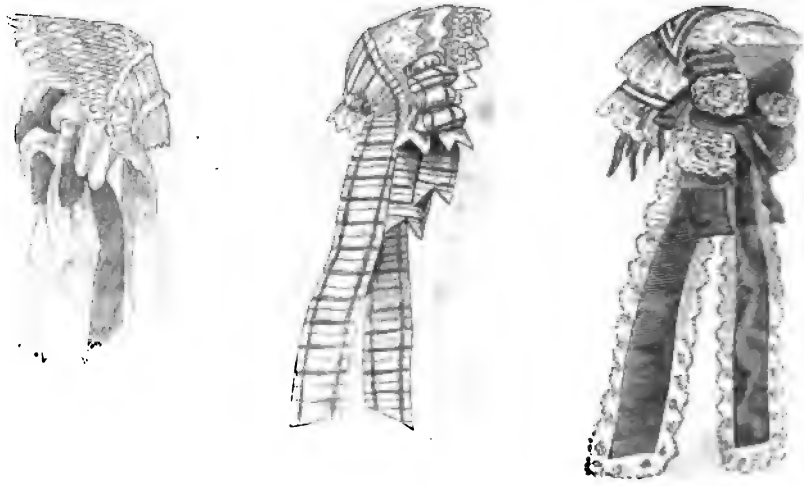
ILLUSTRATION.—A charming morning dress is thus formed: a dress of *barège*, of silk pattern, with three *volants* trimmed with a small quilling *à la vieille*, and open in front, displaying a lace trimmed neckerchief, (Mechlin lace,) while two small *volants* finish the sleeves; the last surmounted by a quilling similar to that of the body of the dress.

The morning pardessus is also worn with a dress of percale, likewise embroidered; *volant* and sleeves in English embroidery; the front is trimmed in the same manner; the body is ornamented with a double plait in the stuff, and above the *volant*, and which replaces the braiding, generally placed on pardessus of tissue. Lastly, are models of sleeves trimmed with lace, one with two open *volants;* the other closed at the wrist, and trimmed with a *manchette* of lace.

MANTILLE A LA DUCHESSE.



The edge of front is from 3 inches at the top to 34 at the bottom; the shoulder seam is from 3 to 13¼; the bottom of front is sloped from 34 to 10¼; the curved line from 10¼—5¾—5½—5 is then cut; the edges of the piece in which the armhole is cut are then vandyked—the straight lines forming the vandykes are 1¼ long; this piece is then brought over the other part of the front as far as the dotted line, which indicates the place where it should be sewn; the edges of the vandykes are finished by a narrow trimming, and there is a small button in each point; the bottom of front is trimmed with a double row of lace from 34 to 10¼, being the only part of the front which is trimmed with lace.



THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

The Dreams of Youth.

POETRY BY CHARLES MACKAY.

ACCOMPANIMENTS BY SIR H. R. BISHOP.

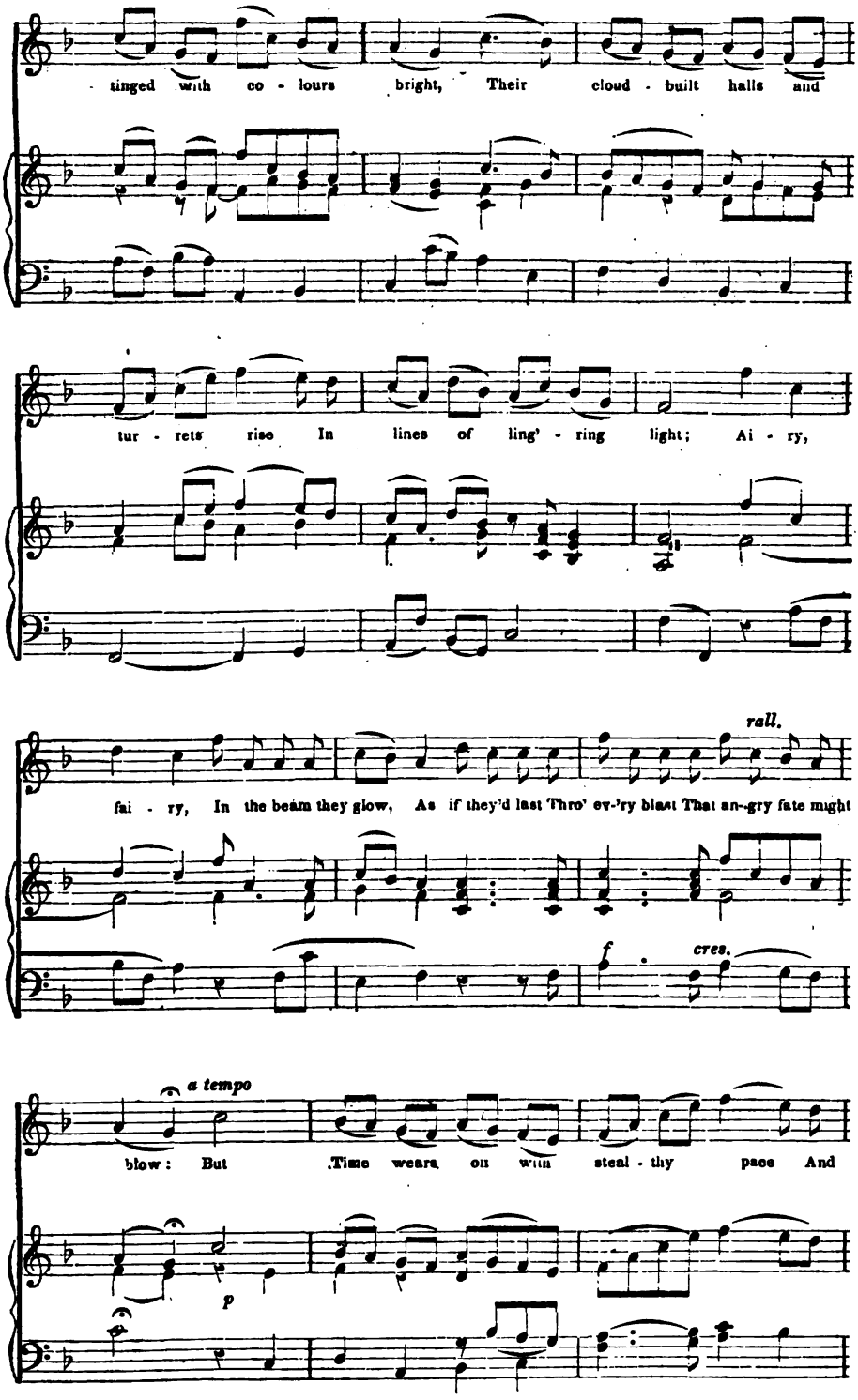
Moderately slow and tranquilly.

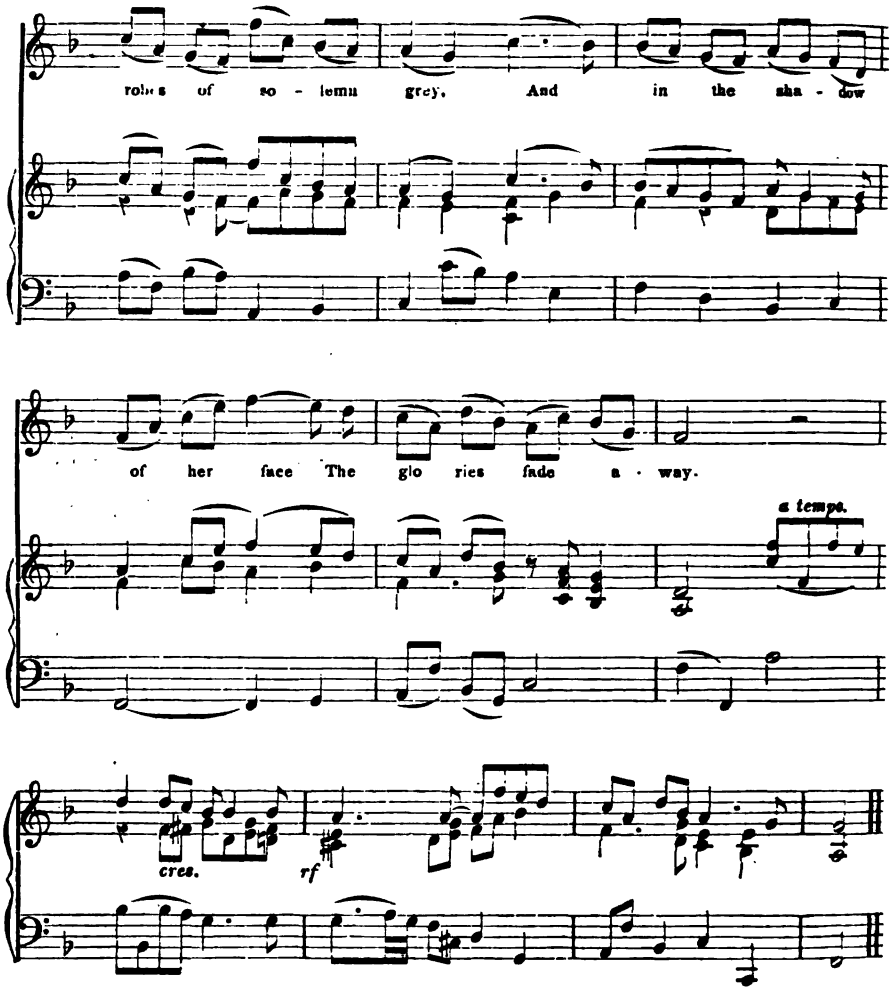
AIR "PRAY, GOODY, PLEASE TO MODERATE."

p e sosten. *cres.* *f* *rf*

Oh! youth's fond dreams, like eve - 'ning skies, Are

p e sosten.


tinged with co - lours bright, Their cloud - built halls and
tur - rets rise In lines of ling' - ring light; Ai - ry,
rall.
fai - ry, In the beam they glow, As if they'd last Thro' ev-'ry blast That an-gry fate might
f
cres.
a tempo
blow: But Time wears on with steal - thy pace And
p



But not in vain the splendours die,
For worlds before unseen
Rise on the forehead of the sky
Unchanging and serene.
Gleaming,—streaming,
Thro' the dark they shew
Their lustrous forms
Above the storms
That rend our earth below.
So pass the visions of our youth
In Time's advancing shade;
Yet ever more the stars of Truth
Shine brighter when they fade.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLI. PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1852. No. 5.

THOSE little curly-pated elves,
Blest in each other and themselves,
  Right pleasant 't is to see
Glancing like sunbeams in and out
The lowly porch, and round about
  The ancient household tree.

And pleasant t' is to greet the smile
Of her who rules this domicile
  With firm but gentle sway;
To hear her busy step and tone,
Which tell of household cares begun
  That end but with the day.

'T is pleasant, too, to stroll around
The tiny plot of garden ground,
  Where all in gleaming row
Sweet primroses, the spring's delight,
And double daisies, red and white,
  And yellow wall-flowers grow.

What if such homely view as this
Awaken not the high-wrought bliss
  Which loftier scenes impart?
To better feelings sure it leads,
If but to kindly thoughts and deeds
  It prompt the feeling heart.

RIVERS.

BY THOMAS MILNER, M. A.

RIVERS constitute an important part of the aqueous portion of the globe; with the great lines of water, with streams and rivulets, they form a numerous family, of which lakes, springs, or the meltings of ice and snow, upon the summits of high mountain chains, are the parents. The Shannon has its source in a lake; the Rhone in a glacier; and the Abyssinian branch of the Nile in a confluence of fountains. The country where some of the mightiest rivers of the globe have their rise has not yet been sufficiently explored to render their true source ascertainable. The origin of others is doubtful, owing to a number of rills presenting equal claims to be considered as the river-head; but many are clearly referable to a single spring, the current of which is speedily swelled by tributary waters, ultimately flowing in broad and deep channels to the sea. Inglis, who wandered on foot through many lands, had a fancy, which he generally indulged, to visit the sources of rivers, when the chances of his journey threw him in their vicinity. Such a pilgrimage will often repay the traveler, by the scenes of picturesque and secluded beauty into which it leads him; and even when the primal fount is insignificant in itself, and the surrounding landscape exhibits the tamest features, there is a reward in the associations that are instantly wakened up—the thought of a humble and modest commencement issuing in a long and victorious career—of the tiny rill, proceeding, by gradual advances, to become an ample stream, fertilizing by its exudations, and rolling on to meet the tides of the ocean, bearing the merchandise of cities upon its bosom. The Duddon, one of the most picturesque of the English rivers, oozes up through a bed of moss near the top of Wrynose Fell, a desolate solitude, yet remarkable for its huge masses of protruding crag, and the varied and vivid colors of the mosses watered by the stream. Petrarch's letters and verses have given celebrity to the source of the Sorques—the spring of Vaucleuse, which burts in an imposing manner out of a cavern, and forms at once a copious torrent. The Scamandar is one of the most remarkable rivers for the grandeur of its source—a yawning chasm in Mount Gargarus, shaded with enormous plane-trees, and surrounded with high cliffs, from which the river impetuously dashes in all the greatness of the divine origin assigned to it by ancient fable. To discover the source of the Nile, hid from the knowledge of all antiquity, was the object of Bruce's adventurous journey; and we can readily enter into his emotions, as he stood by the two fountains, after the toils and hazard he had braved. "It is easier to guess," he remarks, "than to describe the situation of my mind at that moment—standing in that spot which had baffled the genius, industry, and inquiry of both ancients and moderns, for the course of three thousand years. Kings had attempted this discovery at the head of armies; and each expedition was distinguished from the last, only by the difference of the numbers which had perished, and agreed alone in the disappointment which had uniformly, and without exception, followed them all. Fame, riches and honor, had been held out for a series of ages to every individual of those myriads these princes commanded, without having produced one man capable of gratifying the curiosity of his sovereign, or wiping off this stain upon the enterprise and abilities of mankind, or adding this desideratum for the encouragement of geography. Though a mere private Briton, I triumphed here, in my own mind, over kings and their armies; and every comparison was leading nearer and nearer to presumption, when the place itself where I stood—the object of my vainglory—suggested what depressed my short-lived triumphs. I was but a few minutes arrived at the sources of the Nile, through numberless dangers and sufferings, the least of which would have overwhelmed me, but for the continual goodness and protection of Providence: I was, however, but then half through my journey; and all those dangers, which I had already passed, awaited me again on my return. I found a despondency gaining ground fast upon me, and blasting the crown of laurels I had too rashly woven for myself." Bruce, however, labored under an error, in supposing the stream he had followed to be the main branch of the Nile. He had traced to its springs the smaller of the two great rivers which contribute to form this celebrated stream. The larger arm issues from a more remote part of Africa, and has not yet been ascended to its source.

Upon examining the map of a country, we see many of its rivers traveling in opposite directions, and emptying their waters into different seas, although their sources frequently lie in the immediate neighborhood of each other. The springs of the Missouri, which proceed south-east to the Gulf of Mexico, and those of the Columbia, which flow north-west to the Pacific Ocean, are only a mile a part, while those of some of the tributaries of the Amazon, flowing north, and the La Plata, flowing south, are closely contiguous. There is a part of Volhynia, of no considerable extent, which sends off its waters, north and south, to the Black and Baltic seas; while, from the field on which the battle of Naseby was fought, the Avon, Trent, and Nen receive affluents, which reach the ocean at opposite coasts of the island, through the Humber, the Wash, and the Bristol Channel. The field in question is an elevated piece of table-land in the centre of England. The district referred to, where rivers proceeding to the Baltic and the Euxine take their rise, is a plateau about a thousand feet above the level of the sea. The springs of the Missouri and the Columbia are in the Rocky Mountains; and it is generally the case, that those parts of a country from which large rivers flow in contrary directions, are the most elevated sites in their respective districts, consisting either of mountain-chains, plateaus, or high table-lands. There is one remarkable exception to this in European Russia, where the Volga rises in a plain only a few hundred feet above the level of the sea, and no hills separate its waters from those which run into the Baltic. The great majority of the first-class rivers commence from chains of mountains, because springs are there most abundant, perpetually fed by the melting of the snows and glaciers. They have almost invariably an easterly direction, the westward-bound streams being few in number, and of very subordinate rank. Of rivers flowing east, we have grand examples in the St. Lawrence, Orinoco, Amazon, Danube, Ganges, Amour, Yang-tse-Kiang, and Hoang Ho. The chief western streams are the Columbia, Tagus, Garonne, Loire and Neva, which are of far inferior rank to the former. The rivers running south, as the Mississippi, La Plata, Rhone, Volga and Indus, are more important, as well as those which proceed to the north, as the Rhine, Vistula, Nile, Irtish, Lena and Yenisei. The easterly direction of the great rivers of America is obviously due to the position of the Andes, which run north and south, on the western side of the continent, while the chain of mountains which traverses Europe and Asia, from west to east, cause the great number of rivers which flow north and south. In our own island, the chief course of the streams is to the east. This is the case with the Tay, Forth, Tweed, Tyne, Humber and Thames, the Clyde and Severn being the most remarkable exceptions to this direction. The whole extent of country from which a river receives it supply of water, by brooks and rivulets, is termed its basin, because a region generally bounded by a rim of high lands, beyond which the waters are drained off into another channel. The basin of a superior river includes those of all its tributary streams. It is sometimes the case, however, that the basins of rivers are not divided by any elevations, but pass into each other, a connection subsisting between their waters. This is the case with the hydrographical regions of the Amazon and Orinoco, the Cassiaquaire, a branch of the latter, joining the Rio Negro, an affluent of the former. The vague rumors that were at first afloat respecting this singular circumstance, were treated by most geographers with discredit, till Humboldt ascertained its reality, by proceeding from the Rio Negro to the Orinoco, along the natural canal of the Cassiaquaire.

Rivers have a thousand points of similarity, and of discordance. Some exhibit an unbroken sheet of water through their whole course, while others are diversified by numerous islands. This peculiarly characterizes the vast streams of the American continent, and contributes greatly to their scenical effect, of which our illustration gives us an example, selected from the beautiful Susquehanna, the largest Atlantic river of the United States. The St. Lawrence, soon after issuing from the Lake Ontario, presents the most remarkable instance to be found of islands occurring in a river channel. It is here called the Lake of the Thousand Islands. The vast number implied in this name was considered a vague exaggeration, till the commissioners employed in fixing the boundary with the United States actually counted them, and found that they amounted to 1692. They are of every imaginable size, shape, and appearance; some barely visible, others covering fifteen acres; but in general their broken outline presents the most picturesque combinations of wood and rock. The navigator in steering through them sees an ever-changing scene, which reminds an elegant writer of the Happy Islands in the Vision of Mirza. Sometimes he is inclosed in a narrow channel; then he discovers before him twelve openings, like so many noble rivers; and soon after a spacious lake seems to surround him on every side. River-islands are due to original surface inequalities, but many are formed by the arrest and gradual accretion of the alluvial matter brought down by the waters.

There is great diversity in the length of rivers, the force of their current, and the mass and complexion of their waters; but their peculiar character is obviously dependent upon that of the country in which they are situated. As it is the property of water to follow a descent, and the greatest descent that occurs in its way, the course of a river points out generally the direction in which the land declines, and the degree of the declination determines in part the velocity of its current, for the rapidity of the stream is influenced both by its volume of water and the declivity of its channel. Hence one river often pours its tide into another without causing any perceptible enlargement of its bed, the additional waters being disposed of by the creation of a more rapid current, for large masses of water travel with a swift and powerful impetus over nearly a level surface, upon which smaller rivers would have only a languid flow. In general, the fall of the great streams is much less than

The Susquehanna.

what would be supposed from a glance at their currents. The rapid Rhine has only a descent of four feet in a mile between Shaffhausen and Strasburg, and of two feet between the latter place and Schenckenschauts; and the mighty Amazon, whose collision with the tide of the Atlantic is of the most tremendous description, falls but four yards in the last 700 miles of its course, or one-fourth of an inch in 1½ mile. In one part of its channel the Seine descends one foot in a mile; the Loire, between Pouilly and Briare, one foot in 7,500, and between Briare and Orleans one foot in 13,596; the Ganges, only nine inches; and, for 400 miles from its termination, the Paraguay has but a descent of one thirty-third of an

The Rhine at Oberweisel.

inch in the whole distance. The fall of rivers is very unequally distributed; such, for instance, as the difference of the Rhine below Cologne and above Strasburg. The greatest fall is commonly experienced at their commencement, though there are some striking exceptions to this. The whole descent of the Shannon, from its source in Loch Allen to the sea, a distance of 234 miles, is 146 feet, which is seven inches and a fraction in a mile, but it falls 97 feet in a distance of 15 miles, between Killaloe and Limerick, and occupies the remaining 219 miles in descending 49 feet. When water has once received

an impulse by following a descent, the simple pressure of the particles upon each other is sufficient to keep it in motion long after its bed has lost all inclination. The chief effect of the absence of a declivity is a slower movement of the stream, and a more winding course, owing to the aqueous particles being more susceptible of divergence from their original direction by impediments in their path. Hence the tortuous character of the water-courses, chiefly arising from the streams meeting with levels after descending inclined planes, which so slackens their speed that they are easily diverted from a right-onward direction by natural obstacles, to which the force of their current is inferior. The Mæander was famed in classical antiquity for its mazy course, descending from the pastures of Phrygia, with many involutions, into the vine-clad province of the Carians, which it divided from Lydia near a plain properly called the Mæandrian, where the bed was winding in a remarkable degree. From the name of this river we have our word meandering, as applied to erratic streams.

This circumstance increases prodigiously the extent of their channels, and renders their navigation tedious, but the absence of that velocity of the current which would make it difficult is a compensation, while a larger portion of the earth enjoys the benefit of their waters. The sources of the Mississippi are only 1250 miles from its mouth, following a straight line, but 3200 miles, pursuing its real path; and the Forth is actually three times the length of a straight line drawn from its rise to its termination. The rivers which flow through flat alluvial plains frequently exhibit great sinuosities, their waters returning nearly to the same point after an extensive tour. The Moselle, after a curved course of seventeen miles, returns to within a few hundred yards of the same spot; and a steamer on the Mississippi, after a sail of twenty-five or thirty miles, is brought round again, almost within hail of the place where it was two or three hours before. In high floods, the waters frequently force a passage through the isthmuses which are thus formed, converting the peninsulas into islands, and forming a nearer route for the navigator to pursue By the "grand cut off" on the Mississippi, vessels now pass from one point to another in half a mile, in order to accomplish which they had formerly a distance of twenty miles to traverse.

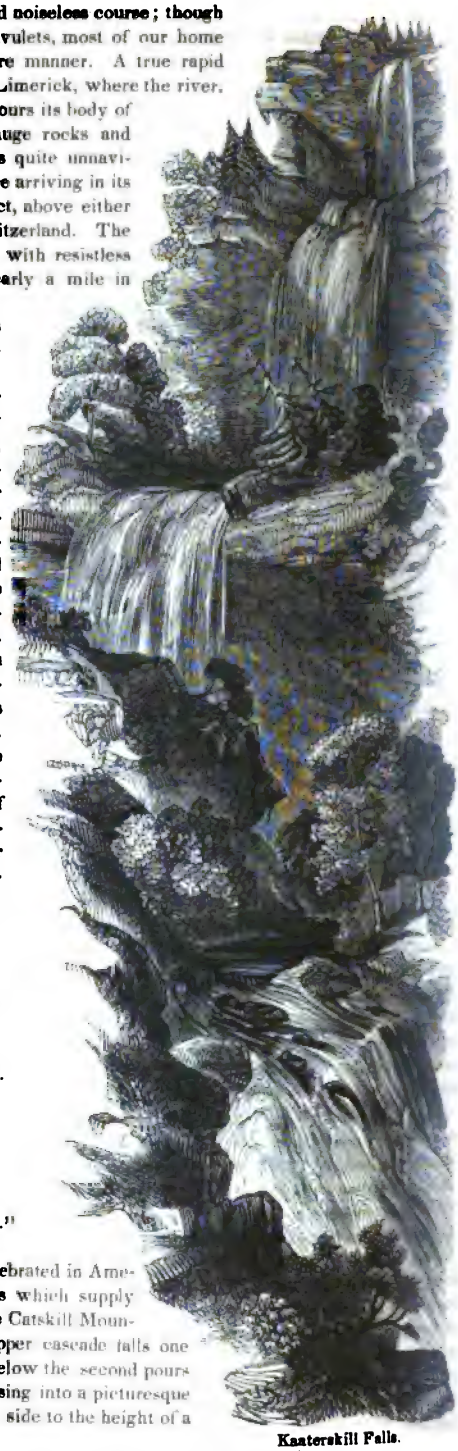
Rivers receive a peculiar impress from the geological character of the districts through which they flow. Those of primary or transition countries, where sudden declivities abound, are bold and rapid streams, with steep and high banks, and usually pure waters, owing to the surface not being readily abraded, generally emptying themselves by a single mouth which is deep and unobstructed. The streams of secondary and alluvial districts flow with slow but powerful current, between low and gradually descending banks, which, being composed of soft rocks or alluvial grounds, are easily worn away by the waters, and hence great changes are effected in their channels, and a peculiar color is given to their streams by the earthy particles with which they are charged. Many rivers have their names from this last circumstance. The Rio Negro, or Black River, which flows into the Amazon, is so called on account of the dark color of its waters, which are of an amber hue wherever it is shallow, and dark brown wherever the depth is great. The names of the two great streams which unite to form the Nile, the Bahr-el-Abiad, or White River, from the Mountains of the Moon, and the Bahr-el-Azrek, or Blue River, from Abyssinia, refer to the color which they receive from the quantity of earth with which they are impregnated. The united rivers, for some distance after their junction, preserve their colors distinct. This is the case likewise with the Rhine and the Moselle, the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa. The Upper Mississippi is a transparent stream, but assumes the color of the Missouri upon joining that river, the mud of which is as copious as the water can hold in suspension, and of a white soapy hue. The Ohio brings into it a flood of a greenish color. The bright and dark red waters of the Arkansas and Red River afterward diminish the whiteness derived from the Missouri, and the volume of the Lower Mississippi bears along a tribute of vegetable soil, collected from the most distant quarters, and of the most various kind—the marl of the Rocky and the clay of the Black Mountains—the earth of the Alleghanies—and the red-loam washed from the hills at the sources of the Arkansas and the Red River. Mr. Lyell states that water flowing at the rate of three inches per second will tear up fine clay; six inches per second, fine sand; twelve inches per second, fine gravel; and three feet per second, stones of the size of an egg. He remarks, likewise, that the rapidity at the bottom of a stream is everywhere less than in any part above it, and is greatest at the surface; and that in the middle of the stream the particles at the top move swifter than those at the sides. The ease with which running water bears along large quantities of sand, gravel, and pebbles, ceases to surprise when we consider that the specific gravity of rocks in water is much less than in air.

It is chiefly in primary and transition countries that the rivers exhibit those sudden descents, which pass under the general denomination of falls, and form either cataracts or rapids. They occur in secondary regions, but more rarely, and the descent is of a more gentle description. The falls are generally found in the passage of streams from the primitive to the other formations. Thus the line which divides the primitive and alluvial formations on the coast of the United States, is marked by the falls or rapids of its rivers, while none occur in the alluvial below. Cataracts are formed by the descent of a river over a precipice which is perpendicular, or nearly so, and depend, for their sublimity, upon the height of the fall, and the magnitude of the stream. Rapids are produced by the occurrence of a steeply-inclined plane, over which the flood rushes with great impetuosity, yet without being projected over a precipice. The great rivers of England—the Thames, Trent and Severn—exhibit no example of either

cataract or rapid, but pursue a generally even and noiseless course; though near their sources, while yet mere brooks and rivulets, most of our home streams present these features in a very miniature manner. A true rapid occurs in the course of the Shannon, just above Limerick, where the river, forty feet deep, and three hundred yards wide, pours its body of water through and above a congregation of huge rocks and stones, extending nearly half a mile, and becomes quite unnavigable. Inglis had never heard of this rapid before arriving in its neighborhood; but ranks it in grandeur and effect, above either the Welsh water-falls or the Geisbach in Switzerland. The river Adige, in the Tyrol, near Meran, rushes, with resistless force and deafening noise, down a descent nearly a mile in length, between quiet, green, pastoral banks, presenting one of the most magnificent spectacles to be met with in Europe. The celebrated cataracts of the Nile are, more properly speaking, rapids, as there is no considerable perpendicular fall of the river; but for a hundred miles at Wady Hafel, the second cataract reckoning upward, there is a succession of steep descents, and a multitude of rocky islands, among which the river dashes amid clouds of foam, and is tossed in perpetual eddies. It is along the course of the American rivers, however, that the most sublime and imposing rapids are found, rendered so by the great volumes of water contained in their channels. The more remarkable are those of the St. Lawrence, the chief of which, called the Coteau de Luc, the Cedars, the Split Rock, and the Cascades, occur in succession for about nine miles above Montreal and the junction of the Ottawa. At the rapid of St. Anne, on the latter river, the more devout of the Canadian *voyageurs* are accustomed to land, and implore the protection of the patron saint on their perilous expeditions, before a large cross at the village that bears her name. The words of a popular song have familiarized English ears with this habit of the hardy boatmen:—

"Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

"Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past."



Kaaterskill Falls.

The Kaaterskill Falls here represented are celebrated in America for their picturesque beauty. The waters which supply these cascades flow from two small lakes in the Catskill Mountains, on the west bank of the Hudson. The upper cascade falls one hundred and seventy-five feet, and a few rods below the second pours its waters over a precipice eighty feet high, passing into a picturesque ravine, the banks of which rise abruptly on each side to the height of a thousand to fifteen hundred feet.

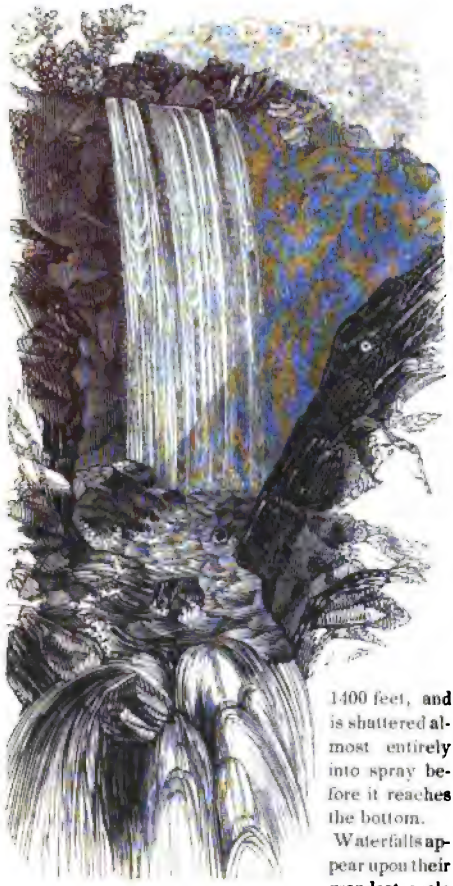
In the grandeur of their cataracts, also, the American rivers far surpass those of other countries, though several falls on the ancient continent have a greater perpendicular height, and are magnificent

objects. In Sweden, the Gotha falls about 130 feet at Trolhetta, the greatest fall in Europe of the same body of water. The river is the only outlet of a lake, a hundred miles in length and fifty in breadth,

Falls of Trolhetta.

which receives no fewer than twenty-four rivers; the water glides smoothly on, increasing in rapidity, but quite unruffled, until it reaches the verge of the precipice; it then darts over it in one broad sheet, which is broken by some jutting rocks, after a descent of about forty feet. Here begins a spectacle of great grandeur. The moving mass is tossed from rock to rock, now heaving itself up in yellow foam, now boiling and tossing in huge eddies, growing whiter and whiter in its descent, till completely fretted into one beautiful sea of snowy froth, the spray, rising in dense clouds, hides the abyss into which the torrent dashes; but when momentarily cleared away by the wind, a dreadful gulf is revealed, which the eye cannot fathom. Upon the arrival of a visitor at Trolhetta, a log of wood is sent down the fall, by persons who expect a trifle for the exhibition. It displays the resistless power of the element. The log, which is of gigantic dimensions, is tossed like a feather upon the surface of the water, and is borne to the foot almost in an instant. In Scotland, the falls of its rivers are seldom of great size; but the rocky beds over which they roar and dash in foam and spray—the dark, precipitous glens into which they rush—and the frequent wildness of the whole scenery around, are compensating features. The most remarkable instances are the Upper and Lower Falls of Foyers, near Loch Ness. At the upper fall, the river precipitates itself, at three leaps, down as many precipices, whose united depth is about 200 feet; but, at the lower, it makes a descent at once of 212 feet, and, after heavy rains, exhibits a grand appearance. The fall of the Rhine at Schaffhausen is only 70 feet; but the great mass of its waters, 450 feet in breadth, gives it an imposing character. The Teverone, near Tivoli, a comparatively small stream, is precipitated nearly 100 feet; and the Velino, near Terni, falls 300, which is generally considered the finest of the European cataracts. This "hell of waters," as Byron calls it, is of artificial construction. A channel was dug by the Consul Carius Dentatus in the year 274 B. C., to convey the waters to the precipice, but having become filled up by a deposition of calcareous matter, it was widened and deepened by order of Pope Paul IV. "I saw," says Byron, "the Cascata del Marmore of Terni twice at different periods; once from the summit of the precipice, and again from the valley below. The lower view is far to be preferred, if the traveler has time for one only; but in any point of view, either from above or below, it is worth all the cascades and torrents of Switzerland put together."

In the Alpine highlands, the Evanson descends upward of 1200 feet, and the Orco forms a vertical cataract of 2400; but in these instances the quantity of water is small, and the chief interest is produced by the height from which it falls. At Staubbach, in the Swiss Canton of Berne, a small stream descends



Falls of Terni.

1400 feet, and is shattered almost entirely into spray before it reaches the bottom.

Waterfalls appear upon their grandest scale in the American continent. They are not remarkable for the height of the precipices over which they descend, or for the picturesque forms of the rocky cliffs amid which they are precipitated, like the Alpine cataracts; but while these are usually the fall of streamlets merely, those of the western world are the rush of mighty rivers. The majority are in the northern part of the continent, but the greatest vertical descent of a considerable body of water is in the southern, at the Falls of Tequendama, where the river of Funza disembogues from the elevated plain or valley of Santa Fe de Bogota. This valley is at a greater height above the level of the sea than the summit of the great St. Bernard, and is surrounded by lofty mountains. It appears to have been formerly the bed of an extensive lake, whose waters were drained off when the narrow passage was forced through which the Funza river now descends from the elevated inclosed valley toward the bed of the Rio Magdalena. Respecting this physical occurrence Gonzalo Ximenes de Quesada, the conqueror of the country, found the following tradition disseminated among the people, which probably contains a stratum of truth invested with a fabulous legend. In remote times the inhabitants of Bogota were barbarians, living without religion, laws, or arts. An old man on a certain occasion suddenly appeared among them of a race unlike that of the natives, and having a long, bushy beard. He instructed them in the arts, but he brought with him a malignant, although beautiful woman, who thwarted all his benevolent enterprises. By her magical power she swelled the current of the Funza, and inundated the valley, so that most of the inhabitants perished, a few only having found refuge in the neighboring mountains. The aged visitor then drove his consort from the earth, and she became the moon. He next broke the rocks that inclosed the valley on the Tequendama side, and by this means drained off the waters. Then he introduced the worship of the sun, appointed two chiefs, and finally withdrew to a valley, where he lived in the exercise of the most austere penitence during 2000 years. The Tequendama cataract is remarkably picturesque. The river a little above it is 144 feet in breath, but at the crevice it is much narrower. The height of the fall is 574 feet, and the column of vapor that rises from it is visible from Santa Fe at the distance of 17 miles. At the foot of the precipice the vegetation has a totally different appearance from that at the summit, and the traveler, following the course of the river, passes from a plain in which the cereal plants of Europe are cultivated, and which abounds with oaks, elms, and other trees resembling those of the temperate regions of the northern hemisphere, and enters a country covered with palms, bananas, and sugar-canes.

In Northern America, however, we find the greatest of all cataracts, that of the Niagara, the sublimest object on earth, according to the general opinion of all travelers. More varied magnificence is displayed by the ocean, and giant masses of the Andes and Himalaya; but no single spectacle is so striking and wonderful as the descent of this sea-like flood, the overplus of four extensive lakes. The river is about thirty-three miles in length, extending from lake Erie to lake Ontario, and three-quarters of a mile wide at the fall. There is nothing in the neighboring country to indicate the vicinity of the astonishing phenomenon here exhibited. Leaving out lake Erie, the traveler passes over a level though somewhat elevated plain, through which the river flows tranquilly, bordered by fertile and beautiful banks; but soon a deep, awful sound, gradually growing louder, breaks upon the ear—the roar of the distant cataract. Yet the eye discerns no sign of the spectacle about to be disclosed until a mile from it, when the water begins to ripple, and is broken into a series of dashing and foaming rapids. After passing these, the river becomes more tranquil, though rolling onward with tremendous force, till it reaches the brink of the great precipice. The fall itself is divided into two unequal portions by the intervention of Goat Island, a façade near 1000 feet in breadth. The one on the British side of the river, called the Horse-Shoe fall, from its shape, according to the most careful estimate, is 2100 feet broad, and 149 feet 9

inches high. The other or American fall is 1140 feet broad, and 164 feet high. The former is far superior to the latter in grandeur. The great body of the water passes over the precipice with such force, that it forms a curved sheet which strikes the stream below at the distance of 50 feet from the base, and some travelers have ventured between the descending flood and the rock itself. Hannequin asserts that four coaches might be driven abreast through this awful chasm. The quantity of water rolling over these falls has been estimated at 670,250 tons per minute. It is impossible to appreciate the scene created by this immense torrent, apart from its site.

"The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God poured thee from his hollow hand,
And hung his bow upon thine awful front;
And spoke in that loud voice which seemed to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
The sound of many waters; and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch his centuries in the eternal rocks.
Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
That hear the question of that voice sublime?
Oh! what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side?
Yea, what is all the riot man can make,
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar?
And yet, Bold Babbler! what art thou to Him,
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave,
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might."

It has been remarked that at Niagara, several objects composing the chief beauty of other celebrated water-falls are altogether wanting. There are no cliffs reaching to an extraordinary height, crowned with trees, or broken into picturesque and varied forms; for, though one of the banks is wooded, the forest scenery on the whole is not imposing. The accompaniments, in short, rank here as nothing. There is merely the display, on a scale elsewhere unrivaled, of the phenomena appropriate to this class of objects. There is the spectacle of a falling sea, the eye filled almost to its utmost reach by the rushing of mighty waters. There is the awful plunge into the abyss beneath, and the reverberation thence in endless lines of foam, and in numberless whirlpools and eddies; there are clouds of spray that fill the whole atmosphere, amid which the most brilliant rainbows, in rapid succession, glitter and disappear; above all, there is the stupendous sound, of the peculiar character of which all writers, with their utmost efforts, seem to have vainly attempted to convey an idea. Bouchette describes it as "grand, commanding and majestic, filling the vault of heaven when heard in its fullness"—as "a deep, round roar, and alternation of muffled and open sounds, to which there is nothing exactly corresponding." Captain Hall compares it to the ceaseless, rumbling, deep-monotonous sound of a vast mill, which, though not very practical, is generally considered as approaching near to the reality. Dr. Reed states, "it is not like the sea; nor like the thunder; nor like any thing I have heard. There is no roar, no rattle; nothing sharp or angry in its tones; it is deep, awful—One." The diffusion of the noise varies according to the state of the atmosphere and the direction of the wind, but it may be heard under favorable circumstances through a distance of forty-six miles: at Toronto, across Lake Ontario. To the geologist the Niagara falls have interest, on account of the movement which it is supposed has taken place in their position. The force of the waters appears to be wearing away the rock over which they rush, and gradually shifting the cataract higher up the river. It is conceived that by this process it has already receded in the course of ages through a distance of more than seven miles, from a point between Queenstown and Lewiston, to which the high level of the country continues. The rate of procession is fixed, according to an estimate, mentioned by Mr. M'Gregor, at eighteen feet during the thirty years previous to 1810; but he adds another more recent, which raises it to one hundred and fifty feet in fifty years.

The following account of a visit to the Falls of Niagara has been communicated to us by Mr. N. Gould. It forms a part of his unpublished *Notes on America and Canada.*

"My attention had been kept alive, and I was all awake to the sound of the cataract; but, though within a few miles, I heard nothing. A cloud hanging nearly steady over the forest, was pointed out to me as the 'spray cloud;' at length we drove up to Forsyth's hotel, and the mighty Niagara was full in view. My first impression was that of disappointment—a sour sort of deep disappointment, causing, for a few minutes, a kind of vacuity; but, while I mused, I began to take in the grandeur of the scene. This impression is not unusual on viewing objects beyond the ready catch of the senses; Stonehenge and St. Paul's cathedral seldom excite much surprise at first sight; the enormous Pyramids, I have heard travelers say, strike with awe and silence on the near approach, but require time to appreciate. The fact is, that the first view of Niagara is a bad one; and the eye, in this situation, can comprehend but a *small* part of the wonderful scene. You look *down* upon the cataract instead of *up* to it; the confined channel, and the depth of it, prevent the astounding roar which was anticipated; and, at the same time, the eye wanders midway between the water and the cloud formed by the spray, which it sees not. After a quarter of an hour's gaze, I felt a kind of fascination—a desire to find myself gliding into eternity in the centre of the Grand Fall, over which the bright green water appears to glide, like oil, without the least commotion. I approached nearly to the edge of the 'Table Rock," and looked into the abyss. A lady from Devonshire had just retired from the spot; I was informed she had approached its very edge, and sat with her feet over the edge—an awful and dangerous proceeding. Having viewed the spot, and made myself acquainted with some of its localities, I returned to the hotel (Forsyth's) which, as well as its neighboring rival, is admirably situated for the view; from my chamber-window I looked directly upon it, and the first night I could find but little sleep from the noise. Every view I took increased my admiration; and I began to think that the other Falls I had seen were, in comparison, like runs from kettle-spouts on hot plates.

I remained in this interesting neighborhood five days, and saw the Fall in almost every point of view. From its extent, and the angular line it forms, the eye cannot embrace it all at once; and, probably, from this cause it is that no drawing has ever yet done justice to it. The grandest view, in my opinion, is at the bottom, and close to it, on the British side, where it is awful to look up through the spray at the immense body as it comes pouring over, deafening you with its roar; the lighter spray, at a considerable distance, hangs poised in the air like an eternal cloud. The next best view is on the American side, to reach which you cross in a crazy ferry-boat: the passage is safe enough, but the current is strongly agitated. Its depth, as near to the falls as can be approached, is from 180 to 200 feet. The water, as it passes over the rock, where it is not whipped into foam, is a most beautiful sea-green, and it is the same at the bottom of the Falls. The foam, which floats away in large bodies, feels and looks like salt water after a storm: it has a strong fishy smell. The river, at the ferry, is 1170 feet wide. There is a great quantity of fish, particularly sturgeon and bass, as well as eels; the latter creep up against the rock under the Falls, as if desirous of finding some mode of surmounting the heights. Some of the visitors go *under* the Falls, an undertaking more curious than pleasant. Three times did I go down to the house, and once paid for my guide and *bathing* dress, when something occurred to prevent me. The lady before alluded to performed the ceremony, and it is recorded, with her name, in the book, that she went to the farthest extent that the guides can or will proceed. It is described as like being under a heavy shower-bath, with a tremendous whirlwind driving your breath from you, and causing a peculiarly unpleasant sensation at the chest; the footing over the *débris* being slippery, the darkness barely visible, and the roar almost deafening. In the passage you kick against eels, many of them unwilling to move, even when touched: they appear to be endeavoring to work their way up the stream."

Supposing the cataract to be receding at the rate of fifty yards in forty years, as it is stated by Captain Hall, the ravine which extends from thence to Queenstown, a distance of seven miles, will have required nearly ten thousand years for its excavation; and, at the same rate, it will require upward of thirty-five thousand years for the falls to recede to Lake Erie, a distance of twenty-five miles. The draining of the lake, which is not more than ten or twelve fathoms in average depth, must then take place, causing a tremendous deluge by the sudden escape of its waters. In addition to the gradual erosion of the limestone, which forms the bed of the Niagara at and above the falls, huge masses of the rock are occasionally detached by the undermining of the soft shale upon which it rests. This effect is produced by the action of the spray powerfully thrown back upon the stratum of shale; and hence has arisen the great hollow between the descending flood and the precipice. An immense fragment fell on the 28th of December, 1828, with a crash that shook the glass vessels in the adjoining inn, and was felt at the distance of two miles from the spot. By this disintegration, the angular or horse-shoe form of the great fall was lessened, and its grandeur heightened by the line of the torrent becoming more horizontal. A similar dislocation had occurred in the year 1818; and the aspect of the precipice is always so threatening, owing to the wearing away of the lower stratum, as to render it an affair of some real hazard to venture between the falling waters and the rock. Miss Martineau undertook the enterprise, clad in the oil-skin costume used for the expedition, and thus remarks concerning it:—"A hurricane blows up from the cauldron; a deluge drives at you from all parts; and the noise of both wind and waters, reverberated from the cavern, is inconceivable. Our path was sometimes a wet ledge of rock just broad enough to allow one person at a time to creep along: in other places we walked over heaps of fragments, both slippery and unstable. If all had been dry and quiet, I might probably have thought this path above the boiling basin dangerous, and have trembled to pass it; but, amidst the hubbub of gusts and floods, it appeared so firm a footing, that I had no fear of slipping into the cauldron. From the moment that I perceived we were actually behind the cataract, and not in a mere cloud of spray, the enjoyment was intense. I not only saw the watery curtain before me like tempest-driven snow, but, by momentary glances, could see the crystal roof of this most wonderful of Nature's palaces. The precise point where the flood quitted the rock was marked by a gush of silvery light, which of course was brighter where the waters were shooting forward, than below, where they fell perpendicularly." There have been several hair-breadth escapes, and not a few fatal accidents, at Niagara, the relation of which is highly illustrative of Indian magnanimity. Tradition preserves the memory of the warrior of the red race, who got entangled in the rapids above the falls, and, seeing his fate inevitable, calmly resigned himself to it, and sat singing in his canoe till buried by the torrent in the abyss to which it plunges. The celebrated Chateaubriand narrowly escaped a similar fate. On his arrival he had repaired to the fall, having the bridle of his horse twisted round his arm. While he was stopping to look down, a rattle-snake stirred among the neighboring bushes. The horse was startled, reared, and ran back toward the abyss. He could not disengage his arm from the bridle; and the horse, more and more frightened, dragged him after him. His fore-legs were all but off the ground; and, squatting on the brink of the precipice, he was upheld merely by the bridle. He gave himself up for lost; when the animal, astonished at this new danger, threw itself forward with a pirouette, and sprang to the distance of ten feet from the edge of the abyss.

The erosive action of running water, which is urging the Niagara Falls toward Lake Erie, is strikingly exhibited by several rivers which penetrate through rocks and beds of compact strata, and have either scooped out their own passage entirely, or

widened and deepened original tracks and fissures in the surface, into enormous wall-sided valleys. The current of the Simeto—the largest Sicilian river round the base of Etna—was crossed by a great stream of lava about two centuries and a half ago; but, since that era, the river has completely triumphed over the barrier of homogeneous hard blue rock that intruded into its channel, and cut a passage through it from fifty to a hundred feet broad, and from forty to fifty deep. The formation of the magnificent rock-bridge which overhangs the course of the Cedar creek, one of the natural wonders of Virginia, is very probably due in part to the solvent and abrading power of the stream. This sublime curiosity is 213 feet above the river, 60 feet wide, 90 long, and the thickness of the mass at the summit of the arch is about 40 feet. The bridge has a coating of earth, which gives growth to several large trees. To look down from its edge into the chasm inspires a feeling answering to the words of Shakspeare:

Natural Bridge, Virginia.

"Come on, sir; here 's the place:—stand still. How fearful
And dizzy 't is, to cast one's eyes so low!"

Few have resolution enough to walk to the parapet, in order to peep over it. But if the view from the top is painful and intolerable, that from below is pleasing in an equal degree. The beauty, elevation, and lightness of the arch, springing as it were up to heaven, present a striking instance of the graceful in combination with the sublime. This great arch of rock gives the name of Rockbridge to the county in which it is situated, and affords a public and commodious passage over a valley which cannot be crossed elsewhere for a considerable distance. Under the arch, thirty feet from the water, the lower part of the letters G. W. may be seen, carved in the rock. They are the initials of Washington, who, when a youth, climbed up hither, and left this record of his adventure. We have several examples of the disappearance of rivers, and their emergence after pursuing for some distance a subterranean course. In these cases a barrier of solid rock, overlaying a softer stratum has occurred in their path; and the latter has been gradually worn away by the waters, and a passage been constructed through it. Thus the Tigris, about twenty miles from its source, meets with a mountainous ridge at Diglou, and, running under it, flows out at the opposite side. The Rhone, also, soon after coming within the French frontier, passes under ground for about a quarter of a mile. Milton, in one of his juvenile poems, speaks of the

"Sullen Mole, that runneth underneath;"

and Pope calls it, after him, the

"Sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood."

The Hamps and the Manifold, likewise—two small streams in Derbyshire—flow in separate subterraneous channels for several miles, and emerge within fifteen yards of each other in the grounds of Ilam Hall. That these are really the streams which are swallowed up at points several miles distant has been frequently proved, by watching the exit of various light bodies that have been absorbed at the swallows. At their emergence, the waters of the two rivers differ in temperature about two degrees—an obvious proof that they do not anywhere intermingle. On the side of the hill, which is overshadowed with spreading trees, just above the spot where the streams break forth into daylight, there is a rude grotto, scooped out of the rock, in which Congreve is said to have written his comedy of the "Old Bachelor," and a part of his "Mourning Bride." In Spain, a similar phenomenon is exhibited by the Guadiana; but it occurs under different circumstances. It disappears for about seven leagues—an effect of the absorbing power of the soil—the intervening space consisting of sandy and marshy grounds, across which the road to Andalusia passes by a long bridge or causeway. The river reappears with greater power, after its dispersion, at the Ojos de Guadiana—the Eyes of the stream. [*To be continued.*

REMEMBERED ONES.

BY J. HUNT, JR.

Not those who 've trod the martial field,
And led to arms a battling host,
And at whose name "the world grew pale,"
Will be in time remembered most:

But they who 've walked the "paths of peace,"
And gave their aid to deeds t 'were just,
Shall live for aye, on Mem'ry's page,
When heroes sleep in unknown dust.

THE GAME OF THE MONTH.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "FRANK FORESTER'S FIELD SPORTS," "FISH AND FISHING," ETC

THE BITTERN. AMERICAN BITTERN. *Ardea Minor sive Lentiginos*

THE INDIAN HEN. THE QUAWK. THE DUNKADOO.

THIS, though a very common and extremely beautiful bird, with an exceedingly extensive geographic range, is the object of a very general and perfectly inexplicable prejudice and dislike, common, it would seem, to all classes. The gunner never spares it, although it is perfectly inoffensive; and although the absurd prejudice, to which I have alluded, causes him to cast it aside, when killed, as uneatable carrion; its flesh being in reality very delicate and juicy, and still held in high repute in Europe; while here one is regarded very much in the light of a cannibal, as I have myself experienced, for venturing to eat it. The farmer and the boatman stigmatize it by a filthy and indecent name. The cook turns up her nose at it, and throws it to the cat; for the dog, wiser than his master, declines it—not as unfit to eat, but as *game*, and therefore meat for his masters.

Now the Bittern would not probably be much aggrieved at being voted carrion, provided his imputed carrion-*dom*, as Willis would probably designate the condition, procured him immunity from the gun.

But to be shot first and thrown away afterward, would seem to be the very excess of that condition described by the common phrase of adding injury to insult.

Under this state of mingled persecution and degradation, it must be the Bittern's best consolation that in the days of old, when the wine of Auxerre, now

the common drink of republican Yankeedom, which annually consumes of it, or in lieu of it, more than grows of it annually in all France, was voted by common consent the drink of kings—he, with his congener and compatriot the Heronschaw, was carved by knightly hands, upon the noble deas under the royal canopy, for gentle dames and peerless damoiselles; nay, was held in such repute, that it was the wont of prowest chevaliers, when devoting themselves to feats of emprise most perilous, to swear "before God, the bittern, and the ladies!" an honor to which no quadruped, and but two plumy bipeds, other than himself, the heron and the peacock, were admitted.

Those were the days, before gunpowder, "grave of chivalry," was taught to Doctor Faustus by the Devil, who did himself no good by the indoctrination, but exactly the reverse, since war is thereby rendered less bloody, and much more uncruel—the days when no booming duck-gun keeled him over with certain and inglorious death, as he flapped up with his broad vans beating the cool autumnal air, and his long, greenish-yellow legs pendulous behind him, from out of the dark sheltering water-flags by the side of the brimful river, or the dark woodland tarn; but when the cheery yelp of a cry of feathery-legged spaniels aroused him from his arundinaceous, which is interpreted by moderns reedy, lair; when the triumphant whoop of the jovial falconers saluted his uprising; and when he was done to death right chivalrously, with honorable law permitted to him, as to the royal stag, before the long-winged Norway falcons, noblest of all the fowls of air, were unhooded and cast off to give him gallant chase.

If, when struck down from his pride of place by the crook-beaked blood-hound of the air, his legs were mercilessly broken, and his long bill thrust into the ground, that the falcon might dispatch him without fear of consequences, and at leisure, it was doubtless a source of pride to him, as to the tortured Indian at the stake, to be so tormented, since the amount of the torture was commensurate with the renown of the tortured; besides—for which the Bittern was, of course, truly grateful—it was his high and extraordinary prerogative to have his legs broken as aforesaid, and his long bill thrust into the ground, by the fair hand of the loveliest lady present—thrice blessed Bittern of the days of old.

A very different fate, in sooth, from being riddled with a charge of double Bs from a rusty flint-lock Queen Anne's musket, poised by the horny paws of John Verity, and then ignobly cast to fester in the sun, among the up-piled eel-skins, fish-heads, king-crabs, and the like, with which, in lieu of garden-patch or well-trained rose-bush, the south-side Long Islander ornaments his front-door yard, rejoicing in the effluvia of the said decomposed piscine *exuviæ*, which he regards as "considerable hullsome," beyond Sabean odors, Syrian nard, or frankincense from Araby the blest!

Being eaten *is* being eaten after all; whether it be by a New Zealand war-chief, a New York alderman, a peerless lady, or a muck-worm; and I suppose it feels much the same, after one is once well dead; but, if I had my choice, I would most prefer to be eaten by the damoiselle of high degree, and most dislike to be battened on by the alderman, as being more ravenous and less appreciative than either Zealander or muck-worm.

The Bittern, however, be it said in sober earnest, although like many other delicious dishes prized by the wiser ancients, but now fallen into disuse, if not into disrepute—to wit, the heronschaw, the peacock, the curlew, and the swan—all first-rate dainties to the wise—is a viand not easily to be beaten, especially if he be sagely cooked in a well-baked, rich-crusted pastry, with a tender and fat rump-steak in the bottom of the dish, a beef's kidney scored to make gravy, a handful of cloves, salt and black pepper *quantum suff.*, a dozen hard-boiled eggs, and a pint of scalding-hot port wine poured in just before you serve up.

What you say, is perfectly true, my dear madam, cooked in that manner an old India rubber shoe *is* good; not only would be, but *is*. But you'd better believe it, a Bittern is a great deal better. If you don't believe me, try the Bittern, and then if you prefer it, adhere to the shoe.

But now to quit his edible qualifications and turn to his personal appearance, habits of life, and location, and other characteristics, we will say of him, in the words of Wilson, that eloquent pioneer in the natural history of America, that the American Bittern, whom it pleases the Count de Buffon to designate as *Le Butor de la Baye de Hudson*, "is another nocturnal species, common to all our sea and river marshes, though nowhere numerous. It rests all day among the reeds and rushes, and, unless disturbed, flies and feeds only during the night. In some places it is called the Indian Hen; on the sea-coast of New Jersey it is known by the name of *dunkadoo*, a word probably imitative of its common note. They are also found in the interior, having myself killed one at the inlet of the Seneca Lake, in October. It utters at times, a hollow, guttural note among the reeds, but has nothing of that loud, booming sound for which the European Bittern is so remarkable. This circumstance, with its great inferiority of size, and difference of marking, sufficiently prove them to be two distinct species, although, hitherto, the present has been classed as a mere variety of the European Bittern. These birds, we are informed, visit Severn river, at Hudson's Bay, about the beginning of June; make their nests in swamps, laying four cinereous green eggs among the long grass. The young are said to be, at first, black.

"These birds, when disturbed, rise with a hollow *kwa*, and are then easily shot down, as they fly heavily. Like other night birds, their sight is most acute during the evening twilight; but their hearing is, at all times, exquisite.

"The American Bittern is twenty-seven inches long, and three feet four inches in extent; from the point of the bill to the extremity of the toes, it measures three feet; the bill is four inches long; the

upper mandible black; the lower, greenish yellow; lores and eyelids, yellow; irides, bright yellow; upper part of the head, flat, and remarkably depressed; the plumage there is of a deep blackish brown, long behind and on the neck, the general color of which is a yellowish brown, shaded with darker; this long plumage of the neck the bird can throw forward at will, when irritated, so as to give him a more formidable appearance; throat, whitish, streaked with deep brown: from the posterior and lower part of the auriculars, a broad patch of deep black passes diagonally across the neck, a distinguished characteristic of this species; the back is deep brown, barred, and mottled with innumerable specks and streaks of brownish yellow; quills, black, with a leaden gloss, and tipped with yellowish brown; legs and feet, yellow, tinged with pale green; middle claw, pectinated; belly, light yellowish brown, streaked with darker; vent, plain; thighs, sprinkled on the outside with grains of dark brown; male and female, nearly alike, the latter somewhat less. According to Bewick, the tail of the European Bittern contains only ten feathers; the American species has, invariably, twelve. The intestines measured five feet six inches in length, and were very little thicker than a common knitting-needle; the stomach is usually filled with fish or frogs.*

"This bird, when fat, is considered by many to be excellent eating."

It is on the strength of Mr. Wilson's statement as above that I have given among the vulgar appellations of this beautiful bird that of *Dunkadoo;* though I must admit that I never heard him called a *Dunkadoo*, either on the sea-coast of New Jersey or any where else; and further must put it on record, that if the sea-coasters of New Jersey did coin the said melodious word as *imitative of its common note*, they proved much worse imitators than I have found them in whistling bay snipe, hawnking Canada geese, or yelping Brant. They might just as well have called him a *Cockatoo*, while they were about it.

The other name, *Quawk*, by which it *is* generally known both on the sea-coast of New Jersey, and every where else where the vernacular of America prevails, is precisely imitative of the harsh clanging cry with which he rises from the reeds in which he lurks during the day-time, and which he utters while disporting himself in queer clumsy gyrations in mid air, over the twilight marshes in the dusk of summer evenings; and how nearly *Quawk* approaches to *Dunkadoo*, that one of my readers who is the least appreciative of the comparative value of sweet sounds, can judge as well as I can.

In England the Bittern, who there is possessed of a voice between the sounds of a bassoon and kettle-drum, with which he makes a most extraordinary booming noise, which can be heard for miles, if not for leagues, over the midnight marshes, a noise the most melancholy and unearthly that ever shot superstitious horror into the bosom of the belated wayfarer, who is unconscious of its cause, has also been designated by the country people, from his cry, "the bog-bumper," and the "bluttery bump"—but as our bird—the United Stateser, I mean, or Alleghanian, as the New York Historical Society Associates would designate their countrymen—Bittern never either booms, blutters or bumps, but only quawks; a quawk only he must be content to remain, whether with the sea-coasters of New Jersey, the south-siders of Long Island, or my friends, the Ojibwas of Lake Huron.

In another respect I cannot precisely agree with the acute and observant naturalist quoted above, as to its ungregarious nature, since on more occasions than one I have seen these birds together in such numbers, and under such circumstances of association, as would certainly justify the application to them of the word *flock*.

One of these occasions I remember well, as it occurred while snipe-shooting on the fine marshes about the *riviere aux Canards* in Canada West, when several times I saw as many as five or six flush together from out of the high reeds, as if in coveys; and this was late in September, so that they could not well have been young broods still under the parental care.

At another time I saw them in yet greater numbers and acting together, as it appeared, in a sort of concert. I was walking, I cannot now recollect why, or to what end, along the marshes on the bank of the Hackensack river, between the railroad bridge and that very singular knoll named Snakehill, which rises abruptly out of the meadows like an island out of the ocean. It was late in the summer evening, the sun had gone quite down, and a thick gray mist covered the broad and gloomy river. On a sudden, I was almost startled by a loud *quawk* close above my head; and, on looking up, observed a large Bittern wheeling round and round, now soaring up a hundred feet or more, and then suddenly diving, or to speak more accurately, *falling*, plump down, with his legs and wings all relaxed and abroad, precisely as if he had been shot dead, uttering at the moment of each dive a loud *quawk*. While I was still engaged in watching his manœuvres, he was answered, and a second Bittern came floating through the darksome air, and joined his companion. Another and another followed, and within ten or twelve minutes, there must have been from fifteen to twenty of these large birds all gamboling and disporting themselves together, circling round one another in their gyratory flight, and making the night any thing, certainly, but melodious by their clamors. What was the meaning of those strange noctural movements I cannot so much as guess; it was not early enough in the spring to be connected in any way with the amatory propensities of the birds, or I should have certainly set it down, like the peculiar flight, the unusual chatter, and the drumming, performed with the quill-feathers, of the American snipe—*Scolopax Wilsonii*—commonly known as the English snipe, during the breeding season, as a preliminary to incubation, nidification, and the reproduction of the species—in a word,

* I have taken an entire water-rail from the stomach of the European Bittern.—Ed.

as a sort of bird courtship. The season of the year put a stopper on that interpretation, and I can conceive none other than that the *Quawks* were indulging themselves in an innocent game of romps, preparatory to the more serious and solemn enjoyment of a fish and frog supper.

The Bittern, it appears, on the Severn river, emptying into Hudson's Bay, makes its nest in the long grass of the marshes, and there lays its eggs and rears its black, downy young; but several years ago, while residing at Bangor, in Maine, while on a visit to a neighboring heronry, situated on an island covered with a dense forest of tall pines and hemlocks, I observed a pair of Bitterns flying to and fro, from the tree-tops to the river and back, with fish in their bills, among the herons which were similarly engaged in the same interesting occupation of feeding their young. One of these, the male bird, I shot, for the purpose of settling the fact, and we afterward harried the nest, and obtained two full-grown young birds, almost ready to fly.

Hence, I presume, that, like many other varieties of birds, the Bittern adapts his habits, even of nidification, to the purposes of the case, and that where no trees are to be found, in which he can breed, he makes the best he can of it, and builds on the ground; but it is my opinion that his more usual and preferred situation for his nest is in high trees, as is the case with his congeners, the Green Bittern, the blue heron, the beautiful white egret, the night heron, which may be all found breeding together in hundreds among the red cedars on the sea beach of Cape May. The nest, which I found in Maine, was built of sticks, precisely similar to that of the herons.

The Bittern is a more nocturnal bird than the heron, and is never seen, like him, standing motionless as a gray stone, with his long slender neck recurved, his javelin-like bill poised for the stroke, and his keen eye piercing the transparent water in search of the passing fry.

All day he rambles about among the tall grass and reeds of the marshes, sometimes pouncing on an unfortunate frog, a garter-snake, or a mouse, for, like the blue heron, he is a clever and indefatigable mouser; but when the evening comes, he bestirs himself, spreads his broad vans, rises in air, summoning up his comrades by his hoarse clang, and wings his way over the dim morasses, to the banks of some neighboring rivulet or pool, where he watches, erect sentinel, for the passing fish, shiners, small eels, or any of the lesser tribes of the cyprinidæ, and whom he detects, wo-betide; for the stroke of his sharp-pointed bill, dealt with Parthian velocity and certitude by the long arrowy neck, is sure death to the unfortunate.

Mr. Giraud, in his excellent book on the birds of of Long Island, thus speaks of the American Bittern, and that so truthfully and agreeably withal, that I make no apology for quoting his words at length.

"This species is said to have been the favorite bird of the Indians, and at this day is known to many persons by the name of "Indian Hen," or "Pullet," though more familiarly by the appellation of "Look-up," so called from its habit, when standing on the marshes, of elevating its head, which position, though probably adopted as a precautionary measure, frequently leads to its destruction. The gunners seem to have a strong prejudice against this unoffending bird, and whenever opportunity offers, seldom allow it to escape. It does not move about much by day, though it is not strictly nocturnal, but is sometimes seen flying low over the meadow, in pursuit of short-tailed or meadow-mice, which I have taken whole from its stomach. It also feeds on fish, frogs, lizards, etc.; and late in the season, its flesh is in high esteem—but it cannot be procured in any number except when the marshes are overflowed by unusually high tides, when it is hunted much after the manner the gunners adopt when in pursuit of rail. On ordinary occasions, it is difficult to flush; the instant it becomes aware that it has attracted the attention of the fowler, it lowers its head and runs quickly through the grass, and when again seen, is usually in a different direction from that taken by its pursuer, whose movements it closely watches; and when thus pursued, seldom exposes more than the head, leading the gunner over the marsh without giving him an opportunity to accomplish his purpose.

"When wounded, it makes a vigorous resistance, erects the feathers on the head and neck, extends its wings, opens its bill, and assumes a fierce expression—will attack the dog, and even its master, and when defending itself, directs its acute bill at its assailant's eye. It does not usually associate with other herons, nor does it seem fond of the society of its own species. Singly or in pairs it is distributed over the marshes, but with us it is not abundant."

The geographical range of this bird is, as I have before stated, very extensive, extending from the shores of Hudson's Bay, in the extreme north, so far south at least as to the Cape of Florida, and probably yet farther down the coasts of the Mexican gulfs.

That fanciful blockhead, the Count de Buffon—for he was a most almighty blockhead when he set himself drawing on his imagination for facts—with his usual eloquent absurdity, describes the species as "exhibiting the picture of wretchedness, anxiety and indigence; condemned to struggle perpetually with misery and want; sickened with the restless cravings of a famished appetite;" a description so ridiculously untrue, that were it possible for these birds to comprehend it, it would excite the risibility of the whole tribe.

If the count had seen the Quawks, as I did, at their high jinks, by the Hackensack, he would have scarce written such folly; and had he been a little more of a true philosopher, and thorough naturalist, he would have comprehended that whatsoever being the Universal Creator hath created unto any end—to that end he adapted him, not in his physical structure only, but in his instincts, his appetites, his tastes, his pleasures and his pains; and that to the patient Bittern, motionless on his mud-bank, that watch is as charming, as is the swift pursuit of the small bird to the falcon, of the rabbit to the fox, of the hare to the greyhound, of all the animals devoured to all the de-

vourers; and that his frog diet is as dear to *Ardea Lentiginosa*, as his flower dew to the humming-bird, or his canvass-backs, in the tea-room, to an alderman of Manhattan.

As for the Bittern starving, eat a fat one in a pie, and you 'll be a better judge of that probability, than any Buffon ever bred in France; and as for all the rest—it is just French humbug.

At another opportunity, I may speak of others of this interesting tribe. Sportsmen rarely go out especially to hunt them, except in boats, as described by Mr. Giraud, but in snipe and duck-shooting in the marshes they are constantly flushed and shot.

Pointers and setters will both stand them steadily, and cocking spaniels chase them with ardor. Their flight is slow and heavy, and their tardy movements and large size render them an easy mark even to a novice. They are not a hardy bird, as to the bearing off shot; for the loose texture of their feathers is more than ordinarily penetrable, and a light charge of No. 8, will usually bring them down with certainty.

When wing-tipped they fight fiercely, striking with their long beaks at the eyes of the assailant, whether dog or man, and laying aside resistance only with their lives.

Early in the autumn is the best time both for shooting him and eating him, and for the latter purpose he is better than for the former; but for the noble art of falconry, the mystery of rivers, he is the best of all. *Avium facile princeps;* easily the Topsawyer of the birds of flight, unless it be his cousin german heronshaw, whom the princely Dane knew from a hawk, when the wind was nor-nor-west.

WILD ROSES BY THE RIVER GROW.

BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

WILD roses by the river grow,
And lilies by the stream,
And there I pulled the blossoms fair
In young love's happy dream.

The lilies bent upon the stem
In many a graceful twine,
But lighter was the slender form
Of her I dreamed was mine.

The wilding-rose hath fairer hues
Than other flowers have known,
But lovelier tints were on the cheek
Of her I called mine own.

I pulled my love the wilding-rose,
The lily-bell so frail,
Sudden the flowers were scattered far,
Reft by the envious gale.

So from my life was reft away
Love's flower; I dwell alone,
Far severed by relentless fate
From her I called mine own.

Still by the river blooms the rose,
The lily by the stream,
I pull no more the blossoms fair,
Fled is love's happy dream.

THE SONG-STREAM.

BY ELLEN MORE.

"My right to love, and thine to know,
The life-stream, in its seaward flow,
Glides, chainless, 'neath the drifted snow."

WHEREVER it listeth the free-born wind bloweth:
Wherever it willeth the stream of song floweth:
It revels in twin-light—its lone threads run single;
It passeth calm seas with wild Caspians to mingle.

If blest with true life-mate, in roughest of weather,
They join their glad voices and rush on together;
If lost in a lake whose fair surface is calmer,
It but hides in its bosom to warble there warmer.

If Spring lay a couch all enameled with flowers,
It lingers, enrapt, with the soft rosy hours,
And lists the wood-birds, and the meek insect-hummer,
Through the soft, growing idless of thought-teeming Summer.

And when Fall strews a carpet of brown o'er the meadow
It rests in the dusk of some mountains's vast shadow;
Laughs out at the vain who look in for their faces,
For it mirrors great groups of the Nations and Races.

Though the Song-stream must cease all its rich, liquid flowing
When Time's boreal breath o'er cold icebergs is blowing,
While closed the chill surface its depths who shall number,
Or the beats of its heart through the long polar slumber?

For the stream of true song hath a far-reaching mission;
It but gropeth while here, like sick sleeper in vision:
Or like volatile babe, its first word-lessons taking,
It catches faint glimpse of the vastness awaking.

As whither it listeth the free-born wind bloweth,
Wherever God willeth the true Song-stream floweth:
From all Dead Seas it holdeth its crystal wave single,
Till it riseth from earth with sky-dews to commingle

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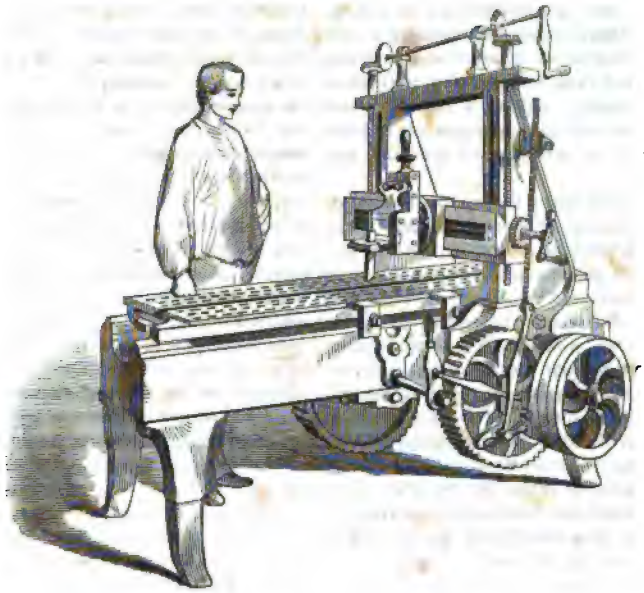


NO. 1.—IMPROVED POWER PLANER.

Of all the leading characteristics of the present age, the most remarkable, and that which is evolving results of the greatest moment, is the general prevalence, and almost universal application of labor-saving machines, of one sort or another, which are gradually but surely bringing about a thorough revolution in all the forms of human industry.

Horse-power, man-power, nay! but almost wind and water power also, are rapidly becoming things almost obsolete and disused; while the giant might of the labor-imprisoned steam is pressed into services the most multifarious and diverse; now speeding the mighty ship with a regularity of time and pace exceeded only, if exceeded, by that of the chronometer; now whirling along, through the ringing grooves of iron, trains, the weight of which must be reckoned not by hundreds nor by thousands, but by tens of thousands of tons, measuring miles by minutes, and almost annihilating time and space; now drilling the smallest eye of the finest needle, turning the most delicate thread of the scarce visible screw, drawing out metallic wires to truly fabulous fineness, or spinning the sea island cottons of the South to threads, beside which the silkiest hair of the softest and most feminine of women waxes apparently to the thickness of a cable.

Henceforth it is apparent that of man, the worker, the skill and the slight, no more the sinews and the sweat, are to be called into requisition; that the head, and not the hand, is to be the chief instrument; that the intellectual and no longer the physical forces are to predominate, even in the merest labor.

To direct, not to wield, the power is henceforth to be the principal duty of the mechanic, even of the lowest grade; and in no respect is the progression, set in movement by the progress of science, more real than in this—that increased intelligence, increased capacity of comprehension, increased application to study, is hourly becoming more and more essential to the working-man of the present and the coming ages.

To be as strong as an elephant and as patient as a camel, with an average intelligence inferior probably to that of either animal, will no longer suffice to the swart smith, who now wields, by simple direction of a small spring or tiny lever, forces ten thousand times superior to any power that could be effected by the mightiest of sledge-hammers swung by the brawniest of human arms.

It is worthy of note, that at all periods, from the first introduction of labor-saving machinery, fears have been entertained, even by scientific men and political economists of high order, that the vast increase of working power would exert an injurious

influence against the human worker; as if production were about to outrun demand and consumption, so that there would not in the end be enough of labor to be done to employ those seeking to exercise their industry or ingenuity, and depending on that exercise for the support of themselves and their families. Panics have, moreover, arisen among the workmen of the manufacturing classes, as if the machinery were about to rob them of their daily labor, whence their daily bread; and the consequences have been, especially in the large English manufacturing towns, fearful riots, conflagrations of mills and factories, destruction of much valuable machinery, the ruin of owners and employers, and—as a natural consequence of the cause last named—stagnation in business, deterioration of the laborer's condition, and actual loss of life.

Now, it is not to be denied that on the first introduction into any factory, or class of factories, of any new labor-saving machine, by which perhaps one man is enabled to perform the work of a dozen or twenty, a large number of hands must necessarily be thrown out of work, and more or less immediate distress arise therefrom; neither is it to be admired, or held as an especial wonder, that poor men, ignorant of the operation of great principles, suffering the extremes of poverty, smarting under the idea that their right to be employed and to earn is superseded and usurped forever by the twin colossi, capital and machinery, and goaded to frenzy by the gross folly of socialist editors and journalists, should attempt to abate, what they naturally esteem dangerous and aggressive nuisances, by physical violence.

But it is certain that they do so wrongfully as regards theoretical rights, wrongfully as regards general principles and the general good, and not least wrongfully as regards their own particular welfare.

For not only is it manifestly unjust that the great mass of mankind, as consumers, throughout the universe, should be deprived of the incalculable benefit of increased supplies of necessaries at decreased prices, in order to advance the interests of a certain class of producers—not only is it manifestly absurd to dream of a return to first principles, either in arts, manufacture or science, to fancy that, once invented, elaborated and rendered public, labor-saving machinery can be abolished and thrown into compulsory disuse—but it can be shown, evidently enough, that the condition of the mechanical and manufacturing laborer is in fact improved, not deteriorated, by every successive step gained in saving labor and lowering the prices of production by the agency of machines.

Their intellectual capacity is improved; their powers of production are increased, in a much more rapid progression than their prices are lowered; and, above all, so infinitely and incalculably is the consumption of products augmented, in excess of the decrease of money values, that, the demand increasing in a ratio far greater than any arithmetical progression, the call for laborers, the increased prices of the entire production, and the command of wages by ability, skill and intellect, increase *pari passu*. Nor is this all; for it cannot be denied that the mechanic, the artisan and the manufacturer must necessarily rise in position, in self-respect, in social esteem, and in the natural scale of humanity, as a higher range of qualifications are required of him, and as he is compelled to advance in his own attainments and capacities, in order to keep up with the advances of the age and nation.

This is the true solution of the great problem of the laboring classes, their prospects and their condition; and this is the true reply to all the imbecile jargon of the pseudo-philosophical socialists of the French school, concerning the nobility of manual labor, and the equality, or I believe, *superiority* of the hand-worker to the head-worker; of the delver, the ditcher, the hewers of wood and drawers of water, to the thinker, the inventor, the creator—or in other words, of the equality, or superiority, accordingly as it may be claimed, of mere physical force, unguided by any thing of judgment or intellect, to the highest cultivation of the thinking powers, to the completest development of the loftiest human capabilities, to the largest expansion of those qualities in which, after the affections, we approximate the nearest to divinity. But there is no such thing, nor ever will be. There is no nobility, whatsoever, in the mere act and exercise of bodily labor, or even of patient industry—although in the causes, which stimulate to that exertion and lend endurance to that industry, there may be much of the very noblest.

There is, in the nature of things, no possible show of equality, much less of superiority, as between physical and intellectual ability, between the head-worker and the hand-worker; because, in the latter, the utmost powers that man can put forward are as the toils of a pigmy, a mere Lilliputian, to the enormous forces of the elephant or of the camel; while in the former, the genius of the man, and the grasp of his mental attainments, are a little lower only than those of the angels; and these are hourly making progress toward that perfectionment which never will be attained in this world; whereas, in those there has been no increase, but probably the reverse, from the days of the patriarchs to the present hour.

The world neither does, nor ever will, accept of any equality between mental and physical labors and abilities; and the only hope of raising the condition and social scale of the working-classes lies not in striving impotently to drag down those naturally, constitutionally and educationally their superiors to the lower level, but by encouraging the inferiors to aspire to the like elevation, to cultivate on every occasion their higher faculties, to aim at the attainment of capacity for head-labor in their degree, to learn to think, and not to act only, to strive, in fact, to resemble less the beasts that perish, and more the men who live forever.

Encouragement may do this, kindling the worker to a hope of better things, and showing him that such a hope is not the vain imagination of a dream, but a real, tangible possibility.

Making him discontented with his lot; leading him to misapprehend his own position and to undervalue

that of his superior, can tend only to render him a very bad member of society, and a very unhappy member of the human family.

Fortunately, other and far higher causes are at work, than the Utopian dreams of visionary sophists and the sentimental false philosophy of world-reforming lunatics, for the ameliorating the condition, both physical and social, of the laborer. And one of these—nor that the least—when superadded to the increasing purposes and enlarged principles of the times—will be found, I believe, in the necessity arising from the general use of complicated machines, which is compelling the mechanic and hand-laborer to educate his head as well as to harden his hands; to develop his soul as well as his sinews, and to become himself head-worker no less than handy-craftsman. In this most desirable change, not a false pride and real ignorance of their own real position, but a clear perception and humble estimate of their own deficiencies and of the means of overcoming them, are requisite to the working-classes; and he is their true friend who insists to them on the former and assists them toward the latter—not he who mendaciously and mischievously asserts to them—as is now too frequently done—that a hodman is at least equal if not superior to a Herschel, an Irish ditcher to a Descartes or a Newton, and the meanest stoker that fires up a furnace to him whose intellect combined the various principles, and conceived the vast system, of that motive power which, in the last quarter of a century has revolutionized the world of art and science, joined ocean shores by bridges of almost continuous steamboats, and linked continents together by the iron groves and metallic wires which speed the space-annihilating messengers of steam and electricity from hemisphere to hemisphere unhindered.

To these considerations we are naturally led when we envisage the fact that these very labor-saving machines are themselves created by other machines of like principles and scarcely inferior powers, such as we purpose to introduce to our readers, by a series of cuts, with some brief explanation of their uses and principles of action, in this present article.

The unparalleled extension of rail-roads in this country, so peculiarly calculated for their creation by its natural configuration and geological structure, has called for a supply of rail-road materials, both raw and manufactured, to a degree almost inconceivable even at the present day; and so great have been the improvements recently introduced into machinery, so enormous the weight of the persons and freight to be transported, and so extraordinary the speed expected, and in fact demanded, by the traveling public, that nothing short of perfection in finish and strength will suffice, whether for marine engines, locomotives, or in fact, any power machines.

This will easily be admitted when it is considered that on all the really good and well supported lines of road, in the Eastern states more especially, the rate of travel averages from thirty to fifty miles per hour, at an average cost to each passenger of about one-and-a-half cent per the mile of distance.

We of course do not here take into account such miserable effete monopolies as some of our own interior, and some of the Southern roads, or that of the New Jersey Rail-Road and Transportation Company, the rates of which do not exceed fourteen miles to the hour, at a charge of something exceeding three cents per mile—since these are the exceptions to the rule, arising from the mistaken policy of the states through which they pass, in granting them exclusive privileges, enabling them with a minimum of speed, punctuality, civility, cleanliness, safety and comfort, to exact a maximum of fare from all who are so unfortunate as to be compelled to travel by them.

These unimproved concerns, retrogressive in the very centre of the most brilliant progression, may, however, count their days as numbered, their unhallowed and enormous gains as arrested. The latter rail-road, never exceeding the average speed of good stage-coach travel, is now so seriously rivaled by heavy omnibuses running on a plank-road, that its locomotives to-day barely draw an average of three empty cars, where six weeks since they drew from eight to ten, filled to discomfort.

Hitherto all their underhand attempts to buy up this road, by means of individual stockholders, in order to destroy its efficiency and raise the prices, have failed so signally, that it is evident that the people over whom they have so long driven rough-shod will endure their insolent tyranny no longer, and they must either tranquilly submit to pass away into contempt, bankruptcy and abeyance, or they must make their road *reasonably cheap*, as speedy, punctual and convenient to passengers as others—which they can readily do by diverting a portion of their colossal gains from dividends and personal profits to the exigencies of the public, in laying proper tracks, adopting improved engines, employing clean, comfortable and roomy cars, guided by capable and civil conductors, all at the ordinary price of rail-road transportation on the best, fleetest, and most favored lines.

To produce this excellence and finish, tools of peculiar quality — in the form of power-machines, adapted for planing, turning, and drilling iron, cutting gears, and the like—have become actually necessary; doing their work at an incalculably lower price, and greater celerity than the ablest human hands, and with a mathematical regularity and precision which no human experience or dexterity could possibly equal.

It is the creation of these various power-tool-machines, which, as I have stated, is indispensable for the building of power-machinery of any kind; from the marine-engine, which drives the huge steamships of Cunard or Collins over the wild surges of the Atlantic, with all the punctuality, and nearly all the speed of birds of passage; from the locomotive, with its team of iron chargers, bringing the farthest west to our very doors in the oceanic cities, to the fast power-presses, which roll off the news, collected from the uttermost ends of the earth by the agency of steam and lightning, at the rate of 20,000 copies to

the hour—and intellectually feeding their hundred thousand hungry readers or ere the paper is well dry—freighted with the fates of nations.

And it is to the creation of these, in their best form and utmost perfection, that the great works at Matteawan, a lovely spot, embosomed in the grandest part of the Highlands of the Hudson, are devoted; while the Depots in New York are intended to keep, at all times, on hand a large supply of tools, required by machinists of all classes, particularly needed in the railroad and machine shop, and such, in a word, as cannot be dispensed with by any of those artificers, who work upon the tough and stubborn produce of the mines.

All these tools are either manufactured by the Messrs. Leonard themselves at the "Matteawan works," employing some three hundred and fifty hands, or furnished from the "Lowell machine shops," where from five hundred to a thousand hands are constantly employed in this class of business; or, again, from "The Great Hadley-Falls shop," at Holyoke; all of which establishments are represented by the same firm, and all of which turn out work, which—it is believed—cannot be surpassed, if equalled, in the world.

The first of these machines which we propose to notice, a representation of which stands at the head of this paper, is perhaps one of the most important, if not the most important of all the tools employed in the machine shop.

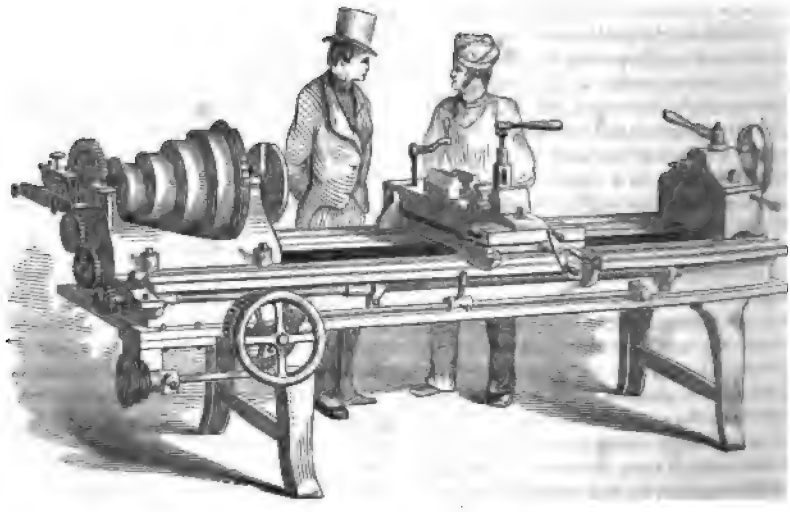
This engine has already been noticed in Graham, as employed in the noble press-works of Messrs. Hoe & Co., of New York—vol. XL., No. 6, p. 576. It is used for finishing the surfaces of whatever portions of the machinery must be brought to a smooth and polished face. This is done by the propulsion of the pieces of iron to be planed in a horizontal and longitudinal direction against cutting edges, which again move horizontally across the moving planes, and are pressed downward on them vertically, so as to effect the planing to the uniform depth required. The abraded portions of the metal are thrown off—from the surface of cast iron in a sort of scaly dust, from that of wrought iron in long curled shavings—and the planes can be wrought up to almost any desirable degree of smoothness and finish.

It is but a short time, comparatively, since this machine was first introduced: it is one of the most important among mechanical tools; and it is indeed a triumph of art to see one of these machines under the direction of one person, performing the usual labor of some fifteen or twenty mechanics in former times with their chisels and files. Art observes, and experience confirms the fact, that machinery can and does perform work much more accurately than the most skillful mechanic; and, perhaps, in no instance is this general principle so happily illustrated as in the performance of these machines. The usual cost of motive power is about twenty-five cents per day, per horse power, and allowing one horse to be equivalent to five men, we shall have the labor of one mechanic furnished for five cents a-day. From this it will be seen how important every invention or improvement becomes to the machine-builder, which tends to perform the usual labor on the machine by machinery.

The above cut represents a very excellent planer. There is a great degree of taste and finish employed in its design; indeed the builder may flatter himself that he has one of the best machines built in this country.

This machine, according to its size, weight, and cost, is divided into Nos. 4, 5, and 6, capable of planing metal from four feet long, by eighteen inches wide and high, to six feet six inches long, by twenty four inches wide and high—and weighs respectively 1000, 2,600, and 3,500 pounds.

The machine from which the design at the head of this paper is taken may be seen at No. 60 Beaver Street, New York.

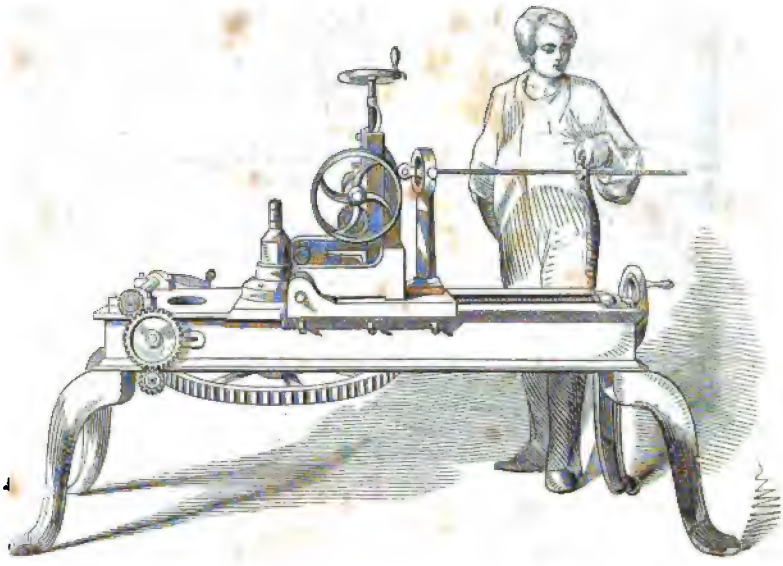


NO. 2.—IMPROVED ENGINE LATHE.

This again is a highly valuable and ingenious machine; its special operation is, as its name implies, the turning of any iron work to its required *round* circumference and requisite degree of polish, whether it is a perfect cylinder, or of various diameters at various points.

By it, all round work for engines is formed and finished—as rods, shafts, and the like. The action of the machine is simple, easy and almost noiseless. The piece of metal is fixed in the spindle, shown in the cut above in contact with the right elbow of the spectator, and secured, longitudinally of the machine, on the sharp point proceeding from the fixture at the left end of the Lathe, behind the operator's shoulder.

To this, the object of operation, a rapid rotatory movement on its own axis is given by steam-power, and the cutting is produced by its rotation against two steel edges impinging on it laterally, and made to travel horizontally and longitudinally on a bed, so as to cut the bar, submitted to its agency, equally throughout all its length. This instrument is also directed by one man only, while acting with the combined power of very many, and performs its work with an ease equalled only by its great exactitude.



NO. 3.—IMPROVED GEAR CUTTING ENGINE.

For the benefit of those of our readers, who have no previous acquaintance with mechanism, we shall merely premise that a gear is a wheel with a toothed circumference, like watch-wheels, or what in ruder mechanism are known as cogged-wheels; and those gears, known as level gears, are such as have the toothing on the circumference not perpendicular to the plane of the diameter, but at an acute angle to it, so that when two gears of a peculiar degree of bevil are set in contact, a horizontal rotatory movement may be communicated to one by a corresponding perpendicular rotation of the other. This will be rendered comprehensible by a careful examination of the motive power of the *borer* in the representation of the instrument, No. 5.

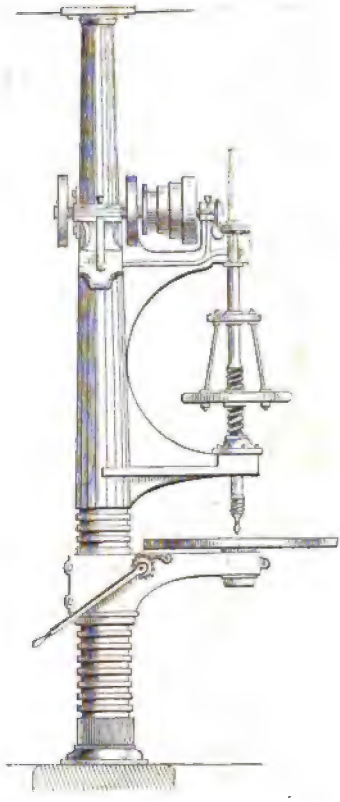
The above cut represents a very cheap and simple gear-cutter. Its principal novelty consists in the use of the large gear-wheel instead of the common graduated table. It is extremely simple, and at the same time possesses all the advantages of the old machine. It will be observed that the crank is connected to the large wheel by a set of intermediate gears, every revolution of which is made to correspond with the number of teeth in the wheel to be cut. This is accomplished by a set of change gears, which accompany the machine.

The changes are made in the opposite end of the Crank Shaft.

It will be observed that one revolution of the crank bears the same relation to the number of teeth in the large wheel, as one tooth in the wheel to be cut bears to the whole number it is to contain. The number of teeth and the pitch of the wheel is consequently derived from the change gears.

When level gears are cut, the head is then set at the proper inclination, and secured by the screw which projects at the rear of the head.

The cheapness of this machine more particularly recommends it, the price being but $250, while its efficiency and regular operation are so well established as to require no further comment.

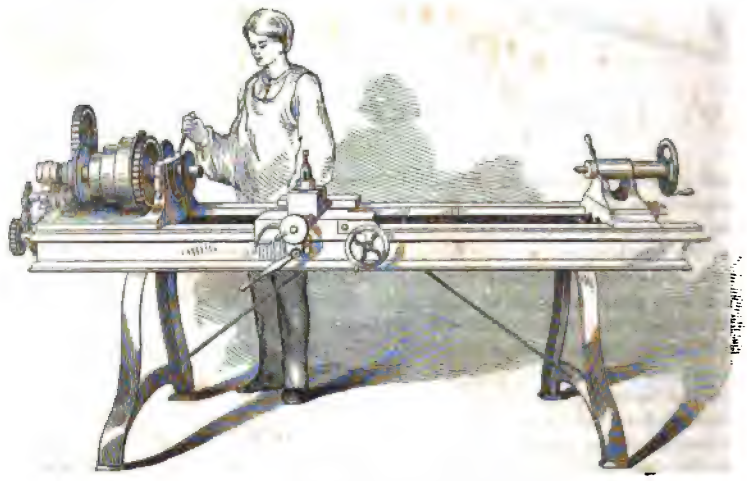


NO. 4.—THE UPRIGHT DRILL.

This is another admirable engine for diminishing and simplifying human labor. It is applied to the boring of all kinds of iron-work for machinery.

The perpendicular drill, as will be readily observed, is worked with a swift, rotatory movement, by means of the bevil gears at its upper extremity. By a wheel—the circumference of which only is displayed in the cut—acting upon the thread of a screw midway its length, it is pressed down upon the piece of work to be drilled.

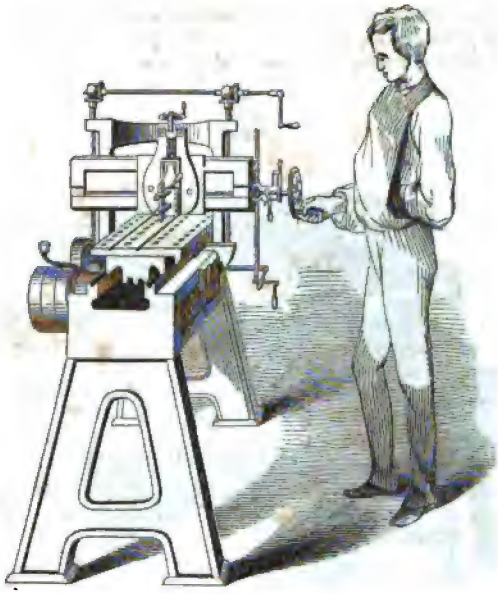
This piece is secured upon a horizontal table placed under the point of the rotary drill, which table may be elevated or depressed at pleasure, by aid of the small lever projecting backward, which acts on a geared wheel playing on the thread of the great perpendicular screw of the main shaft.



NO. 5.—ENGINE LATHE.

The nature, operation, and application of power in this engine are precisely similar to those shown and explained at No. 2. But it is employed only for the cutting of screws and screw bolts, and the boring of plates, pulleys, etc., which latter operations it performs by aid of FAIRMEN'S UNIVERSAL CHUCK, which will be described hereafter. In working this lathe, the implement last named is attached to the spindle, immediately under the right hand of the operator.

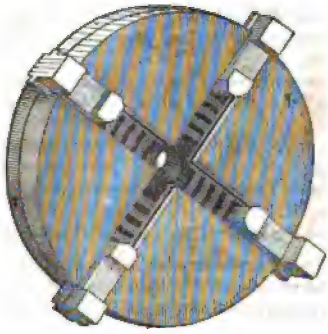
The engine itself is of unusual neatness and finish.



NO. 6.—SMALL POWER PLANER.

This little engine is similar in action and principle to the cut, No. 1; the iron, to be planed, moving horizontally and longitudinally on a bed, across which the cutting edges move with a downward pressure and a lateral movement, cutting and finishing the surface to the requisite depth and degree, easily and almost to perfection.

The machine works very simply, and almost noiselessly; it is exceedingly handy, and is directed by one person; is very portable; occupies but an inconsiderable space, and does work precisely of the same description as No. 1, though of inferior dimensions in all respects.



NO. 7.—FAIRMAN'S UNIVERSAL CHUCK.

A Chuck generally is explained as being a round plate, which is fastened on to the spindle of a lathe—see No. 5—and is used to bore holes in round or variously shaped plates of metal. It will be observed, in the cut above, that all the upright studs converge toward the centre by one motion of the lever, so that the centre of the article to be bored must correspond with the centre of the spindle. Besides all sorts of plates, as above mentioned, the centres of gear wheels and pulleys are bored by it.

There is a beautiful principle involved in the action of this chuck, though its novelty is in some sort lost in its simplicity. Here, by a simple movement of the hand, the article to be worked is brought to its proper position; while, by the old method, the same position could only be arrived at after a series of trials; nor, in the end, is the article so firmly held, after its correct place shall have been ascertained

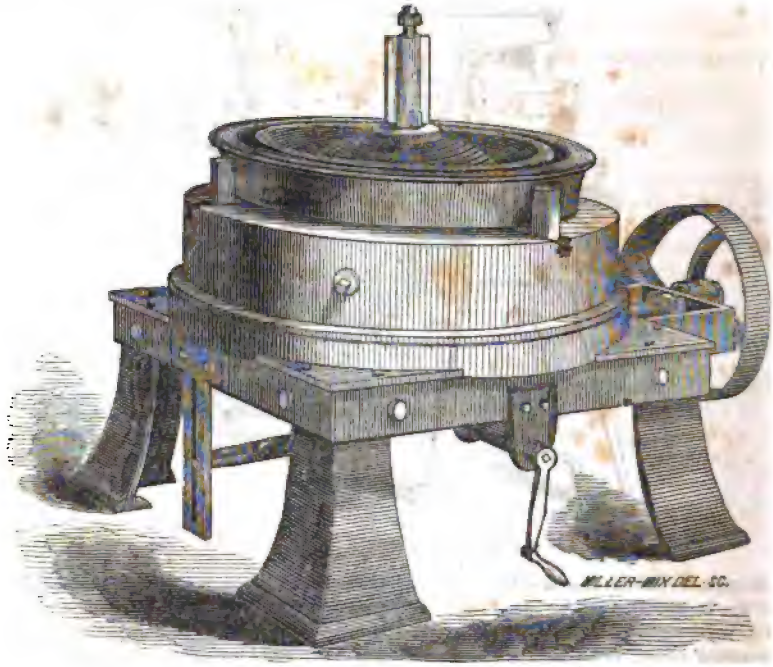
The last representation we shall offer to our readers is the subjoined cut of an improved borer for the wheels of railroad cars. The extreme simplicity of its general arrangements is its most conspicuous feature, and the small space it occupies is another highly important consideration. It will chuck all sized wheels up to three feet diameter, and can bolt on wheels of yet larger dimensions.

In the cut, a car-wheel is shown set on the machine; the upright spindle which passes through it contains the cutters, and is driven by the pulley shown on the left side of the machine, which gives to the spindle-lathe its rotary and alternate motion.

The brief account here given of these very ingenious and simple machines will, it is hoped, answer the desired end of conveying to the general reader some idea of the principles of operation, the perfection, and the immense general utility of these most emphatically labor-saving engines.

We say emphatically labor-saving, because they not only spare and simplify labor by their own direct operation, but indirectly do so fifty or a hundred fold, because they are applied to the creation of those vast

space-and-time-annihilating machines, which in the present day surpass the wildest and most marvelous legends of Fairy-land, of necromancers and magicians, as to the powers—incalculable and almost ubiquitous—which they bestow on their possessors, and which create wealth for the countries having sons expert to invent and use them, surpassing the gold of Ophir, and the gems of Golconda.



NO. 8.—FAIRMAN'S BORING MACHINE.

FORGOTTEN.

FORGOTTEN! 't is the sentence passed on every thing of earth;
Naught can escape the heavy doom, that in this world has birth;
The cloud that floats in azure skies, the flower that blooms so bright,
The leaf that casts a cooling shade, unnoticed pass from sight.
—Forgotten! can it be that *all*, the beautiful, the good,
The wise, the great, must buried be, 'neath Lethe's wave-less flood?
Must all this world's magnificence, its splendid pomp and pride,
The fanes which man has proudly raised, and Time's strong arm defied,
Oh! must it all return to dust, and from remembrance fade—
Will no faint memory remain, no thought, not e'en a shade?
Alas! it must; thus has it been—thus must it be again;
Who reared the lofty pyramids? Their work was all in vain!
Stricken with awe, we gaze upon those monuments to fame,
And ask, but ask unanswered, for the mighty builder's name!
The countless tumuli outspread upon our western lands,
Who piled their shapeless forms, and why? Where are the busy hands
Which ages since heaped high those mounds? Alas! we ne'er can know;
Their names were blotted out from life long centuries ago.

And must I be forgotten thus? When earth sees me no more
Will all this working world plod on as calmly as before?
Will no sweet memory of me cling round some constant heart?
Must all remembrance of my life from every soul depart?
It must not be! Build me a tomb whose top shall pierce the cloud—
Pile high the marble! set it round with stately columns proud—
Rear me some fane, dig deep the base, outspread it far and wide,
And write my name indelibly upon its gleaming side!

Down! down! rebellious soul, not thus must thou remembered be—
Not thus a world must ages hence be taught to think of me—
Not thus would I be carried on by Time's resistless flood;
I would not be remembered with the *great*, but with the *good*—
If in my heart one virtue live, one pure and holy thought,
If in my character one high and noble trait be wrought,
If in my life one act be found from earthly blemish free,
If one bright impulse point to Heaven, *by that* remember me!

C. E. T.

CLARA GREGORY:

OR THE STEP-MOTHER.

CHAPTER I.

"Do, dear Clara, stay at home to-night; father will be so grieved."

"He certainly has shown no great regard for my feelings, and he cannot expect me to be over-tender of his. I am sure I could not endure to stay here, and my marvel is that you can."

Clara Gregory did not observe the tear that glistened in her sister's eye, as she spoke these words, in a bitter tone; yet her voice was gentler when she spoke again.

"Please, Alice, just tie my tippet for me; my hands are gloved. There, thank you."

She opened the hall-door, and stood for a moment listening to the moan the leafless trees made as they shivered in the blast.

"Well, Alice, I suppose it is of no use asking you to go with me; so, good-night!" And she slowly descended the steps, and passed down the street.

Alice stood watching her receding form until she disappeared, and then, with a shiver, she turned away.

"How cold it is!" she said to herself. "I must be sure to have it warm and pleasant for them when they come. Let me see. I will have a fire in the little back parlor; it looks so bright and cheery. I know father will like that best."

The fire was kindled, the rooms were lighted, and the young girl wandered through them, again and again, to assure herself that nothing could make them more home-like and inviting. In the large parlors, with their rich furniture and furnace-heat, there was little for her to do.

A certain awe forbade her to interfere with "Aunt Debby's" accustomed arrangements, but in the "dear little back parlor" she might do as she listed; and she found ample employment for her fairy fingers.

The fuchsia must be taught to droop its bright blossoms over the pale calla, the door of Canary's cage was to be set open, the father's slippers to be placed before his chair, the favorite books to be laid upon the table.

All, at last, was done. The pictures on the wall, the crimson curtains, and the carpet on the floor, reflected the streaming light of the fire with a grateful glow of comfort. One momentous question remained to be decided. Should the old dog be suffered to crouch as usual on the hearth-rug, or be banished to less honorable quarters? After deep and anxious deliberation this was also settled. Carlo was permitted to ensconce himself in the chimney-corner, while his young mistress placed herself in the great arm-chair before the fire and fell to dreaming.

Alice Gregory was but fifteen years old; yet, any one would have longed to know of her dreams, who might have looked on her as she sat there, her thoughtful eyes fixed on the glowing coals, and her youthful face inwrought with feeling. And much she had to make her think and feel; for Alice was a motherless child, and this night was to bring a stranger into that place, so hallowed by the memory of her who had passed thence into the heavens.

Two long hours did the girl sit there, awaiting her father's return. Sweet visions of the past, dim visions of the future, were about her. All the saddest and the happiest hours of her brief life came back to her. They came as old, familiar friends, sorrowful as were some of their faces; and she clung to them, and could not bear to leave them for those coming hours that beckoned to her with so doubtful promise.

"I hope she will love me," mused she of the strange mother; "but she cannot as Aunt Mary does, and nobody, nobody can ever love me as my own dear mother did!" she sobbed, with a gush of tears. But presently they staid in their fountain, for she thought of her mother, still loving her, and of her Saviour, ever near, loving her more than mortal could. "I will try to be good and gentle," thought she, "and she *will* love me. Nine o'clock! Aunt Debby thought they would be here by seven, I must go and ask her what the matter can be."

The individual yclept "Aunt Debby" was no less a personage than Mrs. Deborah Dalrymple, whose pride it was, that for twenty years the light of her wisdom, and the strength of her hands, had been the dependence of Dr. Arthur Gregory's household. On this occasion, Alice found her in the dining-room, seated in state, her bronzed visage graced by the veritable cap with which she had honored the reception of the first Mrs. Gregory. Its full double ruffle, and bountiful corn-colored bows, made her resemble the pictures, in the primers, of the sun with puffed cheeks, surrounded by his beams. *She* would show no partiality, not she. What Dr. Gregory thought was right, was right. He had been a good master to her as ever a woman need have, and she was sure of a comfortable home the rest of her days whoever came there. Dr. Gregory was in all things her oracle, her admiration, her sovereign authority. The world did not often see such a man as he, that it did n't. But, barring the doctor, she sensibly realized the world had no more reliable authority than Mrs. Deborah Dalrymple. There she sat, anxiously speculating on the approaching regime, and plying the needles on her best knitting-work with uncommon zeal.

"Aunt Debby, do you know it is nine o'clock?"

"I heard the clock strike nine."

"Father should have been here two hours ago."

"I don't know that."

"Why! you said he would be here at seven."

"I don't know that."

"What then?"

"I *expected* him."

"Well, what can be the reason that he does not come?"

"Great many things."

"But what *is* the reason?"

"He knows better than I."

"What do you *suppose?*"

"Nothing."

Alice came to a pause with a decidedly unsatisfied expression.

"Was it winter when he brought my mother home?"

"No."

"Summer?"

"Yes."

"Was it a pleasant day?"

"Yes."

Despairing of Aunt Debby's communicativeness, Alice returned to her solitude, roused a vigorous flame in the grate, and sitting down on an ottoman beside Carlo, commenced an attack on his taciturnity.

"But hark! those are father's bells! No—yes! yes, they are come!"

Girl and dog sprang to their feet together, and ran to the door. In her haste Alice brushed something from the work-table. It was nothing but her mother's needle-book, but she pressed it to her lips as she tenderly replaced it, and passed more slowly into the hall.

The cordial greetings were over. The cloaks and furs were laid aside, and Alice sat down in the chimney-corner to observe the new-comer, in whose face the full radiance of the bright fire shone, while she conversed with Aunt Debby about the journey and the weather.

"She is not pretty," thought she. "Very unlike mother—taller and statelier, with black eyes and hair—still, her features are noble, and she looks good."

She came to this satisfactory conclusion just as her father suddenly exclaimed—

"Where did you say Clara was, Alice? Has she not returned from Belford?"

"Yes, sir; she is staying with Ellen Morgan to-night."

"Is Ellen Morgan sick?"

How Alice wished she could say yes, or any thing else than the plain, reluctant *no*—but out it must come. An expression of pain and displeasure came over the doctor's countenance, and he glanced quickly at his wife. But she seemed to have no other thought than of the plants over which she was bending.

"What sweet flowers have come to you, in the midst of the snow, Alice!" she exclaimed, as she lifted a spray of monthly rose, weighed down with its blossoms.

Alice's eyes glistened with pleasure as she saw that her darlings had found a friend.

"They were mother's," she began, then stopped suddenly.

"You must love them very dearly," said Mrs. Gregory, with feeling. "But where is the little Eddie? Shall I not see him?"

"Oh! he begged to sit up and wait, but he fell asleep, and Aunt Debby put him to bed. Would you like to go up and look at him? He is so pretty in his sleep!"

"Indeed he *is* pretty in his sleep," thought the step-mother, as she bent over the beautiful child in his rosy dreams. She laid back his soft, bright curls, and lightly kissed his pure cheek, gazing long and tenderly upon him. Tears shone in her eyes as she, turning toward Alice, said softly,

"Can we be happy together, Alice dear?"

"I am sure we shall," answered the warm-hearted girl impulsively. "Indeed, I will try to make you happy."

CHAPTER II.

Late the next morning, Mrs. Gregory was sitting in the parlor with little Eddie at her side, where he had been enchained for five long minutes by the charms of a fairy tale. But as some one glided by the door he bounded away, crying,

"There 's sister Clara! Clara, come and see my new mamma!"

Presently, however, he came back with a dolorous countenance, complaining,

"She says I have no new mamma, and she does not want to see her either. But I *have*," he continued emphatically, laying hold on one of her fingers with each of his round, white fists, "and you will stay always, and tell me stories, wont you? Was that all about Fenella?"

"We will have the rest another time, for there is the dinner-bell, and here comes your father."

The joyous child ran to his father's arms, and then assuming a stride of ineffable dignity led the way to the dining-room.

"Has not Clara yet returned?" asked the doctor, in a tone of some severity.

"Yes, father," said her voice behind him; and as he turned she greeted him, respectfully, yet without her usual affectionate warmth.

Then came her introduction to the step-mother, who greeted her with a gentle dignity peculiar to her. Clara's manner, on the contrary, was extremely dignified, without any special gentleness, ceremonious and cold. As the family gathered around the table all but one made an attempt at conversation. But the presence of one silent iceberg was enough to congeal the sociability of the group. Remarks became shorter than the intervals between them, and finally quite ceased Mrs. Gregory, meanwhile, had time to observe her eldest daughter. She was a handsome, genteel girl of about seventeen, elegantly dressed. Her fair face was intelligent, though clouded at this time with an expression of determined dissatisfaction. The red lips of her pretty little mouth

pressed firmly together, as though to make sure that no word should escape them; the dark-blue eyes were continually downcast.

Suddenly little Eddie exclaimed, directing his spoon very pointedly toward Clara,

"What made you say I had no new mamma? There she is!"

The crimson blood rushed to Clara's temples, as she visited a most reproving glance on the child, while Alice hastened to relieve the awkward predicament by suggesting to him the desirableness of more sauce on his pudding. He was hushed for the moment, but presently broke forth again, as though a bright thought had flashed upon him.

"She is n't the same dear mamma I used to have, is she? Say, father, did you go up to Heaven and bring her back? Oh! why did n't you let me go too?"

"No, my child," said Dr. Gregory very seriously, "I could not go for your dear mamma, nor would I if I could, for she is with those whom she loves more than even us. But, perhaps, she has sent you this mother to love you, and take care of you, till you can go to her, if you are good."

"I will be good," said the child very resolutely, and they rose from the table.

Alice and her mother lingered talking at the western window, which commanded a fine sea view.

"She is certainly a delightful woman," thought Alice, as, after a long chat, she tripped blithely up to her chamber.

As she opened the door, she discovered Clara thrown upon the bed, her face hidden in the pillows, sobbing aloud. She hesitated a moment, then going up to her, said entreatingly—

"Do n't, dear Clara, cry so!"

But her only answer was a fresh burst of tears. So she sat down on the bed-side and took her mother's miniature, which Clara clasped between her hands. It was a picture of rare beauty, as well might be that of a faultless form, in the first pride of womanhood, glowing with life and love. Alice gazed on it with mournful fondness, and kissed its small, sweet face many times.

"Oh, I am wretched, *wretched!*" moaned Clara; "the happiness of my life is gone forever."

Alice took her hand in hers, and said softly—

"You know we thought, when mother died, we could never cease to weep, we could not live at all. Yet we have been even happy since that, though we love her and think of her just as much as ever. Indeed, I believe I love her more and more. I think we shall be happy still."

"Happy! with this strange woman thrust upon me, every day, in my mother's stead? I tell you, Alice, it will never, never be. I cannot say but *you* may enjoy life as well as ever, but not I. I do not want to be happy—I will not be happy with a stepmother. Oh, the odious name!"

In her excitement she rose from the bed and paced the floor.

"You can, undoubtedly, be as unhappy as you choose, and you can *hate* father's wife if you want to; but I think it would be a great deal easier to love her," said Alice. "I am sure, if our own blessed mother could speak to us, she would bid us treat her very kindly and try to make her happy with us."

"There is no danger but she will be *happy* enough," retorted Clara. "Yet she shall lament the day she ever intruded upon us here."

"Oh, Clara, Clara! you are very wrong. You ought not to speak so or to feel so," said Alice, sadly, putting her arm about her sister's waist and joining in her walk. "Certainly she had a right to love our father and to marry him, and I do not see the need of suspecting her of a plot upon our peace."

"But what infatuated father to ask her? How *could* he forget my beautiful mother so soon!" and Clara threw herself, weeping, into a chair.

"He has *not* forgotten her," replied Alice, almost indignantly. "And you and I have no right to doubt that he loved her even better than we. But I know not why that should render it impossible for him to appreciate loveliness in another. He was very desolate, and I am thankful that he has found such a friend."

"*Such* a friend? I see nothing remarkably lovely about her."

"Why, I think she is very attractive."

"*Attractive!* Pray what has attracted you, dear? She is, certainly, very plain."

"I do not think she is."

"She looks as though she meant to rule the world, with her great black eyes and military form."

"Her 'great black eyes' are soft, I am sure, and I admire her form. Then she looks so animated when she speaks, and her smile is absolutely fascinating."

"Only look at the picture you hold in your hand, Alice, and say, if you can, that you admire *her*."

"Nobody is so lovely as mother. But, if you were not determined to find fault, I know this face would please you. At any rate, you cannot dislike her manner; she is very ladylike. She dresses, too, in perfect taste."

"I suppose she is well-bred, and I have no reason to doubt her dress-maker's taste. But once more, Alice, I never shall like her, and I beg you never to speak to me of her except from necessity. You, of course, can love her just as well as you have a mind to, but you must not expect me to. I shall try to be civil to her."

"Oh, I wish you could see Aunt Mary, I am sure she could convince you that you are wrong.

"You think that I cannot understand your feelings, and that nothing is easier for me than to receive a stranger here. But, Clara, you do know that you love not our precious mother more devotedly than I, nor cherish her memory more sacredly; I am quite sure that no child could. It was terrible for me, at first, to think of seeing another here in her place, of calling another by her consecrated name. It was sacrilege to me. But Aunt Mary talked to me so kindly, and taught me to think calmly and reasonably about it, and I became certain that I ought to be an

affectionate, dutiful child to my father's wife if it were in my power. And I am sure it will be easy, for she is loveable.

"I am grateful to father for giving me so excellent a friend. I shall never love her better than Aunt Mary, indeed; but it is so pleasant for us to be together once more in our own home. Only think—you at boarding-school, Neddie at grandfather's, I at Uncle Talford's, and poor father here alone. I am sure we shall be vastly happier here together, if you will only be a good girl."

"I am not going to be!" said Clara, with a pouting smile.

"Ah! not another word," cried Alice, with a playful menace. "I shall call it treason to listen to you. I shall go away so that you may have nobody to say wicked things to."

And with the words she ran from the room and shut the culprit in.

CHAPTER III.

Weeks flitted over the Gregorys, whose course it is needless to trace.

Aunt Debby became fully satisfied that if there was a woman in the world fit for Dr. Gregory it was the one he had married. Few children ever had a step-mother like her, very few indeed. Never a loud word nor a cross look had she seen, never! She guessed, too, there were not many women, ladies born and bred, that knew when work was done about right better than she, not many. She did n't know who should be a judge if she was n't, that had kept Dr. Arthur Gregory's house for upward of twenty years—twenty years last August.

What was that gentleman's private opinion in the matter, these closing sentences of an epistle given under his hand will tell.

". . . . A strangely excellent wife is this same Catharine Gregory. Alone in her society, I love her; with my children, I am grateful to her; among my friends, I am proud of her. Every day convinces me more perfectly that I have found in her such a combination of virtues as I have never seen or hoped to see since departed

'The being beauteous
Who unto my youth was given.'

Hoping, for your sake, my dear Asaphun, (though with doubt I confess,) that this planet bears such another, I am yours, GREGORY."

And many were the doctor's patients whose pale faces lighted at the sight of her, and whose wo-laden hearts beat freer to the music of her step.

"Ah, Nell!" sighed old, bed-ridden Betty Begoin, "Dr. Gregory is a good doctor, as nobody may better believe than I, for the Lord knows *you* would have been in your grave nine years ago, Christmas, if He had n't put it in the doctor's heart to save ye. The doctor's a good doctor, I say, but his wife is better than all his medicines to a poor old thing like me! Nobody looks so kindly and sunny like, nobody reads the Scriptures so plain and clear as she.

"The first Mrs. Gregory was a fine lady, I dare say; I have often heard it. But she never came near us. "Well, well! she had a young family to look to, and was weakly and ailin' toward the last, poor thing! I have nothing against her now she's dead and gone, anyway.

"A'n't the gruel hot, dear?

"The doctor is a good doctor as anybody need have, but his wife is better than all his medicines to a poor, sick, old thing like me."

And many a sufferer was there in whose breast old Betty's sentiment would find an echo. For, while her husband labored to upbuild the outer man, Mrs. Gregory breathed courage into the fainting heart, and braced it to the effort of recovery. Then nobody could keep wide awake all night like her; nobody's cordials were so grateful, yet so harmless; nobody knew so exactly just what one wanted.

And in that dark, dark hour, when life's last promise is broken, and science can do no more, and loving hearts are quivering under the first keen anguish of despair, how often did they implore that her voice might tell the dying one his doom, that in its gentleness the death-warrant might lose its terror.

How tenderly did she try to undo the ties that bound the trembling spirit to this world and commit it to the arms of Him, who should bear it safe above the swelling waters! How trustingly did she point the guilt-stricken, despairing soul to the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." And who shall conceive an intenser thrill of joy than was hers, as she witnessed the sublimity of that weak Child of Earth triumphant over Death, passing away not as to "pleasant dreams," but as to "an exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

It was only in the inner circle of her life that hearts were cold toward Mrs. Gregory. Alice, it is true, clung to her with the fond dependence of a child upon its parent. Eddie was a wayward and ungovernable creature, perfectly subject to his passionate impulses; in one moment, foaming in a frenzy of infantine rage, the next, exhausting his childish resources for expressions of his extravagant love.

It was no light or transient task to teach such a nature self-control. She unspeakably dreaded to employ that rigid firmness which she saw so indispensible to gaining a permanent ascendency over him. Watchful eyes were upon her and lithe tongues were aching to be busy. She well knew how the thrilling tale would fly of the heartless hardness of the step-mother toward the little innocent.

He had been the darling of most doating grand-parents, to whom he had been committed, a mere baby, at his mother's death. Mrs. Gregory understood how galling restraint would be to him, hitherto unthwarted in a single wish, uncurbed in a single passion, and she feared to blast the affection which she saw beginning to twine itself about her.

"Yet," thought she, "I *must* govern, or the child is ruined. He is given to me to be educated for honor, usefulness, Heaven. And shall I suffer passion and self-indulgence to fasten their clutches on him and drag him down to destruction, lest forsooth, my fair name should get some slander. No, no, I

will not be so selfish. I will be faithful to my duty, to my husband. I will treat him as though he were my own."

But it required many a hard struggle, many a long trial of unfailing forbearance and inexorable resolution, to execute her purpose. Still, she had the satisfaction of seeing that at the end of each the little rebel was drawn more closely to her. With the unerring instinct of childhood, he revered her justice and appreciated her patience.

For him she labored in hope. With delight she watched the development of better dispositions, the formation of healthful habits. It was rare pleasure to follow the rovings of his untiring curiosity; to open to his wondering mind the mysteries of the unfolding leaves, the limitless ocean, and the deep heavens; to watch the strange light that kindled in his beaming eye as Truth dawned upon him.

In this was the step-mother happy. But there was one member of her household in whose heart she had no home. Clara still held herself unapproachable. Neither Mrs. Gregory's uniform, cordial courtesy toward herself, nor her undeniable superiority as a woman, could avail to move her. She *would not* like a step-mother, and she was possessed of a strength of will very extraordinary for one of her youth and sex. From this inflexible purpose to dislike, unavoidably grew a habit of perpetual misconstruction. In order not to see good where it obviously is, one must turn good into evil. This Clara unconsciously yet studiously did. To her sister it was at once painful and amusing to notice the ingenuity with which she sought out some selfish motive for the beautiful action, some sinister meaning for the well-spoken words. It was a continual vexation to her to observe the love with which the new-comer was regarded by every other member of the family, and the esteem and admiration in which she was held among the villagers. Yet she was far too proud to intimate her feelings to those sympathizing friends who are ever so very ready to listen to one's inmost secrets and offer their condolence, then hasten away, wiping their eyes, to gather for one the sympathies of a whole neighborhood. Nevertheless, her cold reserve toward her step-mother, and about her, was not unmarked.

One there was, however, to whom Clara poured forth her sorrows with that perfect freedom which, it is said, exists nowhere except among school-girls. Arabella Acton had been her room-mate at Belford, and had parted from her with an agony of tears. Indeed, it was Arabella's extreme pity that had first impressed upon her the breadth and depth of her misfortune in becoming a step-daughter. Seldom has the post-office establishment been blessed with more faithful patrons than were these two friends. Clara would have blushed to yield her fortress so long as she had such an ally to whom to acknowledge it. Therefore, she lived much secluded from the rest of the family in her little boudoir, where she had assembled all the most sacred relics of her mother, in the persuasion that she was the only one true to her memory. Indeed, she was in the act of conveying her portrait thither one day, when her father met her and forbade it, saying kindly—

"You are too selfish, my daughter; the rest of us love it as well as you."

Toward her father she was always respectful. She had the greatest reverence for him, but there could no more be that familiarity between them that once had been.

To Mrs. Gregory, this state of feeling was a source of continual but unavailing regret. She could but see that Clara was fast losing her native generosity of character, and falling into habits of selfishness and indolence; but she was perfectly aware that any direct effort of hers to win her could but repel, and that her only way was to *wait*, hoping for a happier day.

CHAPTER IV.

"Alice, it is getting late, and I beg leave to bid you good night. *I* will wait for Clara."

"She said no one need wait for her," replied Alice, "and you are tired to-night, I know. I beg you will not sit up."

"It will be dreary for her, and I can very well sit up: I shall be writing to my mother—good night, love."

Mrs. Gregory's letter was finished, and the last "Graham" read before her solitude was disturbed. At length, as she stood looking out into the starlight, footsteps and mirthful voices broke the stillness. The loitering footsteps draw near, and halt at the door. The mirthful voices subside into the low, earnest hum of conversation. Then the light "Adieu!" and the two part.

A smile still lingered on Clara's face as she entered and—without observing that the room was occupied—threw herself down beside the fire, whose warmth was no unwelcome thing in the chill April night, and slowly pulled off her gloves. Mrs. Gregory still stood at the window, half hidden by the folds of the curtain. She thought she had rarely seen a more beautiful face than was Clara's at that moment. Joyous words seemed to tremble on her lips, and laughing fancies to peep out through the long lashes of her eyes, so roguishly! Then, when the little white hands untied the bonnet and took it off, dropping it on the carpet, and let the rich, clustering hair flow about the bright face,

"Ah, she is very charming!" thought her mother, while she said—

"You have passed a delightful evening, Clara."

Clara started and looked up. The radiant smile instantly died away, and replying coldly—

"Very passable, I thank you," she rose, and taking a light from the table, left the room.

Mrs. Gregory sighed deeply; and, leaning her forehead against the cold window-pane, stood lost in painful thought, till many stars were set, and the embers on the hearth grew white and cold.

She for whom she thus sorrowed, meanwhile, flew to her chamber and, wrapping her shawl about

her, sat down to her writing-desk and scribbled these lines—

"A word with thee, dearest Bel, before I sleep. Oh! if you could have been with me to-night! A little select party at Mrs. Hall's, and such a delectable evening! All our choice spirits were there, and one entirely new star. A "real, live" star, too, Bel, unquestionably the most elegant man that ever wore a mustache. Oh, you should see him! So *distinguè!* Neither M——, nor Monsieur de V—— is a *circumstance* to him! I cannot conceive where Mrs. Hall found him; but she is always the first to introduce strangers—the only polite woman in town, I think. I suspect, however, that he is a friend of Frank, who has just returned from his winter's residence in the south.

"They kept me at the piano half the evening; and this exquisite '*Don Whiskerando*' accompanied me—so sweetly!—with the flute. Under a perfect cannonade of entreaties he consented to sing, too; although he would be persuaded to nothing but a *duett* with your humble friend. The richest barytone.

"He will be here to-morrow, and I would give the world if my Bel might be here also! Oh! I forgot to tell you my hero's name is Brentford—did you ever hear it before?

"Do you not think Ellen Morgan an envious thing? Good night, love—dream of your Clara!

"Oh, one word more. Don't you think *ma chère mère* must have an active mind to keep her up till this time, to observe my arrival? Oh, Eve, thou art undone!

"I hope all she saw and heard was satisfactory to her. I suppose she expected that I should continue the conversation after I came in, for she kept so whist, that I was not aware of her presence till she discovered herself by the sagacious observation—

"'You have had a charming evening, dear,' in such an insinuating tone! Aweel!"

CHAPTER V.

One morning, a few days after the evening of the last chapter, Mrs. Gregory—on entering the breakfast-room—found her husband reading a letter.

"This is from my sister, Mrs. Horland, of Cincinnati: she is suffering a great bereavement in the death of her husband. It will be difficult, but I believe I must go to her, Catharine. Poor Ellen was always a dependent creature, and I cannot leave her alone. A note from Mr. Horland's clerk says, that his affairs were left in a very embarrassed condition, and presses urgently that I should come to save Ellen from imposition and fraud."

"She does, indeed, need you sadly, and we ought to let you go; but, can your practice spare you?"

"There are no patients now whom it would not do to leave with young Philips, I think. I shall return as soon as possible."

The journey and its object formed the topic of conversation at the breakfast-table, and it was decided that Doctor Gregory should start the next morning.

"Dear Catharine," said he, at parting, "I pray you to feel that you are mistress of this house. Be sure that the children revere your authority—I am happy in intrusting them to you."

One week from that day, in the pleasant twilight, an antique family carriage, that had been splendid in its day, drew up before the gateway, and two individuals very much of the same description emerged from its cavernous interior.

"Grandfather and Grandmother Newell, as true as I live!" cried Alice, who was looking out.

All rushed to the window and then to the door to welcome the venerable visitants. With joyous exclamations and great running to and fro, they were at last seated so comfortably that nothing more could be done without making them less comfortable. Eddie was on his grandfather's knee, Alice leaned over her grandmother's chair, while Clara was seated between them. Mrs. Gregory hastened to prepare a dish of tea, to refresh them after their ride.

"Well, my poor dears, how do you get along?" asked Mrs. Newell, as soon as the step-mother had disappeared.

Clara looked to Alice.

"As well as we possibly could without our own dear mother," said Alice. "I am glad you are come to see for yourself," and she kissed the old lady's pale, wrinkled cheek.

"Yes, I shall see," replied the grandmother; and accordingly that evening and the next day were spent in the closest observation.

"See what Mr. Brentford gave me!" cried Eddie, as, returning from a walk with Clara on the following afternoon, he bounded into the room, brandishing above his head an enormous paper of bon-bons.

"Mr. Brentford was very kind, was he not?" said his mother, taking a sugar-plum which the child generously extended to her. He bestowed a similar bounty on every one in the room, and then sat down to the work of feeding himself, which he performed with extraordinary celerity, bolting the sugar-coated poison by the handful.

"There, Neddie, you have had quite enough for this time," interposed his mother. "You will make yourself sick."

"No, no!" cried the young *gourmand*, grasping his precious package with great energy, and turning away, "I want them all."

"Not all, now—Oh, no, that would not do, at all. Bring them to me, and I will keep them for you, and give them to you when it is best for you to have them."

Emboldened to disobedience by the presence of those whom he had never failed to conquer, the child hugged his treasure still closer, and arranged his physiognomy for a cry.

"Neddie—I want you to bring me your sweetmeats," said Mrs. G.

He took refuge by the chair of his grandmother, who began to caress him. The step-mother's color deepened; but she said in a low, firm tone, not to be mistaken—

"Edward, my child, bring me that package."

It was with rather slow and reluctant footsteps; but he did bring it and place it in her hands. She said simply—

"That is right," and left the room.

As she closed the door, however, she heard tremulous tones telling how "they should n't abuse grandma's little dove—no, they should n't!—who was grandma's darling!"

This was but one instance, among many, that occurred during the visit, when the step-mother found herself forced to exercise her parental authority, and then to listen to the condolence bestowed on the victim of her despotism.

That evening Mr. Brentford spent there. He made himself very much at home, holding old Mrs. Newell's yarn for her, listening with the most exemplary complaisance to Mr. Newell's interminable tales, consigning to Eddie his elegant repeater for a plaything, singing with Clara, playing chess with Alice, talking with Mrs. Gregory, evidently bent on earning for himself the epithet, which the old lady was not slow in bestowing, of "a *very* pretty young man."

Mrs. Gregory admired him in all but his conversation, and in this she could not persuade herself that he was not shallow, flippant, and arrogant. She sought to draw him out on many subjects, but found none on which he was thoroughly informed—none on which he expressed fine sentiments that had about them any of the freshness of originality.

CHAPTER VI.

"What a genial, delicious air it is, to-night," said Mrs. Gregory to herself, as she sat alone in her chamber one evening, "so light, too! How beautiful!" she exclaimed, as she opened the window and stepped out on the balcony. As she did so, the sound of voices arrested her attention.

She looked down into the garden, and saw Brentford and Clara slowly pacing along the garden walk, in the light of "the young May moon." His arm girdled the light shawl that floated about her waist; his cap was placed coquetishly over her dark curls; his musical voice filled her ear.

"Poor, poor child!" murmured her step-mother, as she turned away; "how I wish this stranger had never come here! How continually he is in her society—how much he fascinates her, and how destitute he really is of every thing worthy of her regard. What shall I do? What would my husband have me do? Shall I leave her to her own discretion?—'I am happy in intrusting them to you!'—Oh! if she only had a *mother!*"

At that moment, the soft sound of music stole up through the sleeping air. How deep and rich, yet how delicately modulated, was the voice that sung,

In parlors of splendor, though beauty be glancing,
Bright mirrors reflecting the fairy forms dancing,
In banqueting halls, by the lily cheek glowing,
With flush of the wine, in the silver cup flowing,
Fair fingers disporting with musical sprite,
And stealthily clipping the wings of the night;
I'd hie to the home where the roses are dreaming,
And Hope, from those eyes, on my spirit is beaming;
I'd choose the still moonlight, thro' vine-lattice stealing,
The face that I love, in its beauty revealing.
I'd list to the voice that is sweeter by far
Than the tones of the lute or the heartless guitar.

The accents of love all my spirit are filling
With rapture subduing, yet blissful and thrilling.
Alas! the kind minutes, unkindly are speeding,
For joy or for sorrow, unstaying, unheeding,
Oh! dearest, mine own one, wherever may be
This *presence*, my spirit ne'er parteth from thee.

The last words melted away in the most liquid melody. "Ah! he will sing her heart away!" thought Catharine, as the magical tone died, echo-like. "How ravishingly sweet that was! and how adoringly Clara loves music!" She sat down and leaned her head upon her hand, thinking anxiously; then suddenly taking her pencil, wrote these words;

"Dear Clara,—Listen kindly, I entreat you, to a few words, which nothing but the most anxious solicitude for your interest could induce me to intrude upon you.

"Are you sure that your father, that your *mother* would approve so great an intimacy with one so much a stranger as Mr. Brentford? Be chary of your heart, I implore you. He may be all his very prepossessing appearance seems to claim, but remember, you do not know him.

"Forgive these suggestions, at once so unwelcome and so reluctant, and believe that you have no sincerer friend than

Catharine Gregory."

She folded the little note, and stepping across the hall, laid it on Clara's table.

As she sat at the window, reading, the next morning, the trampling of horses in the court-yard attracted her notice. There sat Clara on her horse, Brentford encouraging her graceful timidity, and caressing the fiery animal on which she was mounted. Another moment and he, too, vaulted into the saddle, and away! Nobody knew better than Brentford that he looked no where so well as on a horse, and understood nothing so well as horsemanship. Mrs. Gregory admired them all, riders and horses, as they passed, looking so elegant, so excited, and so happy.

"Perhaps she did not observe my note," thought she.

"Do they not look beautiful!" cried Alice, entering at that moment; "Clara's riding-dress is so becoming to her perfect form. She sits like a queen. And then Brentford—I hardly know which to admire most, him or his horse—and that is saying a great deal."

"Your comparison is very apt, Alice," said her mother, laughing; "for Mr. Brentford's beauty is very much of the same character as that of the noble brute he bestrides. They certainly are both extremely handsome."

"Well, I would n't care if he were as ugly as Caliban, if I could only ride his magnificent gray. Oh! if I were only old enough to be invited! But I

must to my quadratic equations! Oh, I had forgotten—this note Clara left for you."

Mrs. Gregory hastily opened it, and read thus,

"Clara's father is not in the habit of troubling himself with the inspection of her affairs; and Mrs. Gregory is entreated not to burden her mind with any undue solicitude.

C. L. GREGORY."

The tears sprang to the step-mother's eyes as she read these lines; but she brushed them away, for she heard footsteps at her door. It opened, and there stood Dr. Gregory himself. A right joyous meeting was there.

"And where are the children?" he asked.

"Alice left me but a moment ago, Neddie is in the garden, at play, I believe, and Clara has gone to ride."

"To ride?—With whom?"

"With Mr. Brentford, a young man who came to town about the time you left, and has become somewhat intimate here. I should like to have you make his acquaintance."

"Why, what is he?"

"You will see for yourself," answered his wife, with a smile. "But you have told me nothing about your poor sister yet."

It was not long before Dr. Gregory had an opportunity of meeting the stranger, and holding quite a long conversation with him in his own house.

"That is the man you spoke of?" said he abruptly to his wife, as the door closed on the visitor.

She assented.

"A *man*, indeed, if hair and cloth can make one. It is a pity he had n't a brain inside his comely cranium."

Clara flashed a vengeful glance on her step-mother, as the doctor thus characteristically uttered himself, and sailed majestically out of the room.

CHAPTER VII.

The last rays of a June sun were streaming into Clara's chamber through the open window at which she sat.

"There goes father into his office!" she exclaimed. "He is alone. Now or never!" and snatching her sun-bonnet, she ran quickly down the stairs and across the garden to the little white vine-covered office that stood at its foot. A moment's hesitation, as she laid her hand on the latch, and then, with a sudden air of resolution, she opened the door and went in. Her father, who sat at the window, reading, glanced at her as she entered, nodded slightly, and went on with his book.

Clara walked across the floor to the library, and searched it diligently. Yet her father did not ask her what she wanted. She rattled gently the bones of a skeleton that hung in the corner. Still he did not look up. She played a tattoo on the skull of a Hottentot. The imperturbable doctor moved not. So she went up to him and laid her hand on the back of his chair, saying,

"Have you a few minutes for me, father?"

"Oh yes, my dear. Can you wait till I finish this article?" So she leaned upon his chair, gazing out of the window, and wishing herself back in her room.

"Well, Clara, I am ready for you," said her father at last, closing his book.

But she seemed to have nothing ready to say, and began to pull to pieces a stray branch of woodbine that looked in at the window.

"Why what is it, my child—do you want a new frock, or what?"

"No, sir. I want—I came to ask you—why the truth is, father, that I want to be married, and beg you to tell me yes, when I ask you if I may."

"Want to be *married!*" cried the doctor, laughing immoderately. "Now I protest, of all the fooleries, that is the last I should have thought of the child's asking for! Why, see here, dear—how long is it since you were romping about here, in short dresses, and short hair, and all that? Want to be married!" and he gazed at her with an incredulous smile.

"I am nearly seventeen," observed Clara, with considerable dignity.

"Oh, indeed! I beg your pardon, madam!" exclaimed her father, in a tone of profound deference, at the same time seating her on his knee. "You want to be married. Now, what for, my little lady?"

"Why, I think, without it, neither I nor one other can ever be happy."

"And who might that other individual be?"

"I dare not tell you, for you are prejudiced against him, and will refuse me."

"Prejudiced, am I? What, do you opine, has prejudiced me?"

"I think you adopted the opinions of another before seeing him, and so were not prepared to judge justly."

"Is it this Brentford, you mean?"

"Yes, sir," replied the girl, coloring deeply, and turning away her head.

"And what do you suppose would make your happiness with him?"

"We love each other!"

"What is it that you love in him?"

"Why, he is so noble, so generous, so honorable."

"Are you quite sure that is it, Clara? Or is it that he is so handsome, so genteel, so elegantly bearded, so devoted to you? But I will not keep you on the rack, my poor child. I will tell you at once, that it is not my wish that you should marry mortal man, be he who he may, till you come to years of discretion, which is not likely to be for four or five yet.

"You do not know, now, what you will want when your taste is fully formed, your character consolidated. I am convinced that this man who now captivates you so much, possesses none, or next to none, of the qualities necessary to secure your permanent happiness and elevation in the connection you desire. He is far from being the person to whose influence I should be willing to have you subject your whole future life. And, indeed, if he met my entire approval, I should be very reluctant to have you pledge yourself so early.

"Be not in haste to assume the cares and responsibilities of life, my dear child; they will come soon enough at furthest. I would have you a strong, right-minded, well-developed woman, before you take the station and duties of a woman. I would not suffer you to marry now, unless I were willing to risk the peace of your whole life, which I am far enough from being." And he drew down her blushing cheek, and kissed it.

"Do you not suppose your lover would find another lady as much to his taste, should you reject him?"

"Never!" replied Clara, emphatically; "he has told me a hundred times that he never loved before, and he never should again."

"Very well," returned her father, with a quiet smile, "if he will give you bail for his reappearance here, four years from this day, I shall be ready to listen to his proposals, if I am alive. But why did he not proffer his suit himself, like a man, instead of pilfering your heart, and then sending you, poor, quailing thing, to ask the powers if he might have it!" A heavy frown lowered on Doctor Gregory's brow, which his daughter hastened to dissipate, saying,

"Indeed, he would have seen you, but I preferred to, because—"

"Because what?"

"I thought you would be more willing to listen to me."

"I hope I should be reasonable with any one. You understand my wishes, Clara, and no doubt, I may depend on your acquiescence in them. You need not trouble yourself any further about a marriage, till you are of age, at least. As to Mr. Brentford, I rely on your judgment and sense of propriety, my daughter, to direct your future conduct. Of course, you will discontinue any intimate friendship with him.

"I am heartily sorry to disappoint you, love, but I have not a doubt you will be infinitely happier in the end."

Clara's lip quivered, and her eyes were so full of tears she dared not close them, as she rose, and pulling her sun-bonnet over her face, glided out of the office and up the garden walk. She ran up the stairs to her room, turned the key, and burst into tears.

CHAPTER VIII.

Weeks have passed, and young Clara Gregory sits again, alone, at that western window, pale and troubled. The letter which she holds in her hand is the secret of her perplexity.

"He still loves me, then! He cannot give me up! He is so miserable—am I not cruel to condemn to misery one whose only crime is loving me too well? How gently he hints it—dear Brentford! But then a secret marriage seems so mean. Father, too. Then I have refused once, so positively. Shall I recant? I that am so inflexible! Indeed I should be ashamed to; still nobody would know it but Brentford himself.

"I never did disobey my father in my life; still, as this letter says, I am the best judge what is necessary to my own happiness—and it concerns me only. Father did not consult my wishes about marrying himself, and so he could not help forgiving me if I should disregard his. Shall I shut myself up at home to see that detestable step-mother exult in her success in frustrating my plans? No, Brentford, no! She shall not exult, she shall know that there are no thanks to her that I am not yours. Yet, but for her, I do not believe father would ever have objected. I will not be thwarted by *her!* An elopement? What is that more than a thousand ladies have consented to? Some of the very most perfect that ever were imagined, too. Why should I set myself up above all the world in my puritanism? It is no such shocking thing, after all.

"But father relies upon my honor and sense of propriety; oh, well, he will be glad afterward, when he sees how happy I am, and will like me the better, perhaps, for showing a little of his own energy. It will be just the same in the end as though I were married at home, only a bit of romance about it."

And so the girl went on, zealously persuading her willing self that nothing could be more excusable—justifiable—commendable, than for her to abscond from her father's house, and secretly to wed against his will.

"Yes, I come, Brentford!" she exclaimed aloud; and seizing a pen, she wrote and sealed a bond to that effect.

"Now I *must* go," thought she, "for I have promised."

That evening she asked her father's permission to go on a few weeks' visit to her friend Arabella, who had recently returned to her home.

"Oh yes, my dear, I shall be glad to have you go and enjoy yourself as much as you can, and as fast, too, for we cannot spare you a long while."

Clara's cheek burned as she thanked him, and turned away, for she knew he little imagined how long or how eventful was the absence she contemplated.

They thought she seemed strangely sad and agitated the next morning, as she bade them adieu to start on her excursion. Her sister felt a tear drop on her hand, as Clara embraced her and whispered,

"Good bye, dear, *dear* Alice!"

How anxious she seemed to do every little kindness for her father that morning, how solicitous to please him in all things! When he bade her "good morning," she seemed to wait for him to say something more; but he only added,

"Be a good girl, my daughter."

What a rush of emotions crowded each other through her mind, when she found herself seated among strangers in the railway car, speeding away like the wind from that sweet home, and the life-long friends who loved her as themselves; from the grave of her mother—whither? To the arms of one of whose very existence she had been ignorant but a few weeks ago! For his sake she had forsaken those tried and precious friends—had parted from them with a *lie* upon her lips. To him she was about to give *herself*.

Perhaps a painful doubt crossed her mind of the honor of one who could demand from one so young, so unadvised, such a sacrifice of truth, of duty, of home, just for his sake. Perhaps a query arose whether there was enough in him to compensate for all she lost—whether the charm of his society would last through all the vicissitudes of life.

An old man sat before her, and from every wrinkle of his time-worn visage, a quiet tone seemed to ask her,

"Will your heart still cling to its hero when the rust of poverty is on his shining garments, and care has furrowed his fair forehead, and his raven hair has grown gray, and his proud form bent, and his rich voice wasted and broken?"

She felt, too, like a fugitive; she fancied that people looked suspiciously at her. Especially was there an eye that vexed her; a black, piercing eye, that peered out from a pale face through a mourning veil. It looked as though it might read the inmost secrets of one's heart—and its frequent gaze became almost insupportable to Clara.

But they were rapidly approaching Burrill Bridge, the station where her lover had promised to join her. How intently she gazed from the window, as the Iron Horse began to halt, and the conductor shouted "Burrill Bridge!"

There he stood, as distinguished as ever among the crowd. She felt a thrill of pride as she marked the involuntary deference with which the throng made way for his lofty form, and said within herself, "He is mine!"

With him once more at her side, listening to his fascinating tones, she felt that she was in little danger of making too great a sacrifice for him; she reproached herself that she had ever faltered. Still she felt guilty and unsafe, startled at every new entrance; and it was with an emotion of dread that she glanced toward the stranger, whose observation had been so oppressive to her. But her eye brightened with an expression of relief as it caught the wave of her black garments passing into another car.

After a long, long ride of nearly forty-eight hours, they stopped.

"Oh! how far I am from dear, quiet Vernon, in this great, strange city!" thought Clara. But her heart fluttered as she heard Brentford order the hackman to "drive to —— church."

"You shall be mine before we rest," he whispered to her. Before another hour had passed, the solemn, irrevocable words were spoken which sealed her destiny! She felt their momentous import as she never had before.

A little group of loiterers in the vestibule gazed curiously at them as they passed out, and behind them Clara saw the same black eye that had annoyed her so much on the journey. Why should *she* be there, in the sultry noon, from the dust and weariness of travel?

CHAPTER IX.

That same afternoon the bride sat alone in her room in a fashionable hotel. A tap at her door—it is that stranger of the black eye and mourning dress. Though amazed and not altogether pleased, Clara invited her to a seat.

"I think, ma'am, you were married this morning in ——church, to Mr. Bernal Brentford?"

Clara assented, with a faint blush.

"I could not tell you, if I should try, how sorry I am to blast your happiness; but perhaps you will be thankful to me sometime. I must tell you that he, who has just wedded you, *is the husband of another*. Mr. Brentford has been, for four years, a married man!"

Clara stared at the woman in blank amazement, as though she did not comprehend what monstrous tale she was trying to make her believe.

At last, however, she seemed to understand, and with a sudden burst of indignation, and flashing eyes, she exclaimed,

"Who are you, that *dare* say such a thing? It is false! I know it is false! Brentford is true—he is honorable. I say, how dare you come here with that foul, despicable slander against him, my noble husband?"

She stood directly before her visitant, and clasped her cold hands together very tightly, that she might not seem to tremble. The black eyes looked mournfully and steadily on her, as the stranger replied,

"Poor girl! I dare come here and tell you this, because I know it is the truth, and I would save an innocent young fellow-being from disgrace and misery. I know one who, five years ago, was as light-hearted a creature as ever trilled a song. Then she met Bernal Brentford. He flattered her. He sang with her. He said he loved her. He took her away from her happy, happy home in the sunny south, and carried her to the city. There he squandered her fortune, and deserted her.

"Could I be human and suffer another poor heart to be murdered in this same way?"

As she spoke she drew a paper from her pocket, and handed it to Clara, who had sunk down into a chair, pale and speechless. She took it, and opened it mechanically. It was a record of the marriage of Bernal Brentford and Bertha Vale, signed and attested in due form. She read it, again and again, then said, suddenly,

"How do I know that this is genuine?"

"There are witnesses, to whom you can refer, if you care to. The means of proof are ample."

Clara's ear caught the sound of a well-known footfall on the stairs.

"*You* are Bertha Vale?" said she.

"Yes."

"Sit in that recess, and be silent."

Summoning all the fortitude of her nature, Clara resumed the book which she had dropped on the entrance of the stranger, and threw herself, in a careless attitude, on the sofa. She was glad of its support—for it seemed to her she should sink to the ground. Brentford entered, and approached her with some playful speech. But as he crossed the floor, his eye fell on the shadow of the figure in the recess. He looked at it and stood aghast. Then in a voice tremulous with passion, he cried,

"How on earth came *you* here?"

She made no reply, and Clara said, very calmly,

"Why should the lady not be here? She called to see me."

"You called to see her!" he exclaimed, advancing toward the intruder, and glaring fiercely on her, "You shall not see her, you shall not speak a word to her! Get you hence!"

She rose, saying simply, "I am ready to go."

"I tell you, Bertha Vale," hissed her husband in her ear, "if you ever cross my path again, you shall *bitterly* rue it!"

Her eye fixed itself unwaveringly on his as he spoke, while her small hand freed her arm from the grasp he had taken on it. She did not speak, and casting one pitying glance on Clara, glided out of the room. Brentford stared after her as she went, then walked to the window, to see, apparently, whether she went into the street. There he stood, motionless, for several minutes, then, placing himself, with folded arms, before the faded form upon the sofa, demanded,

"What did she say to you?"

She raised her pallid face from the hands in which it had been hidden, and said sorrowfully,

"I cannot tell what she did say, but she made me know that I have been deceived, and I want to go home.

"Yes, yes, I must go home," she murmured to herself.

"No, no, she lied, I say. You shall not go—would you go and desert your own Brentford, dearest?"

"You are not mine," said she, putting away the arm with which he would have encircled her, "you are another woman's. I want to go home."

She raised herself and strayed toward the table, where her bonnet lay. Brentford sprang after her and seized her hand, pouring forth a torrent of remonstrance, denial, invective, and command, in the utmost confusion. But Clara's inexorable will was, for once, her good angel; and, whether he raved or implored, she was still firm. Although so weak and trembling that she could hardly support herself, she suffered him to see nothing but cold, strong resolve; but as she opened the door to go, and saw his look of dark despair, she hesitated, and gave him her hand, saying—

"I do forgive you, Brentford."

But the gleam of hope that shot into his eyes admonished her, and she quickly shut the door and ran down stairs, without stopping to think, and was soon seated in a carriage and rattling rapidly away.

CHAPTER X.

How like an angel's sigh of loving pity that summer's wind breathed on the cheek of the sufferer! How kindly the crimson sunset clouds tried to shed their own glow on its pallor, and even to fill with light the tear that glittered on it. The blush roses, too, that swayed to and fro at the open window, vied with each other who should kiss the thin, white hand that rested on the sill; and her sad eyes beamed forth a grateful blessing on them all, as she lay there, like a child, in her father's arms.

His face bore a strange contrast to the mournful gentleness of hers; for his dark, heavy brows were knit, and his lips compressed, as though in anger; yet that firm lip quivered, as he said, tenderly—

"How much you have suffered, my poor child! No wonder that it has made you sick and delirious!"

"I have suffered no more than I deserved," murmured Clara.

"But how did the man try to extenuate his villany?" exclaimed her father, with a sudden flash of indignation from his dark eyes.

"Don't speak harshly, dear father?" whispered she. "He confessed, at last, that he was married, but said he had long ceased to love; and then, he loved me—so madly!"

A smile of pure scorn curled Doctor Gregory's lip, and he clasped his child closer in his arms, as he exclaimed—

"Thank God, my daughter, you are safe in your father's arms once more!"

"Oh, I am thankful," said Clara, earnestly, raising her tearful eyes to her father's face, "and I do hope that I may be a better child to you than I have ever been. I have been proud and selfish, but I do think that I am humbled now. Ah! how much I owe you, my father, to atone for the grief I have caused you. It seems to me, now, so strange that I could be so undutiful! I lived long in those few days I was absent from you—and, then," she added, hesitating, "there is another thing for which I ought to make a long and sad confession—I have been most unkind to her you gave me in my mother's stead. I have felt it all as I have lain upon my bed, and watched her noiseless footsteps stealing about, ministering to me. I have suffered for it as I have felt her cool, soft hand upon my burning forehead—and, most of all, have I repented it, as I have noticed the beautiful delicacy with which she avoids the most remote allusion to my ingratitude and folly."

"God bless you, my child!" breathed Doctor Gregory, with deep emotion. "I trusted long to your good sense to correct the evil which I so much mourned. I pitied you—for I knew, but too well, whence you inherited the self-will that was your bane. But your heart is the victor, at last," and a glow of satisfaction lighted his countenance, as he bowed his manly head to kiss the sweet face that rested on his breast. "But you will have great disappointment and loneliness to sustain, my dear Clara. I fear you will be very unhappy."

Clara gazed cheerfully and seriously into her father's face as she replied—

"I think I have learned to be happy in the love of home, and I shall delight in trying to repay the long forbearance and gentleness of my *Step-Mother*."

SHAWLS.

FROM HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

In that part of Asia, where some of our brave countrymen have penetrated only to die—in that country where Charles Stoddart and his friend Conolly, whose faces will never be forgotten by some of us, and whose voices still sound in our ears, consoled each other through a loathsome imprisonment, and went out together to lose their heads in the market-place of the capital; in that distant and impracticable country of Bokhara, which we are ready to say we will never have any connection with —there are people always employed in our service. We are not now thinking of the Bokhara clover, which is such a treat to our cows and horses. We owe that, and lucerne, and others of our green crops, to the interior of Asia; but we are thinking of something more elaborate. In Bokhara, the camel is watched while the fine hair on the belly is growing: this fine hair is cut off so carefully that not a fibre is lost; it is put by until there is enough to spin into a yarn, unequalled for softness, and then it is dyed all manner of bright colors, and woven in strips eight inches wide of shawl patterns, such as—with all our pains and cost, with all our Schools of Design, and study of nature and art—we are not yet able to rival. These strips are then sewn together so cunningly that no European can discover the joins. The precious merchandise is delivered to traders who receive it on credit. On their return from market, they pay the price of the shawls at the Bokhara value, with 30 per cent. interest; or, if they cannot do this in consequence of having been robbed, or of any other misfortune, they stay away, and are never seen again in their native land.

Where is this market?—So far away from home that the traders wear out their clothes during their journey, and their fair skins become as brown as mulattoes. On, on, on they go, day after day, month after month, on their pacing camels or beside them, over table-lands mounting one above another; over grass, among rocks, over sand, through snows; now chilled to the marrow by icy winds; now scorched by sunshine, from which there is no shelter but the flat cotton caps with which they thatch their bare crowns: on, on, for fifteen thousand miles, to the borders of Russia, to sell the shawls which are to hang on ladies' shoulders in Hyde Park, and where beauties most do congregate in Paris and Vienna.

The passion for shawls among all women everywhere is remarkable. In one country, the shawl may flow from the head like a veil; in another, it hangs from the shoulders; in another, it is knotted round the loins as a sash; in yet another, it is swathed round the body as a petticoat. Wherever worn at all, it is the pet article of dress. From a time remote beyond computation, the sheep of Cashmere have been cherished on their hills, and the goats of Thibet on their plains, and the camels of Tartary on their steppes, to furnish material for the choicest shawls. From time immemorial, the patterns which we know so well have been handed down as a half-sacred tradition through a Hindoo ancestry, which puts even Welsh pedigrees to shame. For thousands of years have the bright dyes, which are the despair of our science and art, been glittering in Indian looms, in those primitive pits under the palm-tree, where the whimsical patterns grow like the wildflower springing from the soil. For thousands of years have Eastern potentates made presents of shawls to distinguished strangers, together with diamonds and pearls.

At this day, when an Eastern prince sends gifts to European sovereigns, there are shawls to the value of thousands of pounds, together with jewels, perfumes, and wild beasts, and valuable horses; just as was done in the days of the Pharaohs, as the paintings on Egyptian tombs show us at this day. And the subjects of sovereigns have as much liking for shawls as any queen. At the Russian Court, the ladies judge one another by their shawls as by their diamonds. In France, the bridegroom wins favor by a judicious gift of this kind. In Cairo and Damascus, the gift of a shawl will cause almost as much heart-burning in the harem as the introduction of a new wife. In England, the daughter of the house spends the whole of her first quarter's allowance in the purchase of a shawl. The Paris grisette and the London dressmaker go to their work with the little shawl pinned neatly at the waist. The lost gin-drinker covers her rags with the remnants of the shawl of better days. The farmer's daughter buys a white cotton shawl, with a gay border, for her wedding; and it washes and dyes until, having wrapped all her babies in turn, it is finally dyed black to signalize her widowhood. The maiden aunt, growing elderly, takes to wearing a shawl in the house in mid-winter; and the granny would no more think of going without it at any season than without her cap. When son or grandson comes home from travel, far or near, his present is a new shawl, which she puts on with deep consideration, parting with the old one with a sigh. The Manchester or Birmingham factory-girl buys a gay shawl on credit, wears it on Sunday, puts it in pawn on Monday morning, and takes it out again on Saturday night for another Sunday's wear, and so on, until she has wasted money that would have bought her a good wardrobe. Thus, from China round the world to Oregon, and from the queen down to the pauper, is the shawl the symbol of woman's taste and condition. Whence come all these shawls? For it is clear that the supply which arrives from Asia—over bleak continents and wide

oceans—can only be for the rich and great. Some of the shawls from Bokhara sell, in the market on the Russian frontier, for two thousand four hundred pounds each. Whence come the hundred thousand shawls that the women of Great Britain purchase every year?

Some of the richest that our ladies wear are from Lyons; and the French taste is so highly esteemed, that our principal manufacturers go to Lyons once or twice a year for specimens and patterns. Some of our greatest ladies of all, even the queen and certain duchesses and countesses offer to our chief manufacturers a sight of their treasures from India, their Cashmeres and other shawls, from a patriotic desire for the improvement of our English patterns. From these, the manufacturers of Norwich and Paisley devise such beautiful things that, but for the unaccountable and unrivaled superiority of the Orientals in the production of this particular article, we should be all satisfaction and admiration. The common cotton shawls, continually lessening in number, worn by women of the working-classes, are made at Manchester, and wherever the cotton manufacture is instituted. In order to study the production of British shawls in perfection, one should visit the Norwich or Paisley manufactures.

If any article of dress could be immutable, it would be the shawl—designed for eternity in the unchanging East—copied from patterns which are the heirloom of a caste—and woven by fatalists, to be worn by adorers of the ancient garment, who resent the idea of the smallest change. Yet has the day arrived which exhibits the manufacture of three distinct kinds of shawls in Paisley. There is the genuine woven shawl with its Asiatic patterns; and there is that which is called a shawl for convenience, but which has nothing Asiatic about it: the tartan—which name is given not only to the checks of divers colors which signify so much to the Scottish eye, but to any kind of mixed or mottled colors and fabric—woven in squares or lengths to cover the shoulder. The third kind is quite modern: the showy, slight and elegant printed shawl, derived from Lyons, and now daily rising in favor. The woven kind is the oldest in Paisley. The tartan kind was introduced from Stirlingshire—without injury to Stirlingshire—which makes as many as ever, but to the great benefit of Paisley. The printed kind has been made about six years, and it is by far the greatest and most expanding manufacture. The most devoted worshipers of the genuine shawl can hardly wonder at this, considering the love of change that is inherent in ladies who dress well, and the difference of cost. A genuine shawl lasts a quarter of a lifetime. Ordinary purchasers give from one pound to ten pounds for one, and can give more if they desire a very superior shawl: a process which it is not convenient to repeat every two or three years. The handsomest printed shawls, meantime, can be had for two pounds, and they will last two years; by the end of which time, probably, the wearer has a mind for something new. The time required for the production answers pretty accurately to these circumstances. It takes a week to weave a shawl of the genuine sort—in the same time, ten or twelve of the tartan or plaid, and twenty or thirty of the printed can be produced.

The processes employed for these three kinds of shawls are wholly different; and we will therefore look at them separately, though we saw them, in fact, under the same roof. As for the tartan shawls, there is no need to enlarge upon them, as their production is much like that of any other kind of variegated cloth. We need mention only one fact in regard to them, which is, however, very noticeable, the recent invention of a machine by which vast time and labor are saved. As we all know, the fringes of cloth shawls are twisted—some threads being twisted together in one direction, and then two of these twists being twisted in the opposite direction. Till a month ago this work was done by girls, in not the pleasantest way; either to themselves or the purchaser, by their wetting their hands from their own mouths, and twisting the threads between their palms. The machine does, in a second of time, the work of fourteen pairs of hands; that is, as two girls attend it, there is a saving of twelve pairs of hands and some portion of time, and the work is done with thorough certainty and perfection; whereas, under the old method, for one girl who could do the work well, there might be several who did it indifferently or ill. The machine—invented by Mr. Hutchinson—must be seen to be understood; for there is no giving an idea, by description, of the nicety with which the brass tongues rise to lift up the threads and to twist them; then throw them together, and rub them against the leather-covered shafts, which—instead of human palms—twist them in the opposite direction. In seeing this machine the old amazement recurs at the size, complication, and dignity of an instrument contrived for so simple a purpose. The dignity, however, resides not in the magnitude of the office, but in the saving of time and human labor.

Of the other two kinds of shawls, which shall we look at first? Let it be the true and venerable woven shawl.

The wool is Australian or German—chiefly Australian. It comes in the form of yarn from Bradford, in hanks which are any thing but white, so that they have first to be washed. Of the washing, dyeing, and warping we need not speak, as they are much the same to the observer's—and therefore to the reader's—eye as the preparation of yarns for carpets in Kendal, and of silk for ribbons in Coventry. While the washing and drying, and the dyeing and drying again, are proceeding, the higher labor of preparing the pattern is advancing.

But how much of the lower kind of work can be done during the slow elaboration of the higher? It really requires some patience and fortitude even to witness the mighty task of composing and preparing the pattern of an elaborate shawl. Let the reader study any three square inches of a good shawl border; let the threads be counted, and the colors, and the twists and turnings of the pattern, and then let it be remembered that the general form has to be in-

vented, and the subdivisions, and the details within each form, and the filling up of the spaces between, and the colors—as a whole, and in each particular; and that, before the material can be arranged for the weaving, every separate stitch (so to speak) must be painted down on paper, in its right place. Is it not bewildering to think of?—Much more bewildering and imposing is it to see. As for the first sketch of the design, that is all very pretty; and, the strain on the faculties not being cognizable by the stranger, is easy enough.

There goes the artist-pencil—tracing waving lines and elegant forms, giving no more notion of the operations within than the hands of a clock do of the complication of the works. Formerly, the employers put two or three good foreign patterns into the artist's hands, and said—"Make a new pattern out of these." Now that we have schools of design, and more accessible specimens of art, the direction is given without the aids—"Make a new pattern," and the artist sits down with nothing before him but pencil and paper—unless, indeed, he finds aids for himself in wild flowers, and other such instructors in beauty of form and color. By degrees, the different parts of the pattern shape themselves out, and combine—the centre groups with the ends, and the ends grow out into the sides with a natural and graceful transition. Then the portions, properly outlined, are delivered to the colorers, who cover the drawing with oiled paper, and begin to paint. It would not do to color the outlined drawing, because there are no outlines in the woven fabric. It is dazzling only to look upon. Much less minute is the transferring to the diced paper which is the real working pattern. The separate portions of the finished pattern of a single shawl, when laid on the floor, would cover the carpet of a large drawing-room. The taking down such a pattern upon paper occupies four months.

The weaving is done either by "lashing" or from Jacquard cards. The Jacquard loom answers for the eternal patterns, and the "lashing" method suffices for those which are not likely to be repeated. The man seated at the "piano-machine," playing on a sort of keys from the colored pattern stuck up before his eyes, is punching the Jacquard cards, which are then transferred in their order to the lacing-machine, where they are strung together by boys into that series which is to operate upon the warp in the weaving, lifting up the right threads for the shuttle to pass under to form the pattern, as in other more familiar manufactures. The "lashing" is read off from the pattern, too, in the same way as with carpet patterns at Kendal; so many threads being taken up and interlaced with twine for a red stitch, and then so many more for a green, and so on. Boys then fasten each symbol of a hue to a netting of whipcord, by that tail of the netting which, by its knots, signifies that particular hue; so that, when the weaving comes to be done, the boy, pulling the symbolic cord, raises the threads of the warp—green, blue, or other—which are required for that throw of the shuttle. Thus the work is really all done before-hand, except the mere putting together of the threads; done, moreover, by any body but the weaver, who is—to say the truth—a mere shuttle-throwing machine. The poor man does not even see and know what he is doing. The wrong side of the shawl is uppermost—and not even such a wrong side as we see, which gives some notion of the pattern on the other. Previous to cutting, the wrong side of a shawl is a loose surface of floating threads of all colors; of the threads, in fact, which are thrown out of the pattern, and destined to be cut away and given to the paper-makers to make coarse gray paper. One pities the weaver, who sits all day long throwing the shuttle, while the boy at the end of his loom pulls the cords which make the pattern, and throw up nothing but refuse to the eye. He has not even the relief of stopping to roll up what he has done; for a little machine is now attached to his loom, which saves the necessity of stopping for any such purpose. It is called "the up-taking motion." By it a few little cog-wheels are set to turn one another, and, finally, the roller, on which the woven fabric is wound as finished.

The bundles of weaving-strings and netting which regulate the pattern, are called "flowers." From the quantity of labor and skill wrought up in their arrangement, they are very valuable. A pile of them, on a small table, were, as we were assured, worth one thousand pounds. We may regard each as the soul or spirit of the shawl—not creating its material, but animating it with character, personality, and beauty. We have said that it takes a man a week to weave a shawl: but this means a "long" shawl, and not a "square." The square remain our favorites; but the female world does not seem to be of our mind. It is true the symmetry of the pattern is spoiled when the white centre hangs over one shoulder. It is true, the "longs" are heavy and very warm, from being twice doubled. But they have one advantage, which ladies hold to compensate for those difficulties; they can be folded to any size, and therefore to suit any figure—tall or short, stout or thin. We are assured that, for one square shawl that is sold, there are a hundred "longs."

A capital machine now intervenes, with its labor-saving power; this time of French invention. Formerly, it took two girls a whole day to cut off the refuse threads from the back of a shawl. But this machine, superintended by a man, does it in a minute and a half. A horizontal blade is traversed by spiral blades fixed on a cylinder, the revolving of which gives to the blades the action of a pair of scissors. The man's office is to put in the shawl, set the machine going, and to beat down the refuse as fast as it is cut off.

The upper surface of the shawl remains somewhat rough—rough enough to become soon a rather dirty article of dress, from the dust which it would catch up and retain. It is therefore smoothed by singing. This very offensive process is performed by a man who must have gone through a severe discipline before he could endure his business. He heats his iron (which is like a very large, heavy

knife, turned up at the end) red hot, spreads the shawl on a table rather larger than itself, and passes the red-hot iron over the surface, with an even and not very rapid movement. What would that Egyptian dragoman have said, who, being asked to iron out an English clergyman's white ducks, burned off the right leg with the first touch of his box-iron? That box-iron was not red-hot, nor any thing like it; yet there is no such destruction here. There is only the brown dust fizzing. Pah! that's enough! let us go somewhere else.

In a light, upper room, women and girls are at work, sitting on low stools, each with a shawl stretched tightly over her knees. Some of these are darning, with the utmost nicety, any cracks, thin places, or "faults" in the fabric; darning each in its exact color. Some are putting silk fringes upon the printed shawls, tacking them in with a needle, measuring each length by eye and touch, and then knotting, or, as it is called, "netting" the lengths by cross-ties. One diminutive girl of nearly ten, is doing this with wonderful quickness, as she sits by her mother's knee. The girls do not come to work before this age; nor the boys before twelve. In other rooms, women are seated at tables, or leaning over them, twisting the fringes of plaid shawls, or picking out knots and blemishes with pincers, and brushing all clean, and then folding them, with sheets of stiff pasteboard between, ready for the final pressure in the hydraulic press, which makes them fit for the shop.

The fabric for the printed shawls is light and thin, in comparison with the woven. The thinness is various; from the barège to the lightest gossamer that will bear the pressure of the block. The whole importance of the production consists in printing; for the fabric is simple and common enough. A man can weave ten yards per day of the barège; and the silk gauze, striped or plain, requires no particular remark.

The designing is done with the same pains and care as for the genuine shawl, but the range of subjects is larger. While something of the Oriental character of the shawl patterns must be preserved, much of the beauty of French figured silks and brocades and embroidery may be admitted. Thus the designing and coloring-rooms contain much that pleases the eye, though one does not see there the means and appliances which fill some apartment or another of Birmingham factories—the casts from the antique, the volumes of plates, the flower in water, and so on. The preparation of the blocks for printing, and yet more the application of them, reminded us of the paper-staining, which we had certainly never thought of before in connection with shawls. The wood used is lime-wood. Some of the blocks are chiseled and picked out, like those of the paper-stainer. The cast-blocks are more curious. A punch is used, the point or needle of which is kept hot by a flame, from which the workman's head is defended by a shield of metal. He burns holes by puncturing with this hot needle along all the outlines of the block he holds in his hands, much as a little child pricks outlines on paper on a horse-hair chair-bottom. There is a groove along the face of each block, to allow the metal to run in. The burned blocks are screwed tight in a press, their joined tops forming a saucer, into which the molten metal (composed of tin, bismuth and lead) is poured. In it goes, and down the grooves, penetrating into all the burnt holes; and, of course, when cool, furnishing a cast of the patterns desired, in the form of upright thorns or spikes on a metallic ground or plate. These plates are filed smooth at the back, and fixed on wood, and you have the blocks ready to print from; one representing one color, another another, and so on, till the plates for a single shawl of many colors may mount up in value to a very large sum.

Before printing, the fabric has been well washed; the barège being passed, by machinery, over cylinders which apply and squeeze out a wash of soap, soda, and glue. All roughness had previously been removed by a "cropping" machine. After drying, it comes to the printing-table, where it is treated much like a paper-hanging. This is all very well; but what is to be done in case of a shower of rain? a not improbable incident in the life of a shawl. A paper-hanging would not stand a driving rain. Are ladies imposed upon in this matter, when they are offered a gay-printed shawl as wearable out of doors? By no means. Nobody knows how it is, but the fact is certain, that a good steaming, at a tremendous heat, fixes the colors by some chemical action, without in the least hurting their lustre: so the shawls go into the steaming-box, and come out of it able to bear as many washings as you please, without any change of color. After drying, in a heat of one hundred and ten degrees, they go up stairs to be surveyed, fringed, folded and pressed.

It seems a pity that the fat, easy, lazy Bokharian, and the slim, lithe, patient Hindoo, should not come to Paisley, and see how shawls are made there. To the one, shaving his camel on the plain, and the other, throwing his antique shuttle under the palm, how strange would be the noise, and the stench, and the speed, and the numbers employed, and the amount of production! To the one, it may be the work of years to furnish to the traveling merchant strips of eight inches wide, enough to make a shawl; and to the other, the production of such an article is an event in life; while here, at Paisley, if the pattern requires months, the weaving of the most genuine and valuable kind occupies only a week. We do not believe that the simple and patient Oriental will be driven out of the market by us, because there is no promise, at present, of our overtaking their excellence. We hope there will be room in the world of fashion for them and us forever—(the "forever" of that world.) We shall not go back to their methods, and it is not very likely that they should come up to ours; so we shall probably each go on in our own way, which is what everybody likes best.

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AMONG THE MOORS.

THE LEGEND OF THE CASTLE.

NOTWITHSTANDING its proximity to Gibraltar, and the constant intercourse and commerce kept up with Europeans, Tangier preserves its primitive appearance and bears the stamp of a thoroughly Moorish town. Like most Moslem cities it is surrounded by beautiful gardens, and the ride of a few miles will reward the tourist with some very pretty scenery. There is work, too, for the antiquary round about Tangier. Ruins of cities, remains of a Roman aqueduct, traces of the Portuguese dominion, strange tombs of warrior saints who fell in battle, are to be visited. To the north, also, near the sea, there stand the ruins of an old castle, famous as having once been the retreat of a bold chieftain who rebelled against the sultan. This ruin, with portions of its massive outer wall yet standing, covers a large extent of ground, and used frequently to be the destination of my morning rides. Day after day, when riding listlessly through the neighboring lanes, between hedges of the aloe and prickly pear, my horse paused at the old castle, and I went in to raise a panic among bats and owls that were disturbed by my wandering among its gloomy passages and desolate old halls.

A very matter-of-fact soldier had, for a long time, been the attendant on our rides—for it is unsafe to trespass far beyond the town without a guard; this gentleman had not a word wherewith to satisfy my curiosity, or gratify my feminine desire to provide every ruin with its legend. A change of guide, however, brought me at last under the shadow of a charming fellow, a battered, tale-telling old hunter, named Shebah, or the Lion, no doubt from his courage. His conversation was stocked largely with magicians, genii, and enchanted castles, which he built up with much gorgeousness of detail, yet speaking always with a certain dignified simplicity and a peculiarity of idiom that gave a piquant relish to the richness of the diet upon which my ears were put.

One bright September morning, as a small party of us rested on a grassy spot on what perhaps had been the tilt-yard of the castle before-mentioned, enjoying a cool pic-nic breakfast, the old hunter sat cross-legged in our neighborhood, with his long gun beside him, and a knife glittering in his belt, looking with grave wistfulness at the sparkle of our wine, and wrestling mentally, perhaps, with the hard veto of his prophet. To console himself, he lifted up his voice and told us all he knew about surrounding objects, sliding eventually into what he called the Legend of the Castle. I really cannot repeat it after him in his own gorgeous words, that sounded very well upon his lips under the Moorish castle walls, but would trip less successfully from mine in England. I will tell the story as I can, beginning properly with Once upon a Time.

Once upon a time when this castle, now decayed, was a strong fortress, there dwelt in it a certain Arab chief named Muley ben Abel, *alias* Al Zagal, or the Valiant. Al Zagal's valor was not tempered with mercy, and he was by no means universally esteemed by all who knew him. The two half-brothers of Al Zagal were, however, known as the Good Lords, and the public preference of these two brothers caused their sudden disappearance. They were followed out of the world by their father, Ibn Amir, when he was a man still in the prime of life. Al Zagal had, after this time, many fingers pointed at him, and became so greatly dreaded by the people that he was not unwilling to give them other cause for dread. He began accordingly to prey upon the country people, and the Sultan, being busy in a war with mountain tribes, had neither time nor inclination to put any check on his proceedings. So Al Zagal collected a troop of black warriors, with consciences of a like color with their skins, and levied black mail on all travelers and merchants as they passed on their way to Granada, "which then," said the hunter, "our people possessed, and, by the blessing of Allah, will again possess." The Moors faithfully believe that they shall in due time reconquer Spain; and many families of note, tracing descent from Moors of Granada, still keep the keys of houses, and the title-deeds of lands held by their ancestors, ready to be produced in the good time that is coming. Every Friday the Imaums in the mosque pray for the consummation so devoutly wished.

Al Zagal and his black guards did more mischief than a herd of wolves among the surrounding hamlets, and their den came to be called accordingly the Black Castle. The robbers would sweep by in the night, like a hot wind from the desert, and leave every thing destroyed upon their track.

Now it so happened that the shiek of a small mountain village, distant about half a day's journey from the Black Castle, (Hamet al Hassan was his name,) had a fair daughter, the only child left to him by thirteen wives, and she was named Lindora. Lindora means light of the dawn; and the damsel was as soft, and quiet, and delightful as her godmother, Aurora. Necessarily she was, for is she not the heroine of the legend that was told us by the Moorish hunter under the Black Castle's walls?

Hamet, the father, for the sake of peace and quietness, seeing how weak he was, paid a black mail to Al Zagal, that was collected on behalf of the castle, at fixed periods, by one of the chief's swarthy followers. It happened that such a messenger one

day chanced to behold Lindora when she returned from drawing water at the village well.

"Son of Al Hassan," said the envoy, "give me, I pray thee, thy daughter to my wife, for the maid finds favor in my sight. I will befriend thee with my influence, and cause Al Zagal to remit this tribute."

"Most worthy envoy of the most noble Al Zagal," said the old man in reply, "many have asked Lindora at my hands in marriage, but she is betrothed to Cedi Mohammed Ibn Amar, my brother's son; and when he returns from fighting for the sultan, I have promised that they shall be wedded. So even the marriage gifts are prepared against his coming. Wo is me! I have said it."

But the same night, when the inmates of that mountain hamlet were asleep, a strong light fell upon their eyes, and shrieks and war-cries fell upon their ears, and they awoke to the slaughter, for the band of the Black Castle had come down, and fired the village. Young men fought, and women fled; but in the morning the hamlet was a ruin far behind the backs of the marauders, who drove sheep and oxen on the way before them, and with Lindora and her father in the middle of their band, marched back to the Black Castle, well content with the good stroke of business they had done.

Several weeks after that night, a young Moorish warrior, handsomely equipped, attended by about a dozen lances, galloped up-hill toward the ruin of Al Hassan's tents. He was an extremely handsome man, you may be sure, because he is the hero of the legend. Not having expected to find any ruin on the spot, his first impression, when he saw no tents, was, that his father's brother must have struck them, and removed into another neighborhood. Soon, however, he discovered marks of fire, and—by the beard of the Prophet!—blood. Need I say that the young man was Cedi Mohammed Ibn Amar, and that his agony at this discovery was dreadful? He sent his spears abroad in vain for tidings, and then turned his own horse's head toward Tetuan, the nearest town.

Lindora was at this time, of course, in the Black Castle, imprisoned in a lonely tower. The old man, too old to be sold as a slave, would have been promptly dispatched, if the cries of Lindora for her father had not suggested that his life and presence were essential to the preservation of her beauty. The dark envoy was most instrumental in the securing of his safety, but Al Zagal having seen the maiden, who had been seized for his envoy's satisfaction, was desirous, of course, as the dullest legend reader would perceive, to add her to the roll of his own wives.

When Cedi Mohammed Ibn Amar, knowing nothing of all this, reached Tetuan, he went to the house of Al Hadj Halek Ibn Abdallah, a famous marabout, and said, "Salaam on Aleekomm! Know, O holy man, that I am come to thee for news, the odor of which would be sweet unto my nostrils." The wise man, having heard his question, was able, fortunately, to return an answer. And the youth said: "I will depart this hour again to Fez, and throw myself at the feet of the Prince of Believers to ask vengeance; and it shall come to pass that he shall grant me power to lead his warriors against Al Zagal, destroy his castle, and deliver Lindora from its walls; for the maiden loves me still," he added, looking at the hilt of his dagger, in which a large opal glittered cheerfully. "Tabeeb, farewell!"

Lindora was at that time in her lonely tower, shrieking with but little intermission. Al Zagal appeared on the battlements, and leaning over, shouted to one of his followers: "Asharky, place thyself at the head of a score of lances, and ride the country through till thou findest a Tabeeb, for the daughter of Al Hassan is possessed." The Tabeeb who was brought declared the maiden to be in the delirium of fever; so thereafter Al Zagal, who by no means desired that she should die, frequently paced the battlements in a moody way, invoking on her case the blessing of the Prophet.

One day he was awakened from such a reverie by the sound of distant tom-toms and cymbals, and looking up he saw the royal banner coming down the road from Fez. Bright arms of warriors glittered about it, and a dark crowd of country people, that had joined with the great army of the Sultan, was shouting his name; they were his debtors from the surrounding country, now resolved to take this advantageous opportunity of paying him the little things they owed. When the multitude had halted near the castle walls, a single horseman spurred out of the main body—a herald he was—summoning Muley ben Abel, *alias* Al Zagal, to surrender his castle and give up the prisoners therein, particularly Lindora and her father, otherwise the Lord Cedi Mohammed Ibn Amar, Caliph of the Sultan, was prepared in the Sultan's name to lay siege to its walls. A valorous discussion followed, which was closed by a follower of Al Zagal, who, with a stone from a sling, struck the herald on the forehead, and unhorsed him. Then the siege commenced.

The siege was tedious, for the castle walls were thick, but as the black band was not accustomed to live peaceably on short provisions, it turned very blue when the wine failed, and became finally seditious. Nevertheless the siege was tedious, and Cedi Mohammed Ibn Amar began to fear the approach of the rainy season and the departure of his peasant allies, when one day he saw, in strong relief against the morning sky, Lindora and her father led out chained upon the battlements of the Black Castle. Al Zagal had an offer of accommodation to suggest. If the siege were raised he would give up his captives for a ransom of a thousand mets-kal. If not, he would cut off their heads next morning, and throw them down into the camp.

This threw Cedi Mohammed Ibn Amar into great perplexity, for his honor as a soldier and his desire as a lover, were played off unpleasantly against each other. While he still pondered in his tent, the tent curtain was drawn aside and the dark envoy entered. Cedi Mohammed Ibn Amar knew the dark envoy well, although he did not know him as the first

cause of Lindora's misery; he knew him only as a doughty fighting man throughout the siege. What did the dark envoy want. "Son of Amar," he said, "grant but a free pass to myself and a few companions, and the castle shall be delivered up to-night into your hands. Al Zagal has wronged me, and the sons of Allah are not able to forgive."

"Can I believe this?"

"Fear not, Cedi; I will remain in this tent till my word has been fulfilled. To-night Al Zagal, having lulled and deceived thee by this morning's offer, will make a sally with his whole band, and attempt to cut a way to safety for himself and for his captives through your unsuspicious ranks. He hopes to get beyond the mountains into Rif. His men will be divided into two bands, one headed by myself, the other by my brother, who will join against him at a given signal."

"Fight thine own battles with Al Zagal," said Cedi Mahommed Ibn Amar; "I will have no traitor for ally." The youth, nevertheless, profited by the dark envoy's useful information, and disseminated it industriously throughout his camp. In the night, the castle gates having been thrown open, a band of horsemen passed the drawbridge stealthily with muffled hoofs, formed into rank, and placed their captives in the centre, intending to burst in their old way with a sudden cry upon the sleeping enemy. "By the beard of my father," said Al Zagal, "we will yet teach the shepherds what it is to have a lion at bay." He had not long spoken before the lances of the shepherds came upon him, and lances of his own troops also were turned against him. Seeing that he was betrayed, he closed with those men who were faithful to him round the captives, and endeavored to regain the castle; but the enemy possessed the path. There was a terrible fight, and Cedi Mohammed riding high among the torches, friends fought against friends, emirs, splendidly caparisoned on Arab steeds, engaged with half-clad members of the black band, on wiry mountain ponies. Al Zagal, through the tumult and the torch-light fighting desperately, succeeded with a few followers in forcing a way with Lindora back into the castle, of which a large part was already in the hands of the besiegers. He secured Lindora in a secret room, and then descending through dark vaults and passages to a magazine that had long been prepared for any such occasion, added arson to his other crimes. The savage horror of the scene was at its highest as the flames leaped their highest up into the night. The red blaze was a pleasant beacon-fire to men who, waking up by chance in distant places, said it must be the Black Castle that was then on fire, and so there would be peace again upon their tents now that the Black Castle was destroyed.

But among the blazing ruins the strife still went on. The band of Al Zagal had their lives to sell, and valued their lives dearly. "There is one chance more," said Al Zagal to a gigantic black who had been unhorsed in the struggle; "let us mount the first horses we can get, and we may yet escape beyond the mountains into Rif." Al Zagal had soon forced an emir from his charger, and was darting from the castle when the dark envoy confronted him. "Know me!" the chief said, "I am Al Zagal." But the dark envoy struck him, bidding him die like a dog; and after a great struggle he did die, like a brave dog, fighting gallantly. But the dark envoy had fought for Lindora, and had made Lindora his war-cry in the act of treason. Down there came, therefore, in wrath, upon the head of the dark envoy the sword of Cedi Mohammed Ibn Amar. There was another desperate encounter, and I suppose no shrewdness could discover which of the two combatants was killed.

Cedi Mohammed Ibn Amar rushed, at great peril of his life, among the chambers of the burning castle seeking his Lindora. In the uppermost apartment of the western tower, still spared from the flames, he found her stretched upon a low divan, pale and disheveled, almost senseless. Her lover carried her among the ruins to a resting-place upon the trampled, blood-stained grass, and there under the fresh breeze of early morning she revived: "I am indeed saved by thy hand; O, my beloved, Allah hath heard my prayers, and great is my reward. To-morrow I sleep with my fathers and see thee no more." The light of the dawn was on her face. "Lindora!" the youth cried, with a sudden fear; "Lindora, speak to me again!" He looked at the opal in his dagger, which for an instant shot forth rays, and then its light departed: it became a dull, dead stone. The soul of Lindora, light of the dawn, had left that couch of trampled grass and blood, and floated forth into the morning sky.

"And what became of her lover?" I inquired of the old hunter, who appeared disposed to make an end at this part of the tale, whereas I desire always to know distinctly what becomes of every one. We were told in reply, that some said he died at the storming of the castle, some said that he went to Granada and fought in a reckless way, became a great man, and never smiled and never married; but the old hunter himself inclined to think that he abandoned war, and being a caliph married largely, and escaped the observation of the world by being overmuch secluded in his harem.

We requested the old huntsman not to kill Lindora when he told the story next. He listened gravely, and replied, with more reproof in his looks than in his voice, that Lindora had become possessed—that is to say, mentally deranged—and in that state, according to his faith, she was regarded as a saint, and sacred to every good Moslem. It was, therefore, good that she should in that state be compensated for her troubles by a certain passage into heaven.

LONDON COFFEE-HOUSES.

Were I to discuss, to describe, or even cursorily to touch on the social characteristics of any one of the numerous classes of Continental coffee-houses, I should require a book rather than a column. The subject is one so cosmopolitan, so intimately bound up with the progress of civilization, that, while ostensibly penning a paper on coffee-shops, I should be in reality writing a history of the manners, customs and social peculiarities of the peoples who were coffee-drinkers. So, seductive as are the temptations of Continental coffee-shops, I will not venture to touch upon them now. I will reserve for a more convenient opportunity the brilliant Parisian *cafés*, and the consideration of the influence they have had upon the progress of the decorative arts in France; I will reserve the coffee-houses of Germany where pipes and dominoes are the rule, and clean coffee-cups and clean waiters the exception; the *cafés* of Venice and Milan; the *cafés* and *cafejis* of Stamboul and Smyrna; the coffee-houses where there are concerts; where there are dramatic performances; where there are orchestras recruited by blind men; where there are dances and orgies, and feasts of cucumbers and hard eggs, as on the Port at Antwerp; where circulate massive white tureens of coffee considerably modified, or aggravated by schnaps, as at the great pilots' coffee-house, the "Koening Leopold" at Ostend.

Of the present state and position of coffee-shops in one country, I feel myself called upon, however, briefly to treat. The coffee-houses of London have, within the last thirty years, done, to my mind, so much good; have worked such important results, and offer so many curious questions for solution, both social and commercial, that I should be unjust were I to pass them over. I mean the genuine, orthodox, London coffee-houses—coffee-shops, if you will; where coffee is dispensed to the million at varying rates of one penny, three half-pence, and two-pence per cup; where eggs, bread and butter, bacon, and similar refreshments are provided at moderate rates; but where no ardent spirits or fermented liquors of any kind are either demanded by the customers or conceded by the proprietors; where—in lieu of the glasses that were wont to circle round the board, and the good company that was wont to fall underneath it in the old-fashioned coffee-houses—there is provided for the serious, well-conducted frequenters, a feast of newspapers and a flow of cheap periodicals. You and I can remember when such coffee-houses were not. If, in the old time, we wanted a cup, a dish or a bowl of coffee, we were compelled to go to the coffee-room of an hotel for it; provided always that we did not care to consume it at home. And coffee at home, even, was in those days, not by any means a faultless compound. Our aunts and mothers and sisters were blindly attached to certain prejudices and superstitions respecting the fining or clearing of coffee. Noxious compositions, such as dried fish-skins, egg-shells, what ought to have been isinglass (but was fish-bones boiled to a jelly,) together with red-hot coals, were thrown into the unresisting coffee-pot to faciliate the fining operation. Certain strange and fetish rites were also performed with the same view, by knocking the coffee-pot a cabalistic number of times on the hob, and chucking it up in mid air till the hot liquid within became a confused mass of grouts and conflicting flavors. Coffee-houses have effected a great reform in this respect, and have driven away many baneful, though time-honored superstitions.

There is scarcely a street in London—certainly it would be difficult to find three together, unprovided with a coffee-shop. The types do not vary much. Where men go simply for amusement or dissipation, they will naturally congregate in classes: the beggar will go to the beggar's public-house, and the thief to the thieves' theatre. But a coffee-house is neutral ground. There are in every coffee-shop whig, and tory, and radical publications, and whigs, tories and radicals assembled harmoniously to read them; for the readers are as mute as the papers.

Something like uniformity, almost amounting to monotony, prevails in the majority of London coffee-shops. The ornamental is generally sacrificed to the useful. A plain room, divided into plain stalls by varnished partitions, and fitted with plain Pembroke tables, papers, periodicals, and magazines, not quite guiltless of coffee stains and bread-and-butter spots, a neat waitress, economical of speech, and who is forever ringing the changes between two refrains of "coffee and slice," and "tea and an hegg"—are common to all coffee-houses. There is more deal in some, more mahogany in others; there are aristocratic coffee-houses, where they serve you silver salt-castors with your muffins, and silver cream-jugs with your coffee; there are low—very low—coffee-shops, where there is sand on the floor, and an ill odor pervading the place "generally all over." Yet, in all these coffee-houses, high or low, aristocratic or humble, clean or dirty, deal or mahogany furnished, night or day; I can sit for hours and wonder. I ponder on the evidence of Mr. Pamphilon before the coffee-committee of the House of Commons, not twenty years ago; and, reading that, and reading the excise returns, how I wonder! I wonder when I see these strong bands of honest working-men; of swart artisans; of burly coal-heavers and grimy ballast-porters; who are content to come straight from the factory, the anvil, or the wharf to the coffee-shop; who can bid the shining river of beer flow on unheeded, and content themselves with the moderate evening's amusement to be found in cheap periodicals. And, forced as I am sometimes to admit the presence in my coffee-cup of some other ingredients besides coffee, such as chicory, burnt beans, pounded bones, calcined clover, or such trifling little strangers—I wonder still at the immense good the penny cup of coffee (as it should be,) but still the cup, coffee or not coffee, has worked in this huge London. Whatever it be, they drink it, and it does not make them drunk; and drinking, they read; and reading, they learn to think, and to wash, and to teach their little children to read, and to think, and to wash, too. I doubt if a murder were ever planned in a coffee-shop.

Charles Dickens.

JAMES LOGAN OF PENNSYLVANIA.

FROM THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JAMES LOGAN was descended from the Scottish family of Logan of Restalrig, known in history for little else save its connection with the celebrated Gowrie conspiracy. Driven from Scotland by the legal proceedings consequent upon the singular discovery of their father's letters to Gowrie in 1608, the two sons of the last Logan of Restalrig migrated to Ireland and established themselves at Lurgan. Robert, the younger son, subsequently returned to Scotland, where he married, and had a son Patrick, who removed to Ireland, taking with him a well-connected Scottish bride, and an affection for the religious opinions of George Fox. Out of a considerable family, only two children of Patrick Logan grew up to manhood, William, who was a physician at Bristol, and James, the subject of the present biography. The latter was born at Lurgan "in 1674 or 1675." He seems to have had an aptitude for the acquisition of languages, and during a youth passed in various places in the three kingdoms—for his parents removed from Ireland back to Scotland and thence to England—James Logan picked up considerable knowledge of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish.

How or when he became acquainted with William Penn does not appear. Probably it was through Penn's second wife, with whose father Logan was acquainted. However begun, community of religious opinions and some superiority in manners and education to the Quakers in general, riveted the bond of union between the proprietor of Pennsylvania and the young disciple, and induced Penn, in 1699, to propose to James Logan, to relinquish his intention of engaging in trade at Bristol, and accompany him to Pennsylvania in the character of his secretary. They sailed in September 1699, and after a three months' voyage the proprietor and his secretary touched the shore of the new land of promise, in which it was Penn's intention to pass the remainder of his life. After two years Penn found it necessary to return to England, but he left his secretary in America as his agent and representative. In that arrangement Penn was particularly fortunate. Every body else in authority in Pennsylvania looked upon Penn with jealousy, and strove to attain some selfish ends by infringing his acknowledged rights, or by taking advantage of his necessities. Logan alone acted fairly by him, and exhibited in his correspondence and in his conduct a due regard to his patron's interest, and a calm consideration of the practical possibilities of the position in which both of them stood. A more unquiet, litigious, hard-dealing set of men than Penn's colonists can scarcely be conceived. If all is true that is told of them, they certainly used Penn himself very ill, and oppressed every one who was inclined to treat him with more justice or liberality than themselves. Logan did not escape. In 1710 he was obliged to visit England in order to vindicate his conduct before the home authorities. He did so fully, and then returned to pursue his duties and his fortune in the new world. During the six years of paralytic helplessness which preceded the death of William Penn, a correspondence passed between Penn's wife and Logan, in which we have on the one side interesting but melancholy glimpses of the condition of the great Quaker philanthropist, and on the other valuable information respecting the growing colony. Penn sent his scapegrace eldest son to Pennsylvania, consigning him to the care of Logan and his other sober friends, but other companions were better suited to his taste, and the silly youth brought discredit upon his father and himself. In vain Logan addressed to him letters of sensible but cold advice—too wise by half to have had any weight with a youth so far gone in dissipation. Sage, sentimental aphorisms fall dead upon a wanderer whose own heart and conscience can supply him with better teaching than any mere moral lessons, if he can but be persuaded to listen to its still small voice. This melancholy episode in the life of Penn will be best read in Mr. Dixon's recent volume.

Logan had ere this time married, and settled himself in Pennsylvania. He prudently continued to devote his attention to commerce, as well as to the public affairs of the colony, and attained to eminent wealth as well as to the highest station. As his years and infirmities increased he partially withdrew from public affairs, and in a residence in the suburbs of Philadelphia devoted his declining years to literature and science. The last office he continued to hold was that of "Chief Justice of the Province of Pennsylvania," at a salary of 100*l.* per annum. In 1736 he speaks of having already been obliged for five years past to mount the bench on crutches. He desired to retire, but the government could not find a satisfactory successor to his office. During his period of retirement Logan corresponded with his friends in Europe upon metaphysical subjects, and made communications on natural phenomena to the Royal Society, in letters addressed to Sir Hans Sloane, Peter Collinson, and others. He also employed himself in collecting a library—then not an easy task in that part of the world—and having built a room for its preservation, and endowed it with £35 per annum for a librarian, he left the whole to the city of Philadelphia. The Loganian library still exists, but in combination with two other public libraries. The founder is also perpetuated in one of the public squares of Philadelphia, which bears his name. He died on 31st October, 1751.

Among the founders of Pennsylvania, Logan ought to be had in honorable remembrance. Firm in his friendship to William Penn, and in his adherence to his personal religious opinions, a zealous and useful citizen, honorable and upright in every relation of life, he has also the still further credit of having been the first to tincture the rising colony with literature and all those amenities which learning brings in its train.

USEFUL ARTS OF THE GREEKS AND ROMANS.

BY CHARLES WILLIAMS.

In an age when the useful arts have attained so high a development, we are, perhaps, prone to treat with neglect, or even unmerited contempt, the efforts of the nations of antiquity in the same sphere. It is not here as in the province of thought and genius. The poet, sculptor, painter, or philosopher, at the very outset of his labors, is accustomed to contemplate and mould himself to those perfect models spared for his use by the hand of Time. But the artificer, whose nearer concern is with the material and its uses, not with the form, is apt to fix a less ample scope; and while intent on supplying a want, often forgets that the same necessity indicated a similar effort thousands of years ago—an effort often crowned with the same results.

"The world grows old and again grows young,"

says a German poet; and it may be added, that the sturdy development of new youth often causes men to forget the results attained, before the previous old age had issued in second childhood. Let us, then, consider some of these results, which meet the eye in far too great number and variety to be even succinctly detailed, as they appear in those records which remain of the useful arts of the Greeks and Romans.

Many such results are evidenced by tangible monuments; others can only be sought for in history. The marble, bronzes, temples, aqueducts, theatres, roads, and baths, with numerous similar remains, are with us still—imperishable witnesses to attest the high development of the arts by which they were created. The wines, clothing, tapestries, and suchlike perishable materials, must be sought out and described from the written records of the past.

Any attempt at detail is precluded by the limits of the present article, but we will sketch in outline what we cannot minutely represent. Our object is, to regard the every-day life of the Greeks and Romans as it has been so often pictured—to view their houses and furniture—to cast a hasty glance at their fields and gardens—to survey their roads and their edifices, with the various remains indicative of their industrial condition; and we shall then turn with feelings of less astonishment to the wonderful scenes which the world, now two thousand years older, exhibits to our view in the nineteenth century.

One word more before commencing our task. The useful arts of these nations necessarily followed, in their rise and progress, those fundamental laws which have their seat in the inmost nature of man the inventor. To instance one: with them, as with us, there was seen the unity of end effected by necessity and luxury. We see the mother of invention originate, and luxury or fashion improve, till the first and simpler product has been rendered cheaper and more common—till the art of making something better has rendered easy the production of a necessary, and the artifical wants of the wealthy in the end minister to the convenience and necessities of the poor.

But the identity of these laws we need only suggest to the reader; his own mind will gather them from the scenes of daily life, and more especially from the great collection of the results of industry, open to his view. The influence and connection of religious feeling with the arts of the old world must, however, receive a word of notice. The vast variety of forms into which the polytheism of the Greeks and Romans expanded—forms often beautiful, sometimes grotesque, but always powerful—did not fail to include, in one mode or another, every province of art. Sometimes this influence might retard, sometimes accelerate progress; but, whether to aid or to hinder, it was ever present. Not only in their pillared temples—not only in the gorgeous and elaborate products of their high art, but by the household hearth, in the simple labors of the field, and in the operations of the artificer, religion was a companion and guide. The plough and the loom, no less than the sacred shrine, were under Divine protection; the workers in metal and the potters would look to the god of fire as their patron; rustics to the mighty Pan; the gatherer of the grape to Bacchus; indeed, to such a point was the feeling carried, that the very sewers in Rome were supposed to be under the guardian care of a goddess.

I. *Agriculture—Bread and Wine.*

Taking a natural arrangement of our subject, into food, clothing, dwellings, traveling, and so forth, we must first glance at those arts which supply the merely animal wants of man. Agriculture was highly valued and skillfully pursued among both nations, though the Romans appear to have estimated the art even more highly than the Greeks. In both countries the soil was fertile, and the productions very similar. Wheat, barley, the olive, the vine, flax, and the fig-tree, with a great variety of garden products, may be enumerated. With regard to the live-stock, horses, mules, oxen, sheep, goats, and swine were reared for the ends of labor or for consumption; but the first-mentioned appear to have been scarce in Greece. The flesh of the kid and pork were the meats in most general use; but animal food, especially among the Greeks, was not so generally consumed as in our own day. Details of production and consumption cannot here be gone into; and we will therefore take the two main productions of both countries—their bread and wine—as examples in this respect.

The plough in use among the ancients differs very little from that still employed in modern times; in all important points, a close similarity is visible. The fashion and combination of these parts varied with them as with us, in order to fit the instrument for different soils. The Greeks and Romans usually ploughed their land three times before sowing; namely, in the spring, summer, and autumn of the year. But in some soils of great tenacity there were nine different ploughings, as mentioned by the younger Pliny in the description of his villa and lands in Tuscany. The harrows, rakes, hoes, spades, and agricultural implements, scarcely demand more than to be mentioned. We need only say, that the general processes of agriculture, including systems of manuring and irrigation, furnished materials for copious dissertations, and were not in Rome considered beneath the notice of the highest citizens.

Grain, when trodden out, shaken, or beaten by the flail from the straw, was, in very early times, pounded in mortars. But a simple form of mill, generally worked by hand, soon superseded the first rough contrivance. In its best form, this consisted of a cone of rough stone, on which was applied a hollow cone of the same material, which revolved in contact with the first. The upper mill-stone was furnished with levers, and turned either by slaves, by mules, or asses. It was hollowed out above into a cup-like shape, to receive the corn, which fell in a stream into a space between the two surfaces, and was reduced to flour before its escape below. Each country family had one or more mills, to grind for its own consumption; and thus the want of public machine mills was supplied. Water-mills were an invention of comparatively late date. They were of simple construction, consisting merely of a cogged wheel, which turned a second connected with the upper mill-stone.

In Rome, the bread continued for a long period to be made by the women of the household, and the trade of baker was unknown; but in Athens bread was mostly bought in the market, and eventually in both nations the art of baking became highly elaborate. Indeed, the variety of breads in use among the Greeks and Romans very much exceeded our own; and in the sumptuous private establishments of later periods, there were many slaves educated professedly for the care of the baking department. The many kinds of bread enumerated by Athenæus may be divided into two sorts, the leavened and the unleavened; many, doubtless, answered to our pastry and confectionary, but there was also a particular class of medicated breads expressly for use in physic. Indeed, so far was this carried, that a certain baker is mentioned by Plato quite in the light of an accomplished physician. The chief article of consumption in Greece was a kind of soft cake, made of barley-meal and sometimes mixed with honey or wine.

The Pelasgians appear to have introduced the culture of the vine into Greece, and subsequently into Italy. The art of making wine was known from the earliest ages, and its origin is lost in fable. To the careful selection of the site for a vineyard, the pruning of the vine, the props, training, manure, and careful cleaning of the soil, we can only allude. The solemn or festal character of the vintage-time, the religious aspect of the customs then observed, their near connection with the origin of the Greek drama, the general joy, and often riotous excess, which marked the gathering-in of the grape, will al. recur to mind in connection with this part of our subject. But our more immediate object is, to give a short sketch of the methods by which the juice of the grape was prepared for use.

When gathered, the grapes were first placed in the vat and trodden by men, who often moved in time to the sound of some vintage strain, or enlivened their labors with the song. When the juice thus collected had been drained off, the remaining mass was still further subjected to the action of wooden screw-presses. The first yield of juice was most prized, as producing the best-flavored and richest wine; the second was only used for inferior purposes. One exquisitely rich kind of wine was formed from the juice exuding from over-ripe clusters before they were gathered. The sweet juice, or "must," before fermentation, was frequently drunk, after undergoing a clarifying process. This "must," too, was often preserved sweet and unfermented, by inclosing it in air-tight vessels; while grape-jellies were formed by boiling it down to the required consistency, and the addition of honey. This essence of the grape was used for "doctoring" poor wines.

To form the "must" into wine, it was placed in long, bell-mouthed vessels of earthenware, to undergo fermentation. These were sunk in the ground, and exposed to a moderate, equable temperature. When the "must" had become wine, these large vessels were carefully closed, and only opened at intervals to purify their contents, or to subject them to any mixing process. Similar arts to those of modern wine-makers were in use among the ancients, in order to produce the desired qualities. But further, the lids of these vessels were rubbed with an aromatic compound of saffron, pitch, grape-jelly, mastic, and fir-cones; which process was supposed to communicate an agreeable flavor.

Some wines were drunk from the "dolium," or, as we should say, from the "wood;" but the choicer kinds were drawn off into smaller earthenware vases, called amphoræ—in short, bottled as with us. We may mention that glass was used for these vessels in later times, and a wooden cask was sometimes substituted for the "dolium." Even after bottling, the Greek and Roman wines were frequently very thick, and required fining or straining before they could be used. Bottled wines were often kept to a great age before consumption; some required from twenty to twenty-five years for attaining perfection, but the ordinary time allowed was seven years. If an earlier ripening was desired, it was produced artificially by heat. Powdered resin was sometimes added on bottling, and various alkaline correctives, aromatic adjuncts, perfumes, essential oils, bitters, and spices, were added to produce the desired flavor;

while imitation wines, in great variety, were manufactured in Rome. The colors of wines in Italy and Greece were, as among the moderns, white, red, and brown; the red being either blackish, like some of our port, or ruby-colored, like claret. Sweet wines were formed by incomplete fermentation, and wines prepared from raisins, or partly dried grapes, were also common. An inferior drink for laborers was formed by boiling the grape-husks after the process of expression: it probably resembled our worst kinds of cider.

The commoner wines were ridiculously cheap. We hear of ten gallons being sold for threepence, and a high order of wine in Athens only fetched twopence a gallon. But then, as with us, high prices were given by connoisseurs for the choice vintages and varieties. The Thracian wine given to Ulysses, the Pramnian mentioned in the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," and in later times the Thasian, Lesbian, Chian, and the wine of Cos, were among the best kinds of Greek wine. In Italy the wines of Latium and Campana, the Imperial wine, the Cæcuban, Falernian, Alban, Surrentine, Massic, Setinian, and Statinian, were the most highly prized.

The cultivation of the olive, the fig, flax, and the various productions of the field and garden, was doubtless conducted with equal skill. The Romans were familiar with all the appliances of husbandry and gardening, and especially with the arts of grafting and budding; but in this branch of our subject the two examples above given will suffice to furnish a general idea of Greek and Roman skill, and we must hasten to give the reader an account of the modes in use for appropriating the mineral wealth of the soil.

II. *Extraction and Use of Metals.*

The art of extracting the metals from their ores, lying, as it does, at the very foundation of the means by which the useful arts advance, cannot be said to have reached a high point of perfection in Greece, Rome, or the other countries from which they derived their supply. An idea of mining processes can scarcely be better given than by a description of those used in the Attic silver mines at Laurium.

The veins of silver were situated in a range of pine-covered hills of no considerable height, affording quarries of good marble, in contact with which substance the silver ore was mostly found. These mines were probably opened at a very early period, but the precise date does not appear. The ore, or "silver earth," as the Greeks called it, was extremely hard and probably very pure and rich in the yield of metal, as the Greeks, from their defective knowledge of chemical processes, could not extract the silver with profit when united with large proportions of other metals. Contrary to common experience, the ore appears to have assumed the form of layers rather than of veins.

The mines were worked, either by perpendicular shafts, or by tunneling the side of the hill. Pillars of the ore were of course left, or the superincumbent mass was supported by props of timber, which was largely imported for the purpose. The noxious vapors exhaling from the mines were carried off by shafts of ventilation. The ore was removed partly by simple machines, partly by unassisted labor. On reaching the mouth of the mine it was broken small with iron pestles in stone mortars. These pieces were then ground down smaller, washed, strained through sieves, and sorted into qualities of different richness.

The art of smelting the ore thus obtained was imperfect, when viewed in comparison with the greater skill of the moderns. "Even in the time of Strabo, when considerable improvements had been effected, there was still no profit to be gained by the extraction of silver from lead ore, in which it was present in small proportions."* But that some improvement took place is evident from the fact, that much ore rejected by the earlier operators was at a later period profitably employed. Crucibles have been found in Egypt similar to those in modern use. Similar ones were probably known to the Greeks, and old remains of bell-shaped smelting furnaces have been met with, furnished with a channel for the escape of the molten metal, which renders it probable that such furnaces were employed in Greece and Rome.

In the silver ore of Laurium lead was largely present, and according to Pliny, the ore was first melted down to the substance called "Stannum," a union of lead with silver. This was taken to the refining oven, where the silver was separated by heat, and the lead remained half glazed in the form of litharge, which in its turn was reduced. But the ancients were also familiar with the use of quicksilver in the extraction of other metals, and the moderns have only a claim to re-discovery in this respect. The bellows and charcoal were employed to produce the extreme heat required in refining processes.

Various substances are mentioned as the products of these ancient metallic operations; the "flower" of gold and of copper; the "foam" of silver, with some others, all of which were used in medicine. In the mines of Laurium, copper, cinnabar, and "sil," a lightish yellow earth much used by painters, and containing iron, were also found.

But though Greece had mines of silver and even of gold, still great part of the precious metals in circulation was imported from Asia and Africa. India, the great source of wealth and luxury in all times, furnished copious supplies for those large deposits of bullion stored in the temples and treasuries of Greece.

A very natural transition leads us to the Greek and Roman coinage. Silver money was first coined at Ægina, so early as 869 B. C., and was originally the only current coin in Greece. The early coins are rather rough in appearance, and bear a rude mark on the reverse, as if from a puncheon on which the metal was placed for striking the piece. The Athenian silver money was remarkably pure, indeed so much so as to be taken at a premium throughout Greece. Some coins contained only one-sixtieth

* Boeckh, "Economy of Athens."

part of their weight in baser metal, whilst our own silver coinage contains a twelfth. Among the Greeks, gold coinage was subsequent to silver, and bronze was still later introduced.

The earliest Roman coins were composed of bronze, and were cast in a mould instead of being struck as in Greece. Some remains of Roman coinage show the cut edge of the line of metal which united adjacent coins when taken from the mould, in which the whole row had been cast together; and some such rows are still found in an undivided state. The cumbrous nature of the early Roman coinage was such that each piece weighed a pound. In fact, in this respect it seemed to come near the weighty iron coinage of Sparta, of which we may add that no remains exist.

In Athens and Rome the smallest silver coins were very minute indeed. The Athenians possessed separate silver coins, running from the piece of four drachmæ, in value about 3*s.* 4*d.*, down to the quarter of an obolus, which was less in value than our halfpenny. The silver coin responding to this value was very minute, weighing less than three grains. There were Roman silver coins even smaller than this; probably some existed of no more than 1½ grain in weight, or considerably less than one quarter of the size of our silver pence. But the great inconvenience of such small coins led to the striking of corresponding values in bronze, and these "silver scales," for they had just the appearance of such, went out of use.

A gold coinage in Greece probably did not exist before the age of Alexander the Great, though their near neighbors in Asia undoubtedly possessed gold money from an early age; and pieces of this became current in Greece. The few remaining gold coins of Greece appear not to have been struck before the period mentioned above. But on the rise of the Macedonian empire gold coins became plentiful through the country.

Gold was first coined in Rome B. C. 207, sixty years after the commencement of their silver currency. The common size of their pieces was probably about the same with that of our sovereign; but some existed in size only one quarter of our half sovereigns, and representing about 2*s.* 6*d.* in silver.

It is necessary in this place to give some account of the bronze of the ancients, a compound fulfilling the most important uses in Greece and Rome. "Money, vases, and utensils of all sorts, whether for domestic or sacrificial purposes, ornaments, arms offensive and defensive, furniture, tablets for inscriptions, musical instruments, and, indeed, every object to which it could be applied, was made of bronze,"* Zinc, like steel, was unknown to the ancients. The discovery of a case of surgical instruments in Pompeii, in which the lancets are made of bronze, almost demonstrates to a certainty a want of the art of making steel, and the same conclusion is supported by the existing remains of Greek and Roman weapons. Their bronze was composed of copper and tin, and contained about seven parts of the former to one of the latter. The Corinthian bronze was most valued for the purposes of art, and there were certain varieties of this, into the composition of which silver and even gold were introduced, so as to produce a white or yellow shade in the color. The Delians and Æginetans also excelled in the manufacture of bronze.

The ancients cast metals in moulds, worked them into plates with the hammer, or engraved and embossed them elaborately, as in the manufacture of their metal vases. Their colossal statues, of which the one at Rhodes, 100 feet high, is the most famous example, were mostly cast of bronze.

A constant source of employment to the workers in metal was the manufacture of arms, offensive and defensive. Among the latter may be mentioned shields, greaves, cuirasses, helmets, and coats of mail, consisting either of forged rings linked one within the other, or of scales and rings fastened to some firmly-woven linen or woollen cloth. The offensive arms must have been defective, owing to the ignorance of steel. Iron, silver, and gold were all used in making or ornamenting arms, besides the more common bronze. With the welding of iron, and the use of a kind of solder, the workmen in those days appear to have been familiar.

The necklaces, eardrops, rings, brooches, collars, crowns, goblets, salvers, and vases, manufactured of the precious metals or the finer sorts of bronze, and often set with precious stones, may be enumerated as the chief articles of the jeweler's and silversmith's trade. The various tools employed by workmen, the variety of form and modes of working, were all very similar to those of modern days.

III. *Houses and Furniture.*

The numerous splendid architectural remains in Greece and Italy, sufficiently establish the proficiency of the two great nations of antiquity in the art of building. With architecture, where it becomes one of the fine arts, we have not now to deal; the scope of the present chapter embraces merely their masonry, and its application to the common uses of life. Still we cannot avoid remarking, that elegance of proportion and beauty of design are no less apparent in their works, than solid strength and correct adaptation to the particular uses for which they were intended.

The earlier walls in both countries were undoubtedly very rude efforts—mere lath and plaster, or rough earthen structures strengthened with beams. Log-houses were then common in well-wooded districts. When the art of building had made some progress, brick, rubble, and stone came into general use; until finally, in their best works of art, their stone and marble columns and walls were distinguished by a solidity and accuracy of construction rarely since excelled.

The earliest form of Grecian masonry of which we have any remains is the Cyclopean, in which the walls are formed of huge stones, the interstices of these being filled up with smaller ones. The walls

* Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities."

of Mycenæ and Tiryns furnish the best specimens; and in some places the outer walls are supposed to have been sixty feet thick. The labor of constructing such works must have been immense. Another form, sometimes termed the second Cyclopean, consisted of polygonal blocks of large size, fitted together with tolerable accuracy, sometimes with great precision and, like the former, not united by mortar.

A common form of construction was that of facing a rubble wall with square pieces of stone, arranged in a wedge-like manner on their angles. This mode of arrangement was united with the commoner one of horizontal courses, so as to form a kind of pattern, which produced a pleasing effect, still imitated in some of our own buildings. Thick walls among the Romans were often formed by facing the outer and inner surfaces with stones squared and fitted, or with brick, while the interior was filled with rough fragments, strongly imbedded in a mass of their admirable mortar. To bind together the two encasing surfaces, large stones were introduced, extending through the whole thickness of the wall.

But the most perfect kind of wall was that which we call ashlar work, and is still to be seen in the temples of Athens, Corinth, and other Greek cities. The stone or marble was quarried, and then accurately worked with the chisel, so that the eye could scarcely trace the union of the large adjacent blocks. These blocks were connected with those above them by dovetailing; and the stones lying side by side were firmly united by iron cramps fixed with lead. So constant and abundant was this employment of metallic fastenings, that the vast remains of ancient buildings have proved perfect mines for peculators. In a marble temple at Cyzicus, the lines of union of the slabs were covered with gold.

In contrasting the Greek and Roman masonry, we see that the great works of the former were mostly of marble and highly finished, while many Roman remains of great magnificence are composed of rougher stone-work united by mortar, or of a union of stone and brick in alternate courses. The chief superiority of the Romans was in their complete knowledge and application of the principle of the arch, with which the Greeks were not acquainted. There was, it is true, a kind of pointed arch in use among them for corridors; but this was probably formed by cutting a passage through the solid walls when built, not by building the stones up archwise. Such passages are found in the vast Cyclopean walls before mentioned.

Before subjoining any particular account of edifices, we may mention that the lever, the capstan, the crane, pulley, and other simple machines for raising or adjusting stones, were known to the Greeks and Romans. Though they could not pretend to a knowledge of machinery and mechanics even remotely approaching our own, still they had sufficient to answer the ordinary requirements of building. In carpentry, too, the Romans must have possessed considerable skill, or they could never have connected, by a structure of timber, arches so wide as those of Trajan's bridge over the Danube.

We will now give a short description of the general form and appearance of the Greek and Roman house. In neither nation had the external appearance of a dwelling-house much pretension to beauty. Lying chiefly, almost exclusively, on the ground floor, there did not exist that elevation of structure, or regularity of plan necessary to produce a striking effect on the eye from without. In the Greek house there were two principal divisions, the men's quarter and the women's quarter. The outer door was approached by steps, and opened on a narrow passage, on one side of which, in a large house, were the stables, on the other a lodge for the porter. This passage entered on the men's quarter—an open quadrangle surrounded by porticoes, forming a kind of cloister for exercise or meals. In this court was placed an altar for domestic sacrifice. Various chambers were ranged round the quadrangle behind the porticoes, answering the purposes of private dining-rooms, withdrawing-rooms, picture-galleries, libraries, bedchambers, and so forth. The great object in the arrangement of chambers was to gain warm rooms, exposed to the sun, for use during winter, and cool, shady apartments for summer occupation. Directly opposite the entrance to the men's quarter was a passage, closed by a door, and leading to the women's quadrangle.

Three sides of this square were surrounded by porticoes, as in the men's quarter; but on the fourth side, opposite to the entrance-door, and usually fronting south, there was a kind of vestibule, on either side of which were placed bed-chambers, the principal in the house. Behind these were large rooms, in which women worked at their spinning, weaving, or embroidery. An upper story, in most cases, extended partly over the space occupied by the lower; but the rooms on the upper floor bore a very small proportion to those on the ground. In early times, before the house had attained its usual main division into separate quarters for the men and women, the upper chambers were assigned to the latter. Afterward they were usually occupied by slaves, or by strangers visiting the family. Balconies were sometimes built, projecting from the windows of this upper floor. The roof was usually flat, and calculated for exercise or basking in the sun; in rarer cases a pointed roof existed. Windows were not common as with us; the necessity for them was not so great; the mildness of the climate, and the fact that nearly all the rooms opened on one or other of the quadrangles—which was, of course, a protection against rain and wind—were sufficient reasons for this arrangement. But some windows did look out on the street, and were closed by curtains and shutters.

Those usual adjuncts of a room in modern times, a fire-place and chimney, were unknown until after their employment by the later Romans. The Greek rooms were usually warmed by portable stoves, or braziers, in which charcoal or wood was burnt. Some of these stoves were, of course, fixed for the common culinary purposes; and in all cases the smoke found its way out as it best could.

Externally the Greek houses were plain in appear-

ance, and destitute of the marble facings so frequent in those of Rome. A glance at the mansions of the wealthy in the latter days of the Roman République and under the Emperors, discloses a scene of magnificence perhaps without parallel even in our own days. The thatched or tiled cottages, built of sun-dried bricks and wood, with plainly washed walls and scanty accommodation, where the floors were of rough stone or hardened earth, whence the hardy warriors had issued forth to conquer the world, were no places for the refined luxury of the magnates of the imperial city. Foreign conquest brought the arts ministering to luxury, and the wealth requisite for splendor. Then came the age of splendid palaces in the city, and elegant country villas, seated on shaded and sheltered slopes, and adorned with every mark of urban splendor in the midst of the most attractive rural scenes—mansions and villas crowded with articles of *vertù*, with costly statues and paintings, with Babylonian tapestries, with Corinthian bronze, moulded to all the forms that Greek fancy could suggest. Marble columns, of weight so great as to endanger the arches of the sewers over which they passed in their transit to the destined spot, were erected in their lofty halls, and the profuse aristocracy of rank and wealth oftentimes squandered immense fortunes on a dwelling. The house of Publius Clodius cost 131,000*l.*; and one of the Scauri possessed a Tusculan villa, valued—together with its furniture, decorations, and works of art—at the vast sum of 885,000*l.*

Before the door of a Roman house of the higher order was an open space—the vestibule. This was a recess open toward the road, but bounded on the other three sides by the outer walls of chambers in the house. The house-door facing the road admitted the visitor into an outer hall. Let us, too, follow his steps, and view the scene of so much magnificence. Passing the porter and his watch-dog, we find ourselves in a lofty hall, the finished development of what, in simpler times, was the chief room of the house. The ancestral images, the sacred hearth, the looms and spinning-wheels are still here to denote the traditional uses of the chief domestic chamber, though now surrounded and overgrown by tokens of a luxury that dazzles the eye and has long weakened the arm. Polished shafts of the finest marble support an elaborate roof rich with gold and ivory, save in the centre, where an opening reveals the deep blue of an Italian sky. Beneath this opening is a marble basin, filled to the brim with the purest water, in the centre of which a fountain casts its spray, dancing and sparkling in the sunbeams. In a recess at the farther end of the hall, we see the chests where family records are guarded with religious care, while through the open doors, or the raised curtains of Eastern tapestry which supply their place, the eye wanders into suites of apartments, everywhere denoting a refined taste delighting in the beautiful effects of proportion and perspective.

Cedar or citron tables, some from the world-old forests of Atlas, so costly that the price of one would buy a moderate estate; side-boards for the display of gold and silver plate, formed of costly woods or marble slabs, and supported by feet of bronze, silver, or even gold itself, moulded into elegant or fantastic devices; chairs and couches of ebony, inlaid with ivory, and covered with cushions, overlaid with coverlets of the richest Eastern fabrics, sparkling with gold and silver threads, or dyed in the brightest tints of the Tyrian purple; elegant bronzes and lofty candelabra, paintings, statues, and marble columns, all unite in realizing a dream of splendor scarcely dreamed of by the poets. Look for one moment at that side-board, where a cup from which Nestor is fabled to have quenched his thirst stands in antique contrast to the latest products of the Alexandrian glass-works—a mingled profusion of beakers, bowls, and vases, superb in their mouldings, and imitating so naturally the tints of the ruby or amethyst as completely to bewilder the gazer's eye. Some shine like opals, or are cut in relief, representing scenes from ancient history or fable; and among them, perhaps, the wolf-suckled brothers, who laid the foundation of imperial Rome. Others there are, gems of minuteness, cut from amber, doubly valuable because preserving in its interior the perfect remains of some insect thus immortalized.

Passing through this magnificent hall, we gain the peristyle or open quadrangle, which forms so important a part of the Greek house. This is perhaps adorned with flowers and shrubs, or, in a country villa, shaded by a few plane-trees. Porticoes for air and exercise, some of them open to the south for the luxury of basking in the sun, to express which the Romans had a separate word in their language; cool summer-rooms, fronting north, and opening into ornamental gardens, with rows of fantastically-clipped trees; private withdrawing-rooms, bedrooms, baths, terraces and a library, complete the scene of comfort and luxury. These rooms were added according to the wealth or taste of the owner; they were not arranged on a regular plan as in modern houses. The exterior of the house was frequently faced with marble; but, owing to the want of plan and the lowness of elevation, it was usually destitute of effect, though presenting so much splendor internally. The outer door, however, was of striking height, and often surmounted by an elegant cornice. The door-posts of the wealthy were richly inlaid with ivory, tortoise-shell, or even more costly material. The door itself consisted of two valves meeting in the centre, each of which was broad enough to allow two persons to pass. In the days of luxury, precious woods, marble and bronze were in common use among the upper class, for the construction of this outer door. The door turned upon pivots, which either worked in sockets in the sill and lintel, or were encircled by metal rings—the ordinary form of metal hinges being never employed. It was furnished with a circular knocker, and closed by bolts and locks, the remains of which show a skill in the locksmith's art by no means contemptible.

The floors of the Roman houses were not boarded. In plainer dwellings they were covered with a mixture of fragments of stone and mortar, or with pavement of brick, stone, or common tiles. But in great

mansions the floor was one of the special points for display. It was either formed of white, black, or colored marbles, arranged in a check pattern, or it was a specimen of elaborate inlaid work. The tesselated pavements, of which so many remains exist, display two varieties. The first, or plainer kind, is formed of tiles moulded into various forms of animals, flowers, or such devices, each tile being a perfect figure in itself. The second, or real mosaic, was composed of pieces separately formless, but put together in a pattern. The most costly kind of this formed a beautiful inlaid painting composed of highly minute fragments, and representing animals, landscapes, historic, or other scenes. The fragments composing this fine mosaic were of glass, earthen-ware, marble, or even precious stones, as agate and onyx. So minute were they, that one hundred and fifty have been found on a square inch of surface.

The walls were sometimes overlaid with costly marbles; and, as if no product of nature could be sufficiently rich for Roman display, even the marble itself was not unfrequently covered with paintings by first-rate artists. Artificial marbles, in the production of which the workmen of Italy at that time excelled, sometimes supplied the place of the real. But a favorite mode of decoration was by painting the walls in panels—either in fresco, distemper, or encaustic. The colors were usually very brilliant. Wreaths of flowers, architectural, historic, and domestic scenes, or copies of still life, were among the usual subjects for such paintings. Elaborate mouldings, cornices, and ornaments in relief, were also employed in decorating the walls. The ceilings were formed of polished beams, with their interstices glazed; or they were arranged in panels and then decorated. The beams and panels were gilt, richly inlaid with ivory and tortoise-shell, or painted in brilliant colors.

As the rooms generally derived their air and light from the large hall and the peristyle, both of which opened upward, there was no great necessity for closed windows. But these existed in such rooms as opened on the street, or directly on the air without. They were fitted with lattice-work and shutters, with plates of tile imported from Cappadocia, and at a later period with glass.

The ordinary methods for warming rooms were the same as in Greece, with this important addition, that the use of hot air, conveyed to the various chambers by pipes, was common among the Romans. The hot air was derived from a furnace—either special for the purpose, or that used for heating water supplied to the baths. Moreover, in Rome and northern Italy chimneys were used in dwelling-houses, and probably they were everywhere employed for the baths and bake-houses. It seems to us strange that a contrivance apparently simple should have been so long unknown, and always looked on as a luxury.

Another point in which the Greeks and Romans were very deficient was in the manner of lighting their chambers. The use of oil-lamps was almost universal, and as these were not furnished with glass shades to consume the soot, their rooms were filled with smoke, and the beautiful decorations much defaced. In the older times, candles with a rush wick appear to have been common, and it seems strange that wax-lights when known were not generally adopted. But though the lights were bad, the lamps and their supporting candelabra were distinguished by the elegance of their shape and the beauty of their workmanship. The lamps were made chiefly of terra cotta; but bronze, marble, and the precious metals were also used in their construction. The wicks were of hemp or flax; the lamps either suspended by chains from the ceiling, or placed on candelabra. The ordinary form of these was a slender column, resting on three feet of a griffin, lion, or other animal; the column tall, as it was intended to rest on the ground. Another form was that of a pillar with branches, from which the lamps were suspended by chains. Lanterns, fitted with glass or horn, were used for carrying light.

The Greeks and Romans had not, perhaps, the same variety of articles of furniture which we see around us, but those which they did possess were produced in high perfection of design and workmanship. The couches of the rich were made of valuable woods, as cedar and terebinth, or more frequently, perhaps, of bronze. Ebony, inlaid with ivory, was frequent in the more splendid specimens. Others were inlaid with tortoise-shell, gold and silver, and furnished with silver, golden, or ivory feet, carved or cast into the resemblance of some animal. Ropes or bands strained across the framework supported the cushion or matrese, stuffed with wool, feathers, or down. Over the bed or sofa thus formed were spread the gorgeous tapestries and silks imported from Egypt, Persia and India. Another curious kind of covering was a species of tapestry manufactured of feathers.

Though the ancients mostly reclined, still there were chairs used by the women and by casual visitors. A throne, on which all the ornaments of elaborate workmanship and Eastern manufacture were profusely lavished, was used by the head of the family, when sitting in state to receive his clients. The ordinary chairs had sloping backs, and were always without arms; some of the forms in use are very similar to those of our dining-room chairs. But by far the most expensive article of furniture in the house of of a Roman noble was the table, formed either of maple or the citrus wood of Africa. The horizontal sections of this tree near the root were most prized, and when polished and mounted on an ivory or inlaid pillar, often sold for enormous sums. Cicero is said to have given nearly 9000*l.* for one specimen. The grain of the best wood is described by a Roman writer as "striped like the tiger's skin, spotted like the panther, curling in a wave-like pattern, or eyed like the feathers in the peacock's tail." These were all formed of a solid thick section, and were for particular occasions; others, for common use, were veneered. Smaller tables were frequently made of marble, or imitation marble, of silver and even gold, their supports being usually formed of carved grif-

fins, and ornamented with wreaths of leaves and flowers.

Mirrors of polished metal, either silver or a compound of copper and tin, were hung on the walls or supported on a marble stand; and tripods supporting slabs of marble were frequent for use and ornament. Cupboards and chests made of bronze or wood, plain or inlaid, were ranged against the walls.

IV. *Pottery and Glass.*

From the frequent mention of vessels of glass and earthenware, the reader will naturally expect a notice of the arts to which they were due. In Greece and Etruria the fictile art was early developed, and there existed a guild of potters in Rome so early as the time of Numa. The instruments used in the manufacture of pottery—the horizontal revolving table, and the sticks used to vary the shape of the clay during its rotation, together with moulds and graving tools, are among the most ancient inventions. The pottery formed by the Greeks and Romans was of the soft variety, that is, the baked clay of which the vessels are composed may be easily scratched with the knife. The earth was commonly red in color, as we see in the ground of so many Etrurian vases. But other specimens are white, and an artificial black was frequently produced. Varnishes of asphalte, pitch, or tar, burned into the clay, were often employed, and the inner surface of the wine-jars was roughly coated in this manner. For their bright colors the ancients used earths and the ores of various metals. The art of painting vases employed a large number of artists in Greece. Curiously enough, it seems to have died a natural death before the times of the Roman empire; and in consequence, ancient painted vases became very costly, and were much sought for by the connoisseurs. The chief colors employed were black and yellow; the designing is frequently good, but the execution cannot compare with that of the middle-age Italian and other schools of vase painting.

Samos, Athens, and Etruria, were most famous for the exercise of the potter's art, though many other places were seats of the manufacture. The kilns used for baking were circular in form—in general appearance something like a lime-kiln, but differing in the greater care with which they were built, and in their internal arrangement. They were covered with a dome-shaped roof, and the wares were baked on a circular floor, supported in the centre by a column, round which the fire was lighted.

One object of emulation among the Greek potters was to make vessels of perfect form and great tenuity. Such vessels when produced were highly valued, and some Athenians seem to have attained a high pitch of excellence in the production of these thin and light vases. Greece was the chief school of design in pottery, as in most other arts; and the less inventive Romans were content to borrow, imitate, or at most, modify the forms and patterns of their neighbors.

It was long thought that the ancients did not understand, or at most practiced in a very imperfect manner, the art of making glass; but the vast number of beautiful specimens which have at length been brought to light, have completely dispelled all doubts of their high proficiency in the manufacture of a great variety of vessels from this material. The blowing of glass is an art of high antiquity, and, together with that of casting the fused material into moulds, was probably derived from the East. Even in later times Alexandria was, perhaps, the chief mart from which Rome derived her supply, though manufactories were established in Italy. In the conception and execution of the more elegant designs, the Greek artists, doubtless, found a peculiar province for the display of their taste and ingenuity. Glass was most extensively employed, both for use and ornament: so common, indeed, did it become, that drinking-vessels were sold in Rome at a cheaper rate than they now are in our own country. The methods of working in glass were, probably, very similar to those now in use. "Some glass is fashioned by blowing, some ground on the lathe, and some chased like silver," says Pliny; and we know that the diamond was used in this last process. One beautiful specimen yet remains to demonstrate the skill with which they worked the brittle material, in the shape of a cup of opaline hue, round which a blue net-work and a green inscription have been carved; the meshes of the net-work, and the letters of the inscription, being united to the body of the cup by slender supports left during the engraving process. The celebrated Portland vase, now in the British Museum, is composed of a rich, dark-blue glass, covered with designs beautifully executed in opaque white enamel, and afterward fused into union with the body of the vessel. This cup was long supposed to have been cut out of a real sardonyx. The Greeks and Romans were adepts in the art of imitating precious stones by colored glass. To use the words of Beckman—"In the Museum Victorium, for example, there are shown a chrysolite and an emerald, both of which are so well executed, that they are not only perfectly transparent and colored throughout, but neither externally nor internally have the smallest blemish." The metallic oxides were employed to produce the various colors, and with such success, that frauds by palming false stones on the ignorant were as common then as in our own day. Glass was sometimes made in layers of different colors, and then cut cameo-fashion; or colored stems were united longitudinally in a column, so that the horizontal sections displayed a beautiful pattern. Slips of glass were used, as we have seen, in mosaic pavements; glass in panes was employed for windows, or inserted in walls and ceilings for ornament. A story, perhaps fabulous, is told of an invention by which glass was so far deprived of its brittle qualities, that, when thrown down, the vessel composed of it would not break, but merely bruise, like metal.

V. *Books and Writing.*

Other points yet remain for notice before we quit the subject of domestic life. And first, as in our

catalogue of chambers we have mentioned the library, a few words on books and writing materials will not be out of place. The books of the Greeks and Romans were written on long rolls of parchment, or sheets of papyrus connected by glue. This long roll of paper or parchment was fitted at each end to a wooden roller. The reader wound that part of the roll which he had perused on to the left-hand roller, and unrolled the next page from the right-hand roller, proceeding thus until he reached the end of the volume. The writing was arranged in lines which ran lengthwise along the roll, and were divided into columns or pages of a convenient width. The back of the roll was stained, usually of a saffron color, and the volume provided with a yellow or purple parchment case. The ends of the rollers were often ornamented with carved bosses, and a label bearing the title was affixed to the roll. The ink for writing was similar to the Indian ink in use among ourselves; and was prepared either from lamp-black or the dye of the cuttle-fish. Red ink was also employed. The pen was formed from a reed, split and shaped much like our own quills. The booksellers in Rome were, of course, few when compared with the same class in a modern town; but their numbers were great, from the fact that they not only sold books, but also transcribed them. But nations had their public and private libraries, and the value of some collections was immense. The books in a library were arranged in cedar-wood presses round the walls.

The ordinary apparatus for writing consisted of thin wooden tablets, overlaid on one side with a coat of wax, on which the letters were traced by indentation with a pointed metal pencil, or style. The waxen side of each tablet was furnished with a rim, to prevent the characters from rubbing: Two tablets, commonly, and sometimes three, were bound together so as to form a small book; and when three were united, the centre leaf had a layer of wax on both sides. The frames were pierced with holes, and when the letter or memorandum was finished, the adjacent edges of the closed tablets were bound together by a thread passed through the holes, knotted and secured by a seal of simple wax. The signets used for impression were cut in various devices; and this engraving of gems is an art in which the Greeks and Romans excelled most highly. Some tablets have been discovered in which the writing ran from right to left. The custom of using wax tablets again appears in the middle ages.

In their contrivances for measuring time the ancients were strikingly deficient. The length of their hours depended on that of the day, inasmuch as they divided the space between sunrise and sunset into twelve equal portions. Even their sun-dials were but imperfect; and the clepsydræ or hour-glasses, in which the flow of water, not of sand, was the measure of time, were very inaccurate, in spite of all improvements effected in them. They were at first constructed of bronze or earthenware, but afterward of glass. Ctesibius, an Alexandrian mathematician, invented a kind of water-clock, B. C. 135, in which the dropping of water turned various wheels, and raised a small statue, which pointed to the hours. But the great element of inaccuracy, the unequal flow of the liquid, was manifestly present in this contrivance. Punctuality among the ancients must have been no more than a coincidence of guesses.

VI. *Dress.*

To describe the general type of Greek and Roman dress is a comparatively simple task. There was but little employment for the tailor or dressmaker in Greece or Italy, most of the fabrics of the loom being worn as scarfs or shawls, arranged in loose folds about the person. Fashion, therefore, had much more influence on the material than on the form.

By the Ionic race a long, loose under-garment, or tunic, was at first worn by the men; but afterward this was exchanged for the shorter woollen tunic, worn almost exclusively by the other tribes of Greece. Over this, a large square or oblong cloth, fastened above the right shoulder with a brooch, fell in those graceful folds which constitute the charm of ancient costume. In Rome the outer garment was semicircular in form, of more ample size, white in color, and familiar to us all under the celebrated name of toga. The mode of arranging the folds of the toga varied at different times, but the general idea of the garment was always the same. The color of the toga was either that of the undyed wool, or it was further whitened by the fuller's art. In one form—the trabea—worn by kings, consuls or knights, purple and white alternated in stripes. The toga was long worn by women, until a loose robe—the stola—reaching to the feet, ornamented with a flounce, and generally furnished with sleeves, usurped its place among the fair sex. Various beautiful shawls, veils, and scarfs, of elaborate tissues, embroidered and richly dyed, were worn by ladies of rank in both nations.

In Greece and Rome those wonderful inventions by which a few towns have become the workshop of the world were as yet undreamt of, and the simpler operations of the loom were frequent beside every household hearth. Even the plan of the house among the Greeks was influenced by this circumstance, for we have seen that a distinct place was assigned for the domestic works of spinning and weaving.

The first operation to be noticed is the spinning of the flax, cotton, or wool into thread. The material to be spun was first rolled into a ball and supported on the distaff, a stick of wood or ivory, which passed through the centre of the ball and was held in the left hand of the person spinning. The fibres of the raw material were drawn out and twisted by the finger, and then fixed into the notch or cleft of the spindle. This was formed of a slender shaft of wood about a foot long, furnished at one end with a slit to catch the thread, and inserted at the other end into a circular piece of heavy wood, stone, or metal. The spindle was kept in constant revolution by the hand of the spinner, and by its weight drew the fibres out of the ball of raw material. These fibres were twisted

into thread, partly by the fingers and partly by the whirling of the spindle. When the spindle reached the ground the thread was wound on its shaft, again fixed in the cleft, and the same process repeated till the shaft was covered with as much spun thread as it could carry. The reel thus formed was fixed in a hollow case—the shuttle—so as to revolve freely within it, and the thread was drawn out through a small hole in the enclosing case.

The loom consisted of a simple frame-work, oblong in shape, and erected almost always in a perpendicular position, so that the weaver stood to perform her task. The warp was arranged in vertical threads between the upper and lower cross-bars of the frame; and the alternate threads were separated by a thin stick or cane, so as to form two sets or layers, between which the threads of the woof were introduced. This passing of the woof-thread was effected either with or without the shuttle; of course, always by hand. When the thread of the woof had been passed between the two layers of the warp, it is plain that these layers must change places in order firmly to inclose the introduced thread; *i. e.* the anterior layer must become posterior, and *vice versa*. This end was effected by inclosing each separate thread of the warp in a loop, and fastening all the loops of each layer to a separate stick, so that the person weaving could, by drawing one such stick toward her, cause all the corresponding threads of one layer to start from those of the other layer. By this means, after passing one thread of the woof, the posterior layer of the warp was drawn forward so as firmly to inclose it, and into the space between the layers a new thread of woof was again introduced. The layers of the warp were, of course, decussated in this manner on every successive introduction of a thread of the woof. The woof-thread, when passed, was firmly pressed between the layers of the warp, either by the comb or by the "spatha," a large, flat wooden instrument, much like an enlarged paper-knife. In simple weaving, the repetition of the process described was all that was requisite to form the material; and striped patterns were easily produced, merely by alternately inserting bands of differently-colored woof. A check resulted when both warp and woof were thus alternately varied in hue. But to form more complicated patterns, an intricate arrangement of the leashes, or sets of loops above described, was necessary.

The warp-threads were always firmer and closer in substance than those of the woof—a necessary consequence of their having to bear the brunt of the whole operation without breaking, which, of course, was an inconvenient hindrance. A thick, soft woof was used to produce the nap required for warm blankets or winter shawls. Any rich material introduced, as Tyrian purple or golden thread, was always used as woof. The colors in Greek and Roman fabrics was always wool-dyed. Dimities, twills, and damasks were all woven by their looms. But the profusion of tapestries, carpets, shawls, and scarfs, of splendid hues and elaborate patterns, were all imported from the East—from Persia, Babylonia, Phœnicia, Egypt, Lydia, and Phrygia; nor were silken fabrics ever a domestic manufacture in Greece or Rome.

Much might be said, did our space permit, of the fulling and dressing of woollen cloths after manufacture. The processes employed were very similar to those in modern use: various kinds of fullers' earth were used, and alkaline liquids were employed for cleansing; but soap was not known to the ancients.

The art of felting is said to be of greater antiquity even than that of weaving. It was employed among the Greeks and Romans chiefly in the production of coverings for the head, which were worn by people traveling. Among the Greeks caps were more common than among the Romans, who were used to supply their place by drawing a fold of the toga over their heads.

The coverings for the feet were very various in form: some mere sandals, in which the sole was fixed to the foot by bands; others resembled our modern shoes in shape, and covered the foot wholly; whilst a third kind reached up the leg. The tanning and dyeing of leather employed a great number of hands, and the colors chosen were often gay.

VII. *Public Architecture.*

Quitting the in-door life of the Roman, let us turn our attention to other monuments of labor and art, which are no less remarkable. Foremost among these stand the sewers and aqueducts of Rome. So thoroughly was the drainage of the city provided for, that the ground was tunneled through and through with arched passages; and Pliny's expression, "the hanging city," is literally correct. The most important of the sewers was built under the rule of the elder Tarquin, and planned in a spirit prophetic of future greatness. It is composed of three concentric arches, forming a channel of fourteen feet in diameter, and proportional height. This was the main trunk, into which was discharged the drainage flowing through a multitude of subterranean channels, together with the vast surplus quantity of water from the aqueducts used to cleanse the network of drains. A cart loaded with hay could be driven down the main passages, and Agrippa is said to have performed a sanitary voyage in a boat through the main sewers, when superintending their repair.

More attractive, though not more useful, monuments of labor and care for the public health, remain in the aqueducts, by which a plentiful supply of water was always insured to the city of the seven hills—the mere dilapidated remains of which still suffice for her present use. A mere glance at the proportions of some of these noble works, which conveyed the purifying and health-giving element, through hills and across valleys, from sources varying in distance from sixty miles downward, may well raise a blush at the scant and meagre substitutes which we can show in the nineteenth century. Well may Frontinus, in an exulting tone, compare the useful splendor of the nine aqueducts, which in his time supplied the city, with the useless, slave-

grown bulk of the pyramids, or the merely decorative works of Grecian towns.

The most remarkable of the nine aqueducts were the Anio Vetus, the Aqua Marcia, the Aqua Claudia, and the Anio Novus. The Anio Vetus brought a supply from the river Anio, a distance of forty miles. It was built B. C. 273, and consisted of a stone water-course, the channel of which was coated with cement. A still longer one was the Aqua Marcia, extending along a distance of fifty-four miles, six and a half miles being above ground, and chiefly supported on arches. So lofty was the level of the terminal reservoir, that the highest parts of the Capitoline Mount could be supplied from it. This aqueduct united toward its termination with two others, in the same pile of masonry, so as to form one range of building, in which the three water-courses occupied different levels, one above the other, and finally discharged their streams into the same reservoir. At the same period that this aqueduct was constructed, 700 wells, 150 springs, and 130 subordinate reservoirs, were added to the former sources of supply. The Marcian Aqueduct was remarkable for the vastness and solidity of its proportions and construction.

Augustus caused an aqueduct to be built specially for the purpose of supplying the vast basin in which he exhibited sham naval fights to the citizens: but the Anio Novus, one of two new aqueducts built by the Emperor Claudius, was the most striking of all in its architectural effect. For six miles before its entrance into the city the water flowed along a channel supported by arches, some of which reached the height of 109 feet, and constituted a range of great beauty.

When an aqueduct was to be constructed, the first step consisted in forming a large basin at the source of the supply. In this the liquid rested to deposit its impurities, and for a similar purpose the channel was expanded into other reservoirs at various intervals along its course. The channel in which the water flowed was formed of stone or brick, covered with a layer of cement. The slope of the water-course, according to Pliny, was only one quarter of an inch in every hundred feet, but Vitruvius makes it six inches in the same distance. It probably varied with circumstances. An arched covering excluded the sun, and vent-holes in the sides or top provided for a free circulation of air. From the castella or reservoirs lying along the course of the channel, adjacent lands were sometimes irrigated. From the terminal reservoir the water was conveyed to its various destinations through pipes of metal or earthenware. These terminal reservoirs were works of great size and solidity. One such at Cuma is 200 feet long by 130 wide, and is covered in by a vaulted roof resting on four rows of pillars. At Rome there were 247 subordinate basins, in which the water from the terminal reservoirs of the various aqueducts was collected, previously to passing to the baths and houses. A staff of officers and a body of laborers were specially provided to keep the aqueducts in repair.

In their mining operations and in the formation of some aqueducts, we have seen that the ancients were obliged to tunnel. But their most remarkable works of this kind are the subterranean passages, by which the Romans drained many large lakes. One such channel, through which the lake Fucino discharged its water, is still nearly perfect. It is more than three miles long, one mile of the distance being carried through the hardest rock, under a mountain 1000 feet in height. Perpendicular and lateral shafts were sunk into the tunnel for the convenience of working, and 30,000 men were employed on the spot at the same time. Where the tunnel passes through earth it is vaulted with brick.

After the aqueducts the baths follow in a natural order. The great fondness of the Greeks and Romans for ablution, which the warmth of their climate rendered a great luxury, early led to ample provision for bathing, both public and private. Both people were familiar with the use of the hot-air bath, which was especially employed by the Spartans; but the warm-water bath, succeeded often by the cold douche, or plunging-bath, was most usual. All the appliances that could minister to comfort and luxury in this department were not only known but common; and to such a degree did the splendor of the public baths at Rome attain, that it was not unusual for emperors themselves to bathe amid a throng of meaner citizens. Lofty, vaulted rooms, lighted by glass, with temperatures artificially contrived to suit the different states of the bather; spacious basins, lined with marble, and fitted with marble, bronze, or even silver benches, were plentifully supplied with water, hot, cold, pure, or scented with the most precious perfumes and essences. Porticoes and vestibules adorned with finished works of art, where the bather took his exercise listening to the recitations of poets, the declamation of orators, or the subtle disputes of philosophy; or perhaps reclined in luxurious ease amid the pleasant murmur of adjacent fountains; cool avenues for the promenaders at mid-day, lawns, terraces, and all the best efforts of their ornamental gardening, were united in the Roman Thermæ, or great public establishments for bathing and recreation, planned and executed in the imperial city and provincial towns. One of these, the Thermæ of Caracalla, was more than a mile in circuit.

The water for the baths was heated in brick furnaces, consisting of two rows of cells arranged over the fire, with which the lower row was in contact, while the upper row received the water from the branch of the aqueduct furnishing the supply. Pipes from the lower cells led into the baths, and these pipes were surrounded by flues, in order that the water should not cool in its transit. The party-walls between the cells of the furnace were also traversed by flues, in order to economize fuel as much as possible. Private baths, on a smaller scale, were attached to every house of consequence; and were favorite places for the display of the owner's wealth.

The theatres of both nations were constructed with great skill, and especial adaptation to the ends of sight and hearing. They were generally built on

the side of a hill, and sometimes; in Greece, literally hewn out of the solid rock. Some were of vast size; the ruins of one at Argos, semi-circular in form, inclose an area 450 feet in diameter. The seats for spectators were arranged in ascending stages, and the outer wall of the structure, behind the topmost row of spectators, was surmounted by a kind of portico, in order to throw back the sound of the actor's voice. The semi-circular included space was the "orchestra," where the chorus danced on a boarded floor. The stage, of course, closed the opening of the semi-circle, and was approached from the orchestra by steps. The back of the stage was bounded by a lofty screen, which in the theatre built of wood during the ædileship of M. Æmil. Scaurus was composed of three different substances—the bottom of white marble, the centre of glass, and the highest of gilt wood. The early theatres of Rome were built of wood, but after the time of Pompey stone was universally employed. The art of scene-painting was well understood, and various machines were employed on the stage for instantly changing the scene, or for introducing the actors flying in mid-air.

The amphitheatres of Rome, so called from being as it were double theatres, formed a complete circle, or rather an ellipse. They, too, like theatres, were built of wood, until the time of Augustus, from which period they gradually increased in size and splendor, until Vespasian and Titus caused the crowning work of the kind—the Colisæum—to be erected for the convenience of the immense crowds of sight-seers flocking to the public games. This most celebrated remain of Roman architectural art covers five acres of ground; the longer diameter being 615 feet, and the shorter 510. Four orders of columns, the first pure Doric, the second Ionic, the third Corinthian, and the fourth, Corinthian pilasters, rise one above the other till they attain the great elevation of 160 feet. These columns have one-fourth of their thickness buried in the face of the wall which they ornament. There are eighty columns in each tier, and from their summits spring arches supporting the tier above. There were, therefore, four tiers of seats for the accommodation of spectators, and this sufficiently explains how the building could contain the immense number of 87,000. The numbers contained by these buildings of antiquity were very large; the Attic theatre held 50,000, and the wooden theatre of Scaurus, before-mentioned, could accommodate 80,000.

We have mentioned that the perfect arch was not known to the Greeks; indeed, they have no word for it in their language. But the frequent use of the arch by the Romans, even in walls, where plain masonry would have sufficed, shows it to have been a favorite form of construction, and the triumphal arches built to commemorate victories are among their most splendid remains. Those erected by Drusus, Titus, Septimius Severus, Gallienus, and Constantine, still remain, and with the bas-reliefs commemorative of the events which they were designed to perpetuate still attest the great amount of Roman skill, and the extent of Roman conquests.

Another class of buildings—the basilicæ, exchanges or law courts, are highly interesting from the fact that they were afterward converted into Christian churches. One such edifice was always placed in the forum for the convenience of traders. It was generally of oblong shape, the length being from two to three times greater than the breadth. The earlier edifices of the kind were mere peristyles, or open spaces inclosed by columns, but subsequently the open space was defended by walls—the columns still remaining for ornament. Small private chambers were cut off from one end, for the use of the law officers and merchants; the main area was divided into a nave and two side-aisles. At one extremity of the central nave was placed the tribunal of the judge, which stood within the oblong area so long as the original use of the building merely as a law-court continued; but afterward, when the same edifice was used as an exchange, a semi-circular space was thrown out at one end, and the tribunal placed within this, in order that the seat of justice might not be disturbed by the noise of traffic. The advocates and jurors occupied the space within the semi-circle, while persons interested in the cause were accommodated with side-seats. The columns of the side-aisles supported a gallery, from which rose other columns sustaining a roof usually flat in the centre, and arched down to the supports so as to resemble the shell of the tortoise.

It may, perhaps, seem strange, that in our notice of so many ancient buildings we have not once alluded to temples. The reason for this course is, that no description could be given of such structures without necessitating an account of orders, styles, and proportion, into which our subject does not strictly enter. But the peculiar use of marble in constructing the roofs of temples may be well alluded to in this place. Slabs of this material were employed and fixed, much in the same manner as earthen tiles; descending in parallel rows from the ridge of the roof to the eaves. Bronze, afterward gilt, was also used for the same purpose.

The Greek and Roman towns were generally irregular in plan; their streets narrow and mean, even in Rome, till the great fire in Nero's reign; after which the city was rebuilt with great regularity. The increasing value of land led to the erection of many-storied houses in the main streets; but the houses of the wealthy were always chiefly composed of ground-floor apartments, wherever space permitted. This subject, and the house-carpentry generally of the ancients, is involved in some obscurity.

VIII. *Traveling.*

It remains for us to say a few words regarding the facilities for traveling in those ancient times. The great enterprise displayed by the Romans in undertaking and constructing their road-ways, as well domestic as in foreign countries, is familiar to all of us. There are few who have not seen a long, straight, undeviating road, never turning aside to avoid natural obstacles, but pressing right on to its mark, still de-

noting by its traditional name the track along which the legions marched to victory. The more perfectly constructed of these ways, after the introduction of paving, were among the most durable monuments of Roman skill in art.

The road was first marked out, then the loose earth was excavated down to a solid foundation, on which the lowest course of stones, about six inches in diameter, was laid. On these was placed a mass of rough stones cemented by mortar, forming a kind of rubble work. Then followed a layer of bricks and pottery broken small, and analogous to the burnt earth frequently now employed in our own railways. This coat was also united into a mass by mortar, and upon it was laid the permanent roadway, consisting of large polygons of flinty pavement or basaltic lava, the edges of which were trimmed and fitted with the greatest care. We must certainly yield the palm to the Romans in the art of paving. They combined strength and finish to a degree that may well put our own efforts out of sight. Where the road lay over rocks, the two lower layers were dispensed with as unnecessary; and in carrying it across a swampy country they employed foundations of piles. A raised pathway laid with gravel, mounting blocks for equestrians, and mile-stones to mark the distances, completed the appurtenances of a Roman road. The general direction of road repairs and works was assigned to a class of officers and workmen. Numerous military roads intersected the Roman empire, and this facility of internal communication was a main cause of its duration. It would exceed our limits to give even the names of the principal.

In the construction of bridges, especially such as were of a temporary nature, the Romans were very skillful. Carpentery must have been well understood, in order to form such structures as the bridge thrown across the Rhine by Cæsar in the short space of ten days. Many stone bridges, some of them distinguished for elegance, connected the opposite banks of the Tiber; but the triumph of Roman art in this department, is seen in the bridge, partly of stone and partly of wood, built by Trajan across the Danube. The whole length of this structure was 3010 feet. There were twenty-two wooden arches supported on stone piers, each arch having a span of about 130 feet. Coffer-dams were used in constructing the foundations of piers.

The carriages used by Greeks and Romans were of various kinds, but though they expended large sums on the more splendid, yet in point of comfort their productions never approached the vehicles of modern coach-builders. The want of springs was an inconvenience, which they attempted to remedy by a luxurious array of feather cushions and down pillows. The carriages were either four-wheeled or two-wheeled; the former being mostly used in journeys. A pair of mules or horses were driven, and sometimes four. There is but little peculiarity in the manufacture of these carriages, but the shapes were elegant, and the poles or other parts were often elaborately carved, while the body of the car was perhaps tastefully inlaid. Traveling carriages in the later times were usually furnished with curtains to exclude the sun and air. Covered litters borne by slaves were also in common use among the wealthy for traveling short distances.

The early history of the inventions by which men came to plough the watery deep, and to convert the element of seeming separation into one vast pathway for the mutual intercourse of nations, belongs to another province. Our space will only permit a brief account of the vessels used by the Greeks and Romans in the times of their more perfect nautical skill. The main division of these was into ships of war and ships of commerce. The former were long and narrow, propelled by rowers, and furnished generally with three ranks of oars, rising obliquely one above the other. But the numbers of these ranks varied much, and in one leviathan galley, built by Ptolemus Philopator, there were even forty ranks of rowers. The average number of the crew engaged in a ship of war was two hundred; and these vessels usually performed their voyages in short times, as the propelling power was independent of the wind. They were furnished with a pointed beak, singly or doubly cleft, and usually situated below the water-level, in order more effectually to run down the adversary.

Ships of burden, on the contrary, were chiefly propelled by sails: their form was clumsy and heavy; of course they did not need the beak, and the number of their crews—the rowers especially—was small in comparison with the complements of men-of-war. With regard to the methods of propulsion, we may mention that sails and rigging were both very simple, as compared with the contrivances of our own days. There was usually only one sail—a large square-sail attached to the mainmast. But sometimes four were present, though even then all were not commonly employed together. The oars were of different lengths, in order to provide for the different heights of the rowers above the water-level. The ancient vessel was usually steered by two rudders or stern-oars, one being placed on either side of the stern. Swift, light galleys, with a large complement of rowers, were in use for performing expeditious voyages.

In the construction of their vessels considerable skill was displayed: the planks were united by iron or copper nails, and the seams stopped with rushes or tow. An outer coating of wax and rosin was commonly overlaid; in some cases black pitch, while in others sheet-lead was added, secured by copper nails.

Harbors were constructed, defended by artificial break-waters; with quays for unlading; porticoes and a temple for the votive offerings of the prosperous voyager; warehouses for goods; the usual apparatus of rings and posts for mooring vessels, and a sloping bank on which to haul them up, if a stay were contemplated. Colossal statues and light-houses were erected at their entrance. Dry docks for building or repairing, rope-walks, magazines for stores, and other necessary conveniences, completed the portal arrangements.

We have thus passed in review many of the most striking results of the useful arts of Greece and Rome. We have seen these results often rivaling, sometimes even superior to those of our own industry.

And now let us pause for one moment, to regard the crowning development of the useful arts of the old world. We see the polished Roman dwelling amidst all the appliances for luxury, splendor, and utility which art, the minister of man and the adapter of nature, could then gather around him. The marble palaces, the elaborate tissues of the loom, the polished masterpieces of the artificer, the paintings, the sculptures, the mouldings, and the rare devices of the engraver were one and all to him so perfect, that he doubted not they would remain forever the unsurpassed ornaments of the Queen of Nations. A few centuries, and how changed the scene! The iron bond that held together the civilized world in one vast whole has been torn asunder, and we see a rude barbarian spurning with his foot the delicate masterpieces of finished art. Or still later, perhaps, a half-naked savage wanders above the ruins of the buried cities, without a thought of the rich treasures of human industry hidden in the earth beneath him. The new birth of Freedom is for a time the death of Industry. But new life is following close on this death—a stronger, healthier vitality, more mighty in its development, and crowned by yet higher results. Amid the blackest night of anarchy and rapine, man—"the minister and interpreter of nature"—is busy kindling torches to scatter the darkness.

Some imperishable monuments of antiquity were powerful agents in preserving the useful arts to man. As the aqueducts of ancient Rome, conquering the attacks of Time, and the destroying hand of the barbarian, still continued to lead pure streams to the seven-hilled city, so did a knowledge of the useful arts flow in manifold channels from the old world to the new, and Italy became to the moderns what Greece had been to the ancients—the nursing-mother of the arts, and the refiner of nations.

It was long, doubtless, before the rude barbarians borrowed the refinements and arts of a conquered people, whose very civilization they regarded as a badge of slavery. "The ancient inhabitants of Italy," says Muratori, "were so enervated, and were cast down to such a pitch of poverty, that no power or force of example remained by which to allure the conquerors to a more refined and elegant manner of living. For this reason the Lombards long retained their primitive ferocity and rudeness, and the barbaric style of look and dress, till the more genial sky of Italy, and the neighboring examples of the Greeks and Romans gradually led them, first to some cultivation of manners, and then to refinement." And what this eminent antiquarian alleges in this particular case was, doubtless, true of all those barbarian hordes that overran the once fertile plains of the South. It was this fierce and savage independence that rendered the rude conqueror insensible, not only to the sight of his slave's refinement, but even to the influence of the habitual view and contact of those innumerable and beautiful products of art which surrounded him on every side. Nothing less than the development of one strong passion—the passion for freedom—could have quelled those native instincts in the mind, which lead man so powerfully to embrace the inventions of others, and, in fault of these, to invent for himself. Doubtless, the constant succession of the waves of desolation was another main cause of their effacing power. Each succeeding invasion found a still decreasing civilization: the traces of arts and refinement grew ever fainter and fainter, till finally they were almost lost to view.

SONNETS.

BY MRS. ESTELLE ANNA LEWIS.

I.—THE OASIS.

THINK not that I am hapless, ye who read
  The pensive numbers of my fervent lyre:
That in the heart is sown some upas-seed,
  Is not to prove all healthful germs expire;
That in a garden are some withered bowers,
  Crisped buds and yellow leaves bestrew the ground,
Is not to prove it hath nor herbs nor flowers.
  Think not because I 've stood on every round
Of Fortune's ladder, that no oasis
  Amid the desert of my heart upglows
Above the sands and sallow cypresses,
  Cheering the weary pilgrim as he goes;
Not all the fires that rend volcanic wombs
Can kill this one green spot that 'mid my heart-waste blooms.

II.—JOYS OF INTELLECTUAL EMPLOYMENT.

'T is true, I 'm poor in what the world calls bliss;
  'T is true, I have known many wounds of pride,
  With which a weaker nature might have died.
'T is true, I 've passed the fearful Charybdis,
Yet 'mid the maelstrom thrilled with happiness.
  We should not murmur 'gainst an earthly trial—
  It throws a stronger sunlight on Life's dial,
Awakes the spirit in its chrysalis,
And plumes it i' to the broad, bright heavens to soar.
  And oh! if I could sing the bliss I 've known,
  While sitting in this study-room alone,
Listing the soul waves wash the eternal shore—
If I could ring it out in one loud song,
'T would shake the throne of Grief and banish Wrong.

THE LOVES OF AN APOTHECARY.

As John Godwin entered Christ's Hospital so he left it, with no other friends than an uncle, who was a Kentish miller, and an understanding which, if it was impermeable to much learning, retained and fostered whatever at any time it received. A stolid, quiet, precocious boy, with a generous and simple heart, in which strong self-will was seated at depths seldom disturbed, with an original imagination, of which he was always unconscious, with a new suit of clothes, a tall hat, and six shillings in a clothes-box, he was articled to an apothecary. This suit being worn out, another supplied its place; when this in its turn got threadbare, the process of renewal, not without ceremony, was repeated; and, with the best intentions to the contrary, that is as much as the most partial biographer could write of John Godwin's life for some years. It is true that, in like manner, new notions and ideas, what may be called the provisional phases of manhood, were rapidly worn out and replaced; for every year between fifteen and twenty is itself a distinct era. It is also true, by the bye, that at seventeen he fell in love, desperately and sincerely, with a lady thirteen years his senior, whose great recommendation consisted not so much in an imposing, handsome person as in a baby.

This lady, neither married nor a widow, was somehow connected with the family of his master, and came often to the little parlor behind the shop, whence John, peeping over the muslin curtain, used to throw bashful glances on her as she sat silent and abstracted by the fire-side—silent, and with much sorrow in her great brown eyes. Indeed, she lived and moved in an atmosphere of sorrow; it seemed to encompass her in palpable clouds; so that one even felt her presence at the door before she entered in. A tearless Niobe, deserted and betrayed—a victim, so the little bird said, of a too intense devotion for a student in medicine—John wept for her, pitied her, loved her. When at church, it was the story of the Magdalen, that beautiful story, which kept his eyes on the Book all service-time. Putting the shutters up at night, he took long solitary walks, that, alone with Nature in suburban squares, he might dwell upon *his* Magdalen; or hastily retiring to bed, there, on the extreme verge of the bedstead, his arms extended into vacancy and night, he would send forth his imagination to feed like a ghoul on the quivering carcases of Susan's joys. "Now," he would exclaim, and strike his head emphatically upon the pillow—"*Now*, in her sleeping apartment, at 17 Jemima street, Pentonville, *she* is tossing wildly on her bed, tearful, passionate, delirious, while Grief wrestles with Sleep!—"*Now!*" And looking through darkness and the intricacy of streets, he contemplated this picture of 17 Jemima street, until it faded into another, in which, having succeeded in reviving the confidence of Susan in the love and honor of man, he was represented as taking unto himself that crushed flower, fostering it into renewed radiance and fragrance, more lasting and more grateful, if more subdued.

John never told his love, for pecuniary reasons. Indeed, it lasted but six weeks, though, considering the instability of sentiment at seventeen, even that period was an age for such fervor to endure. As the lady's melancholy, however, began visibly to subside, John's fervor subsided also; and collapsed altogether when, at the expiration of three months or so, she went on a pleasure excursion to Brighton with another student of medicine, and remained there with a distant and hitherto unknown relation.

The young apothecary soon learned to laugh supremely at this piece of extravagance, palliating his shame by repeating that, to the young, love and folly are constant companions; that a heart like his must always have some object of adoration, whether foolish or otherwise. His own experience entirely warranted the dictum at any rate; for he had had a sweetheart as soon as he was consummately breeched—a sweetheart who almost broke his heart by dividing an orange in his presence with a little boy who had the advantage over him in wearing large frilled collars. Again, in tenderest boyhood, he became possessed with an intense affection for the very tall daughter of a police-sergeant; but she despised him for his stockings. Rising thereat in indignant pride, he resolved at once to make himself renowned, that when Fame should so bruit his merits in the general ear that even the daughter of the policeman should hear the blast, she might learn painfully, and, alas! too late, that genius is not to be judged by its stockings. In pursuit of this end, he forthwith indited some affecting "Lines to E——n," which were declined with thanks by the editor of the "Gentleman's Magazine," mainly in consequence of their being inscribed on paper with an ornamental border, and embellished with original designs, curiously colored. This failure disgusted him with the Muses, especially as he himself half suspected a lack of the poetical leaven. So he determined to turn the current of his ambition into channels better suited to it; and thus, begun out of desire to assuage the wounds his pride had received through the medium of his stockings, and continued afterward for its own sake and by natural bias, he managed to pursue the science of chemistry to very great lengths.

Boyhood, however, with all the follies and crudities of the outer boy, and much of the keen feeling, the trust, the ever misconstrued delicacies of the inner, has now gone by with the young apothecary. He puts all his youth behind him to-day, and advances into steady manhood; for to-morrow he is to be married. That fact fills his shop, and every nook of every chamber thereto pertaining; but particularly in the kitchen, where the fat fingers of the little maid are busy with the promising skeleton of a new cap and many yards of white and blue ribbon, and

in the shop parlor, where John sits communing with his soul, the circumambient air is prophetic of it. This shop, it should be said, expensively furnished with such means as his careful mother beguiled her years of widowhood in accumulating for some such purpose, John had entered upon only a few months since. His customers, hitherto, were discouragingly few, perhaps in consequence of his having chosen Doctors' Commons as the probable Tom Tidler's ground of his future fortunes; not eligible ground for an apothecary. So he resolved on getting married. He had observed, he said, that "things frequently took a turn" upon such events; and this was the reason he assigned to himself for taking the step at this time. But there were many others.

John sits communing with his soul. It had surprised him, it had struck him more than once with a kind of superstitious suspicion, that even up to the very eve of his marriage some evil or perhaps good influence—he thought about it, but still doubted—seemed always to withdraw his mind from the subject. But bidding his boy—who, lost under a desk, his hands buried anxiously in his hair, had forgotten even the dignity due to his new livery in the perusal of a novel—bidding his boy attend carefully to the shop, and calling his handmaid from below to light the lamp and trim the fire, he now sat down to "have a good serious think."

To think, and think hard on all things, was common to the bridegroom; and, seated in his easy chair, all quiet, he began to inquire within himself—how long it would be before the last button of his boy's jacket would be gambled away with a leaden "nicker!" "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, suddenly arresting the panorama, alarmed at the puerility of the thing at such a moment; and, rising, he extinguished the light, drew his chair closer to the fire again, to try if the dusk would not soothe him to soberness. Half an hour later, when the buttoned Mercury emerged from beneath the shadow of the desk, breathing hard and looking stealthily into all dark corners where any cloaked bravo, such as he had just parted company with, might possibly be lurking, at length, reassured, peered through the window to discover what the governor was about, he found the governor thoughtfully posed indeed. His tall figure, clad in sad-colored raiment, disposed carelessly in the cushioned chair, his countenance, handsome but rough-cast, bent full upon the ruddy firelight, while he lazily balanced the burnished poker on his forefinger, he looked a very real if not a very conventional image of abstraction.

A well-regulated memory has been likened to the best-regulated household—a bee-hive. It is said to contain a myriad of little cells, in which are carefully stored away all our treasures, all the sweetness we have gathered in bright days and hours, to be drawn forth thence on drowsy evenings or wakeful nights—enjoyed, and restored. In the memory of our young bridegroom a hundred little chambers at once now gave up their precious things. From remotest and darkest nooks, from the very dungeons of the hive, where they had been stored because they were so precious as to be painful to look on, they now came pouring pell-mell in bountiful confusion: and in all a beautiful young face, lit up with gold-brown eyes, and shaded by gold-brown hair, came and went in a wonderful fragmentary way. For now a massy curl, drooping over his shoulder as together they bend to read from one book; and now her eyes, with a sudden illumination of love and mirth, railing at him; and now her lips closed to reproach him in silence, or half-parted and half-pouted to receive his greeting kiss—alone filled the entire picture. In vain he endeavored to bring steadily before his eyes the integrate sweetness of that face, where a morning radiance rested all day long. Once and again, indeed, he seemed almost to accomplish his desire; and he glanced shyly at the portrait looming dimly on his vision, lest by gazing too earnestly he should disperse it. And, in a moment, the features were all rubbed out: again only a curl drooped on his shoulder, or two eyes smiled up to him, with various and fitfully-remembered meaning, out of blank darkness.

In equal hurry and confusion, the remembrance of past scenes, and groupings, and events, where still the one fair face looked grave or gay, whirled through the dreamer's mind. Meetings and partings, the last and the first—summer lanes and winter hearths—morning and evening, all rendered up their souvenirs in sad chronological order, regardless of the unities of the pastoral to which they belonged. An old gabled house in the northern suburbs, some ten miles from St. Paul's was, however, the chief scene of his wedding-eve reminiscences. A snug old house, stuck full of little square dull-eyed casements, it was nursed and shaded in its declining age in shrubby lawns and flower-beds—in rows of elm and straggly sycamore, with fragrant lilac and the golden abundance of laburnum-trees. House and garden, it was a very place of leaves. Except a small paddock in the rear, where an old gray horse used to stand reflectively by the hour, as still as the horse of wood over the neighboring inn, every where were dusty leaves or spruce flowers. On the walls, peeping in at the windows—clinging round one chimney-pot and drooping from another—lying in wait at doors, overhanging paths, toppling the mossy garden-wall, and stealing under the great, shabby wooden carriage-gate, where carriage never deigned to enter—box and briar and creeping plants abounded. But it was beneath the parlor windows that, like well-fed Babes in the Wood, the flowering plants clustered and prospered: nowhere beyond, except in the windows of the chambers above. In one especially. It was at the west side of the house, high up (doesn't John Godwin remember it?) and looked down the road leading from the city, smiling radiantly. Balsams and old-fashioned scarlet-flowered geraniums, a hot, martial-looking cactus, specimens of that perfect type of blooming English womanhood, the rose, and some novelty with a lengthy Latin name, were gathered there in bright companionship—all the brighter when fanned by the snowy curtain as it flapped pleasantly above in the early morning breeze.

And if this little window high up in the old house smiled radiantly upon all the dusty wanderers who came out of London so far in search of "a mouthful of air," the elect bridegroom, still balancing the poker there, could tell you with what special radiance it looked all down the road on him. That part of the story is what he is now recalling. How in summer mornings, sunny and still, he used to rise with the lark; how, hours before he could display the advantages of those operations, he got himself starched and pomatumed one or two degrees beyond good taste, perhaps, as he doubts now; but then some anticipation was to be made for the damages of a two hour's walk. How at the earliest moment, almost breakfastless—for his heart by this time had overrun his stomach—he started off to spend the blessed day of rest with Jessy, to take Jessy to church. Jessy owned the bright brown eyes and the locks of bright brown hair: a compact little goddess of eighteen—a laughing, blooming, deep-hearted and very sensible little goddess, whom to worship were honor; and she used sometimes to peep through the branches of the geraniums on such Sunday mornings, to see whether her "dear boy" were coming; for the little window was the window of her chamber. Jessy innocently imagined that her dear boy had never caught her peeping; she was mistaken; and the bridegroom smiles very grimly, *for* a bridegroom, as he remembers that fact. And how, having walked his last mile leisurely—for, from a foolish pride, he wished Jessy to believe that the coach had conveyed him to the end of the road, and therefore endeavored to make his appearance as cool as possible—how, having walked his last mile leisurely, and flaunted the dust from his clothes, he suddenly turned an angle, and coming at once in sight, distinguished at the distance of a quarter-mile whether she looked for his coming. If so, though pretending not to see her, all the graces of which he was master were at once put in requisition, up to the last opportunity in a graceful rat-tat-tat at the door.

There was not such a moment in any week as that which elapsed between this rapping at the door and the opening of it. A world of tumult, and impatience, and hesitation were compressed in that small instant: 't was precisely such a hurly-burly of feeling as that which caused his fingers to tremble over the unbroken seal of the first letter he received from her: and loving-kindness always followed the opening of the door as it had followed the opening of the seal. Even dreaming these scenes into renewed life, Godwin hastened thus to arrive at the porch; for on the threshold he will meet, not the good old servant, she knows well enough how impertinent it would be to answer such a knock as that; but, listening, he hears light swift feet come pit-a-pat, pat-a-pat down the stairs, with just a little jump to finish, the door is flung wide open, and there stands the flower-goddess smiling and shaking her curls, her face irradiate with a positive glory of happiness, only softened by the faintest and least shamefaced of blushes. They say nothing at present; but while with one hand she closes the door, the other is placed upon his shoulder, and, a-tiptoe, she bestows a sharp, uncertain little kiss upon his cheek; whereupon they find themselves in the parlor.

When that sturdy old Viking, Jessy's papa, makes his appearance, they all go to church; but this the sturdy old Viking does not till the latest moment, defeating his object therein by storming the room-door just, maybe, as Godwin insists upon tying the strings of Jessy's bonnet, and while, laughing and blushing, she uplifts the white round chin in a naughty, ambiguous way, to assist (or confuse) the operation. For halfpay-captain Burton, a man of war when grog, bluster, and the cat were national bulwarks—brown, boisterous, and the most tarry of tars—was at the same time the most bashful person concerned in the love between his daughter and John Godwin, principally or remotely. When full twelve months had elapsed since the evening that, restlessly pondering the matter upon stepping into bed, he had confirmed his suspicions in a nervous conversation with his wife that John was a-wearing up to our Jess, that nervousness still continued. Not a word in reference to the subject had he ever uttered to his daughter, or to any one after that dreadful evening; for, with a vasty sigh, he then felt himself compelled to avow that he had no reason to say nay if Jess said yea, which her mother communicated to her by-and-by, when Jessy sought her confidence, and which the affectionate little flower-goddess revealed to her dear boy one anxious dusky evening with all her delicacy. And so the matter settled itself; but Captain Burton at once took to the thoughtful and uncongenial pursuit of angling, and so enthusiastically, that, though quite unsuccessful, he did not meet his daughter at breakfast for an entire fortnight. With the countenance of a cheerful martyr, he went up and down into all the chambers of the house, whistling or humming notes that had no pretence to cohesion, or harmony, or to any thing but doleful monotony, and in a thousand other ways displayed the wretchedness of his mind.

And long after the lovers—from frequent communion and from other causes well wotted of by old and young—had outgrown the restraints of bashfulness, and were become sister and brother in manner and wedded in heart, the old sea-captain still felt qualmish on the approach of John's visits. So it was that on Sunday mornings he usually delayed his greeting to the last moment, when, his grisly hair brushed no way in particular, and tucked under the brim of a very rakish and curley-looking hat, he was prepared to accompany them to church. Along the dusty, pebbly footpath, with here a church-going worshiper from the cottage, and there a church-going worshiper from the hall, the school-children defiling irregularly and dustily in the road. Across the common—down the long lane shadowed, almost darkened, by trees that overhung from high and weedy banks on either side, where birds chattered and sung, and the church-bells rang with softened resonance; at the end the sunshine gloriously outspread, with the tumble-down old church and the

tumble-down old gravestones drowsing in the midst: and all like a picture framed in the foliage of the lane. Pleasant enough in reality and destitute of association, that walk was beautiful indeed as remembered by the apothecary. Cool summer airs floated past his face, the freshness of morning moistened on his lips, in his eyes was light, in his heart all happiness, as the recollection rose in fullness before the dreaming bridegroom, and passed gently away. Again as they entered the porch together, in the shadow of a real and earnest thoughtfulness; again as together they knelt down; again as organ and children intoned an old meandering psalm, that ever found an easy path from earth to heaven—the memory came with a shock like electricity and left him confusedly trembling. And the loose afternoon rambles while papa dosed, the botanical excursions into all the shady, shrubby nooks of the garden, where Jessy gathered her hair under that wonderful muslin scarf—pleasant converse or pleasanter silence by open windows, when rain-drops drummed among the leaves—cozy evenings when, determined to be happy (for at heart he was almost as proud of Godwin's frank openheartedness and sound intelligence as his daughter,) the old captain brought forth a tobacco-pouch that might also have served for a carpet-bag, mixed a pint of grog in a half-gallon bowl, and sat down to talk morals and politics over the table with his guest, while at the same time, beneath the shadow of the table, the joined hands of Jessy and the happy guest talked love—sad ceremonial suppers, for parting had to follow—parting itself, when Jessy and her father accompanied him into the porch, and her father wandered uneasily somewhere out of it, and Jessy shook hands with her dear boy where the shadow was deepest, returned his salute with modest fervor, and accompanied her final "God bless you" by a glance lingering and tremulous—and that was the end.

That was the end. The hollow fire broke down sullenly in ruins, and the bridegroom rose slowly to his feet much troubled. But meeting the reflection of his face full in the chimney-glass, he sat down again still more troubled; for the emotion he saw there spoke accusingly. Many months these recollections had lain nearly dormant in his mind: he had thrown them off uneasily from time to time; and to-night, when, more than all days and nights in the past year, he ought least to indulge them, least to be troubled by them or yearn to them, what right had they to swarm all the avenues of thought in this way? Jessy Burton was a dead name, the old house a mere haunted house, so far as he was now concerned. Had they not quarreled and parted long ago? And whose fault was that but Jessy's? True, his part in the quarrel had been the most active, and she might, perhaps, accuse him of caprice, or something of that sort; but then she had been very passive, and seemed to care very little—he had never seen her cry, or look reproachful, even when matters had come to a crisis; she had very quietly received back all her notes (quite a little heap they were, square and three-cornered, scented and unscented, neatly-written notes and some with words sprawling all about the paper, still "in haste—Yours," and one with some dead leaves in it)—and did *not* return his letters in reply. From which, of course, any one could only assume that they had mutually—got——

Well, suppose we think no more about it. Jessy could not work such a pair of slippers as that; and Godwin planted his feet, slippers and all, on each side of the fire-place. Nor could she embroider such chair-covers, or work such curtains, or cut such lamp-screens, or finger the piano so rapidly as Sybilla—nothing like it: he became acquainted with Sybilla two whole months before he parted with Jessy, and therefore he had opportunities of immediate comparison, and ought to know. Sybilla was a handsome, brilliant girl, with a fine high spirit, and excessively fond of him—no doubt of it. He was a pretty fellow to sit dreaming away in that sentimental style, when to-morrow he was to marry such a woman as that, and become the proudest husband to-morrow would shine on! Jessy was well enough in her way, a nice, amiable, pretty girl; but, dear me! —and John made up his mouth to whistle an air, and did not whistle it.

Well! John thought he had better go to bed. The fire was out—no wonder he felt so miserable!—and there was the boy peeping hard through the curtain again; for he was getting hungry and wanted to shut up. The fat fingers of the little maid below had ceased from their labors—the cap was finished, and looked beautiful; and she sat at the fire with her chin on her hands and her elbows on her knees, brooding matrimony in an earnest and lively spirit. In half an hour the buttons ate himself to sleep, Polly found sleep in the realms of speculation, and John, become more comfortable over a renewed fire and a glass of weak toddy, went really whistling up to bed shortly after. "Good night, John," said he, as he rolled himself up like a chrysalis; "good night, young man! Good night, Sybilla!" And a moment after, with tenderness and an ominous sort of resignation, "Good night, Jessy!"

An hour after dawn, the little bird whose cage hung in the chamber window, trilling, quavering, rattling out his earliest fantasia, roused the bridegroom from sleep. About an hour after dawn, rattling quavering, trilling *his* morning song, the little bird (brother to the above) whose cage hung in Jessy's chamber window, roused her also from sleep. In morning toilette, and bright as any Diana from the bath, Jessy soon put her bloomy face in comparison with her flowers, as, admiring here, plucking a dead leaf there, she busied herself with her bow-pots. Presently she went with a serious air to a battered old trunk in a corner, and carefully took thence a small ivory box. It contained various minute packages of flower-seeds; and the serious expression of her face deepened into a sadness that seemed at home there, as she came to one carefully sealed paper at the bottom of the box. Jessy opened it, and half-a-dozen balsam-seeds fell into a slightly trembling hand: small, dusty, withered-looking seeds—smaller,

more dusty and withered-looking than balsam-seeds usually are, and more precious.

Three summers agone, the plant from which they were derived was the best and most promising in Jessy's little conservatory. Every body admired it—Godwin with an enthusiasm which might have been mistaken for playful sarcasm in any but a doubting lover. This, too, was when the plant was still in its youth, and its beauties mainly prospective; but John Godwin one day brought its mistress a small phial, containing a bright, volatile fluid, prepared at the expense of a night's rest and as much money as would have bought almost an entire stand at a flower-show, which he said would cause her flower to grow like a banyan, and blow like a whole forest of acacias. The bottle was labeled in regular order—"Miss Burton's patient: two drops to be taken night and morning in a gill of rain-water."

The effect of its application to the roots of the flower proved almost marvelous. Large and high the balsam grew, with heavy branches round about it; and never were blossoms so huge, or so many, or so novel in color on balsam before. True, they fell off as soon as they were fully blown, but then they were reproduced elsewhere as constantly; and Jessy's grief was great when, one morning, she found her pet altogether broken down and faded—suddenly as with blight, beyond hope of resuscitation. Seeds, however, had been preserved, and the following spring were committed to the earth, hopefully; but they woke to a by no means joyful resurrection. Wiry and puny, these poor step-children of Nature languished through the summer in sunniest corners, putting forth numerous pale little blossoms, and looking as miserably gay as a faded beauty in a faded ball-dress. The next generation was still more deplorable; but ere the latest lingerer had abandoned all effort to appear cheerful in cheerful companionship, Hope and Love had closed their outer doors against Jessy Burton, and she turned at once to that miserable lingerer, which seemed to have lingered on purpose to offer her the consolation of fellowship in affliction.

In the best hearts, the simplest and the strongest, a vein of romantic superstition will always be found—a hidden spring, surrounded by wholesome verdure: where it is not, there is sickness. And though it was very sentimental and very absurd, it really did Jessy good to compare her fortunes and the fortunes of her nurselings, with feelings that went beyond mere wonder at a coincidence. The hope and joy that erst-time put forth blossom all day long, she woke one morning to find altogether broken down and faded—suddenly, as with blight, beyond hope of resuscitation. She remembered what unwise abandonment to excess of a new happiness had rendered this blight so sudden and complete, and was self-reproved; but looking on her invalided balsam, she saw that it still grew in a humble, hopeful kind of way—still persevered in blooming with as little dreariness as possible, and always, to appearance, with a cheerful prospect of doing better next time; and she took the lesson to heart along with the reproof. Pondering much both lesson and reproof, Jessy gradually came to hold faith in more than was simply coincidental in so direct a coincidence. It preached to her, by application, most excellent doctrine; and she at last believed it to be one of those small things which (now that revelation, and miracle, and prophecy are no more) are disposed by a *very* extraordinary Chance, to work good in those who, having eyes, shut them not, and having ears, hear. Furthermore, the simple girl grown wise through grief, vaguely assumed a connection in the future between her floral oracles and herself. Again she sows them on this bridal morning. Perhaps they will recover lost strength and beauty, and bloom as in past time; and then—who knows? Or perhaps they will die right out, be sickly and sorrowful no more, and give place to healthier if less cherished ones. Well, either way—whether the foolish pride of that dear bad boy allow him to seek forgiveness of the caprice she *knows* he bitterly repents, or whether the anxious unquiet that still besets her go finally to rest—will be happiness.

How unconscious was Jessy, at the moment she closed the mould over her treasures, that that dear bad boy of hers was closing over his breast a waistcoat which, innocent as it looked, would as effectually keep her curls from ever tumbling themselves there as bars of triple steel! How unconscious of more than the existence of the handsome and really graceful woman who, an hour or two later, was arraying herself in garlands and much muslin, a more unemotional sacrifice than the most Roman beeve that ever went lowing to the altar.

Bride Sybilla's countenance was beautiful and commanding beyond that of most women; her figure graceful and dignified as that of most queens. Tall, pale, yet with a paleness as bright and healthy as the paleness of May-blossom—her head set slightly but boldly forward from her throat—with brilliant teeth, dark brows of gracefulest curve, and dark eyes that could express every thing, but languishing and passion better than all—she would have been an indisputable belle of the season, some time or other, had she made her original and vulgar *debut* within the circle of courtly existence. In very fact, she was so obviously fitted by nature for vegetation in the conservatory of Fashion: she had so elegant a mind; her shawls draped her so elegantly; she looked so much at home in a carriage—especially an open one, as every body remarked on occasions of pic-nic excursions; she would have adorned an opera-box so thoroughly, and blazed with such magnificence in family jewels—that, at length, it became plain even to herself that she had been born into a false position. Not that she ever expressed such a consciousness, or allowed herself to brood over it; her personal superiority was justifiably regarded as a natural fact, and the fact was worn like an old robe.

But though, by some mistake, Sybilla wasted her radiance in the wrong firmament, it is only fair to say that she was, at any rate, highly respectable. Her father, Mr. Charles Frederick Lee, or as old letters, thrown carelessly on mantelpieces, or stuck indiffer-

ently in card-racks and the frame of the chimney-glass—suggested, Charles Frederick Lee, Esq., was, indeed, an eminent example of respectability. A Government *employée*—clerk at the Custom-house, that is to say—his position was very respectable to start with; and this quality permeated all his relations in life, hovered benignantly about his hearth-rug, and saturated even his umbrella. This he carried with an air sufficient of itself to stamp his respectability; and it is highly probable that the appearance alone of Mr. Lee, as—quitting his residence at Grandison-place punctually to a minute—he walked into the City on fine mornings, with his umbrella at a peculiar angle under his arm, had a greater effect on the public than all the "Hints on Etiquette" that were ever published—price six-pence.

At his residence, Grandison-place, the principle so well exemplified in the person of Mr. Lee was adequately supported in the knocker, (brass,) in the carpetings and hangings, by a classic lamp in the passage, and two very respectable-looking canaries of a subdued color, that hung in burnished cages (done about of course, with yellow gauze) in the parlor windows, by life-size portraits of the family, an amplitude of light-colored upholstery, and marmalade for breakfast. Much wholesome goodness, however, was diffused throughout the household—cool, serene content, subduing all things equably beneath its shadow—gentleness, affection, peace, and decorous plenty. But thus surrounded, and with such a father, Sybilla was certainly its leading member and brightest ornament. The school-teaching obtained for her by paternity, with two hundred and fifty pounds a-year of income, and a position to support, did not, of course, comprise all the elements of a polite education; but what *was* taught at the Clarendon-House Academy for Young Ladies, Sybilla made the most of. She danced well, played the piano-forte with considerable brilliancy, wrote with orthodox angularity, and spelt comparatively few words with two *t*'s that should be spelled with one; she painted fruit and flowers charmingly, as a rather bulky portfolio of such subjects as "Grapes, Roses and Peach," "A Peach, Roses and bunch of Grapes," "Roses, Peach, etc.," evidenced; and as for French, not one of her compeers could pronounce her *u*'s with so unpuckered a lip, or mould her *ll*'s with such Italian sweetness; and she really could do more than inquire how you did, Monsieur, and whether you had the bread or the butter.

Such, so far as circumstances could model her, such, and no more, to the common eye, was Godwin's second love. But Sybilla was one of those who are to a great degree independent of circumstances; and divested of her worldly advantages—with any old lion of a knocker, a passage in primeval night, and a vulgar linnet capable only of drawing water in a thimble from airy depths, she would always have exhibited a certain air of superiority.

Bride Sybilla was naturally impassioned and impressible to an eminent degree. In all the fine oval of her face, not one feature but was skilled in the interpretation of these qualities; and bore their badge unmasked, always accompanied, however, by pride. But, generally, the more powerful such attributes are, the more also are they vacillating and uncertain, being frequently aroused by trifles, and dormant on occasions of comparative excitement. It was so with Sybilla: and thus is explained the fact that, through all the etceteras of the courtship which terminated to-day, she had abruptly migrated between indifference on the one hand and ardent affection on the other; and thus the Dead Sea of commonplace which now encompassed even the toilette-table of the bride might have been accounted for. Elsewhere, all was cheerfulness, bustle, sentiment and perspiration. Somebody was always knocking *and* ringing—in obedience to the request inscribed on the door—and somebody was always responding to the appeal; doors banged here and there saucily, or mysteriously and inexorably as the doors of Downing-Street: pleasant voices called from room to room the prettiest names, whose owners—all bridesmaids, of course, the whole half-dozen of them—distracted the breakfast-table by the incoherently earnest manner in which they came fluctuating about it, sipping and flitting at the same moment, like busy bees inclined to jollity or butterflies on business; so that never was breakfast broken into such little bits. Delicate silk gowns, the superabundance tucked through the pocket-holes, rustled gaily through the house like all the leaves of Vallombrosa; brilliant eyes and glowing faces, and perfect bouquets of bonnets ascended the stairs like rising suns, and made high noon wherever they appeared. The whisper of consultation on matters culinary and millenery, the noise of females in conclave buzzed from half-open doors, little rivulets of laughter trilled over the banisters and down the passages, while everywhere and in the midst of all mamma bustled, red and important. In short, animation and subdued delight filled every corner of the house, not excepting even that darkest and dirtiest one, where Godwin's boy—who, with a few other select articles, had been borrowed, buttons and all, for the occasion—was arduously engaged in taking off the edges of some two or three dozen knives, under pretence of cleaning them. The uncertain temperament of Sybilla, however, excepted her not alone from the general fuss. Mr. Lee and Mrs. Finch each evinced coolness, of different degrees and from different causes. Mr. Lee was a person of correct ideas; but, as he would sometimes deprecatingly confess, he was human, and had his moments of weakness like other mortals. Armies of these moments, in battalions of sixty, had assailed him since he woke this morning. Descending upon him with barbarian irregularity, they unfurled all sorts of prophetical banners, descriptive generally of domestic incident—of a house fragrant with caudle and warm linen, haunted by bland mediciners and mysterious women with accusing in their eyes, while a nervous husband and a nervous father, keeping grim silence in the parlor, trembled together on the borders of a new relationship, which ever and anon, climaxed by a distant bleating, heard on the opening of a door, put him to total confusion. Re-

collecting, however, that a well-bred man displays no emotion, he gradually overcame the weakness that had absolutely led him in one fit of aberration to fill his cup from the milk-jug and flavor with a drop or two of coffee, and perused his newspaper with an indifferent lounge, or chatted easily with one or two gentleman arrivals while the important preparations were going on.

This, however, was but indifference: Mrs. Finch's feeling was one of undisguised sorrow. She was the charwoman, had come to help; and seemed to think it her duty to express in her countenance what *her* experience of marital existence had been; and as it was pretty generally known that the late Mr. Finch used to get drunk at frequent intervals, and chastise his wife with a light poker, it was only necessary to shake her head and sigh now and then to express all the meaning she intended. Mrs. Finch, however, was a person to whom trouble was so natural and the rule, that her experience went for nothing. If in the course of any week Johnny did not fall down an area, or omitted to be sent to the station-house for breaking a window, Billy was pretty sure to take the measles or something of that sort, Sarah Jane lose herself for a day or two to be restored in tears by the police, or the chimney catch fire. If it rained, Mrs. Finch's clogs were broken; if it did n't, Gracious knew how soon it would, and her shoes leaked; but however circumstances smiled upon her generally, she had at least a few week's rent to make up with the "broker's man" looming in the distance. Poor Mrs. Finch! A thousand such as she grow lean-visaged by multiplicity of such very ludicrous and very real troubles, and their experience also goes for nothing.

If any one, in disregard of the inscription before noticed, forgot that morning to knock while he rang or neglected to ring while he knocked, the omission was amply compensated by the driver of the vehicle which conveyed Godwin and his "best friend" to Grandison-place. Hired drivers usually appear to possess a vivid appreciation of the importance of their "fares" until dismissed by them; and the Jehu in question thundered at the door, pealed at the bell, and otherwise conducted himself on Mrs. Lee's white door-step with as much impudence as if he had been coachman to a title. Horace (the foot-page) opened to his master with an approving smile, and with the information—which gained by a certain jerking of his chin what emphasis it lost in being deferentially whispered—that there was *such* a swag of tarts and that down stairs—curran and raresbry, and—oh! Affluence of feeling and the appearance of Mr. Lee from the parlor to greet his future son prevented further expatiation; and so, throwing up his eyes with consummate meaning, Horace precipitated himself across the banisters and slid into his den below. A second vehicle followed close upon the first, another and another. They remained a short time in rank before the knocker, making very thread-bare endeavors to look as much like private carriages as possible, despite the derogatory appearance of the coachmen's hats, which Mr. Lee protested were the flabbiest he had ever seen, even upon such heads; and then a preparatory silence which reigned in all the chambers of the house, as if everybody had been taking breath, was broken by a universal rustling on the stairs; and the whole galaxy of beauty and millinery descended into the parlor headed by mamma, who certainly enjoyed most of the millinery, whoever claimed pre-eminence in the other attribute. It must, however, have been evident to the meanest capacity—it was evident enough to that of Horace, who, prompted by desire to see how the governor looked among all them gals, brought up the knives at this moment, zealously offering to place them in Mrs. Lee's own hands—that if everybody *had* been taking breath in the silence, nobody was much benefited by the effort; unless, indeed, as appearances seemed more pointedly to indicate, bride and bridegroom, father and mother, man, woman and maid, were endeavoring to get in a reserve-supply for impending emergencies.

Bride Sybilla's immobility thawed rapidly away as she descended from the business of dressing. Regal and pale no longer, she frankly advanced toward Godwin directly she entered the room, and showed by the trembling hand she placed in his, and the tremulous eyes she raised to his, how completely her heart was turned from winter to the sun. John, who at the same hour of the morning, at the same moment when Jessy was engaged with her foolish balsam-seeds and still more foolish speculations, had to reprove himself for entertaining such thoughts as made his approaching happiness appear rather the work of destiny than love, and *still* had to reprove, cast away the last rag of doubt as he took Sybilla's hand, and then found it expedient to turn caressingly to one of the respectable canaries. A few remarks fell stone dead, here and there, from unwilling lips, and silence, like a pall, covered them; when at length some one referred to a watch, and providentially observed that the carriages were waiting, and that a good many boys were assembled about them, and swinging on the railings; had they not better—? Immediate acquiescence, profound diplomacy in pairing of on the part of a couple of young ladies, by which each secured the companionship of the dearest fellow in the world—very pretty skipping down the path and into the carriages on the part of all the young ladies except Sybilla, who walked by her father's side as if each flag-stone were a feather-bed—four men pulling at the brims of four bad hats, at the doors of four "flies"—and then, as one of the dearest fellows in the world found breath to remark to one of the happiest girls in the world, they were off.

The prospect of matrimony, viewed at the distance of a day or two, is sufficiently distressing; but to stand on the utmost verge of the gulf, to oscillate within its jaws in a vestry-room, while an easy, calculating clerk looms before you, the last landmark on the boundaries of the world, is terrible indeed. In Dante's "Divina Comedia" men stand transfixed by the eyes of serpents—serpents lie along the ground transfixed by the eyes of men: gradually the bodies

of the snakes sprout limbs—they grow erect, and harden into men; gradually the features of the men fall away, their limbs shrink into them, and, with a writhe, they are become snakes—still with set eyes, set ready to renew *at once* the transformation, according to their doom. If this, as it appears to be, is the most terrible thing either in fact or imagination, it is so only because of its eternal repetition; otherwise, it would have to make room beside it for the equal horror of waiting in a vestry-room for the parson of your nuptials. But, practically, time is a fiction to all but clock-makers, and one may taste eternity in ten minutes under favoring circumstances; in such a case, at least, this comparison of horrors holds good to those who have to endure the latter, as Godwin and a young man similarly fated—who, seated at opposite extremes of the room, endeavored to rival each other in nonchalance—could have attested. Eternity in their particular case expired only at the quarter chime, when the priest entered apologetically. Prayers were read—responses meek and mild were given in doubt that they might prove groans, or worse, on obtaining utterance, and in a few minutes they were married. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

With faces so flushed with happiness, and shame, and pride, that now and then it really seemed as if little flames of light were flickering over them, Sybilla and her husband walked up the matted aisle. Books and papers to sign—in an easy, off-hand style, resulting in illegibility. A congratulatory parson and a congratulatory clerk in the vestry, a congratulatory pew-opener at the door, and two congratulatory neighbors of hers in the church-porch—all to be rewarded for their congratulation, to say nothing of lawful charges; which rewards and charges were given with real cheerfulness. Home! John paused upon the last step at the church-gate, twirling in his fingers the last remaining sixpence of the coin he had placed at one end of his purse for such bestowal before starting, (impulse not being trustworthy with him in such cases, but quite the contrary,) and looked about for a recipient. A pale-faced little boy, with a good deal of inquisitive, apprehensive wonder in his gray eyes, stood leaning by the railings, in a white pinafore: it would have been difficult, however, to realize his existence *without* a white pinafore. A bloodless little fellow, with a subdued quiet in his face, he seemed forever under injunction not to wake the baby, and a look of passive experience in his eyes, his whole appearance, from his collar to his boots, which had been inked round the lace-holes because they got brown there, imparted indescribable suggestions of bread-and-butter and nothing else; with, perhaps, a patient going to bed without that, now and then. Godwin looked painfully at the child as the child looked wonderingly at Sybilla, and, diving into his pocket, he took a shilling between his fingers, thought again, and substituted half-a-crown. This he gave the boy into one hand, and placed the sixpence in the other palm for *himself*. It was perfectly understood between them that the half-crown was for mother, who had inked the boots, and who could not afford to have the baby woke. Still, and though upon being bashfully thanked Godwin patted the bread-and-butter cheek as kindly and softly as any woman's hand could have done it, the poor child could scarcely trust in the reality of his fortune, and went slowly sidling up by the church-yard rails, his eyes turned to the gay party, half in expectation of being called back; and it was not till he had watched them out of sight that he turned the corner and ran. Congratulatory parson, clerk, pew-opener and pew-opener's neighbors—in the profoundest deeps of all and every their hearts there existed not a centillionth of the blessing and good-wishes that overflowed in that of the mother as she heard how her little son got the half-crown. It came to her in time of extremest need, and all day long she pondered the matter with unusual thankfulness; for, like a woman, she believed the giver had guessed her necessity by intuitive goodness. As for the sixpence, it was put aside in an old china cup—was to be saved to buy a spelling-book; but it finally went for bread-and-butter.

Now Godwin first grew perfectly happy. This, at any rate, was right—no future could overturn the propriety of it; and the wheels rattling in orthodox haste, he speedily passed from happiness into hilarity. To Sybilla, however, the rattling of the wheels only served to recall a little grievance, big enough, however, to constitute an important drawback to her nuptial satisfaction. *She* thought there ought to have been a tour. Her respectability demanded a tour—to Tunbridge Wells and back, at least: indeed, it had always been to her the most prominent feature of the prospect while matrimony was yet prospective. Miss Johnson, who was positively nobody, and a shocking dumpy bride beside, she was taken direct to Margate, and stayed there a week. Fortunately, however, Sybilla here recalled to mind, as she looked in John's face, where new humor and new meaning scintillated every moment, threatening to blaze right out, that Miss Johnson did n't bring back from Margate such a husband as hers. This consideration, and another which, to do her justice, she had pretty constantly in view, reconciled her to her fate; the other consideration comprehended a bequest of three or four hundred pounds, which a maiden aunt of Godwin's (who, rejoicing through life in single blessedness, seemed anxious to avert the bliss from some other one) had made him, on condition of marriage: otherwise, it was to be applied in dowry of three of the most deserving young women in her native town. This latter consideration, also, besides that "things frequently took a turn on such events," had its under-current influence on Godwin's resolution of matrimony in the unpromising condition of his affairs; though, of course, he acknowledged it not, and scarce thought of it.

On turning a corner near Grandison-place, the ears of the bridal-party, but more especially those of the bride's papa, were appalled at hearing several rounds of cheering, or rather a succession of those nondescript roars with which the boy-population is given

to express either dissatisfaction or amusement. In this case it was an amused roar; and nervously thrusting his head out of the carriage-window, Mr. Lee perceived with horror that it was emitted by a knot of youths of from twelve to sixteen, and that it seemed to result from observation of what was going on in the kitchen of his own residence. Fact was, that Horace was performing to a company which, originally consisting only of the green-grocer's boy and the boy of the butcher, had increased in numbers and enthusiasm beyond his expectations. Standing on a chair by the window, innocent of the near approach of his master, he was passing before the eyes of the delighted assembly all the various items of the wedding-feast; while, still more to the popular delight, poor Mrs. Finch danced frantically round him, endeavoring, in fits of indignant or beseeching eloquence, to arouse the foot-page to a clearer sense of decorum. "These, gen'lemen," persevered he, elevating several in a line with his head, "is the weddin' taters as that gen'leman in the blue apern was just kind enough to bring us—kidney uns—biles like balls o' flour. And this here," dropping the roots and catching up a pasty, "is the weddin' goosbry pie, and a werry stunnin' pie it is, too;" smelling it, he expressed his further opinion in his countenance. Mrs. Finch, far gone in the depths of despairing resignation, passively received the tart from the hands of Horace, enabling him to proceed without delay to the exhibition of fish, flesh and fowl, in like manner and with similar comments; until, having exhausted even all the table appurtenances, the cost of which he appeared to be cognizant of, he concluded the exposition with the bellows; which he averred the governor and himself were going to kneel to alternately as long as any thing remained uncooked. It was while an appreciative public were demanding a rehearsal—rather to the alarm of Horace, whose original intention had merely been to display to the two friends above designated the good things he fondly hoped to have a share of "pitching into"—that the noise of wheels came rolling down the road. Dismounting from the chair, Horace retreated rapidly into his den, and solemnly recommenced polishing a tea-urn, leaving the miserable Lee, whose respectability fluttered in rags about him as he did so, to disperse his friends. This, with the help of one of the dearest fellows in the world, who, having a large pair of whiskers, liked to exhibit them in situations of peril and command, was accomplished with greater success than might have been expected; though it was emphatically required of the gentleman in whiskers that he should "get out of that hat," meaning the glossy *chapeau* he had purchased only the night before, and notwithstanding that, in reference to the other dearest fellow in the world, who was very young and had no whiskers at all, a young lady was anxiously advised "not to let that little boy eat too much vegetables," as he did n't look very well as matters already stood; while the blushing grocer's boy, holding his forefinger in his mouth, leaned fondly on the arm of the butcher as they passed down the street, in obvious imitation of the bride.

With such exceptions, the hours glided past, accompanied by much the same incident as attends all wedding-days when there is not a "tour." At the feast, every one sat down inspired with the intention to expound the latest traditions of the usages of fashionable society; and, in the course of the hour, Miss Baker did herself the pleasure of reproving Miss Clark, who had crossed her knife and fork upon her plate, by ostentatiously placing *hers* at a gentle angle: while a gentleman performed a similar kindness for another, who had got his salt in a vulgar and improper position upon his plate: this reprover also seemed better after the administration of his reproof. Mr. Lightowler, brother of Mrs. Lee, and a toyman, with Mrs. Lightowler, were, however, lamentable exceptions. Exclusively devoted to each other, they sat together, mutually fat and hot, and helped each other from any portion of the table within arm's length, drinking from one glass, laughing one huge laugh whenever they felt inclined, but particularly at their own jokes, which they did n't seem to care about any one else appreciating, and all utterly untouched, because utterly unconscious, by the vexation of their host and the undisguised disgust of the most respectable of the company. Partly from this very fact, but principally from the downright simplicity, the good-humor and genial oddity of the man, Godwin resolutely fraternized with the toyman the moment the speeches were all over. An unfathomable Etna of whim, of grotesque humor, was always simmering in the mind of the bridegroom, breaking out at rare intervals in sudden eruption, and with such grim vehemence of delivery that people would pause in their laughter, and scan him for a moment, with serious, half-frightened glances. Elated with the "excellent, light dinner-wine," and a bottle of "a full fruity port," he made the hours spin round the clock with quip and crank and story; while Mr. Lightowler sat on the floor at sober intervals and sang comic songs with a whistling refrain, till he whistled even Mr. Lee out of his annoyance at such an exhibition of vulgarity in his brother-in-law, and Mrs. Lightowler into such an admiration of her husband that she at last sat down on the rug beside him and whistled too. And as the moments passed, and evening fell, bright eyes grew brighter with the stars, glowing cheeks more rosy, warm hearts warmer, and everybody and every thing happier and better. Bride and bridegroom happy and proud. Music, and dancing, and sparkling laughter—sentiment, love, flirtation, and a general return to boyhood and girlhood. More love and a little less flirtation—declaration of fond reciprocity between two young men and two young maidens (one declaration in the kitchen by the mangle, and one under the tank in the garden,) an admission of perfect disengagement (and of a trifle more) on the part of another young maiden. More lights, more music, more dancing, more sentiment, more comic songs on the hearth-rug, more full-bodied port for the general company, and more half-and-half for Mr. Lightowler.

No mamma any where in the house! no Sybilla!

And papa looking awkward. Almost one o'clock, you see.

One by one the bouquets of bonnets re-appeared immediately upon this discovery, looking very much as if they—their owners, that is, to say—knew all about it and enjoyed the *ruse*. Then followed a general leave-taking, a serious affair in Lightowler's case, though elsewhere with merriment, and here and there with a kiss. Cabs rolled leisurely from the gate—in the last Godwin and papa: and the house was again as dark and still as those "earthly tabernacles" were doomed soon to be, upon whose front the light of youth, and love, and laughter, shone resplendently but now.

It is a sober business, riding at midnight in a musty-smelling cab; and the reactionary seriousness that oppressed both gentlemen on turning from the deserted house, seemed to increase with the odor of the straw. Very few words, upon very indifferent subjects, passed between them, as John went really *home* for the first time; and as, on arriving there mamma was just ready to return, Mr. Lee did not alight, but drove back with his wife to their bereaved hearth, after a simple "good-night" had passed among them.

In Jessy's early girlhood, the mother of the poor little bread-and-butter boy was a servant in her father's house. Since the death of the woman's husband, which was but recent, Jessy had proved her best friend—coming with cheerful gossip and "something for the baby" whenever she had an errand into town. Which she had to-day; and had hardly been seated half an hour when she became acquainted with the story of the half-crown, what the gentlemen was like and who the lady, and which way they went. The boy had heard the *name* of the gentleman, as some one called to him, but did not perfectly recollect it: it began with a G, at any rate, and sounded like Godwin.

To the sum of sublunary happiness go many fictions—pretty figments, which, though constantly and forever disproved, are never the less believed in. Even in the contemplation of objects the most beautiful in art and nature fiction is seldom absent; and when the sun sets in clouds of purple and fine gold, it is not enough that they *are* clouds, however gorgeous; but we must at once set about making woods, and seas, and islands of the blest, of them.

We have sought it in heaven, (an instance is meant,) but with equal propriety and success we might seek it in—matrimony. For what but a sugared fallacy is that Honeymoon so universally accepted as consequent on every marriage—as being a mingling of the sweetness of Hybla with all the soft suffusion of love which lapped Endymion on the hill of Latmos, to be enjoyed in all cases and without limit during the space of one calendar month—for twenty-eight days at least; except in leap-year. At which time, even February days are twenty-nine. A fond conceit! It is wrong to argue everyday life from the privileges of the aristocracy; and only in connection with marriages strictly of convenience does the honeymoon roll through its successive phases with propriety, going out as the monthly bills come in. Careful computation of the laws of accident prove the full average honeymoon to subsist about four days and a half, except in cases where youth, fortune, and fine weather combine with affection, when the average may possibly be doubled. So that wife Sybilla ought to have been much more content than in fact she was, that her matrimonial orb waned not before the expiration of a week; considering that though they were rich enough in youth, they possessed neither fortune *nor* particularly fine weather. It was, however, this very consideration of lack of fortune, in the sense of money, that caused Sybilla first to descend from out the luxuriant solitudes of love in which, hand in hand, they had sauntered all the week, bringing her husband quickly after her. The initiatory cause of the declension was a nightcap; for after a protracted evening sitting at an open window, Sybilla woke the next morning to find, not the locks of Hyperion straying over the pillow beside her, as before, but a tall, tasseled, miserable white cap, which, encroaching over Godwin's eyes, elongated his cheeks and exaggerated his nose to a most unhandsome degree. The unconscious sleeper, experiencing symptoms of cold in the head the night before, had ventured, in the dark, to assume that wretchedest of all habiliments, the male nightcap.

When the blossom is ripest, the softest breath may waft it from the bough; in the nodding of that green tassel moved a cruel blast sufficient to scatter the full-blown poetry of any week-grown honeymoon. Accordingly, before breakfast was fairly over, Sybilla remembered that very little business had occurred to interrupt their happiness—before dinner, that Mr. Godwin had paid several bills with undisguisable uneasiness; and, as the result of such souvenirs, not only she but Godwin also sat down at supper that night to a diluted cup, broken-winged and very near the earth. Every day nearer and nearer the earth, for things did *not* take a turn, but grew worse; and though they had the certainty of aunt's legacy before them, Godwin soon began to fear almost as much as his wife that if, according to the doggrel of Keats,

> "Love in a cot, with water and a crust,
> Is—Love forgive us!—cinders, ashes, dust,"

it was not much more agreeable in an apothecary's shop. Not that it had quite come to that yet; he still contrived to maintain the marmalade for breakfast; but not many weeks elapsed ere Sybilla became plainly suspicious that though he might be rich enough in drugs, the money-capital of her husband was well-nigh exhausted. Indeed, she assured herself of the fact by just looking into his desk one morning, privately and with a guilty face.

Now the legacy lay vested in his uncle, the Kentish miller; and as a few months before, in a letter which came hoping that John was in good health, as it left him (the miller) at present, he had received much earnest advice against early marriage, John wished to postpone the demand as late as possible. But the darkening horizon, and a few comfortless

hints thrown out by the partner of his cares, precipitated intentions; and so he started one bright morning to receive his little fortune, planning its expenditure very solemnly by the way.

Drearily, Sybilla threw herself upon a sofa as her husband passed out at the door, and, half extended, employed an hour in usefully painting a piece of velvet, and uselessly pondering past, present and future. Drearily, she put aside the daubed stuff, and taking up a newspaper some weeks old, concluded each listlessly-perused paragraph with a yawn, till she came to "Important from India," and read of a bloody engagement there. How in the cold gray dawn a company of the gallant 292d, and a strong detachment of the gallant 293d, marched to reduce the contumacious Bungumshah. How, when the cold dawn kindled into blazing, blasting noon, and long-enduring men fell here and there, suddenly shot dead from the sun, it was deemed expedient to march over them against the contumacious Bungumshah. How, having mistaken the position of that Indian, they came not up with him by nightfall, for all their marching, and very gladly encamped—the greater portion on the plain, but a small detachment of some hundred men or so in a hollow at a little distance, under Ensign Hope. How, in the night sentinels were struck secretly, the camp penetrated by Indian shadows rather than Indian men, the commander killed in sleep—encampment torn from end to end, encampment channeled from end to end with tumult and blood. Ensign Hope listens in the distant hollow, rises up with his hundred men or so, bears down to the verge of the scene swift and silent, goes blazing into it like an Indian storm, and settles the matter. To the right is a ravine; and as the enemy fly, panic-struck, Ensign Hope, with consummate skill, (so the newspaper calls it,) contrives to push the main body to the edge of it—pushes a few over into it, in order to furnish argument of prompt surrender to the rest. Which is profited by; and by the time the camp is thoroughly roused from its hideous nightmare, every soldier with his head still on may place two or three prisoners at the end of his bayonet. As for the Bungumshah, he is disarmed by Ensign Hope himself, with as much grace of manner as a conqueror with one boot on (had no time to advantage by both) might be supposed capable of. Official thanks, loud newspaper laudations, honors present and prospective to Ensign Hope.

Trembling, Sybilla glanced thus rapidly through the narrative, and then, after a moment's breathless reflection, perused it minutely from first to last, her eyes lingering long about the lines in which the hero's name happened to be printed, and on the praises and the recital of rewards bestowed upon him. And again she sat entranced, with parted lips and dilated eyes. Ensign Hope! muttered her wonder-bound tongue; Parson Hope, as he used to be called, from his solemn length and inclination to white neckcloths; the blundering boy cadet whose addresses she merrily rejected for those same peculiarities a few years ago! Who could have supposed so much heroism in *him*?

Only a daughter of Eve, we may pardon Sybilla that she took glory to herself in answering the question. Plainly, love for her was at the foundation of all this heroism; it was to add force and grace to his overtures—to render himself more worthy of her, that he had coveted the reward and reputation consequent on such achievements; and, indeed, none but the brave deserve the fair. Only the wife of an apothecary, as well as merely a daughter of Eve, we might also pardon the dreams she thereupon indulged, in which, as the lady of Captain, of Colonel, very possibly of Lieut. General Sir Victor Hope—for Clive became a peer—she shone enjeweled in her natural sphere, the admired of men, the envy of women. But the bitterness with which she dwelt upon it after a while, as a now impossible career, was altogether unpardonable. Not that she cared, Sybilla said within herself; *she* was happy enough—never happier; but it was strange that her anticipations of one day becoming a "lady" should be so nearly verified; strange that this news should arrive just when it was too late and of no avail, even if she *had* cared; very strange that she whom it most concerned, to whom she was sure it was mainly addressed, should be kept in total ignorance for weeks after all the rest of the world had become aware of it! So Sybilla said within herself; but being conscious of some heart-burning, she interpreted her reflections into the mildest language capable: thus the word "strange" really had in it some of the meaning of the word "vexatious." And, assured of her primal conclusions, Wife Sybilla went on to consider how grievous a thing it was that disappointment in the secret end of his endeavors should embitter to the ears of Victor Hope the very plaudits of his countrymen. Assuredly he was to be pitied, at any rate. And Sybilla went on dreaming and thinking.

Meanwhile Godwin had arrived at the mill of his uncle, who received him in blank silence, took him into a little room, where books and papers were ominously displayed, and talked with him privately. On which Godwin learned that when at the utmost verge of ruin, as the books and papers proved, his uncle had appropriated the moneys which had been confided to him irresponsibly, in justifiable hope (as the papers also proved) of immediate restitution; that to refund, as affairs then stood, would be as certain ruin, without benefit to any one; but the prospect was opening, and if John would only accept twenty pounds or so, and kindly wait a single year, said the old man, fairly crying, why every thing would be made right. So what could John do but quietly button his pocket over the twenty pounds or so—quietly button his coat over a fallen heart, and go home again?

It was a brilliant afternoon when the disappointed man came to the end of his dreary journey, resolved, after much painful deliberation, to confide the whole truth of the case to his wife. Young, and with a knowledge of many things, he was not without hope after all. He had hitherto made no exertion of the talents he was conscious of possessing; and who could say that good might not come out of this evil, at last, in necessitating their vigorous exercise? So,

already ashamed of past inaction, and with some show of cheerful resignation to misfortune, he laid the twenty-pound instalment on the table before Sybilla on arriving home, and began the story; which, however, he had occasion to conclude with less and less cheerfulness. Naturally, perhaps, from fore-described circumstances, the contrast between a flushed and victorious soldier in uniform, and a weary druggist in nothing describable, struck Sybilla acutely as her husband entered the door; as, also, distance lends enchantment to the view, the contrast was so much the more prejudicial to the latter. And, unluckily for her, before she had time fairly to extinguish a comparison which some kind instinct told her was injurious and wrong, Godwin had declared himself not only a weary, unornamental druggist, but a beggared one. His quick eye, rapid in the interpretation of every symptom of thought, was not slow to perceive, however, the change that passed over Sybilla's handsome countenance—returning over it again and again, spite of all her really laudable endeavors at banishment—ere half the recital was ended; and grief poured into his heart like water into a stricken ship. To dissolve without discontent the day-dreams she had been indulging all day long—dreams long cherished, but never approaching reality till she had abandoned for ever the power of fixing them—would of itself, Sybilla felt, have been a task; but this bitter fact, falling in the very midst of her pideful fancies, thoroughly overcame her. She burst into a flood of tears too plainly rebellious and indignant; and, saying not a word, went up into her chamber. Spirit of the Sublime Respectable! thou dapper doorkeeper to all littleness, thou aider and fosterer of vanity, and selfishness, and hardness of heart—it is to be feared that since when you first put the (then infantine) soul of this woman into a corslet, with apparatus of tight-lacing, its growth has not been good.

At first opening of the flood-gates, Sybilla's tears were merely the outporings of disappointment; but the more she wept upstairs alone, the more she brooded and brooded, her sobs grew fewer, her tears hotter, and at length deliberately angry. She felt herself deceived—ill used; and her spirit chafed within her so willfully that even the loud, quick song of Godwin's canary-bird wrought her to extreme irritation. Poor fellow! Had he been brought up like the light-colored canaries at home, surrounded by respectability and yellow gauze, he might have known himself (and Sybilla's sorrows) better. As it was, however, he abandoned himself to his own emotions, and, thinking perhaps of the leafy old house in the northern suburbs, poured out his melodies like summer rain—faster and louder as Sybilla grew more irritated. He positively disobeyed her command to be still; the epithet "beast" he passed contemptuously over; she stamped her feet in vain. Hopping from perch to perch all the more readily and saucily as it had no tail worth mentioning, still the bird went on with liveliest rattle. At length, in a ferment of passion, Sybilla approached the cage, trembling steadily, as a spear thrown from the hand of a strong man trembles in the earth, seized the head of the guileless little songster, and it sang about the leafy old house no more.

Godwin uttered no remark upon the discovery of this wickedness; but when he retired that evening, anger and grief contending within him—fire with flood—he placed his dead bird on a chair by the bedside, and lay all night with his face toward it. It was the last remaining of all the little meaningful gifts which, after the manner of lovers, Jessy had rendered him in exchange for others. One by one they had departed from him—got lost somehow—as if he were no more worthy of them; and there it lay—the last and most precious, for it had a real, vocal, interpretable language of some sort—dead enough, certainly: with nothing interpretable about it but its dumbness now.

That day set its seal upon the whole eternal future. So completely fateful, so fatefully complete were the events of that day, that though no officer of evil could desire a single addition, still one omission would have raveled toils which not an entire after-life could break through. And yet how weak were those circumstances in themselves! What more gossamer-threads were they until strengthened by vanity and temper—even those small vices—into bonds stronger than the seven green withes that bound the limbs of Samson! What petty impediments they were either to happiness or fortune, easy to be overleapt or smiled away by a firm foot or a cheerful heart, such as ought to have belonged, and in one case did belong, to this young woman and man! But in the morning when they woke, a strong wall was found built up of these petty impediments, breast high, between them: breast high, so that their hearts could no longer beat together, nor their feet be mutually upheld, in all the dreary vista of years through which they must yet keep consort—a hard unreflecting face only on each side the wall forever. For Godwin had far-away ideas of perfection in woman—thanks to Jessy Burton; and so keenly did he feel the bitterness displayed by Sybilla, so gross did the selfishness, the violence, the cruelty of her behaviour appear to him, viewed apart from any unkindness displayed through it toward himself, that whole months of repentance and affection would hardly have restored to him his olden happiness and love. The shock was sudden and complete; and the fact of *Jessy's* bird being victimized in the shock, pointed his reflections in a direction not easily diverted, even if there had been any prospect of diversion. But, unhappily, the same principle which leads women to excuse and even champion the faults of those they love most, led Sybilla to justify her feelings and their results—to strengthen the belief that she was wronged, deceived, unfortunate: for she loved *herself* the most. Willful and impassioned, the new-made wife now boldly brought before her eyes the comparisons which yesterday she glanced at with nervous obliquity, and taking a comprehensive view of her own merits, her lady-like habits, manners, deportment, and educa-

tion, her queenly face and form, she fled from the consciousness of wrong-doing in the reflection that she was a "sacrifice"—that these her virtues were pearls cast before some lost apothecary, while a hero, a future Lieutenant-General Sir Victor, was hurrying from fields of glory in the vain hope of crowning his laurels with such precious gems. It is easy to see how thus a pardonable weakness might deepen even into guilt.

But a dreary lesson it would be to follow these two through all the shadows which henceforth, deepening and deepening one by one, fell upon them, till it was day no more, nor ever could be day. Sad to mark the daily-hardening indifference of John Godwin, who, having fallen at once from all his hopes, looked not up again, nor strove to regain the pinnacle, but went plodding along alone, dull and sullen, like the last man in a plague-stricken city, plunging anon over head and ears into some occupation or enterprise, from sheer necessity of *doing* something, and abandoning it at the very moment of success, from naught but idle despairing—"What was the use?" Sad to mark the daily-growing discontent of Sybilla Godwin, whose willful, passionate nature could resign itself to nothing which interfered with her happiness—a nature which if it could not break through imprisoning bars would beat itself to death against them. Unlike Godwin, however, in whose horizon of unvaried gray no sun was ever visible at all, bright, warm snatches of sunshine would now and then intervene through tempest; but they were so uncertain, so evanescent, so much more allied to the principles that made Sybilla beautiful than to those that ought to have made her good, that they soon became wholly disregarded, and went finally out. So in a thousand ways was fuel added to flame, in a thousand miserable grievances and aggravations, and things that were neither one nor the other but tortured into both; in trifles brooded over and made hideous by exaggeration, till—in a few months—it became questionable whether more misery could be found anywhere in London.

Preserved from a knowledge of all his heart may contain or may be capable of, let no man credit himself with just so much virtue, *by no means* debit himself with just so much vice as circumstances may hitherto have elicited thence. With fair winds the leaky ship is as safe as the sound; and to thousands who lift their polluted eyebrows in horror over the crimes recorded in the news-sheet the writer of this sketch would say—It is all very much according to the weather. Besides, we arrive abruptly at a climax in the case of other men's vices; we do not go through all the circumstances and gradations which push on to them, nor know how many of them inevitably sprang from small and almost blameless beginnings as we do in the case of our own vices. Furthermore, it is melancholy to observe how unconsciously men are beguiled through these gradations while to return is possible, and only arouse to a sense of error by a sudden clapping to of the gates which open on the homeward path no more.

Beating fretfully against imprisoning bars, Sybilla now yearned as much for love and gaiety as for marble halls. Her loss in respectability had not proved so signal as she had feared; and, in default, neglect, indifference, wasted youth, a cheerless, heartless existence now supplied the necessities of life to her misery. She forgot, wretched woman as she was, *who* had rendered her husband the silent, unemotional man he had become; a man without love and without anger—a barren rock, where rich and wholesome verdure used to grow. But, unfortunately, her ignorance detracted nothing from her wretchedness. Again and again, totally incapable either of reconciling herself to her lot or of mending it, she wept bitterly at the thought that it could only change with death; and naturally followed the question, by and by, which of them was likely to outlive the other? It was terrible to think that *she* should spend all her days in such wretchedness—should die in the midst of it; but, independent of that consideration, Godwin had grown very pale and lean lately; he ate little; and—though he complained not—frequently took medicine. He was not naturally of a strong constitution, and, taken altogether, Sybilla thought she should outlive him. This is the hard fact; the bone and substance of her frequent cogitations; but what pauses lay between, what twinges of self-repugnance now and then broke mercifully in upon them, cannot be written down—enough to say, that they grew daily fainter and fainter. What harm was there in "supposing?" And then, after a decent interval, during which Godwin got neither paler nor thinner, came the consideration—But how long first? And when Sybilla was forced to admit, that a young man like Godwin, however ailing, might well vegetate through a long series of years, she found by the feeling of dissatisfaction which crept involuntarily into her breast how much she had secretly cherished the "supposition." Nor even after self-detection could she avoid the gracious thought that, if he lived for twenty years, he might as well live forever; but if, now, any thing should happen in—say two years (and a great many things did happen in two years) why, let us see—She would then be not quite six-and-twenty! Well, not *more* than two years; a year-and-a-half, say; for there would be a year for mourning, which would otherwise bring her over seven-and-twenty, which would be too old. And so Sybilla rehearsed her husband's death and burial, and her own widowhood and restoration to happiness, and—a little, trembling, guilty thought peeped in to say—to, by that time, Lieutenant-General Sir Victor. True, she often checked these speculations—she felt they were wrong; but, time by time, with less success, until at last what is often expressed after one's decease became with Sybilla a fixed idea before the event, that "it would be a happy release."

Meanwhile, John kept on the weary tenor of his way, prematurely old in feature and heart—got leaner and paler; finally got into a slow fever, brought on through his own carelessness, about the time that his wife came to the above conclusion. And now it would afford strange melancholy to lift the veil from

that woman's mind as she tended by his sick-bed—terrible to watch the sudden terror which now inspired her lest her husband *should* die; for she felt as if her injured conscience had fled up to heaven, had impeached her thoughts, and that this was the result; that devils had power to fulfill her desire, that her soul might be damned to her desire. Strange, and more melancholy still, that when the first few days of Godwin's illness wore away, this terror was, not supplanted, but accompanied by other feelings of a totally opposite nature! After all, was not this a providential arrangement for the happiness of both parties—a release to each from a yoke which had proved too heavy to bear—an answer to all her tears and sufferings? Of course, her thoughts were not arrayed in words so matter-of-fact as these, but it came to quite the same thing. And now these feelings reigned alternately. As Godwin grew worse, the terror increased; yet as soon as a symptom of amendment appeared, the contrary sentiment immediately assumed sway. But as time wore on, and Sybilla became accustomed to the *danger*, no doubt remained as to which was most powerful; and when Godwin at length recovered, and all the illness and dying, if any, had to be done over again, Sybilla felt like one betrayed.

Alas! she was now wholly in the toils of the fowler. The violence of her feelings increased day by day; and no longer to attempt description of mysteries impossible to be understood, she returned one evening from an accidental and momentary interview with Captain Hope, who was in England on leave, wrought into a determination to do that herself which it had terrified her should be done by nature on her behalf. So Godwin fell into another fever, and its accompanying symptoms were so new that, though they were less violent than previously, they alarmed him much more. He, however, was not perhaps so easy a subject for experiment as a Suffolk laborer; and whether from one cause or another—whether from observation of the symptomatic nature of his fever, or observations in the cup from which he was drinking at the time, he suddenly fell back upon his pillows one morning, shot through with the conviction that his beautiful wife was poisoning him.

The stricken man lay staring out at the window with fixed eyes awhile, but neither in anger nor horror; for presently he turned his face upon his bed and wept with all his heart. The unkindness, the ingratitude of this woman, each carried in it a sting more venomous than the sting of death; but, like the sting of death, they subdued rather than infuriated him. That she who lay in his bed and sat at his board, whom at any rate he trusted so far, whom at least he jealously protected and cared for, should drain his life from him at her leisure—to-day, to-morrow, any day, as soon as the milk came to make porridge with—smote him more with its treachery than its cruelty. Oh, what seas of anguish broke over him in that hour—casting him to and fro, a helpless waif, utterly abandoned and broken up, in perhaps the lowest deeps of agony that ever man entered upon and lived. His soul shook as in an ague; his spirit seemed oozing from him, until, like a dwindled, half-spent breath, it flickered within him on weak, unfeathered wings, impatient of their own impotence. But soon—for in such extremities men sometimes live through the changes of years in an hour—a sudden access of firmness, of sternness stole upon this fainting spirit, which momentarily grew calmer and more stern, till it was cold and hard as steel. Again his eyes became fixed and staring, but now with an expression enough alone, in its frozen and freezing terror, to have brought Sybilla down upon her knees had she encountered it. And when, half an hour after, the sick man again turned his face wearily upon his pillow, in hope of sleep, he had resolved to let Sybilla *do it!*

O wretched woman! Little guessed she, when she came presently to look upon this sleeper, the pallor of his face already reflected upon her shrunken heart, how completely the power had passed out of her hands—how terrible, how *eternal* the punishment she herself should assist him in signalizing. Little knew she that if her soul were now for a time abandoned of all warning, of all saving voices, it was abandoned to the power of her husband, in the hollow of whose hand it lay. To open his hand before her eyes, calmly, mercifully to thrust an index-finger into the spots which already festered so deep in this soul, to put aside the cup not so much from his lips as her own, and hold up to her eyes, day by day, the chalice of repentance—all this was within the compass of his will. But he willed it *not*; he folded up his will and put it aside; he would rather yield his inclinations to hers, and passively *close his fingers* while he yielded. Why, what devil was in this man also?

. . .

From that day Godwin refused to see any physician, prescribing for himself from a private medicine-chest; and from that day he grew rapidly worse and worse. The olden terrors of Sybilla returned upon her as her husband sank so palpably; she slackened her hand, withheld it altogether in a paroxysm of mortal dread which passed very well for conjugal affection, but still from that day he grew rapidly worse and worse. Till in the noon of a certain night, while she was vainly endeavoring to sleep, in an adjoining chamber, the husband called hurriedly to the wife. The wife then rose, hastened to the door in nervous stupor, and stood rigidly looking in from the threshold. The calm, every-day appearance of the patient, as he sat up in his bed, restored her, however, to confidence; and, loosening her clenched hands, she advanced to the foot of the bed.

"Come nearer, Sybilla," said Godwin. There was something new in the expression of his voice, and she went to his side like one walking on a lake. The sick man placed one arm round her.

"My wife," he said, and the words fell whispering from his lips, soft as the sound of falling leaves. "My wife, this fever is coming to an end."

Sybilla shook from head to foot.

"Place your finger on this pulse," he said. She touched his wrist, and thought she recognized the

difference between a pulse that beats with blood and a pulse that beats with poison. Again Sybilla shook from head to foot.

"And now do look into my eyes, Sybilla"—still he spoke with the same soft voice—"I think they are growing dim."

She glanced upward for the first time; and his eyes were not dim at all. They were blazing at her; and before she could withdraw her glance he uttered, "Sybilla, I shall be dead in an hour!" and so fixed her eyes upon his face.

If life was of any value to her, it was fortunate for Sybilla at that moment that her heart had grown accustomed to tumult; otherwise it must have burst. As it was, she gradually withdrew her eyes from Godwin's, and threw herself upon the bed in a passion of tears. And as she lay, burying her head in the clothing, a change passed over her husband's countenance. The fires were quenched in his eyes, and now they were really dim—with some strange commingling of pity, and melancholy, and agony, and even of yearning love, all in one tear. It was not, however, a time of abiding, and it, too, passed away.

Meanwhile Sybilla still wept and sobbed with her face hidden. Well would it have been for her had she never lifted that face again; better to have wept and sobbed there till every fountain in her breast was still. But she did lift it; and putting forth her hand to assist herself in rising from the bed, she placed it on a breakfast-cup with which John had been habitually served throughout this last illness, and which was not there before. She bounded backward to the wall with a low, long, tremulous cry, and darted an agonized look at John Godwin. He lay with his head pillowed upon his arm, fixedly regarding her. Her head swam; she looked at her husband with the gaze that blind men turn to the sun; she heard a voice far, far away, when he said with slow deliberation—

"Sybilla, *I know it!* I have known it for a fortnight. I have drunk from that cup fourteen times since I knew it; but never shall drink from it again. You had better go!" He covered his face.

Mechanically, and still entranced in stupor, she obeyed. Slowly attiring herself in all the minutiæ of walking-dress, not forgetting a cloak since the night was cold, she fled down stairs—fled home!

As the outer-door banged-to, the dying man rose, lifted the window-curtain, and watched the hurrying figure of his wife as it emerged here and there full in the light of a lamp, and went on into the darkness beyond. Again and again, and ever less distinct, the shivering mortal passed through narrowing breaks of light into a wider expanse of darkness, as she had passed through many a mercy-sent dawning of remorse into deeper shades of guilt. At length the retreating figure passed for the last time from his straining vision, and he saw her never again.

"O Sybilla, Sybilla," he said aloud, as he turned from the window, "I pray Heaven the bitter, bitter punishment you now endure may atone for this offense forever! It is enough; for after all *I live!* And some day, Sybilla, when sorrow and repentance shall have chastened you, it shall be a joy to you to *know* that I live—broken, unstrung, all youthful vigor shattered, but still not *quite* a murdered man. Yet if I had not known so early——"

Shortly after, attired as for a journey, John Godwin stood in the street below—a solitary, hopeless, stricken man. The day had just begun to dawn, as fresh and beautiful as if for the first time it rolled away the darkness from the earth. Clouds laden with soft violet light came up from the East, and shed it all abroad; cool airs came down from the courts of an eternal city, with a message therefrom to all who would stop and listen. More than once did Godwin so pause in the silent streets, listening with fixed attention, drinking the air as draughts of water; and ever as his feet resounded on the pavement again he felt a peaceful sleep settling over his weary spirit. Involuntarily, or rather as a matter of course that no thinking about could affect, he bent his steps toward the leafy old house: he had a vague intention of just looking at it once more. And all his troubles melted away as, one by one, he passed the old landmarks of pilgrimage. Past feelings came back upon him, the same as of old, though robed not now in joy, but in melancholy: the pleasures of an old man's memory. But how fast his heart beat as he neared the corner whence the old house, and Jessy's chamber in it, were visible! And there it was! the snowy curtain still flapping in the morning air—the cactus, the roses, the geraniums—the same, the same!

Glancing down the road at about the same time, Jessy descried a man sitting dejectedly on the wayside bank, with his face turned steadily toward her window. Her attention was sufficiently arrested to recall her again and again; and still he sat there—still as before. A thousand unformed emotions suddenly crowded within her; she felt her face grow pale, and her heart sicken. The stranger approached timidly and with an air of guilt; a few paces nearer, and Jessy saw not only *who* it was, but, by one of those wonderful laws which psychologists vainly endeavor to expound, pretty distinctly *how* it was. By what mysterious bridge does soul pass over to soul? How came this loving woman to know, from one glance at that bowed form and haggard face, that he had but now escaped, scathed and wounded, through some fearful tribulation which it was necessary for her to know and to share?

Without daring to look again, she knew that Godwin was approaching the house. She went out upon the stairs to listen for his coming; and, after some minutes, seated herself upon them with her hands clasped over her knees, *knowing* he would come. Her father was away on a short journey—her mother had, months since, gone her last and longest journey: Jessy was alone in the house with the old servant. Presently the expected knock was heard—a faint, appealing knock, it seemed to her; and the next moment they stood once more face to face, with the threshold between them.

Godwin made no attempt to enter: he stood like one sinking under a heavy burden imploring to be relieved.

"Yes! yes! For God's sake come in!" said Jessy's trembling voice. And the next moment, as if there he would be safest from the pursuer, she shut the door of her own chamber upon her old lost love. "Now, John, what is all this? What terrible things have you to tell me."

They sat down together. With dilated eyes and parted lips she listened, as in a very frenzy of words Godwin told his story. Now in drops of molten fire, and now in melancholy tear-drops, he poured out his whole soul before her, till not one agony remained unknown. In the excitement of the story he rose from his chair; and when he had ended all, and stood silent before her, pale and ruined, a wreck most eloquent, her old love, her pity, her anguish burst all bonds: she clasped her arms about his neck, pressed her cheek convulsively to his, and wept as though the flood-gates of her heart were all broken up together. "O, my poor boy! my poor boy! They will kill me too!"

Godwin looked down upon the sobbing girl, trusting his tongue with not a word; and when her tears were all spent, and they stood silently apart, he felt that it was possible to bear up manfully against all distresses, and to go on patiently to the end. But Sybilla was not forgotten; and whatever thoughts passed between Jessy and Godwin in the sympathy of silence, it was of her mainly that they spoke. There was some understanding between them regarding her; her name was the last word uttered before farewell; which, however choked down and delayed, whatever they yearned to say first, each to the other, but were ashamed, had at last to be uttered. "Good-bye, then, dear Jessy," said Godwin, as they stood as of old in the porch before the door, and it sounded to them both like the snatch of an old-loved, long-forgotten song. She put her hand in his, and the direful Whither and how long? rose up before them, and was answered in each, Anywhere, to the ends of the earth perhaps—forever! "God bless you, dear John," said she in a broken voice; and yielding herself to his embrace and his kisses, she added, "and, right or wrong, I *will* love you, dream of you, pray for you, and never cease till I die!" The haggard face of Godwin lit up with one last look, revealing more than words. "O faithful, loving girl," he said, "what have I lost, and yet not wholly lost!" He passed through the gate, went out upon the road, and for miles turned not his head.

Her Lieutenant-General Sir Victor and all the idols of her vanity shattered about her, Sybilla heard with renewed dismay of Godwin's disappearance. It was another stroke of the two-edged sword; for she believed that, with the intention of screening her from justice, he had crawled away to die in some obscurity; and had it not been for the consequent excitement, the daily expectation of hearing of his death, the wretched wife must have sunk under the agonies of her remorse. But, when a few weeks were passed came Jessy with news of his life instead—with grief and consolation, and not a word of reproach. Long and painful was the interview between these two women; and, soon after they parted, the high-strung nerves of Sybilla gave way, and she was mercifully laid upon a bed of sickness. But there was a secret between them now, betwixt the innocent and the guilty, that rendered separation impossible; and before Sybilla rose, a repentant woman, they were knit in close bonds of dependence and support.

Five years have now elapsed; and now and then, perhaps this very day, these two strange friends bend their still young and beautiful heads together in secret over some little piece of news—from Paris—Vienna—St. Petersburgh. For, as the best outlet of never-resting emotions, Godwin had turned himself to music, had spent whole nights in pouring from the strings of his violin songs of his experience. Till at last he began to grow famous; and is now known to the cognoscenti by a new name—which, after all, is only Jessy's name Italianized—as a musician full of ungovernable fire and pathos, as a wild, erratic, fast-consuming genius, careless at once of emolument and praise. And so, suddenly appearing here and there, he still pours music into ears that understand not the bitter secret of its power.

TO MY CIGAR.

BY CHARLES ALBERT JANVIER.

Oh! bright cigar!
I love thy wreaths of smoke so dimly curling,
I love thy murky cloud above me whirling,
While like a star
Amid the smoke thy brilliant tip is shining,
And bids me cast all care and sad repining
From me afar.

Companion dear!
When weary of this world, its empty pleasure,
Its ceaseless toil, its cares without a measure,
Its doubt and fear,
Then Fancy paints upon thy bright cloud waving
The far-off friends and scenes my heart is craving,
And brings them near.

And when in sorrow
My heart is bowed, and all is cold around it,
And dreary thoughts and weary cares surround it,
Yet still I borrow
From thee a solace, while dear Hope, reviving,
Brings to my view, the mists before it driving,
A bright to-morrow.

THE TRIAL BY BATTLE.

A TALE OF CHIVALRY.

(*Concluded from page* 429.)

CHAPTER III.

THE JUDGMENT OF HEAVEN.

UPON the appointed day, the Count of Barcelona, who had passed the preceding eve in masses and prayers, presented himself at the gate of the camp, mounted on a horse from Seville,—a steed whose slender legs and light step made him rather resemble a courser for a *fête*-day than a battle charger.

The champion of the empress was clad in a coat of mail of polished steel, inlaid with gold, the work of the Moors of Cordova, in the midst of which shone a sun of diamonds, which threw rays like pointed flames; round his neck he wore the chain given him by the empress, for whose life and fame he was about to do battle. He struck the barrier three times, and thrice he was asked by a herald who he was, to which he always gave this reply—"I am the Champion of God." At the third response, the gate was opened, and the Count of Barcelona entered the lists, which were arranged in an oval form, like the ancient classic circus, and bordered with seats, raised one above each other in tiers, filled at this time with the nobility of the Rhine, who had hurried to see the imposing and interesting spectacle.

At one end of the arena the Emperor Henry was seen, in his imperial robes, seated on his throne; on the other, in a wooden lodge, sitting on a common stool, was discovered the empress, dressed in black, holding her infant son in her arms. Directly opposite the hut in which she was immured, stood the pile destined to consume her and her babe, if her champion were defeated; and near it was placed the common hangman, in a red frock, his arms and legs bare, holding in one hand a chafing-dish, and in the other a torch. In the middle of the curve that formed the lists was an altar, whereon lay the holy evangelists, upon which a crucifix was placed. Opposite the altar stood an uncovered bier.

The Count of Barcelona entered the lists, which he rode round, while a flourish of trumpets proclaimed to the accusers of the empress that the Champion of God was at his post; for by this sacred appellation the defender of him or her who appealed to the ordeal of battle was always styled in the ages of chivalry. The count stopped before the emperor, whom he saluted by lowering the point of his lance to his feet; backing his steed, whose head he kept toward the sovereign, till having reached the middle he made him spring on all his feet, executing this *demi-volte* in so able a manner, that everybody acknowledged him for a most gallant cavalier. Then he advanced slowly toward the lodge of the empress, curbing the ardor of the mettled charger, till he reached the spot where she was seated, when he dismounted, the noble animal standing as still in the lists as if he had been made of marble. Ascending the steps that conducted him to her side, as if to prove to all present his conviction of her innocence, he knelt on one knee, and asked her if she were still minded to accept of him for her champion.

The empress, overpowered by her feelings, could only extend her hand to him, in token of her acceptance of his services. The count took off his helmet, and kissed the offered hand of the empress with deep respect; then rising, with sparkling eyes, fastened his helmet to the saddle-bow, replacing himself in the saddle with a single bound, and with no more assistance from the stirrups than if he had been clad in a silken vest. Opposite the altar, on the other side of the lists, he recognized the *jongleur* who had been the cause of his coming there, seated at the feet of a beautiful young lady, whom he rightly supposed to be the heiress of Provence. He advanced toward her, in the midst of the enthusiastic applause of the spectators, upon whom his youth, heroic beauty, and chivalrous bearing, had made a lively impression, and whose vows and prayers for his success were the more ardent because he appeared too young and slight to risk his life in single combat against two such formidable knights.

When the count reached the gallery where the fair Provençale was seated, he bowed to the very neck of his charger, till his dark ringlets veiled his face; and then raising his head shook back their scattered luxuriance, while, in the language d'Oc,* he addressed the marchioness thus:—"Noble lady, a thousand thanks for the good enterprise you have considered me worthy to undertake; for, but for your message, I should have now been in my own land, without the opportunity of showing my devotion for the ladies, and my trust in God." He smiled as he uttered these courteous words, and looked into the fine eyes of the fair damsel, who blushed, and cast hers on the ground.

"Noble knight," replied the young lady, in the same tongue; "It is me who ought to express the debt of gratitude I owe you, since my invitation, sent by no higher messenger than a poor *jongleur*, has led you to cross seas, rivers, and mountains. You are come. Indeed, I cannot think how I have merited such great courtesy."

"There is no journey so long, no enterprise so dangerous, that I would not cheerfully undertake, in Christian land, or pagan clime, that a smile from

* Tongue of the South, or Provence, in which part of France *oc* was used as the affirmative, instead of *oui*, as in the northern districts.—*Translator*.

your lips and a glance from your eyes would not repay. Therefore, fair damsel, should I grow weak in this combat, deign to regard me with a smile, and my strength and courage will return to me again."

At these passionate words the count bowed, and the lady blushed; but the flourish of the trumpets, that proclaimed his foes were in the field, summoned the champion from the side of the Marchioness of Provence to his duty. He put on his helmet, and with three bounds of his fine horse was seen in the space between the pile and the empress: for the Champion of God, according to the rule of the trial by battle, ought to be near the accused, that her prayers and looks might encourage him during the combat.

Guthram de Falkemberg entered in his turn, arrayed in dark armor, and mounted on one of those heavy German horses who resemble those described by Homer; as esquire before him, with his lance, battle-axe and sword. At the gate of the lists he alighted, and advanced to the altar. When he reached its steps, he raised his visor, and laying his hand upon the crucifix, on his baptismal faith, his life, his soul, and his honor, vowed that he believed his quarrel to be just and good; adding to this vow his oath that neither he, nor his horse, nor his arms, were defended by herbs, charms, prayers, conjurations, leagues with the Evil One, or any enchantments whatever, by which he might hope to overcome his opponent. Then, having made the sign of the cross, he knelt at the head of the bier, and there made his prayer.

The Count of Barcelona alighted also, and in like manner advanced to the altar, where he made the same vows, and recited the same oath; and, after making the sign of the cross, knelt down to pray at the foot of the bier. In an instant the Libera was heard chanted by invisible voices, as if sung by a choir of unseen angels. The assistant priests, on their knees, repeated in low tones the prayers for the dying. Nobody remained standing at that solemn moment but the hangman, who was not allowed to join his ominous voice to those of the assembly, because his prayers were not likely, it was considered, to reach the eternal throne, or, if they did, to do those he prayed for the slightest good.

As the last note of the Libera died away, the trumpets sounded, the assistant priests took their places, the two combatants returned to their chargers, and replaced themselves in their saddles, remaining immovable, with their lances in rest, and their bucklers on their arms, guarding their breasts, like two equestrian statues, till the flourish of trumpets ceased, and the emperor, rising from his throne, and stretching forth his sceptre, pronounced, in a loud voice, the words "*Laissez aller.*"*

The two combatants careered against each other with the same courage, but very different fortune; for scarcely had the heavy battle-steed of Guthram de Falkemberg run a third part of the course, when, clearing double the space with three bounds of his charger, the Count of Barcelona was upon him. For an instant nothing was seen but a dreadful shock, a lance shivered in a thousand splinters, and a confused vision of men and horses; another moment, the horse of Guthram rose without his rider, while the corpse of his master, pierced through with his adversary's lance, lay bleeding on the sand. The Count of Barcelona ran to the horse of his fallen adversary, seized him by the reins, and backing the reluctant animal, forced him to touch with the croup the barriers of the field; this manœuvre, according to the known laws of chivalry, being a sign of mercy given by the victor to the conquered knight, whereby he gave his foe permission to rise, who was indeed conquered; but the generosity of the brave champion was of no avail to him; Guthram de Falkemberg would rise no more, till the sound of the last trumpet summoned his perjured soul to judgment.

A cry of joy broke from the vast multitude, whose wishes and prayers had been all along for the gallant and beautiful young knight. The emperor rose and cried, "Well struck;" Douce waved her scarf; the empress fell on her knees and gave thanks to God for her deliverance. Then the hangman descended slowly from his stand, unbound the helmet from the recreant knight, which he flung on the ground; after which he dragged the corpse by the hair of the head to the bier, and returning to the end of the lists remounted the pile.

The count went to salute the emperor, the empress, and the fair Marchioness of Provence; then, returning to his post as champion, he once more addressed the monarch:—"Saving, Sir Emperor, your pleasure," cried he, in a loud voice, "will you please to cause Walter de Than to be summoned into the lists?"

"Let Walter de Than be introduced," replied the emperor.

The barrier unclosed a second time, and Walter de Than entered the lists, armed *cap-à-pied*, and mounted as ready to make his false accusation good; but when he saw near him Guthram de Falkemberg, stretched on the bier, and remarked that a single thrust from the lance of the Champion of God had sent him to his dread account, instead of advancing to the altar, to take his lying oath, he rode up to the emperor, and, alighting from his horse, said:—"Sir Emperor, I cannot obey your summons to the field; for nothing shall induce me to maintain the cause I have taken, for it is a false and accursed one, as, indeed, God, by his judgment on my sinful companion, has decided it to be. I, therefore, throw myself upon your mercy, that of the innocent empress, and the unknown knight—and a noble one he is—while I proclaim before the court and this assembly, that the whole charge brought by Guthram de Falkemberg and myself against my lady empress is false throughout; and that we were induced and suborned to calumniate her by Prince Henry, your second son, who, fearing lest you should finally prefer to him the babe of which your imperial spouse was then pregnant, devised this conspiracy against

* "You may go." This was the signal at trials by battle, passes of arms, and tournaments, for the combatants to engage.

the life and honor of his stepmother, and the child she would bear. His gifts and promises corrupted us from our fidelity as true knights and loyal subjects. In virtue of this frank confession, I therefore implore your grace and mercy."

"You deserve no more mercy than the empress would have found, if she had not obtained from God a champion," replied the emperor. "Go, then, to her, and at her feet implore for pardon, for she alone can restore your life and honor."

Walter de Than crossed the lists amidst the hisses, groans, and yells of the spectators, and knelt down before the rescued empress, who was tenderly caressing her infant son, whom she regarded with the expression of a Madonna.

"Madam," said the recreant knight, "I come, by the command of my lord the emperor, to entreat your clemency; for, since I plead guilty to the wrong of preferring a false and calumnious charge against your honor and the legitimacy of my lord prince, you can do what you please with the criminal."

"Friend," replied the young empress, "you may depart in health and safety for me. I will take no vengeance upon you; God will deal with you according to his own pleasure and justice. Go, then; but never let me behold you in Germany again."

Walter de Than rose and departed, and from that day was seen in the imperial realms no more.

Then the emperor ordered the gate to be opened for the conqueror, who entered the lists once more; but this time looked round in vain for an enemy.

"Lord Knight," said the emperor to the Count of Barcelona, "Walter de Than will not fight with you. He has confessed his guilt to me, and demanded mercy; and I sent him to the empress, who has granted him his life, on the condition of his leaving my dominions forever. She was too joyful and too full of gratitude for the deliverance God had granted her by your arm to be severe to him."

"Since it is so with him, I am satisfied," replied the Count of Barcelona; "and I ask no more."

Then the emperor descended from his throne, and, leading the charger of the victor by the bridle, in this manner conducted the count to the empress. "Madam," said he, "behold the knight who has so valiantly defended your righteous cause. You must give one hand to him, and the other to me, that we may conduct him to my throne, where we must all three remain, while justice be done to the corpse of Guthram de Falkemberg; after which, we shall in like manner lead you to the palace, where we will both endeavor to render him all the honor we can, in order to retain him as our welcome guest as long as we can prevail with him to remain at our court."

The empress quitted her station of doubt and shame, to kneel before the emperor, who raised and embraced her before the vast assembly, as a proof to them that she had recovered his confidence and love. Then he took one of her hands, and the Count of Barcelona the other, and in this manner she was conducted to the throne, upon which the emperor took his seat, placing her on his right hand, and the Champion of God on his left. As soon as they were seated, the hangman came into the lists a second time, and, approaching the corps of Guthram de Falkemberg, cut with a knife the links of his armor, which he divided piece by piece, throwing them about the lists, with these contemptuous words:—"This is the helmet of a coward; this is the cuirass of a coward; this is the buckler of a coward." When the hangman had stripped the body in this manner, his two assistants entered with a horse dragging a hurdle, to which they attached the corpse, which was then dragged through every street in Cologne to the public gibbet, where it was hanged by the heels, in order that everybody might come and see the dreadful wound through which the sinful soul of the recreant knight, Sir Guthram de Falkemberg, had issued forth to its dread account. And all who looked upon the guilty dead declared that only the just judgment of God could have enabled such a young and gentle cavalier to overcome such a great and renowned warrior in the trial by battle.

The emperor and empress brought the Champion of God to their palace, where they made him a great feast; and, in order to do him honor, placed him at dinner at their own table, and by their side, and declared that they never intended to part with him. Now, the count wanted to return to his own good city of Barcelona, which he had left two months before with more chivalry than prudence. So, mindful of his duty as a sovereign, after he had done his devoir as a knight-errant, he stole out of the palace by night; and, having ordered hay and corn to be given his good steed at the hostelrie, and commanded his squire to groom him, he departed with great secrecy from Cologne, which he left that same night for his own dominions.

The next day, the emperor, missing the count from his table, sent a messenger to the hostel, where he supposed his summons to breakfast would find him. He was soon informed of the departure of his guest, who was supposed to be at least a dozen miles from Cologne by that time. The messenger soon returned to the emperor, to whom he said:—"Sire, the knight who fought for my lady the empress is gone, no one knows whither."

At this unexpected news Henry turned to the empress, and, in a voice which betrayed his displeasure, said:—"Madam, you have heard what this person has told me. I find your champion quitted Cologne last night, without leaving any trace by which he can be discovered and brought back."

"Oh, my dear lord!" exclaimed the empress, "you will be still more grieved when you learn the quality of this knight, with which, at present, I think you are unacquainted."

"No," replied the emperor; "he has told me nothing more than that he was a Spanish count."

"Sire, the knight who did battle for me is the noble Count of Barcelona, whose renown is already so great that it exceeds even his lofty rank."

"How!" cried the emperor, "is this unknown knight no other than Raymond de Berenger. God indeed, sent him to my aid, madam; for the im

perial crown has never been so highly honored before. He, however, makes me pay him very dearly by the disgrace and shame his sudden departure has cast upon me. I declare, madam, that I will not receive you into my love and favor till you find and bring him back to my court. Go away yourself for your journey as quickly as you can; for I will either see you with him, or see you no more."

"It shall be so, since you command it, sire," replied the empress, who was too well accustomed to the hasty manner and arbitrary disposition of her consort to contest his will, however unreasonable that will might appear to her. She had noticed the marked attention the handsome count had paid to her beautiful maid of honor, Douce, Marchioness of Provence, and, therefore, determined to include her in her train, which consisted of a hundred noble matrons, a hundred young damsels of quality, and a hundred knights; for Praxida resolved to travel in a style suitable to her lofty rank; and she used such expedition, that in two months from the time of her departure she found herself in the noble city of Barcelona. The astonishing report that the Empress of Germany, with a splendid retinue, had arrived at the principal hostelrie, quickly reached the noble count, who knew not how to credit it; till, mounting his horse, he rode thither, and recognized at the first glance the fair lady for whom he had lately fought. The delivered and deliverer met with equal joy, and, after the first salutation, the lord count, kneeling at the feet of the empress, asked "to what fortunate chance he owed the pleasure of seeing her in his own dominions."

"Lord count," replied the empress, "the emperor, my spouse, will not permit me to return to his court without you, for your presence at Cologne can alone restore to me his love and favor. Indeed, ever since he has known the honor the noble Count of Barcelona did the imperial crown by becoming my champion, he has resolved to share in no festivities till that happy day when he can welcome you to his court, and thank you for that act of courtesy in a manner befitting your high degree. Therefore, if you wish me to be once more recognized as Empress of Germany, you must hearken to my humble prayer, and accompany me to Cologne."

Upon hearing these words, the count once more knelt down, and presenting both his hands, in the manner of a prisoner awaiting his fetters, saying, "Madam, it is for you to command, and me to obey; do with me as with a prisoner."

The empress immediately took a golden chain, whose links encompassed her throat eight times, unwound it, and clasped one end round the right wrist of the Count of Barcelona, while she gave the other to the fair Marchioness of Provence, in whose gentle keeping she willed the captive to remain during the homeward journey. The prisoner, on his part, declared that he was too well satisfied with his guardian to wish to break her chains, unless she were pleased to permit him to relinquish them for a time.

Three days after this interview, the Empress of Germany quitted Barcelona, with her retinue of three hundred noble knights and ladies, bringing with her its chivalrous sovereign, in a chain of gold, held by her fair maid of honor; and in this manner traversed Roussillon, Languedoc, Dauphiny, Switzerland, and Luxembourg; the lord count, according to his vow, neither breaking his chain, nor showing any inclination to do so.

The *cortége* of the empress was met, five leagues from Cologne, by the emperor, who, being apprised of the coming of the Count of Barcelona, came to welcome him. As soon as he saw the brave cavalier who had saved the honor of his dearly-beloved wife, Henry IV. alighted; Raymond Berenger did the same, though still held in the chain of gold by the Marchioness of Provence. The emperor then warmly embraced and thanked him for the honorable service he had done him, by waging the battle of the Empress Praxida, and besought him to name his reward.

"My lord emperor," replied the count, "will you be pleased to command the Marchioness of Provence never to let me go, for, since I cannot depart from her wardship without her good pleasure, I think she ought not to quit mine; that thus, being fast linked together for the rest of our lives, we may never be divided from each other in this world, nor in that which is to come."

Douce of Provence blushed, and even thought proper to make some maidenly opposition to an arrangement so pleasing to herself. The emperor, however, intimated to her, that, being her suzerain, whatever he chose to command she must obey. He therefore fixed the marriage for that day week; and Douce of Provence was so submissive a vassal, that she never even thought of requesting her lord paramount for the delay of a single day. It was in this manner that Raymond Berenger, Count of Barcelona, won the fair heiress, and became possessed of the marquisate and lands of Provence.*

* Henry the Fourth of Germany was subject to fits of jealousy, for which failing he once received personal chastisement, at the fair hands of the empress and her ladies, on a certain occasion on which he had concealed himself in his wife's apartment, disguised as a foreign knight, when his intrusion was resented and punished by severe buffettings from the incensed female court, who either did not recognize the emperor, or pretended to mistake him for a robber. Empresses of Germany appear to have been often the mark for false and murderous accusations; since, nearly a century before this period, the Empress Cunegonda was delivered from the pile by the Grand Master of the Teutonic Knights, who entered the lists as the Champion of God, and successfully defended her honor.—*Trans.*

THE LUCKY PENNY.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

(*Continued from page* 423.)

CHAPTER III.

THERE are some women who never lose the habit of blushing; it is lovely in the young, and indicates extreme sensitiveness in the old. Richard inherited his mother's blushes before they had faded from her own cheeks. The transparency of Mrs. Dolland's complexion was noticed by Mr. Whitelock; it contrasted well with the dust-covered pages of his books; yet he wondered why her color came and went, and why her lips trembled.

"Nothing wrong with Richard, I hope?" he said.

"I hope not, sir; and that is what I wanted to speak with you about, if you will be so good as to have a little patience with me. I am a simple woman, I know, sir; my husband (ah! *you* would have understood *him*) always said I was; but the simple are sometimes wise unto salvation. You live, sir, like a Christian—you never keep open after six on Saturdays—so that my boy gets home early, and not too much worn with fatigue to enjoy the rest and perform the duties of the Sabbath; and, on Sunday, it does him good (he says) to see you in church before the bell has done ringing. I am sure, sir, you are a Christian."

"I hope so; I am a believer; but many a believer does not live as becomes a follower of Christ," replied Mr. Whitelock.

"My husband, sir, was one of those who suffered long, and was kind, and thought no evil; in short, sir, you can read his character in 1 Corinthians, chap. xiii. I owe him more than woman ever owed to man. His unfortunate attachment to me lost him his position in society: his father never forgave him for marrying a farmer's daughter. I thought then I did right, because he, just one-and-twenty, said he could bend his lot to mine, and laugh at poverty, and not live without me, and such like things—as, perhaps, you have said yourself before you were married."

"I beg your pardon, my good woman," interrupted the bookseller, "but I never was married, and never uttered such absurdities in my life."

Mrs. Dolland colored, and twisted the end of her shawl round her finger.

"Lucky, sir—lucky for you—and for—but I beg your pardon; perhaps you never were in love."

Mr. Whitelock fidgeted, and grumbled something, and the widow's instinct made her comprehend that he did not relish her conjectures. She continued—

"I believed every word he said: I could not understand his sacrifice, because I had never moved in his sphere; I thought it a fine thing to marry for love, and out-stare poverty. I did not know that the gaze of its stony eyes, and the clutch of its bony hands might drive *him* to his grave. They said he was consumptive from his birth: I don't believe it; I know that labor and want take its form. I went to his father; I knelt to him; I told him I would leave my husband—go where they should never hear my name—if he would only receive him and his son; I did, indeed, sir; but he turned from me with cruel words. And, though he knew he was teaching a few poor scholars, just for bread, so he left him—and so he died. I only wish that young, poor girls, who think it a fine thing to marry a gentleman, could know the misery it brings: the hardest lot can be borne alone; but to bring another to it, and that other the one you would die to make happy—*Oh! that is the hardest of all things to bear!* I beg your pardon, sir; but if I did not begin from the first, you could not understand my feelings."

She wiped away her tears, and Mr. Whitelock told her to proceed. He was so much interested in her tale, told in her simple manner, in her soft voice—a voice so full of that low intonation, which is distinct even in its murmurs—that he could not help wishing some one of his favorite novelists, people who, long ago, wrote the most innocent tales in five or seven volumes, were there to hear it. By his own dreamy abstraction, she was transformed into a young shepherdess, tying a blue ribbon round a lamb's neck; and the vision, with its adjuncts of green fields and purling brooks—which he never saw more than twice a-year—with an enraptured youth leaning over a stile, and the village church steeple peering above the distant trees, was only dispelled by her resuming her unaffected narrative.

"And speaking as I was, sir, of understanding the feelings, I know that to the last I never quite understood those of my husband. I can't tell if it was because of the difference of our birth, or of our bringing up, or of both; though, as to the birth, his father had been a poor man once, and got rich, some said, not over rightly—though I can't quite believe *that* of my dear husband's father. I never, as I said, quite understood my husband; for, to the last, I know I gave him pain, by little ways which he never complained of, and I knew not how to change; but what I could understand was his PIETY. He lived the last year of his life a life of such faith and hope, that the world seemed to fold itself away from him like a vapor, and he looked upon all that stood between Christ and him as evil. He delighted to teach our

child texts of Scripture; and even the wise-like copies which he used to set him from Poor Richard's Almanac faded from his memory toward the last, though Bible words remained with him, and scraps of Watts's hymns, and long passages of holy poetry; but what he dwelt upon was the future of his child. At that time I got constant work as an embroideress. But the last year he might be said to be more in heaven than on earth: the world was not with him; only hour by hour he used to call me to him and say —'Remember our great salvation,' and the next minute he would pray me, clasping my hands within his, not to care about the little lad's learning, so that he could win Christ. He would go on, adding scripture to scripture, to prove that all this world is nothing worth without that which insures eternal life. He desired neither riches, nor honors, nor wealth, nor learning for that boy—nothing but his becoming wise unto salvation. Sir, I understood *that—that* came home to me. Now, sir, the lad is a good lad —tender and loving to me his mother, and, I believe, dutiful to you, sir, though the person below did hint, rather than say, things which I own gave me concern just now—things which make me fear he may not be altogether what I hope; but he is young, and—"

"It is only Matty's unfortunate manner," interrupted the bookseller. "She does not mean it: she has an ugly trick of insinuating evil where she means good."

"How very strange," said the meek woman. "I am so glad I mentioned it: I should have made my son so unhappy. What a pity she does not hope, sir: poor thing! not to have hope is worse than blindness. Well, sir, have I explained how anxious my husband was that this dear lad should become a righteous man—not a formalist, but a vital Christian —abiding continually in the faith, faithful above all things; believing, like his father, in Christ, and evincing that belief by acts of charity—in word, in deed, in thought — toward his fellow-creatures. That, sir, was the religion in which he lived and died; and I should feel unfaithful to his trust if I did not, by prayer, supplication and entreaty, try to keep the lad in the path which his father trod. But he is getting too strong for me: his mind swells like a river after rain. He reads his Bible, to be sure; but he reads other books more frequently. I don't know if that is quite right. Oh! sir, I weary heaven with prayers to teach me how to keep him in the right; so, that even if he halt, or turn aside, he may return."

"The boy is a good boy—an excellent lad: I have been turning over in my mind what I could do for him, to put him in the way of bettering his position. He is a right excellent lad," repeated the bookseller; "and I would have you beware of drawing the rein too tight: I think you are anxious overmuch."

She shook her head mournfully.

"Sir, I have lived on hope—a holy hope—a hope above the world—the hope of one day seeing him in the courts of his Heavenly Father, met by his earthly father. With that hope to light me, I can walk thankfully into the grave—which, if I live a few months longer, cannot be darker than my sight—*certain* of the brightness which shall be revealed hereafter. But, oh! sir, if he, HIS child, should be beguiled by too much worldly wisdom, or learning, to forget God, how could I meet my husband—how could I answer to him for the soul which he left to my care upon his bed of death?"

"My good woman, all the most righteous parents can do is to letter and bind the book carefully, and let the world cut the leaves."

"Yes," she answered, "and to pray for him, and keep evil, especially the evil of unbelief, from him, and that is one great reason of my visit, sir. You lent him—"

"The Works of Benjamin Franklin—I remember."

"Is it the sort of book do you think, sir, that is fit for my little lad? I know it is full of knowledge, about his catching lightning, and inventing wonderful things, and contains great and good advice to young tradesmen; but I fear, though a great man, he wanted—"

"What the best of us want, more or less, my good lady," said the bookseller, with unusual briskness, "and had much that few of us possess." And then, after some consideration, he added slowly, rather as if talking to himself than addressing another—"Let me see. The early part of his life was stained, like the lives of many—John Bunyan to wit—with faults almost amounting to crimes; and those would have remained untold, unrecorded—indeed, perfectly unknown, even by his most intimate friends—but for the extraordinary truthfulness of the man's great nature. In the brief account of his own life, he confesses that he was blown about by every wind of doctrine; and to what purpose? to fall into the quagmire of unbelief. Now, this would be dangerous to read and think over for lads of Richard's age and eager temperament, if the entire honesty of Franklin's nature—downright, brave, looking-straight-in-the-face truth—had not made him confess and condemn his errors. He was scourged—as all unbelievers are, if they would only admit so much—by his unbelief; he had to endure the bitterness and self-reproach of knowing that the young friends whom his arguments had perverted turned upon and ill-used him: he recalled his own misconduct—born of, and nurtured by unbelief; and, though his nature was neither pious nor enthusiastic like that of John Bunyan, he saw, like Bunyan, the evil of his ways, particularly in a reasoning point of view. He learned that unbelief was the proof of a weak, not of a strong nature: he saw how foolish it would be to call a boy 'strong-minded,' because he would not believe what his father told him! As he grew in years, he strengthened in truth: another proof of his great mind. And then his works live in our literature: they keep their place by their own specific gravity. The lad is old enough to understand this man's greatness, and the value he was to his country—indeed, to all countries—and to imbibe those lessons of usefulness and industry which are taught in his works,

without being tainted by his confessed sin. Infidelity is put, and by himself, at such a disadvantage, that it holds out no temptation: it shows from first to last the confessed blot upon a radiant memory. Ay, indeed, this great man—this man so in advance of his time—this true man was, as I have said, scourged by his infidelity, and he shows his stripes. I dare say" (the bookseller was a great phrenologist, and the science engrafted much charity on his simple, yet shrewd mind) "I dare say the organ was depressed at veneration, but large in benevolence; with an almost over-weight of the reasoning faculties. Ah! if historians would only give us the measurement of *heads*, and their developments, instead of their own crude or prejudiced analysis of *character*, we should better know where to render our hero-worship—don't you think so?"

The mother looked upward: the spirit's vision was unimpaired, though the *sight* was fading day by day. Still she always looked upward, as if all her consolation came from thence.

"I do not understand, sir," she said, simply, "what you have observed has to do with my Richard; but if you are sure the book won't harm him, won't shake his faith, or make him think too highly of worldly gifts—"

She paused, and then added—

"You, sir, being a Christian man, know best. I am certain it teaches plenty of hope *for this world*, and great reliance upon human gifts."

"Your pardon, my good lady," said the bookseller; "but which of our *gifts* is not divine?"

"Ay, sir, but we must acknowledge their origin; and, as my dear husband used to say, not be too fond of setting the farthing-candle of reason to give light to the sun of revelation. He made me understand *that*."

She rose to withdraw.

"I fear you are not satisfied, even now."

She shook her head.

"I pray night and day that he may be so guided as to win heaven. I would fain know what to do," she continued, still more feebly; you are so good to him, sir—may God bless you for it! But the lad—and that book. I wish he had taken to it when my sight was strong, I could have read it then: now, if he reads it to me, I think he picks out the passages he knows I would like, and leaves the rest."

"Did he ever read you the great man's epitaph, written by himself?"

"Yes, sir: there is hope in the last lines about his appearing (after death) in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by THE AUTHOR. Certainly, no bad man (Christianly speaking) could frame that."

"Bad man!" repeated the bookseller, "*Why there are scores of editions of his works!*"

This, as a proof of his goodness, did not strike the widow.

"Then, sir, you are quite satisfied with Richard." The poor woman's hands trembled as she folded them together, and the long-suppressed tears flowed over her cheeks. "I beg your pardon for troubling you—I have no right to do so, you are so kind to him; only, sir, please to rember that he has *two* fathers in heaven, and that I—poor creature that I am—feel accountable to *both*. I cannot sleep by night: I fear I neglect my duty, and yet I fear to overtax his; he gains knowledge so quickly that I tremble for his faith; and when I am sitting alone, between the dimness of my own sight and of the twilight, a thin, filmy shadow stands before me, and I think that I can see the parting of its lips, and hear them whisper—'Where is my child—does he seek to win Christ?'"

The compassionate bookseller gazed upon her with deep feeling; the woman so feeble in body, yet so steadfast in what she believed right, was a new interest to him. He rose without a word, went to a dingy escritoir, opened the top, which folded down, and taking out a small bag of gold, selected a sovereign. "Go homewards," said he, "and as you go, purchase a bottle of Port wine, and what my housekeeper calls a shin of beef. Make it *all*, mind you, every atom, into beef tea."

"For Richard?"

"No, woman, for yourself; the weakness of your body adds to the weakness of your sight, and may, eventually, impair your mind. Pray, my good soul, for *yourself*, as well as for your son. Lay out the money faithfully for the purpose I have named; I know how it is, I know that you feed *him*—but you devote his surplus earnings to pay your little debts. I have seen you, on a Monday morning, enter a baker's shop, with a thin, marble-covered book rolled in your hand. I have seen you pay the baker money, and you have left the shop without a loaf. Now, mind what I say."

"But a whole sovereign!" she said, "it is too much—might I not pay—"

"Not a farthing out of that!" he exclaimed, "why you are quite as much of a shadow as when I saw you first. Well, if you are too proud to take it as a gift, your son shall repay it hereafter. And do not be so anxious about Richard; have you ever considered that great anxiety about any earthly thing, is *want of faith* in almighty wisdom and goodness? Has He not taken your husband, as you believe, into his presence for evermore? At the very time when you feared most for your boy, did not a door open to him? and was not the crooked made straight? It has always seemed most unaccountable to me, how people, and good people like you—who have hope forever on their lips—suffer so much fear to enter their hearts."

But there was so much to cheer and encourage in the generosity and kindness of the worthy man, and in the faithful, yet unpretending, nature of his words, that the widow's hope returned, at all events for a time, to her heart as well as to her lips. She might again have wandered—again have inquired if he thought her "little lad was quite safe," for she never, in her best of days, could embrace more than one subject at a time—but his housekeeper entered with two cups of broth.

"You forget the time," she said, abruptly, "though

I'm thinking it wont return the compliment to either of you; I can't say much for the broth, for the meat is not what it was long ago."

"If the master gets a fit," she continued, turning to the widow, "it will be your fault—keeping him without bit or sup—here, take the broth, it ain't *pison*, and master 's no ways proud; I wish he was. If you can't take your broth here comfortably, come with me to the kitchen." Holding the cup in one hand, and leading the more than half-blind sempstress with the other, she conducted her down the narrow, dark stairs, as carefully as a mother would lead a child, but before she had seated her by the fire, the bell rang.

"I rang for you," said her master, "knowing that your heart and words do not always go together—"

"Then I tell lies; thank ye sir," she said, courtesying.

"No, only I wish you to bear in mind that Richard's mother is in a very low, nervous state."

"How can any one passing through this valley o' tears be any thing else?" interrupted the incorrigible woman.

Her master seemed as though he heard her not. "And if you speak to her in your usual grumpy, disagreeable manner"—she courtesied more deeply than before—"you add to her misery. I am sure your natural kindness of heart will tell you how cruel that would be."

"Putting live worms on fishing-hooks, or roasting live cockles would be nothing to it," observed Matty. Now as the bookseller had a piscatorial weakness, was, moreover, fond of roast cockles, and had recently complained that Matty had forgotten his taste—this was a very hard hit; he looked discomforted, upon which Martha rejoiced. He was by no means ready-witted—but he was occasionally readily angered—and replied to the sarcasm with a bitter oath, producing an effect directly contrary to what he intended. Martha quitted the dusty room, as if suffocated by satisfaction, and went grumbling and tittering down stairs.

"It was a Lucky Penny, sure enough," she said, "that brought my master and your son together."

"God bless him!"

"Which him?"

"Both, mistress; we hope he will bless what we love best in the world."

"Ay, indeed, true for you. I heard tell of a man *once* who was hung through a 'Lucky Penny.'"

The widow pushed away the unfinished cup of broth.

"And of another, who made his fortune by one—just as Richard will," added Matty, relenting.

And yet, despite this and her other sarcasms, it was curious to see how Martha struggled to keep in her bitter words; when she looked at the widow's shrunk and trembling form, and wasted, though still beautiful features, her better nature triumphed; but if her eyes were fixed upon her kitchen deities, she became sharp and acid immediately. Had she moved in a higher grade of society, with her peculiar talent, she might have been

"That dangerous thing, a female wit;"

as it was, she kept her master (to whom, from her stern honesty of pocket and purpose, as well as from "habit," that great enslaver of our "kind," she was invaluable) on a species of rack, while the only peaceful time Richard spent in her society, was while he read to her what she called, "the state of Europe on the paper."

"He will soon have been twelve months in his place," said the widow, smiling.

"Come next new-year's-day, if we live to see it; Richard says he 'll watch at the corner for the old gentleman."

"Bother! I dare say he 's dead long ago."

"No, he is not dead; I am sure he is not dead," replied the widow. "I should like him to see my boy now; I hope he is not dead—"

"Ay, ay, well we shall see," quoth Matty. "Before Peter (down, Peter, jewel!) before Peter came, we had a dog called Hope—the most deceaven'est *crayture* she was that ever stole a bone; and always brought it back—when there was nothing on it."

A DAY WITH A LION.

A few years ago, while residing at the Cape, I became acquainted with several of those enterprising traders who are engaged in the lucrative but rather hazardous traffic with the natives north of the Orange River. These traders are sometimes absent for more than two years from the colony, moving about with their wagons and servants, from one tribe to another, until their goods are all disposed of, when they return to Graham's Town or Cape Town with the cattle, hides, ivory, ostrich feathers, and other valuables, into which their original merchandise has been converted, usually at a profit of some four or five hundred per cent. Most of those traders whom I knew in Cape Town confined their operations to the country lying along the western coast of the continent, and stretching from the Orange River toward the Portuguese possessions in Benguela. Some of them had advanced on that side nearly to the great lake which has since been discovered by travelers proceeding from another quarter. The existence of this lake is well known to the natives inhabiting the western coast, who have often spoken of it to their English visitors.

One of the boldest and most successful of these adventurous traders was a Mr. Hutton, a respectable English colonist, who had accumulated a small fortune by his excursions among the Namaquas and the Dammaras, and was talking of retiring from the business. I had heard of him not only as a lucky dealer and a daring hunter, but also as being one of

the most intelligent explorers of South Africa; and having been able on one occasion to render him a slight service, I obtained from him in return a good deal of information concerning those parts of the interior with which he was familiar. Some of his own adventures which he occasionally related, in illustration of the facts thus communicated, seemed to me to be curious and interesting enough to be worth preserving. One of them I will endeavor to repeat as nearly as possible in the words in which he told it.

It may be as well, before proceeding with the narrative, to mention briefly the circumstances which drew from Mr. Hutton the account of this singular adventure. The service which I had rendered to him consisted merely in obtaining from the authorities, by proper representations, the liberation of a Namaqua servant, whom he had brought to town with him from the country beyond the Orange River. This dusky youth was in appearance and in character a genuine Hottentot. He had the small stature, the tawny complexion, the deep-set eyes, the diminutive nose, the wide and prominent cheek-bones, and the curiously tufted hair, which distinguish that peculiar race. He was usually silent, grave, and somewhat sullen in mood, except when he was excited by strong liquor, of which, like most of his compatriots, he was immoderately fond. In this state Apollo (as he was preposterously named) became not only lively and boisterous, but excessively pugnacious. The latter quality brought him frequently into collision with some of the saucy and knowing blacks of Cape Town, who found the same malicious pleasure in teasing the poor Namaqua that town-bred youngsters in a London school evince in annoying any rustic new-comer. It was in consequence of an affair of this sort, that poor half-muddled Apollo, after a desperate combat with a gigantic Mozambique "apprentice," had one day been bundled off by the police to the lock-up house; and his master, who was hardly more familiar than Apollo himself with the ways of the town, came to me to ask my advice and assistance toward getting the unlucky Namaqua released. There was little difficulty in accomplishing this, when the circumstances were properly explained to the presiding functionary; and Apollo, after a few hours' detention in the "tronk," (or city jail,) was restored to his master in a sober and very penitent condition.

I was somewhat surprised by the evidences of strong anxiety and even affection displayed by Mr. Hutton for his uncouth *protégé* in this affair. The latter had certainly nothing in his appearance or ways which could be considered prepossessing. He had, indeed, the grace to evince some attachment for his master; but otherwise his mental and moral traits did not appear to be more attractive than his physiognomy. I had heard that Mr. Hutton, in spite of his reputation as a keen trader and an ardent hunter, was an upright and kind-hearted man; and I concluded that Master Apollo had probably been intrusted by his parents to the trader, with a solemn promise that their precious treasure should be restored to them unscathed; and no doubt Mr. Hutton's solicitude proceeded from his conscientious anxiety to keep his engagement.

He called upon me that evening, to thank me for my attention to his wishes. In the course of our conversation, I casually remarked that Apollo must be a good servant to have inspired his master with such a feeling of regard for him.

"I ought to care for him," answered Mr. Hutton, "since he saved my life."

This reply led, of course, to further questioning, and finally elicited from the trader the narrative which struck me as so remarkable.

"I picked up Apollo about ten years ago," he said, "on the north bank of the Orange River. He was then a child, not more, I should say, than ten or twelve years old; though you never can judge accurately of the ages of these natives. I found him all alone, and half dead with fever, under a little shelter of boughs and grass, where his people had left him when he was taken ill. They almost always desert their sick people and decrepit relations in that way. It is a shocking custom, and I think it is about the worst part of their character; for, in other respects, I must say, they are not altogether so bad as some travelers would make them out to be. I put the little fellow in one of my wagons, and dosed him with quinine and other medicines; and in a few days he was running about, as well and lively as ever. He told me that his name was Tkuetkue, or some other such crack-jaw affair, with two or three clucks in it, that I would not attempt to pronounce. So, thinking it best to give him a *Christian* name, I called him Apollo, in compliment to his good looks. He has remained with me ever since, and has always shown himself attached to me in his own way. He is a real savage still. No one but myself can control him; and he generally obeys my orders as long as he can remember them, which is seldom more than a day. But I cannot make him a teetotaler or a man of peace, although I believe I have set him a fair example in both those lines. He will drink whenever he can get the liquor; and when he is excited by drink or provocation he will fight like a mad tiger. Otherwise he is an honest, faithful fellow, and the best after-rider I ever had. An after-rider, you know, is the name given to the Hottentot or black boy who rides with you, and carries your spare gun and ammunition, and sometimes heads off the game, or assists you in any other way, as you order him."

I knew what an after-rider was, but I was curious to hear how Apollo had been able to render his master the great service spoken of. It seemed that in the first instance he had owed his own life to Mr. Hutton's kindness.

"Probably he did," answered Hutton, "although if I had not found him he might have recovered. Those Namaquas and Hottentots have wonderfully tough constitutions; it takes a deal of sickness or starvation to kill them. But the other affair took place about four years ago; and if you care to hear the story, I have no objection to repeat it. I have told it often, for the credit of my friend Apollo.

"I was on my way to Dammara-land, with two wagons and about a dozen people. Two of them were Mozambique blacks, whom I had brought with me from Cape Town, and the remainder were Hottentots and Namaquas that I had picked up on the way. Most of them I got at old Schmelen's missionary station, on this side of the Orange River. The two negroes were tolerably good servants; they had gained some knowledge of civilized habits in Cape Town. The others could do little besides helping to drive the wagons; though sometimes they were of service in following *spoor*—traces of game, you know. They knew the country well, and by keeping a pretty sharp eye upon them I was able to make them useful. In tracking game, as I said, they sometimes rendered good service; but they were great cowards, and though some of them could handle firearms tolerably well, I never could get them to face any dangerous animal, such as a buffalo or a rhinoceros, and least of all a lion, with any steadiness. I shot two or three rhinoceroses with little support from any of them, except Apollo, who always stood by me like a Trojan, though his teeth sometimes chattered, and his eyes became like saucers, as we approached the enemy.

"One afternoon," continued Hutton, "I outspanned near a pool, where many animals of different sorts came at night to drink. We could see their tracks all about the margin. The Namaquas knew the place well, and urged me to encamp at a little distance off, saying that the lions were 'al te kwaad,' or very angry, in that region; and that if we rested near the water we should be very likely to lose some of our oxen, and might perhaps be ourselves attacked. For it is a curious fact that when a lion has once tasted human flesh, he seems to acquire a peculiar relish for it, and will leave all other game untouched if he has a chance of seizing upon a man. I did not wish to run any risk, so far as my people, or my oxen either, were concerned; and so, after making them drink heartily, I drove off to a distance of about two miles, and outspanned in a small valley, out of sight from the pool. We kindled a large fire to keep off any wild beasts that might be prowling about, and then turned the oxen loose to pick up what little herbage they could find among the rocks about us. For myself, I felt a strong desire to have a shot at a lion. I had not bagged one for more than three years. In fact, I had been unlucky in two or three long shots, and began to fear that I should get out of practice in that sort of sport, which requires good nerves and experience more than any thing else. I asked four or five of my best men, including Apollo, if they would watch with me at the pool, that night, for lions. Three of them consented, and we left the others with the wagons, with strict injunctions to keep the fire burning, and not to let the oxen stray to a distance. We reached the water just at sunset, and set to work at once with the spades and hoes which we had brought with us, to dig a hole in the sand three or four feet deep, about twenty yards from the pool. In about an hour we finished our hiding-place, throwing up the earth about it so as to conceal us still better from the sight of the wild animals. We then settled ourselves comfortably in the trench, and lay there with our guns in readiness, waiting for the lions.

"We stayed there all night to no purpose. A good many animals came down to drink, but no lions. There were springboks, gemsboks, zebras, quaggas, and some other creatures, but we did not waste our ammunition upon them, as we were in no want of meat; and, besides, a single shot would have alarmed the lions, and prevented them from approaching the water. However, as it happened, we fared no better for keeping quiet; and soon after dawn we came out of our grave, stiff, sleepy and sulky, without having had a glimpse of a lion, though we had heard them roaring in the distance. They had probably been attracted, by our wagons and oxen; for they were prowling about them all night, as we afterward learned. The people whom we had left with them were in mortal terror, but had sense enough to keep up a good blaze. The oxen, in their fright, crowded almost into the fire, and by good luck the lions did not venture to attack them.

"I now gave up all hope of meeting the game I had come out for; but I was determined not to return to the wagons without something to show for our night's watching. We had gone but a few rods from the pool, when a small herd of springboks came bounding through a thicket of thorn-trees just in front of us. They ran and leaped as though something had frightened them; but without waiting to see what it was, I fired both barrels in among them, and knocked over one of the largest. My men all blazed away at the same time, but without the smallest effect. I had just taken my gun from my shoulder, when an enormous lion walked out of the thicket and came slowly toward us. He was not more than thirty yards off, and there was no time to reload. I was taken so completely by surprise that for the first few seconds I stood quite motionless, and uncertain what to do. But I then saw that there was but one course for us. When a party of natives go out with their assagais and knives to attack a lion, as they sometimes do, their custom is, when they see the lion approaching, to sit down on the ground in a cluster. The lion, if he is in a fighting mood, singles out one of them, and pounces upon him. Sometimes the unlucky man is killed at once by the first grip of the lion's teeth and claws; but more often he only receives severe hurt. Then the other natives throw themselves altogether upon the animal; some seize his tail and lift him up, which prevents him from turning upon them, while others stab him with their assagais, and cut him with their knives; and frequently they manage to kill him without any loss of life in their party. But sometimes the victory is on the other side; the lion kills two or three of the natives, and the rest take to their heels. It seemed to me just possible that by sitting down together, and showing a bold front, we might intimidate the lion, and prevent him from attacking us until I had time to reload. I called out loudly, 'Sit! sit!' and knelt down myself on one knee at the same mo-

ment, preparing to reload if there should be time. But casting a hasty glance around, I saw that all three of my men had taken themselves off at full speed as soon as the lion appeared, and were already half-way to the hill which was just on this side of the wagons. Apollo had started with the rest; but he told me afterward, and I have no doubt with truth, that he thought I was running also; only, not being so light-footed as they were, I could not be expected to keep up with them. As the poor fellow did not dare to look round, he did not discover his mistake until they reached the wagons.

"In this way I was left alone to face the lion. It was useless then for me to run. If I had started with the Namaquas he would have had one of us, and most probably myself, before we had gone fifty yards. My gun was discharged; and, while we were digging the trench, I had given my hunting-knife, which incommoded me, to Apollo; so that I was at that moment completely disarmed. I gave myself up for lost, as a matter of course; and, as I was kneeling there, I just said, 'God help my poor wife and children,' and waited for the lion to spring. But the fellow did not seem to be in any hurry. He came slowly up, slackening his pace by degrees; and at last, when he was about twelve feet off, he stopped and sat down on the ground like a cat, looking me full in the face. I sat down also, and looked at him in return; fixing my eyes upon his, and staring as hard as I could. When I was at school, I had read that the lower animals could not endure the steady gaze of a man; and although I cannot say that my own experience had ever confirmed this opinion, it occurred to me to make the trial with the lion. But I really do n't think it had much effect upon him. Now and then he would shut his eyes, or look round to one side or the other, but that was all. Presently he lay down, with his paws drawn up under him, and his head resting on the ground, exactly like a cat watching a mouse. At the same time he kept occasionally licking his lips, as though he had just finished a meal. I saw at once what the rascal's intention was. He had just been feasting on some animal he had killed, very likely a springbok, and was not hungry. But he had made up his mind to have me for his next meal; and as lions like their food fresh killed, the scoundrel was keeping me until he had digested his breakfast. Was n't that an agreeable predicament for a Christian man, as the boers say?"

There was no denying that it was a terrible situation indeed. But I had read, in some missionary work, of a Hottentot who was kept prisoner by a lion in a similar way, and was watched steadily by him for a whole day; but at night, if I remembered rightly, the Hottentot was overcome by exhaustion, and went to sleep, and when he awoke the lion was gone.

"Yes," replied the trader, "I have heard of the story. The Hottentot was a lucky fellow. You see, a lion, in his disposition and habits, is nothing more or less than a great cat. Some people speak of the lion's magnanimity, and ascribe some noble qualities to the beast; but that is all nonsense. When a lion is not hungry, if he meets with game he will frequently pass it by without notice. He will seldom kill it out of mere wantonness and cruelty; but neither will a cat, unless it has been taught to do so. A cat, when it is not hungry, will sometimes play with a mouse; that, you would think, must be from a cruel disposition; but, in reality, it is only keeping the creature alive for its next meal. Now, this is exactly what the lion sometimes does, and particularly one that has tasted human flesh; so the natives, at least, will tell you. The natives say that, in such a case, the lion usually waits for the man to go to sleep, and then watches him till he begins to move and shows signs of awaking, when he pounces upon him. In the case of the Hottentot, the lion must have been frightened away by something that occurred while the man was asleep. For myself, I did not doubt that the creature was watching me with the intention of waiting until I should fall asleep from exhaustion, and then springing upon me at the first movement I made. I was safe, I thought, so long as I could keep my eyes open; but if I went to sleep, I should certainly awake in the lion's jaws."

There was something so peculiarly frightful, as well as unexpected, in the picture thus conveyed, that I could not restrain a shudder and an exclamation of horror.

"Oh, do n't be alarmed on my account," said Hutton, with a laugh, "You see I am here all alive and whole. I only want you to understand what the danger really was before I tell you how I escaped. You know I had been up all night, and was tolerably hungry and tired. I had brought a flask full of water with me, and had just emptied it that morning; so that, by good luck, I was not at all thirsty. But for that, I do not know how I should have been able to hold out through the day. The sun came up bright and clear, as it usually is in those deserts, with a blaze of heat, which was reflected from the sand about me until it seemed to burn my skin. I had a broad-brimmed felt hat, with ostrich feathers round it, which warded off the direct rays; but still I think I never felt the sun more oppressive; perhaps it was because I was weak from fasting and want of rest. Still I kept my self-possession, and was constantly on the watch to take advantage of any opportunity for escape. There was just a chance that my men might muster courage enough to come down in a body to my relief; but I believed them to be too chicken-hearted to approach within a quarter of a mile of a lion, and besides, there was the probability that the brute, if he should see them approaching, would spring upon me, and put me out of suspense at once."

I asked if he did not try to load his gun.

"Of course I did," he answered; "but at the first motion I made, the old scoundrel lifted his head and growled, as much as to say, 'None of that my boy, or if you do!—' If I had persisted, it was clear that he would have been upon me before the powder was in the barrel. He was a huge old fellow—I think the largest lion I ever saw; with a long, grizzled

mane, and very knowing look. These experienced old lions are amazingly cunning. He knew perfectly well that my gun was a weapon of some kind or other; and I have no doubt he knew, too, of my people being in the neighborhood; for every now and then he would look sharply in the direction of the wagons. On such occasions I could feel my heart beat violently, and the perspiration would start to my skin."

And no wonder! But did the lion, I asked, remain perfectly quiet through the whole day?

"No; unluckily he did not," answered the trader. "His restlessness kept me in constant anxiety. Once a troop of zebras came suddenly by us. When they saw the lion they wheeled quickly about, snorted, and dashed off furiously in another direction. The lion rose to his feet in an instant, turned half round, and looked hard at them. Lions are particularly fond of the flesh of the zebra, and I had strong hopes that he would leave me, and go off after them. But I suppose the cunning rascal reflected that a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush; for he turned back and lay down again, grumbling, and staring harder than ever at me, as though he meant to say, 'You see, my fine fellow, I have lost a zebra through you; and now I mean to make sure of *you*.' You may believe that in my heart I bestowed a few witch's blessings on the beast; but I thought it best to keep silence.

"The next alarm came from the direction of my wagons. I saw the lion look earnestly in that direction, as he had done once or twice before, and then rise to his feet, and utter an angry growl, drawing back his lips and showing his teeth, as though he saw something that did not please him. I learned afterward that my men, urged on by Apollo, had armed themselves to the teeth, and advanced to the top of the hill. Standing there, with their wonderfully keen sight, they could perceive the lion keeping guard over me; but no sooner did they see the brute rise and turn toward them than they all scampered back to the wagons, and jumped into them, frightened almost out of their wits. After a little while, the lion crouched down again before me, stretched out his paws, yawned and winked, and I thought seemed to be growing tired of his watch. But it was clear that he had made up his mind to remain there till night, otherwise he would have settled my account without further delay:"

I may observe that the calm indifference with which Mr. Hutton had thus far told this singular story was calculated to make a very peculiar impression upon a listener—half of wonder and half of amusement. He spoke, in fact, in the same quaint and cool manner in which an old soldier relates the history of a battle, or a mariner tells of the shipwrecks which he has experienced.

"Toward evening," he continued, "I heard a low roaring, which seemed to be at a great distance. It appeared to disturb my lion a good deal. From the sound I knew it to be the roar of a lioness; and I thought it likely that the old fellow's mate was looking about for him. He got up and lay down again, two or three times, moving about uneasily and sniffing the ground, as though he was troubled in his mind; but he remained silent, and at last the voice of the lioness passed gradually out of hearing. This, I think, was the most anxious moment of the whole day to me. For if the lion had answered his mate, and called her to him, she would most likely have been hungry, and in that case would not have delayed an instant in seizing upon the nice supper which her husband was keeping for himself. I dare say the cunning old rascal was of the same opinion, and so thought it best to keep his own counsel.

"At last, the night came. The stars were bright, but there was no moon. I could see objects indistinctly at a little distance, and could just discern the outlines of the hills to the eastward. The lion lay quiet, in a shaggy mass, a few yards from me. I knew that he was wide awake, and that he saw distinctly every motion I made. Occasionally I could see his eyes turned toward me, shining like two coals of fire. My last hope now was that, by remaining perfectly silent and motionless, I might tire him out, or keep him from attacking me until something happened, as in the case of the Hottentot we were speaking of, to draw him off. For this purpose it was necessary that I should remain awake, and this was really a matter of the greatest difficulty to me. I was completely worn out, as you may imagine, after being forty-eight hours without food or sleep, and my mind most of the time wrought up to the highest pitch of anxiety. The night was chilly, which alone would have caused me to feel sleepy. Every thing about me was as silent as the grave, and I had to make continual efforts to keep my eyelids open. Every now and then I caught myself nodding, and would awaken with a sudden start of terror, at the thought that the lion might be just preparing to spring upon me. That was really a horrid time. I hardly like to think of it even now. I was like a condemned prisoner who awakes from a nightmare to remember that he is to be executed in a few hours. I don't think I could have held out in that condition through the night. It was too much for human nature."

Here the trader paused for a moment, looking serious and absorbed, like a man who has painful recollections recalled to his mind. But he presently roused himself, and proceeded with his story.

"Two or three hours after the darkness had set in, I could hear the animals coming to the water to drink. Some of them passed at a little distance from me, but I did not get a sight of any. The lion saw them plainly, but he only moved his head a little as they trotted by. There was no chance of his leaving me and going after them, as I had hoped. All at once, he lifted his head, looked toward me, and began to growl. 'Now,' I thought, 'the time is come!' He rose on his feet and growled louder, all the while looking hard at me, as I thought. I braced myself up for a struggle, with my gun in my left hand and my handkerchief in my right. I had a notion of endeavoring to thrust the gun crosswise into his mouth, and then getting my right hand

down his throat. It was a very poor chance, but the only one left, and I meant to die game. In fact, I had given up all hope. But in a few minutes the lion, to my surprise, became quiet again, and sat down: he did not lie down, as before, but kept his head stretched forward toward me, like a cat intently examining some objects. At last he lay down again, as though he was satisfied about the matter that had disturbed him. But, in another ten minutes or so, he rose up once more to his feet, and growled more ferociously than ever. It struck me then that another lion might be cautiously approaching me behind, and that my particular friend was objecting to any division of the spoil. If this were the case, my fate would soon be settled. Then I thought it just possible that my men might be making some attempt to save me, under cover of the darkness; but there was little likelihood of their mustering courage enough to do any thing effectual. I was now fully awake, as you may suppose. The lion was standing up, growling continually, and moving from side to side, as if he felt uncertain what to do. At last he crouched, and I saw clearly that he was getting ready for a spring. At that moment I heard a loud yell behind me, and saw every thing around lighted up by a blaze of fire. The yell was kept up constantly for a minute or two, and all at once somebody, looking as though his head and shoulders were all in a blaze, came running in between me and the lion. The brute gave a tremendous roar, more in fright than in anger, and went bounding off into the darkness. I then saw that the person with the fire was Apollo himself. The blaze had gone out, but the little fellow had two or three lighted brands in each hand, and was flourishing them about his head, and dancing and whirling round, in a frantic way, like a little demon—though to me, just then, he seemed more like an angel of light. The poor little creature was in such a state of terror that he could hardly speak, and did not hear a word that I said. 'Load the gun! load the gun!' he kept screaming. 'The great beast will come back! Load the gun!'.

"This was good advice, and I followed it as quickly as I could. At first, on rising, I found myself so stiff that I could hardly move my limbs. But the blood soon began to circulate again, and when I had loaded up, we moved off toward the wagons. Apollo ran before me all the way, still in a terrible fright, with a frying pan on his head, and a firebrand in his right hand, jumping and screaming like a madman, to scare the wild beasts. We got safely to the outspan place, and when I had something to stay my hunger, I made Apollo tell me how he had managed the affair, which was still a mystery to me. I found that the poor fellow had tried hard all day to induce the other men to join him in going to my relief. They made one attempt in the morning, as I mentioned, but their hearts failed them. At night Apollo made up his mind to undertake the business by himself, and he set about it in a really ingenious manner. He took one of my large frying-pans, and covered the inside with a thin coating of gun-powder, just enough moistened to make it burn slowly; over this he placed some straw which I used for packing, and sprinkled dry powder upon it; and on the top of all he raised a little heap of brushwood and dry sticks. With this on his head, he started from the wagons just after dark. When he had come about half way, he lay down and crawled toward me so slowly and cautiously that the lion did not observe him until he was within a hundred yards of us. Then it was that the brute first rose up and began growling. Apollo said that when he heard it his heart became as cold as ice, and he almost went into a fit. He lay perfectly still, until the lion became quiet, and he then began again to creep forward, dragging himself along on the ground, inch by inch, and resting for a minute or two at every yard he made. At last, when he thought he was near enough, he took out a lucifer-match from a box which he had brought from the wagon, and lighted it. He touched the straw, which blazed up immediately. It was while he was doing this that the lion became so much excited; but Apollo left him no time to act, for he dashed in upon us, as I have told you, with the frying-pan on his head, and a burning stick in his hand, and routed the enemy at once. So now you know the reason why I feel such a particular regard for the little Namaqua. I really believe he showed more ingenuity and courage in saving my life than he could have mustered to preserve his own."

Apollo had certainly behaved in a most creditable manner, and I was ready to admit that he deserved all the good that his master could do for him. As for the lion, I supposed nothing more was seen or heard of him.

"You are mistaken there," said Hutton. "I have the best part of him now at my house. I had an account to settle with the rascal for the horrid torture I had suffered through him. Besides, as he was evidently a 'man-eater,' it would not have done to leave him at large, if I could help it. I was sure he would not quit the pool so long as the oxen remained near it; and as I knew that two other traders, Johnson and Le Roux, were only a day or two behind me, I waited till they came up, and we all went out together, with our people and dogs. We hunted for two days before we could manage to turn the old cannibal out of his den, among some rocks and bushes. Johnson happened to be nearest to him, and bowled him over at a long shot. A capital shot it was, too; the ball went in behind the right shoulder and came out under the left flank. I gave Johnson five pounds for the skin, which I mean to have stuffed and set up at home, in memory of the day I passed with the living owner, and the day after. The first I consider to have been the most miserable day, and the other the happiest, that I have ever spent in all my life."

NELLY NOWLAN'S EXPERIENCE.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

DEAR AUNT—My good mistress has had an invita- to a place—they call it by the name of CRANLEY HURST: that is, the invitation did not come from her cousin, but from her cousin's brother's wife, who was gone to keep house for her cousin during what she called "her LITTLE ELECTION." My mistress said she had never been at "Cranley Hurst" since she was a girl, and she had heard that her cousin, the Hon. Francis Cranley (who, for some cause or another, had shut himself up, when a fine young gentleman, all as one as a hermit) had been routed like a hare out of its form, by his little sister-in-law, who pounced down upon him, now and again, like a hawk, scaring and tearing and domineering wherever she went. My poor mistress was a long time what they call temporizing whether she would go or not, when—I am sure it was to her surprise—she got a letter from the Honorable Francis himself. "He says," says she, "that it's the first invitation he has given to any living creature to pass the threshold of Cranley Hurst for five-and-twenty years, and he hopes I will give his sister-in-law, Mrs. James Cranley, the pleasure to receive me, and that he himself would be happy to see me in the old place once more."

"Poor fellow!" sighed my mistress.

Aunt dear, could you tell me why my mistress sighed "poor fellow," folded up the letter, and laid a rose I had just brought her from Covent-Garden upon it?—where, darling aunt (only think how it raised my spirits) I saw as good as thirty Irishwomen sitting on what we would call pratee baskets, shelling peas for the quality, and working away at the real Munster Irish, as if they had never left the quays of Cork. She put the rose on the letter, as if, in her thoughts, one had something to do with the other, and, resting her elbow on the table, shaded her face with her hand: after a time, a very long time, I came back into the room, and she was sitting the same way.

"Would n't you like a turn in the park, ma'am," I said; "for a wonder it 's neither an east wind nor a pour of rain?" So she gazed up in my face, with that kind of mazed look which people have when you talk to them, and their thoughts are in deep sea or land graves—or, may-be, in the ETERNITY, to which they go before the spirit's time. And what do you think she said?—why "poor fellow!" again. To be sure, thoughts are thoughts, and we had as good, may-be, forget the thought of many a thought we do think. That same evening she stood opposite the glass—

"Ellen," she says, "I look very old."

"There 's a power of amiability in your face, ma'am," I answers, "and you 've a fine head-piece." It 's true for me, and I thought I had got over the age beautifully; but I had not; she turned to at it again:

"I look very old, Ellen."

"God bless you! ma'am, age is a beauty to many."

"Not to me."

"There 's twenty opinions about the one thing."

"But I *am* old."

"More of that to you, ma'am, dear."

"Do you wish me to be old?"

"I wish you, with all my heart and soul, to *grow* old," I says, and from my heart I spoke, and she felt it; but, seeing she was melancholy, I thought to rouse her a bit. "Indeed, ma'am, I never saw you better in my life (that was true;) you 're as heavy again as you were when I first had the blessing of looking in yer sweet face, and sure your eyes are as bright as diamonds (that was a bit of a stretch,) and there 's thousands of dimples in your cheeks this minute (that was another)."

"There, there," she says, smiling her calm smile, "you will not have me old."

"Oh, the Holies forbid!" I said again, "it 's I that *will* have you old—*but not yet*."

She took up wonderful after that. Sure we all like a taste of the flattery: some wish it addressed to their head—some to their *heart*—some to their great families, taking their pride out of blood, so thick, you could cut it with a knife—some (*musheroons* I call them) to their wealth—more to their beauty, which, though dead and buried to the world, is alive to them. Aunt dear, *all* like it: somehow, the thing to *know is, when and how to give it*. Well, my mistress bought a new bonnet, and such elegant caps, and altogether took a turn for the best. She was amused, too, at the notion of a *little election;* which I wondered at, seeing she was so timid in general.

"I 'll engage Cranley Hurst is a fine, strong house, ma'am," I made bold to say.

"Oh, no, it's a long, rambling, wandering sort of place, Ellen; all odd windows and odd gables—all odd and old." So I said that I 'd go bail his honor her cousin's faction (his people, I meant) would keep off the other party at election times, when they break in, and knock every thing to bits; and I told her how my father remembered when the Kilconnel boys broke into Kilmurray-house, and the master canvassing—destroying, right land eft—burning and murdering every one that was not of their way of thinking, and shouting over their ashes for liberty and freedom of election. That was the time, when knowing that more of the Kilconnel boys were 'orced to come over the Crag-road—where no road

was ever made, only all bog—the Kilmurray men laid wait for them, and snared them into a gamekeeper's lodge, making believe it was a whiskey-still—just a place where they had plenty of the mountain-dew—which (bad luck to it) is a wonderful strengthener of sin, and kept them there drinking and dancing until the election was over; and then, leaving the Kilconnel boys sleeping, the Kilmurray men disappeared in the night. When the poor fellows staggered out in the rising sun and found how it was, they grew very savage, and just fair and easy burnt the lodge. And may-be murderings and destructions did not grow out of that, and lawsuits—and persecutions—that made men of two attorneys, who never had cross or coin to bless themselves with before the burning of Crag-road lodge!

My mistress says they manage things more quietly here. I can't say whether or not I'm glad of it, for I like a bit of a spree, now and then, to keep the life in me—for the English are wonderful quiet; you might as well travel with a lot of dummies, as with them: and the suspicious looks they cast on you, if you only speak civil to them, or look twice their way; the ladies rowling themselves up in shawls, in the corners of the railway carriage, and keeping their eyes fixed, as if it was a sin to be civil. I travel with my mistress, FIRST CLASS—aunt dear, let all the people know *that*, coming from mass, Sunday morning—so I see their ways; and the gentlemen bury their noses in a mighty perplexing sort of paper-covered book, called "Bradshaw," or in a newspaper, which they read to themselves and keep to themselves, never offering to lend the "news" to any one, only shifting it into their pockets, as if they could get more out of it there. They scramble in and out of the carriages, without ever moving their hats, or offering to help the ladies out or in. The truth is they're a good people; but uncommon surly, or uncommon shy. And as to that book, "Bradshaw," I thought it must be diverting; people bought it so fast at the railway stations; and you see it sticking out of the pockets of the little scutty coats that are all the fashion, and out of the bags the ladies nurse like babies on their laps, and which they spend months of their time on, to make them look as if made of odds and ends of carpet—which, indeed, they do. I asked my mistress if she would not like to have "Bradshaw," it must be such pleasant reading. So, with the same quiet smile with which she does every thing, she bought it, and gave it to me, saying:

"There it is, Ellen; I hope you may understand it."

I was a little hurt, and made answer—

"Thank you kindly, ma'am: nothing puzzles me upon the print but foreign languages or, may-be, Latin." And as we were going down to Cranley Hurst, I fixed my mistress in the first class, and myself opposite her, with a *rale* carpet-bag on my lap, and my "Bradshaw" in my hand.

"You may read if you like, Ellen," said my mistress, the smile twinkling in her eyes (I'm sure her eyes were mighty soft and sly when she was young.)

"Thank you, ma'am," I answered; "one of my mother's second cousins married a 'Bradshaw,' and may-be I'd find something about his family here." A gentleman stared at me ever his "Bradshaw," and a mighty pert little old lady, who was reading her "Bradshaw," let down her glass and asked me when I left Ireland. [Aunt dear, how did she know I was Irish?] I looked and looked at one page—and then at another—leaf after leaf—it was about trains, and going and coming—and figures in, and figures out—all marked, and crossed, and starred—up trains, down trains, and Sunday trains—without a bit of sense.

"When will our train arrive at Cranley station?" asked my lady, after I had been going across, and along, and about, and over "Bradshaw" for an hour or two—I was so bothered, I could not tell which.

"It was written as a penance for poor traveling sinners," I answered in a whisper, for I did not want to *let on* I could n't understand it: she did not hear me, and asked the question again.

"I can read both running-hand and print, ma'am," I said; "but none of my family had a turn for figures, and this looks mighty like what my brother got a prize for—they called it by the name of all-gib-raa."

My mistress sometimes looks very provoking—and that's the truth—I can hardly think her the same at one time that she is at another.

The little pert lady thrust her "Bradshaw" into her bag, and snapt the clasp—then turning round to the gentleman, she snapt him—"Do *you* understand Bradshaw, sir?"

"Noa," he drawled out, "not exactly—I heard of a gentleman once who did, but im-me-diate-ly after he became insane!"

I shut the book—oh aunt, I would not be *that*, you know, for all the books that ever were shut and opened. What should I do without my senses?

Of all the ancient places you ever heard tell of, Cranley Hurst is the *quarest* I ever saw. When you think you are at the far end of the building, it begins again—rooms upon rooms—shut up for ages—and passages leading to nothing, and nothing leading to passages—and a broad terrace looking over such a beautiful bog, and a pathway under the terrace to Cranley-marsh (that's English for bog.) I often go that path, thinking of the waste lands of my own poor country. Oh, aunt, to see the great innocent frogs, the very *moral** of the Irish ones, and lizards, turning and wriggling among the bullrushes; and between the floating islands of green, plashy weeds, that veil the deep pools, you see fish floating round the great gray stones, which, my mistress says, the Romans flung into Cranley-marsh to make a bridge. You should hear my mistress talk of it—she has such fine English.

"Although it's a flat," she says, "I like it better than any mountain I ever saw. Such a combination of rich color—such orchis—such shades and masses of iris—such floats of rush-cotton—such banks

* "Picture"—"model."

of forget-me-nots—such ferns—and, in the spring, such piles of golden blossoming furze: the peat, so dark and intense, forms a rich contrast to the vegetation; and the 'Roman stones,' piled here and there into low pyramids, have a gray, solemn effect, and afford shelter to numerous migratory birds, who feed abundantly upon the insects that hover, like metallic vapors, over the deepest pools." Them were her very words.

The reception, I must tell you, we got at Cranley Hurst, seemed to me mighty cool—I felt my mistress tremble as she leaned on me; but there was neither master nor mistress at the door to welcome *her*. The servants were there, to be sure, to carry the things to her room; but she paused in the long, low hall, that was furnished like a parlor, to look at one picture, then at another; and while she stood before one of a very dark, sorrowful lady—a little pale, wizen'd woman stole out of a room in the distance, and shading her eyes with one hand, while she leaned with the other on a cross-headed stick, she crept, rather than walked, toward my mistress. Her arms were only little bones, wrapt in shriveled skin, and deep ruffles fell from her elbows. She was more of a shadow than a substance—so very small—so over and above little—that if I had seen her at the Well of Sweet Waters on Midsummer-eve, I would have crossed myself, knowing she was one of the *good people*. She would have been a fair go-by-the-ground, but for her high-heeled shoes; and, daylight as it was, I did not like the looks of her. The nearer she came, the more wild and bright her eyes glistened; and the lace borders of her cap flew back from her small sallow features. Though I could not help watching the withered woman, I tried to go close to my mistress; but when I made the least motion, she waved her stick, and her eyes flashed so, that I was rooted to the floor at once. She stole over the floor, and the silence was increased by her presence. Aunt, dear, you know I hate silence; and this hung like a weight on my heart, and gathered over us like clouds—suffocating. At last she came close to me; the border of her cap flapped against my hand, but, to save my life, I could not move. Her eyes were on me; they were everywhere at once. She crept round to my mistress, rested her hands on the cross of her stick, and stared at her; her eyes flashing, not like soft summer lightning, but like what we once watched darting into the very heart of the fine ould tower of Castle Connel.

When my lady looked down from the picture, she saw the withered woman.

"Old Maud!" she cried. And, oh! what sorrow there was in them two words!

"The soul outlives the body," said the woman, in a crackling voice—not loud—but sharp and dry, "and the voice outlives the beauty. They said the fair Cicely Cranley was coming, and I laughed at them. No; they said Mrs. Bingham was coming—that was it—and I said it must be Miss Cicely; for Mistress Bingham had never entered the door of Cranley Hurst since she broke faith with her cousin."

"Hush, Maud!" said my poor mistress, turning from the witch, who faced round, and would look at her; "there—keep back. Ellen, keep her back—her mind is gone."

"But not her memory," screamed the hag, striking her stick upon the floor. "I mind the open window—and the ropy ladder—and my young master's misery when the hawk 'ticed away the dove that was to be his bride—his own first cousin."

"It was too near, Maud."

"No; the Cranleys married in and out—in and out—and what brings you now? withered and shriveled like myself, with only the voice!—nothing but the voice! More worn—and old—and gray—than himself—a lean old man! You called me 'Ugly Maud' once; what are you now? Augh!"

She threw down her stick, and began waving her bony arms, and sailing round my poor mistress, in a sort of mock dance. I stepped in between them, to keep her eyes off my lady; but she dodged between us, mocking, and saying cruel words, and looking, just as a curse would look, if it had a body. All of a sudden, a hard, firm step came up the hall: I knew it was the master of Cranley Hurst. The little hag paused, pointed to me to pick up her stick, which, like a fool, I did. Stepping back, she curtsied reverently to my lady, her little pinched face changing into something human; then, going to meet the master, "I came to give the fair Miss Cicely welcome," she said, "but I could not find her: that old lady stole her voice! *She* Miss Cicely!"

The master struck something which hung in the hall; they call it a gong: the air and house shook again at the deep, loud noise, and from half a dozen doors servants rushed in.

"Can none of you take care of Maud?" he said. "She is insane, now—quite. Keep her away from this end of the house."

"I only came to look for Miss Cicely: I found a voice—SHE stole a voice!" said the old creature; and she continued talking and screaming until the doors were shut, the echo of the alarum being like the whisperings of spirits around the walls. I wished myself anywhere away, and I did not know where to go; the house was all strange to me; the cousins seemed afraid to look at each other. My mistress *drew down her veil*, and extended her hand; hard as it is—thin and worn—the master kissed it as fondly as if it had been the hand of a fresh fair girl of eighteen. Aunt dear, it was as strange a meeting as ever was put in a book—those two aged people—one who had loved, the other who had taken her own will; and small blame to her, aunt. Sure it was better for her to run off at the last moment, than take a false oath at God's altar.

I shall never forget the look of downright, upright love that shone in the master's face, as they stood like two monuments *faresaint* * each other. I don't know when they 'd have left off or moved, if the sister-in-law, Mrs. James Cranley, had not flung into the hall, followed by her maid, with a clothes-basket, full of printed papers and sealed letters, and a footman running on with a big tea-tray, covered

* Opposite.

with the same sort of combustables. She came in speaking; and one word was so *hot foot* after the other, that it was out of the question to know what she meant.

She was a tight-made little lady—nor young, nor old—without a cap (*though it would be only manners to ask after it*) mighty tight, and terrible active—spinning round like a top, and darting off like a swallow; her head looked like a pretty tiger's—fierce and keen: she seemed ready to pounce on any thing—living or dead; no creature could be easy, or quiet, or comfortable, or contented in the same room with her. I saw *that* in a minute, and thought she 'd be the death of my poor lady.

As soon as she saw her and the master standing the way I told you of, sure enough she sprung on her: you would have thought they had lain in the same cradle, to see the delight of her: she pulled up her veil, and kissed her on both cheeks.

"You dear creature!" she exclaimed. "Now, I know I shall have your sympathy—your help—your experience. Now, don't interrupt me, Cousin Francis (the poor gentleman was looking dull and stupid) don't interrupt me—don't tell me of difficulty," she said. "I should think no one in the county has forgotten how triumphantly I carried the question of the *green pinafores* in the very *teeth* of the rector and the churchwardens: the children wear them to this very day. I'll organize an opposition such as no power can withstand. I'll neither give nor take rest;" (I believed that,) "and if Lady Lockington's candidate should be returned, in violation of every constitutional right, I'll petition the house." She waved her hand round like the sails of a wind-mill. I never saw a prettier little hand, nor one that had a more resolute way with it.

"Gently, my good sister, gently," said the master; but Mrs. James did not hear him. She pressed my lady into a chair, commanded her maid, with a fine French name, to lay down the basket, and said that she longed for sympathy quite as much as for assistance. "Active as I have been, and am," she said, "it would delight me to turn over a few of my duties to your care. In town, it is worse—absolutely worse! Remember my committees—*seven of a morning!* Remember the public meetings—the bazaars, which could not go on without me—the Shanghai Commission—the petitions of the women of England—the concerts—the Attic Improvement Society!—duties of such public importance, that I have not spent an hour in my own house for weeks together; never seen your master's face except beneath the shadow of a night-cap." [Aunt, dear! I thought she was a widdy woman until that blessed minute, never hearing tell of her husband.] "Then the college committees for the education of young females, prevent my having time to inquire how my own daughter's education progresses; and the "Pap and Cradle Institute" occupied so much of my attention, that my charming Edward will never get over the effects of that horrid small-pox, all through the carelessness of his nurse—dreadful creature! No, no; there is no repose for me, sweet cousin." All this time she was tossing over the letters, like one mad, and my mistress shrinking away farther and farther from her. "Is it possible," she exclaimed at last, "you take no interest in these things?"

The master said that his cousin was fatigued.

"Well, well!" it is just possible," said the lady; "but positively, before she goes to her room, I must interest her in my LITTLE ELECTION."

At night, when I went up to attend upon my mistress, I told her I did not see any sign of what I should call an election, either in the house, or out of the house, though every living creature was tearing and working away for the dear life, at they could hardly tell what, and not a bit of dinner until half-past eight at night, when Christians ought to be half-way in their beds. Now, my poor lady always had her dinner at two, and yet what did you think she said to me? why—*eight is the fashionable hour!*" But she was not herself, for she never troubled about what she 'd put on next morning, only sat there like a statue; and when at last I coaxed her to go to bed, she laid awake, keeping down the sobs that rose from her very heart. Sure the quality has quare ways, and quare thoughts! And just as she fell into that sweet sleep which is as soft as swan's-down, and as refreshing as the flowers in May, before the young birds call for food, or the sun looks upon the earth—that little whirligig of a lady came spinning into the room, as alive and as brisk as if no mortal ever needed sleep. "Whisht!" I says, stopping her frisking. "Whisht! if you plaze, whisht!" The start she took! and asked me what language "whisht" was; and, seeing it diverted her, I drew back to the door, and out on the landing, saying all the "Avourneens" and "Grama-chrees" and real Irish words I could think of, to take her off my mistress. So she called me a "dear creature," and declared I would be quite attractive at her little election, if she might dress me up as a wild Irishwoman, and if I really would make myself useful. I was glad to get her out of my lady's room, so that she might rest, but I had no notion of making a fool of myself for all the elections upon the face of the earth—I know my place better than that—I leave that to my superiors. Well, if the house was in a state of disturbance that day, what was it the next? Nothing but making cockades of blue glazed calico and of ribband, and turning her blue silk dresses into flags; and open house—all trying to waste and destroy the most they could; and such sending off dispatches, here, there, and every where; and such baskets-full of letters. Oh, then, surely the post-office should pray for an election as hard as ever it prayed for Valentine's-day. I lost sight of my poor dear mistress that day, for as good as five hours, for the Honorable Mrs. James Cranley locked me and three others into a loft, making them cockades; and to be sure I did work. And I told one of the girls, when we were fairly come to the end, that I would not have worked as I did, and out of the sight of my poor lady, only for the honor of working for a member of parliament; and to hear the laugh was raised against me. "Why," said Mrs. James's English maid, "its not a parliament election

AMBITION'S BURIAL-GROUND.

BY FRANCIS DE HAES JANVIER.

"A late letter from California states that the writer counted six hundred new graves, in the course of his journey across the Plains."

FAR away, beyond the western mountains, lies a lovely land,
Where bright streamlets, gently gliding, murmur over golden sand,
Where in valleys fresh and verdant, open grottoes old and hoar,
In whose deep recesses treasured, glitter heaps of golden ore—
Lies a lovely land where Fortune long hath hidden priceless store.

But the path which leadeth thither, windeth o'er a dreary plain,
And the pilgrim must encounter weary hours of toil and pain,
Ere he reach those verdant vallies—ere he grasp the gold beneath;
Ay, the path is long and dreary, and disease, with poisonous breath,
Lurks around, and many a pilgrim finds it but the way to death.

Ay, the path is long and dreary—but thou canst not miss the way,
For, defiant of its dangers, thousands throng it night and day,
Pouring westward, as a river rolleth on in countless waves—
Old and young, alike impatient—all alike Ambition's slaves—
Pressing, panting, pining, dying—strewing all the way with graves!

Thus, alas! Ambition ever leadeth men through burial plains—
Trooping on, in sad procession, melancholy funeral trains!
Hope stands smiling on the margin, but beyond are gloomy fears—
One by one, dark Disappointment wastes the castles Fancy rears—
All the air is filled with sighing—all the way with graves and tears!

Wouldst thou seek a wreath of glory on the ensanguined battle-field?
Know that to a single victor, thousands in subjection yield;
Thousands who with pulses beating high as his, the strife essayed—
Thousands who with arms as valiant, wielded each his shining blade—
Thousands who in heaps around him, vanquished, in the dust are laid!

Vanquished! while above the tumult, Victory's trump, with swelling surge,
Sounds for him a song of triumph—sounds for them a funeral dirge!
E'en the laurel wreath he bindeth on his brow, their life-blood stains—
Sighs, and tears, and blood commingling, make the glory that he gains—
And unknown, sleeps many a hero, on Ambition's burial plains!

Or, the purple field despising—deeming war's red glory shame—
Wouldst thou, in seclusion, gather greener laurels, purer fame?
Stately halls Ambition reareth, all along her highway side—
Halls of learning, halls of science, temples where the arts abide—
Wilt thou here secure a garland woven by scholastic pride?

Ah! within those cloisters gloomy, dimly wastes the midnight oil—
Days of penury and sorrow alternate with nights of toil!
Countless crowds those portals enter, breathing aspirations high—
Youthful, ardent, self-reliant—each believing triumph nigh;
Countless crowds grow wan and weary, and within those portals die!

Ay, of all who enter thither, few obtain the proffered prize,
While unblest, unwept, unhonored, undeveloped genius dies!
Genius which had else its glory on remotest ages shown—
Beamed through History's deathless pages, glowed on canvas, lived in stone—
Yet along Ambition's way-side, fills it many a grave unknown!

But, perchance thou pinest only for those grottoes old and hoar,
In whose deep recesses hidden, Fortune heaps her glittering store:
Enter, then, the dreary pathway—but, above each lonely mound
Lightly tread, and pause to ponder—for, like those who slumber round,
Thou mayst also lie forgotten on Ambition's burial ground!

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Upper Ten Thousand. By Charles Astor Bristed. Stringer & Townsend, Broadway.

A very clever book, by a rather clever man. We learn it is the most popular *brochure* of the season, nor do we wonder at it, for it has all the elements to procure it a fleeting popularity—pungency, personality, impudence, insolence, ill-nature, satire and slang, malignity and mendacity—every thing, in short, likely to tickle the palates of all classes, to pander to the worst tastes, please the worst passions, and gratify the self-adulation of all readers.

It is not to be denied that the descriptions are racy and pointed; that some caste-affectations are skillfully satirized; some local absurdities happily shown up; and that there are some points of humor, and even some sound criticisms, mixed up with much grossness, much ill taste, most disgusting egotism, and personality the most broad, brutal, and malign.

As to Mr. Charles Astor Bristed's denial of the applicability of Harry Benson, alias Harry Masters, in this edition, to himself, and of all personality or individual satire throughout the pages of the work--he may say what he will, but no one will believe him. An author who, in depicting a fictitious hero, chooses to identify that hero with himself, to the extent of accurately describing the houses of his own grandfather and father-in-law, with their respective bearings, distances and situations in the city, as those of the same kinsmen of his hero—of attributing to him well-known incidents of his own life, such as lending money to a dissipated and debauched young ex-lieutenant of the English army, and then dunning his half heart-broken father for the paltry amount, with rowdy letters, which he subsequently published in the newspapers—buying a negro slave, in order to liberate him and gain Buncombe, as it is called, by making capital of his philanthropy in the public journals—and, lastly, ascribing to his fictitious personage his own domestic grievances, and his own quarrels at a watering-place—all matters of actual notoriety—has no earthly right to complain if the public say he has made himself his own hero.

Nor when he describes invidiously, and most ill-naturedly depicts well-known persons of "our set," as he chooses to denominate it—though we greatly doubt his belonging even to it, trifling, ridiculous and contemptible as it is—so accurately that neither the persons caricatured, nor any who know them, can avoid at a glance recognizing their identity, has he any reason to wonder if his wit be rewarded with the cowhide. When we compare Mr. Charles Astor Bristed's positive denial of any personality, with his broad and brutal delineation of the *Hon. Pompey Whitey*, editor of a New York Socialist, Anti-Rent, Abolition, and Ghost-believing journal, ex-member of Congress—we say *brutal*, because in it he lifts the veil of domestic life, and touches upon matters which, whether true or false, the public has no right to hear of—we know not which most to wonder at, the audacity, or the short-sightedness, of the falsehood.

The attempt at disguise is so feeble that we doubt not the prototype, either of Pompey Whitey or of the Catholic Archbishop Feegrave, could readily obtain exemplary damages from any jury, if he should think it worth the while to break a butterfly upon the wheel.

To show the perfect identity of the persons Henry Masters and Charles Astor Bristed, we shall proceed to quote two or three passages, which are, by the way, singularly good specimens both of the style of the book, with its flippancy and smartness, its insolence and egotism, its blended capability of amusing and disgusting—the revolting effect it must have on every high judgment and right thinking mind, and the power of entertaining the fashionable mob, who delight in scandalizing and abusing their dearest friends, and the vulgar mob, who are always dying to hear something about the fashionables, be it right or wrong.

Mr. Charles Astor Bristed's money concerns with ex-Lieutenant Law of the British army!

"At that moment Clara appeared, in a dressing-gown also; but hers was a tricolor pattern, lined with blue silk.

"'A very handsome young couple, certainly,' thought the Englishman, 'but how theatrically got up? I wonder if they always go about in the country dressed this way!' And he thought of the sensation, the *mouvemens divers* that such a costume would excite among the guests of the paternal mansion at Alderstave.

"Masters, with a rapid alteration of style and manner, and a vast elaboration of politeness, introduced his wife and guest. Ashburner fidgeted a little, and looked as if he did not exactly know what to do with his arms and legs. Mrs. Masters was as completely at her ease as if she had known him all her life, and, by way of putting him at his ease too, began to abuse England and the English to him, and retail the old grievance of her husband's plunder by Ensign Lawless, and the ungentlemanly behavior of Lawless *père* on the occasion, and the voluminous correspondence that took place between him and Harry, which the *Blunder and Bluster* afterward published in full, under the heading 'American Hospitality and English Repudiation,' in extra caps; and so she went on to the intense mystification of Ashburner, who could n't precisely make out whether she was in jest or earnest, till Masters came to the rescue."

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Mr. Charles Astor Bristed's purchase of the negro, and his opinion of Southern gentlemen in general. Of which said Southern gentlemen will doubtless die broken-hearted!

"'I got these a bargain for 800 dollars from a friend,' quoth Masters, anent his horses, 'who was just married and going abroad. Probably a jockey would have charged me four figures for them. That was a year ago last month. I had twenty-six hundred then to spend in luxuries, and invested it in three nearly equal portions. It may amuse to know how. These horses I bought for myself, as I said, for 800 dollars; a grand Pleyel for Mrs. Masters for 900 dollars; and a man for myself for the same sum.'

"'*A man*?'

"'Yes, a coachman. You look mystified. Come, now, candidly, is New York a slave State? Do you know, or what do you think?'

"'I had supposed it was not.'

"'You supposed right, and know more about it than all your countrymen take the trouble to know. Nevertheless, it is literally true that I bought this man for the other 900 dollars; and it happened in this wise. One fine morning there was a great hue and cry in Washington.

Nearly a hundred slaves of different ages, sexes, and colors, most of them house-servants in the best families, had made a *stampedo*, as the Western men say. They had procured a sloop through the aid of some white men, and sailed off up the Potomac—not a very brilliant proceeding on their part. The poor devils were all taken, and sentence of transportation passed upon them—for it amounts to that: They were condemned (by their masters) to be sold into the South-Western States. Some of the cases were peculiarly distressing—among others, a quadroon man, who had been coachman to one of our government secretaries. He had a wife and five children, all free in Washington; but two of his sisters were in bondage with him—very pretty and intelligent girls report said. The three were sold to a slave-trader, who kept them some time on speculation. The circumstance attracted a good deal of attention in New York; some of the papers were full of it. I saw the account one morning, and happening to have those 900 dollars on hand, I wrote straight off to one of our abolition members at Washington, (I never saw him in my life, but one does n't stand on ceremony in such matters, and the whole thing was done on the spur of the moment,) saying that if either of the girls could be bought for that sum I would give it. The gentleman who had the honor of my correspondence put upon him, wrote to another gentleman—standing counsel, I believe, for the Washington abolitionists—and he wrote to the slave-trader, one Bruin, (devilish good name that for his business!) who sent back a glorious answer, which I keep among my epistolary curiosities. 'The girls are very fine ones,' said this precious specimen; 'I have been offered 1000 dollars for one of them by a Louisiana gentleman. They cannot be sold at a lower price than 1200 dollars and 1300 dollars respectively. If I could be sure that your friend's motives were those of unmixed philanthropy, I would make a considerable reduction. The man, who is a very deserving person, and whom I should be glad to see at liberty, can be had for 900 dollars; but I suppose your correspondent takes less interest in him.' The infernal scamp thought I wanted a mistress, and his virtuous mind revolted at the thought of parting with one of the girls for such a purpose—except for an extra consideration.'*

"'It must have been a wet blanket upon your philanthropic intentions.'

"'Really I hardly knew whether to be most angry or amused at the turn things had taken. As to Clara, she thought it a glorious joke, and did nothing for the next month but quiz me about the quadroon girls, and ask me when she might expect them. However, I thought, with the Ethiopian in the ballad, that 'it would never do to give it up so,' and accordingly wrote back to Washington that I should be very glad indeed to buy the man. Unfortunately, the man was half-way to Mississippi by that time——Now we are well up that hill and can take a good brush down to the next. G'l-lang, ponies! He-eh! Wake up, Firefly!'

"'And then?'

"'Oh, how he got off, after all! It was a special interference of Providence. (G'lang, Star!) The Hon. Secretary felt some compunctions about the fate of his coachman, and hearing that the money was all ready to pay for him, actually paid himself the additional 50 dollars required to bring him back to Washington; so he lives there now a free man with his family—at least, for all I know to the contrary, for I never heard any more about him since.'

* All the above incidents are literally true, and the extracts from Bruin's letter almost *verbatim* copies.

"'And what became of the girls?'

"'There was a subscription raised for them here. My brother Carl gave something toward it—not that he cared particularly for the young ladies, but because he had a strong desire to sell the gentleman from Louisiana. They were ransomed, and brought here, and put to school somewhere, and a vast fuss made about them—quite enough to spoil them, I 'm afraid. And so ends that story. What a joke, to think of a man being worth just as much as a grand piano, and a little more than a pair of ponies!'

"Ashburner thought that Masters treated the whole affair too much as a joke.

"'Tell me,' said he, 'if these people came to New York, or you met them traveling, would you associate with them on familiar terms?'

"'Not with Mr. Bruin, certainly,' replied Harry. 'To give the devil his due, such a man is considered to follow an infamous vocation, even in his part of the country.'

"'But the Honorable Secretary and the other gentlemen, who sell their men to work on the cotton plantations, and their women for something worse?'

"'H-m! A-h! Did you ever meet a Russian?—in your own country, I mean.'

"'Yes, I met one at dinner once. I wont pretend to pronounce his name.'

"'Did you go out of the way to be uncivil to him, because he owned serfs?'

"'No, but I did n't go out of my way to be particularly genial with him.'

"'Exactly: the cases are precisely parallel. The Southerners are our Russians. They come up to the North to be civilized; they send their boys here to be educated; they spend a good deal of money here. We are civil to them, but not over genial—some of us, at least, are not.'

Mr. Charles Astor Bristed's opinions of British Officers in general, which will probably set him forward a good deal when he again visits England! Lieutenant Law again!

"Ashburner felt no disposition to deny the beauty and grandeur of the Hudson. At first the shore was lined with beetling ramparts of trap-rock. After many miles of this, the clear water spread out into a great lake with apparently no egress. But on turning a promontory, the river stretched away nearly as wide as before, under wooded cliffs not dissimilar to those of the Rhine. Then came the picturesque Catskill mountains; and near these Harry was to stop, but Ashburner did not stop with him. At West Point the boat had taken up, among other passengers, two young officers of his acquaintance, then quartered in Canada. They were going to take the tour of the lakes, including, of course, Niagara, and offered Ashburner, if he would accompany them on this excursion first, to show him the lions of Canada afterward. On consulting with Masters, he found that the trip would not occupy more than a month or five weeks, and that after that time the watering-place season would be at its height.

"'And it will be an excuse for my staying with Carl till August,' Harry continued, 'The women are half crazy to be at Oldport already. I would rather stay at Ravenswood. We shall expect you there at the end of July. But,' and here, for the first time since their acquaintance, Ashburner perceived a slight embarrassment in his manner, 'do n't bring your friends.'

"'Oh, dear, no!' said Ashburner, not comprehending what could have put such a thing into the other's head, or what was coming next.

"'I do n't mean to Ravenswood, but to Oldport; that is, if you can help their coming. To tell you the truth, your university men, and literary men generally, are popular enough here, but your army is in very bad odor. The young fellows who come down among us from Canada behave shockingly. They do n't act like gentlemen or Christians.'

"Ashburner hastened to assure him that Captain Blank and Lieutenant Dash were both gentlemen and Christians, in the ordinary acceptation of the terms, and had never been known to misconduct themselves in any way.

"'Doubtless, inasmuch as they are your friends, but the general principle remains the same. So many of your young officers have misconducted themselves, that the *primâ facie* evidence is always against one of them, and he stands a chance of being coolly treated.'

"Ashburner wanted to know what the young officers had done.

"'Every thing they could do to go counter to the habits and prejudices of the people among whom they were, and to show their contempt of American society; to act, in short, as if they were among uncivilized people. For instance, it is a custom at these watering-place hotels to dress for the *table-d'hôte*. Now I do not think it altogether reasonable that a man should be expected to make his evening toilette by three in the afternoon, and, indeed, I do not strictly conform to the rule myself. But these men came in flannel shirts and dirty shoes, and altogether in a state unfit for ladies' company. Perhaps, however, we were too fastidious in this. But what do you say to a youngster's seating himself upon a piano in the public parlor, while a lady is playing on it?'

"Ashburner allowed that it was rather unceremonious.

"'By various similar acts, trivial, perhaps, individually, but forming a very disagreeable aggregate, these young men made themselves so unpopular, that one season the ladies, by common consent, refused to dance with any of them. But there is worse behind. These gentlemen, so stupid in a drawing-room, are sharp enough in borrowing money, and altogether oblivious of repaying it.'

"Ashburner remembered the affair of Ensign Lawless, and made up his mind to undergo another repetition of it.

"'I do n't speak of my individual case; the thing has happened fifty times. I could tell of a dozen friends who have been victimized in this way during the last three years. In fact, I believe that your *jeunes militaires* have formed a league to avenge the Mississippi bondholders, and recover their lost money under the form of these nominal loans. You may think it poetic justice, but we New-Yorkers have no fancy to pay the Mississippians' debts in this way.'"

It must be a strangely constituted mind that will, for spite at a single loss of an amount trifling to one so wealthy as Mr. Bristed is reputed to be, stoop to slander a whole class of men who have always, till he thought fit to libel them, borne a reputation the world over, for strict honor; and whose bills are readily cashed the world over, on no recommendation save that of their being proved to be British officers—Lieutenant Law was *not* one when he swindled Mr. Charles Astor Bristed—the price of their commissions being responsible for their bills if unpaid.

It must be a strangely constituted mind that will stoop, for the sake of gaining pseudo popularity in a foreign country averse to slavery, to slander and abuse a whole section of his countrymen, every one of whom, we mean the gentlemen of the south, after all we have heard, is better born, better bred, better informed, better educated, if not so pedantically drilled to a little Latin and less Greek, than their egotistical slanderer.

But what cannot be expected of a man, who, after a disgraceful brawl, almost in a ball-room, has passed away, and been almost forgotten, has no better taste or sense of decency than to renew it in one-sided print, provoking fresh violence; and cowardly attacking by the pen which he himself wields, with some fluency, if with little force, an enemy unskilled to defend himself with that weapon.

Verily Mr. Pynnshurst was not so far out of the way, when in his wanderings and ways of thinking he embodied this epigram.

"The plume, you know," says the lady, "is greater than the sword. I read that now in all the journals; what do you think it means?"

"That the pen is more brutal than the sword, with less danger to its wielder."

At least Mr. Charles Astor Bristed seems to have thought so. It is certainly safer to malign an enemy under the disguise of a false name, than to play at a game with him in which, it is proverbial, that two can play as well as one.

The fact seems to be, that an insane desire for notoriety has fallen upon this unfortunate young man, who has, since first he entered upon the stage of life, been constantly running mucks at all and sundry, in which he has as constantly achieved the renown of being thoroughly belabored. He has now attained his desired notoriety; but it is a notoriety, than which any one, save himself, would prefer the most profound obscurity.

It may be thought that we have dwelt too long upon such a galimatia of frippery, flippancy, and falsehood as this book; but as it is going the round, and selling with almost unequaled rapidity, and will probably continue to do so, owing to its piquancy and sneering levity, we think it right that people with the bane should have the antidote. The book is a bad one, holding up a bad set, false views of society, false notions of morality, a false tone of honor, not to be palliated, much less to be praised and admired, but to be condemned. Nothing about it seems to be true but the self-portraiture of the author.

The Heirs of Randolph Abbey. A Novel. Stringer & Townsend. New York.

This is a wonderfully powerful and striking romance, reprinted from the pages of the Dublin University Magazine, a paternity which is almost tantamount to saying that it is excellent; for the Dublin University contains probably less trash than any other magazine in existence, with the exception of Blackwood, and—of course—Graham.

"The Heirs of Randolph Abbey" was at first selected for republication in Stringer & Townsend's "International," and was, of course, discontinued when that excellent magazine was merged in Harper's; so great, however, has been the demand for the conclusion of the tale that the publishers have now produced it in cheap book form.

It is a story of the darkest and most terrible interest, affecting the reader with a sort of grave and mystic awe, like that arising from the perusal of a supernatural story; yet there is nothing supernatural or mystical in the narrative, nothing in short beyond the conflicts of human passions, carried to excess, and unregulated either by human principle or Christian religion, against humility, benevolence, and the charity that thinks no harm.

The tale, as regards the fortunes of the two principal actors, the hapless Alethein and the noble-minded Richard Sydney, is almost too painfully interesting to be pleasurable reading. The circumstances out of which this powerful romance is formed, probably never did exist, and therefore some readers might consider them unnatural. I am not, however, prepared so to regard them, since such circumstances might readily arise from the natural causes to which they are assigned, and, if arising, might and in-

deed probably would produce consequences not unlike those deduced by the genius of the author.

The terribly fierce passions of Sir Michael and the Lady Randolph are less easily reconciled, not to Nature—for Nature has exhibited far stronger and more terrible displays of fierce and morbid love distorted into fiercer and more monstrous hatred—but to the routine of daily probabilities, and to the tenor of social life in these days, when the formalities and decencies of society render the display of such feelings, in their extremity, wholly impossible.

Still, so skilfully are the sterner and darker portions of the tale contrasted and relieved by the soft graces and pure gentleness of other characters, such as the sweet Lilias and the high-minded Walter, that there is nothing morbid or repulsive in the pervading gloom which is the general characteristic of the novel, and that the impression left upon the mind at the conclusion is agreeable, rather than the reverse; while the reader feels, on reaching the last page, that he has not been merely entertained, but in some degree edified, by the perusal of a work, affecting nothing less than to preach, and pretending neither to the inculcation of a set moral, nor to the propagation of a creed.

The following passage, one of the finest descriptive passages in the book, will give you an admirable specimen of the forcible style, and thrilling interest, which is conspicuous in every line, and engrafted in every chapter of this singular work.

Lilias Randolph has been suddenly summoned from the humble home in which she has passed her childhood and the first spring time of her youth, under the care of an aged grandsire, among the green hills of Connaught, to visit the proud halls of Randolph Abbey, in order there to become acquainted with her uncle, Sir Michael. For in his old age, prescient of his approaching death, the wealthy baronet has collected his connections around him, that he may study, during the familiar intercourse afforded by a six months' visit, the character of each; and so decide to which of the four—for so many they prove to be in number, all the orphan children of his brethren, and therefore cousins german—as the worthiest, he shall bequeath his broad domains and more than princely inheritance.

The four are Lilias, Walter, Gabriel, and last in place, but first in interest, Aletheia—a creation of real genius—who is thus introduced to the reader.

"'This is not all,' said Sir Michael, who had watched the scene; he turned to Lady Randolph—'Will she come?'

"His wife made no answer, but walked toward a small door which seemed to open into some inner apartment: she opened it, pronounced the name of 'Aletheia,' and returned to her place. There was a pause. Lilias had heard no sound of steps, but suddenly Walter and Gabriel moved aside, she looked up, and Sir Michael himself placing a hand within hers, said—'This is your cousin, Aletheia; her father, my third brother, died only last year.' The hand she held sent a chill through Lilia's whole frame, for it was cold as marble, and when she fixed her eyes on the face that bent over her, a feeling of awe and distress, for which she could not account, seemed to take possession of her.

"It was not a beautiful countenance, far from it, yet most remarkable; the features were fixed and still as a statue, rigid, with a calm so passionless, that one might have thought the very soul had fled from that form, the more so as the whole of the marble face was overspread with the most extraordinary paleness. There was not a tinge of color in the cheek, scarce even on the lips, and the dead white of the forehead contrasted quite unnaturally with the line of hair, which was of a soft brown, and gathered simply round the head; it was as though some intense and awful thought lay so heavy at her heart that it had curdled the very blood within it, and drawn it away from the veins that it might be traced distinctly under the pure skin. It was singular that the immovable stillness of that face whispered no thought of soothing rest, for it was a stillness as of death—a death to natural joys and feelings; and mournfully from under their heavy lids, the eyes looked out with a deep, earnest gaze, which seemed to ignore all existing sights and things, and to be fixed on vacancy alone. Aletheia wore a dress of some dark material, clasped round the throat, and falling in heavy folds from the braid which confined it at the waist; she stood motionless, holding the little warm hand that Sir Michael had placed in hers, without seeming almost to perceive the girlish form that stood before her. There could not have been a greater contrast than between that pale statue and the bright, glowing Lilias, the play of whose features, ever smiling or blushing, was fitful as waters sparkling beneath the sunbeam.

"'Do you not welcome your cousin, Aletheia?' said Sir Michael, with a frown. She started fearfully, as if she had been roused by a blow, from the state in which she was absorbed. She looked down at Lilias, who felt as if the deeply mournful eyes sent a chill to her very soul. Then the mouth relaxed to an expression of indescribable sweetness, which gave, for one second, a touching beauty to the rigid face; a few words, gentle, but without the slightest warmth, passed from her pale lips. Then they closed, as if in deep weariness. She let fall the hand of Lilias, and glided back to a seat within the shadow of the wall, where she remained, leaning her head on the cushions, as though in a death-like swoon. Lilias looked inquiringly at her aunt, almost fearing her new-found cousin might be ill. But Lady Randolph merely answered, 'It is always so,' and no further notice was taken of her.

"They went to dinner shortly after, and Lilias thought there could not be a more complete picture of comfort and happiness than the luxurious room, with its blazing fire, and warm crimson hangings, and the large family party met round the table, where every imaginable luxury was collected. Little did her guilelessness conceive of the deep drama working beneath that fair outward show. Her very ignorance of the world and its ways, prevented her feeling any embarrassment amongst those who, she concluded must be her friends, because they were her relations, and she talked gayly and happily with Walter, who was seated next to her, and who seemed to think he had found in her a more congenial spirit than any other within the walls of Randolph Abbey. All the rest of the party, excepting one, joined in the conversation. Lady Randolph, with a few coldly sarcastic remarks, stripped every subject she touched upon of all poetry or softness of coloring; she seemed to be one whom life had handled so roughly that it could no longer wear any disguise for her, and at once, in all things, she ever grasped the bitterness of truth, and wished to hold its unpalatable draught to the shrinking lips of others. Sir Michael listened with interest to every word that Lilias uttered, and encouraged her to talk of her Irish life; whilst Gabriel, with the sweetest of voices, displayed so much talent and brilliancy in every word he said, that he might well have excited the envy of his competitors, but for the extraordinary humility which he manifested in every look and gesture. There was one only who did not speak, and to that one Lilia's attention was irresistibly drawn. She could not refrain from gazing, almost in awe, on Aletheia, with her deadly pale face, and her fixed, mournful eyes, who had not uttered a word, nor appeared conscious of any thing that was passing around her; and her appearance, as she sat amongst them, was as though she was forever hearing

a voice they could not hear, and seeing a face they could not see. Lilias had yet to learn that "things are not what they seem" in this strange world, and that mostly we may expect to find the hidden matter below the surface directly opposite to that which appears above. She therefore concluded that this deep insensibility resulted from coldness of heart and deadness of feeling, and gradually the conviction deepened in her mind, that Alethein Randolph was the name which had trembled on the lips of her unknown friend, when he warned her to beware of some of her new relatives. It seemed to her most likely that one so dead and cold should be wholly indifferent to the feelings of others, and disposed only to work out her own ends as best she might; and thus, by a few unfortunate words, the seeds of mistrust were sown in that innocent heart against one most unoffending, and a deep gulf was fixed between those two, who might have found in each other's friendship a staff and support whereon to lean, when for either of them the winds blew too roughly from the storms of life.

"Once only that evening did Lilias hear the sound of Alethein's voice, and then the words she uttered seemed so unnatural, so incomprehensible, to that light heart in its passionless ignorance, that they did but tend to increase the germ of dislike, and even fear, that was, as we have said, already planted there against this singular person. It was after they had returned to the drawing-room that some mention was made of the storm of the preceding evening, to which Lilias had been exposed. Walter was questioning her as to its details, with all the ardor of a bold nature, to whom danger is intoxicating. 'But, I suppose,' he continued, smiling, 'you were like all women, too much terrified to think of any thing but your own safety?'

"'No,' said Lilias, lifting up her large eyes to his with a peculiar look of brightness, which reminded him of the dawning of morning, 'the appearance of the tempest was so glorious that its beauty filled the mind, and left no room for fear. I wish you could have seen it. It was as though some fierce spirit were imprisoned behind the deep black veil that hung over the western heavens, to whom freedom and power were granted for a little season; for suddenly one vivid, tremendous flash of lightning seemed to cleave asunder that dark wall, and then the wild, liberated storm came thundering forth, shrieking and raging through the sky, and tearing up the breast of the sea with its cruel footsteps. It was the grandest sight I ever saw.'

"'I think there must have been another yet more interesting displayed on board the vessel itself,' said the sweet, low voice of Gabriel. 'I should have loved rather to watch the storms and struggles of the human soul in such an hour of peril as you describe.'

"'Ah! that was very fearful,' said Lilias, shuddering. 'I cannot bear to think of it. That danger showed me such things in the nature of man as I never dreamt of. I think if the whirlwind had utterly laid bare the depths of the sea, as it seemed striving to do, it could not have displayed more monstrous and hideous sights than when its powers stripped those souls around me of all disguise.'

"'Pray give us some details,' said Gabriel, earnestly. He seemed to long for an anatomy of human nature in agony, as an epicure would for a feast.

"Lilias was of too complying a disposition to refuse, though she evidently disliked the task. 'One instance may be a sufficient example of what I mean,' she said. 'There was a man and his wife, whom, previous to the storm, I had observed as seeming so entirely devoted to one another; he guarded her so carefully from the cold winds of evening, and appeared to live only in her answering affection. Now, when the moment of greatest peril came—when the ship was reeling over, till the great mountains of waves threatened to sweep every living soul from the deck, and the only safety was in being bound with ropes to the mast—I saw this man, who had fixed himself to one with a cord which was not very strong, and who held his wife clasped in his arms, that the waters might not carry her away. At last there came one gigantic billow, whose power it seemed impossible to withstand: then I saw this man withdraw the support of his arm from the poor creature, who seemed anxious only to die with him, and use both his hands to clasp the pole which sustained him. She gave a piteous cry, more for his cruelty, I feel sure, than her own great peril; but with the impulse of self-preservation, she suddenly grasped the frail cord which bound him. Then he, uttering an impious curse, lifted up his hand—I can scarcely bear to tell it.' And Lilias shivered and grew pale.

"'Go on,' said Walter, breathlessly.

"'He lifted up his hand and struck her with a hard, fierce blow, which sent her reeling away to death in the boiling sea; for death it would have been, had not a sailor caught her dress and upheld her till the wave was passed.'

"'How horrible!' exclaimed Walter.

"'Oh, miserable to be thus rescued! Happy—thrice happy had she died!' said a deep-toned, mournful voice behind her.

"Lilias started uncontrollably, and looked round. The words had been spoken very low, and as if unconsciously, like a soul holding converse with some other soul, rather than a human being communicating with those of her own kind; yet she felt that they came from Alethein, who had been sitting for the last hour like an immovable statue, in a high-backed oaken chair, where the shadow of the heavy curtain fell upon her. She had remained there pale and still as marble, her head laid back in the attitude that seemed habitual to her; the white cheek seeming yet whiter contrasted with the crimson velvet against which it lay; and the hand folded as in dumb, passive resignation on her breast. But now, as she uttered these strange words, a sudden glow passed over her face, like the setting sun beaming out upon snow; the eyes, so seldom raised, filled with a liquid light, the chest heaved, the lips grew tremulous.

"'What! Alethein,' exclaimed Walter, 'happy, did you say; happy to die by that cruel blow?'

"'Most happy—oh! most blessed to die by a blow so sweet from the hand she loved.'

"Her voice died into a broken whisper; a few large tears trembled in her mournful eyes, but they did not fall; the unwonted color faded from her face, and in another moment she was as statue-like as ever, and with the same impenetrable look, which made Lilias feel as if she never should have either the wish or the courage to address her. Her astonishment and utter horror at Alethein's strange remark were, however, speedily forgotten in the stronger emotion caused her by an incident which occurred immediately after."

This specimen of the author's style will prove a better recommendation than any thing we can say in favor of the book; yet we do recommend it earnestly. It is a work of real genius.

Up-Country Letters. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 *vol. 12mo.*

This is a brilliant and thoughtful volume, giving fine views of country life in spring, summer, autumn and winter, with here and there a capital daguerreotype of character and manners.

Anglo-American Literature and Manners. From the French of Philarète Chasles, Professor in the College of France. New York: Charles Scribner. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

This brilliant and vigorous volume should be read for its happy flashes of original thought, and occasional keenness of observation, rather than for its consistent truth. It swarms with errors, but the errors are so sparklingly expressed that they are valuable as epigrams when worthless as opinions. Every thing is sacrificed to point, and even the truths the volume contains are lit up in such a glare of witty impertinence, that they are truths suggested rather than truths expressed. French dogmatism is pertness, and our lively Frenchman's pertness almost amounts to genius. But he is still a scholar and a critic, and some of the principles he announces are really deep and valuable; it is in their application that he fails. He lacks all sobriety of mind in observing character, manners and men, being chiefly solicitous to find in them pegs to hang his epigrams on, so that the object seen will not be America, Franklin, Irving or Bryant, but Philarète Chasles. And then he is so perfectly content with himself—he chuckles and chirrups so blithely over his own brilliant little self—he has such a sweet unconsciousness that the limits of his conceptions are not the limits of the human mind—that his quick, sharp, knowing, and gleeful spirit becomes, after the first shocks of opposition are over, quite delightful to the reader's reason and risibles. He seems continually to say of himself, with little Isaac, in Sheridan's Duenna—"roguish, perhaps, but keen, devilish keen." We envy the students of the College of France such a Professor of Belles Lettres, who must hear himself talk as gladly as others hear him, and whose very seriousness seems got up for effect. He has a philosophy regarding the "fitness of things;" but to him this fitness consists in the predetermined ease with which nature and man yield occasions for point and antithesis to such a charming fellow as Philarète Chasles.

In truth, our author is a French Hazlitt. We will give some of his sprightly decisions on our American writers, in illustration of his manner. He is a joking, but a hanging judge, vivacious as a coxcomb but ruthless as a Jeffries. In speaking of Washington Irving, he overlooks Irving's subtle sentiment, purely native to his character, and calls him a mere graceful imitator of old English literature. All that he writes "is a somewhat timid copy, on silk paper, of Addison, Steele and Swift," and "it glows with the gentle, agreeable lustre of watered silk." He praises Cooper, it is true, and praises him intelligently; but then he calls Joel Barlow's Columbiad "a poem which has both eloquence and vigor." Afterward, forgetting this praise, he lumps the "Columbiad," Dwight's "Conquest of Canaan," and Colton's "Tecumseh," together, as "epics, colossi of cotton and papier maché, forming a mass of about ten thousand verses, which, however, yield the palm in absurdity to the epic called "Washington," printed in Boston, in 1843." It is needless to say that the first three of these epics few Americans have ever read, and the last, which is made the butt of our author's satire, no American ever heard of. We have made particular inquiries of "the man who read Cooper's Monnikens,"—who, we are happy to inform the public, is gradually recovering from the effects of his gigantic feat—and even that remarkable individual had not yet got on the trail of "Washington, an Epic." It seems, if we may believe Philarète Chasles, that the poet in question had read in one Dr. Channing's writings that America had no national literature. Struck with this astounding fact, which had never occurred to him before, he naively says, that he resolved at once to present his country with an epic. Our French critic deposes that the present has been made, but as the country, which ought to know, is ignorant of the matter, it will take more than a foreigner's assertion to make us believe it. The coming man, with his coming epic, should therefore be awaited in breathless wonder; "Expectation sits i' th' air;" let all our astronomers of letters be on the watch, with telescopes sweeping the whole field of observation, for this new and "mighty orb of song" which is to "swim into our ken."

Our friend Griswold's collection of American poetry, the invariable target of all that "gentle dullness which ever loves a joke," is, of course, made the especial mark of our Frenchman's malicious raillery. "The distinctive sign of all the specimens," he says, "is commonplace; they are all made with a shoemaker's punch. Take off your hats, salute these images, they are from the Gradus *ad Parnassum*. The worn-out forms of Europe make fortunes in the States, as bonnets of past fashions do in the Colonies. The figures are stereotyped; the lake is ever blue, the forest ever trembling, the eagle invariably sublime. The bad Spanish poets did not write more rapidly *stantes pede in uno*, their wretched rhymes, than the modern American verse-makers, bankers, settlers, merchants, clerks, and tavern-keepers, their epics and their odes. In the way of counterfeiting they are quite at ease. One re-does the Gioux, another the Dunciad. Mr. Charles Fenno Hoffman repeats the songs of Thomas Moore; Mr. Sprague models after Pope and Collins. One takes the Byronic stanza, another appropriates the cadence and images of Wordsworth. Mrs. Hemans, Tennyson, Milnes, all find imitators. Once the consecration of the British public given, the American counterfeit soon appears." Is not this in the very spirit of little Isaac—"roguish, perhaps, but keen, devilish keen!" Still, it is really too bad that a Frenchman should presume to attack our poetry on the ground of imitation and diffuseness. What has been the larger part of French poetry for five centuries? Has it not been cold imitation of classical models or red-republican spasm? The French poets have been five centuries at work, and yet where is French poetry? graceful, vigorous, vital, national poetry? Why, is it not notorious that it was fast dwindling from frigid imitation into hopeless imbecility when it was roused by the convulsive school—which is but feebleness gone stark mad and raving? The French never had any poetry, growing naturally out of the national mind, like the poetry of Greece, or Italy, or Spain, or England. Ah! Philarète Chasles, smirking so conceitedly in your national glass-house, beware how you throw stones! You Frenchmen, who imitate even in your revolutions—you, whose republican heroes are but caricatures "done into" French from Plutarch, and about as much like the original as Ovid "Englished" by a Grub-Street hack of Charles's day—you talk of imitation!

The best poets of America, according to our pleasant Frenchman, are Bryant, Emerson and Longfellow. "Bryant has created nothing great; his voice is feeble, melodious, somewhat vague; but pure, solemn, and not imitative. . . . . By his contemplative gentleness and gravity he reminds one of Klopstock; fantasy and free caprice are found in neither." Mr. Emerson "is the most original man produced in the United States up to this day;" a true remark, if it be meant to be confined to literature, but perhaps unjust if extended to politics, as in that department our country has produced many marked originalities, ranging all the way from original sin to original virtue. Chasles emphasizes the exquisite beauty of Emerson's lines to the Humble-Bee—one of the finest poems in the language. Of Longfellow it is said, that he is more varied than either Emerson or Bryant; and "so-

were intellectual beauty," "a peculiar sweetness of expression and rhythm," "great calm approaching to majesty," "a sensibility stirred in its very deeps, but exhibited in moderated vibration and rhythm," "a sad, sweet grandeur," are mentioned as characteristics of this, the first in rank of American poets, and first in virtue of having soared highest "into the middle air of Poesy." The essential flavor and fragrance of Emerson's poetic thought, it is hardly to be expected that a foreigner could appreciate, and we are therefore not surprised that after naming Emerson as the most original man in the United States, he should still prefer Longfellow's poetry.

Our author exercises the utmost severity of his pertness on the female poets whom he selects from our "forests of versifiers;" but we are too gallant to quote his impertinences. There is a good chapter on Audubon, and the introductory paragraph of description is so striking that we cannot refrain from extracting it. "Had you visited the English drawing-rooms in 1832, you would have remarked in the midst of a philosophic crowd, speaking obscurely, and overthrowing without pity the highest questions of metaphysics, a man very different from those about him. The absurd and mean European dress could not disguise that simple and almost wild dignity which is found in the bosom of the solitude which nurses it. While men of letters, a vain and talking race, disputed in the conversational arena, the prize of epigram or the laurels of pedantry, the man of whom I speak remained standing, head erect, with free, proud eye, silent, modest, listening sometimes with disdainful, though not caustic air to the æsthetic tumult, which seemed to astonish him. If he spoke it was at an interval of repose; with one word he discovered an error, and brought back discussion to its principle and its object. A certain naive and wild good sense animated his language, which was just, moderate and energetic. His long, black, waving hair was parted naturally upon his smooth white forehead, upon a front capable of containing and guarding the fires of thought. In his whole dress there was an air of singular neatness; you would have said that the waters of some brook, running through the untrodden forest, and bathing the roots of oaks old as the world, had served him for a mirror. . . . At the sight of that long hair, that bared throat, the independent manner, the manly elegance which characterized him, you would have said, 'that man has not lived long in old Europe.'"

In taking leave of this volume it may be proper to remark, that it is rather a series of sketches, published originally in a separate form, than a connected view of American institutions and literature. This will account, in some degree, for its lack of proportion and its omissions. As a whole, if a conglomerate can be called a whole, it is a shrewd, mischievous, witty, sparkling, egotistical, flippant, free-and-easy, cut-and-come-again, impertinent, inconsistent, sprightly, Frenchified performance, sipping "the foam of many minds."

The Clifford Family; or A Tale of the Old Dominion. By One of her Daughters. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

The authoress of this volume evinces many admirable qualities of mind and heart, and is especially felicitous in depicting the struggle of generous with selfish passions. The scene of the story is laid in Virginia, at the breaking out of the revolutionary war, and the sad havoc which that event made among lovers whose hearts were opposed to their duties, is very truthfully represented. There is, however, a pervading tone of sadness in the book which weakens the impression due to its essential vigor of description and characterization.

Precaution; a Novel, by James Fenimore Cooper. Containing W. C. Bryant's Oration on the Life, Writings, and Genius of the Author. Stringer & Townsend, New York.

This is a new and revised edition of the first maiden efforts of the greatest novelist America has yet produced, or, it is probable, ever will produce—the first, the most purely American, and thoroughly original of all American writers. What he lacked in grace, finish, ease of style, plot and composition, he amply overbalanced by his force, sometimes rugged but ever truthful, the sterling, earnest soundness of his heart, the sturdy independent manhood with which he upheld what he esteemed truths, because he believed them to *be* true, whether they were popular or no. Mr. Cooper was for many years an esteemed contributor to our Magazine, for many years a personal and valued friend, and will forever be by us respected and admired. It has not been with Mr. Cooper, as Antony was willing that it should be with Cæsar,

> "The evil that men do lives after them,
> The good is oft interred with their bones;"

for he never was rightfully appreciated until he was taken away from us. His good has survived him, and much of what was accounted to him for evil during his life, is now admitted to have been good; not least his brave, manly, and successful stand against the tyranny of the press; and the valuable and true lesson which he taught its members, that however much, when an author has stepped out upon the public stage, his public writings, public doings, and published opinions are open to the sternest animadversions of the press, his private life, his domestic affairs, his personal character, and self-entertained opinions are his own, and sacred—that the public has no right to them, and that the press may not go behind the record, without suffering the penalty of meddling and impertinent interference.

To say that Precaution is a great work, or even that it gave any clear indication of its author's matured powers, were to speak hyperbolically; but it is, at least, highly creditable as a maiden effort: like all Mr. Cooper's works, it is sensible, sterling, and sincere, and is eminently readable.

Mr. Bryant's oration is the ideal of what such an oration should be, a model of appreciative criticism—fine style, and just laudation of high qualities, and worthy contribution to the land's literature. We rejoice to learn that Messrs. Stringer & Townsend propose shortly to bring out a splendid complete edition of his works, finely illustrated by Darley, like Putnam's edition of Irving, and prophecy equal success to their enterprise.

The Master Builder: or a Life at a Trade. By Day Kellog Lee. Author of "Summerfield, or Life on a Farm." Redfield, Clinton Hall, New York.

This is a simple, domestic tale, founded on the difficulties, the struggles, and the ultimate success of a poor foundling boy, thrown in his infancy among strangers, and fighting his way, through the great battle-field of life, in spite of all difficulties, by dint of genius, backed by industry, perseverance, energy, honesty, and faith, to happiness, fame, and fortune.

The subject is well conceived, the plot well planned, the characters, in the main, well drawn, though in some sort exaggerated, and the tale, as regards matter, well told.

It would be pleasant to end here; but we should do justice neither to the author nor to ourselves, did we not speak the truth, right out. And the truth is—that all these excellences, and the book itself, are almost *in toto*

ruined by the detestable affectation, false sentiment, and sickening transcendentalism of the manner.

Young ladies of an æsthetic turn of mind, members of a sentimental clique in some small western town, may think such passages as the following *sweetly pretty*: "She lived opulently in a lofty book;"—monstrous poor lodgings for opulence, it seems to us—"she was industrious; and yet she lived all she could in the woods, and loved to lie down in the hay-fields, or under the oaks on the hill pasture overlooking the village, and warble responses to the birds, and let them sing her at last to sleep. She loved to feed the fishes in meadow-brooks. She built nests for robins and sparrows every spring." But the author may rely on it, that men of judgment and sense, and women of matured taste, will, according to their natures, laugh at or lament such perversity.

For the writer *can* write better, but *chooses* to write worse. Some of his descriptions of scenery are simple, terse, and beautiful—some of his glimpses at character true, shrewd, and striking—though his style is, at times, provincial, inelegant, and ungrammatical; as when he writes that some person "like to have done so and so"—meaning that he "was on the point of doing so;" or that a boy's nostrils "palpitated the spirit of a man," which is neither grammar nor sense, much less English.

The author is, as we judge, a young man and a young writer; and therefore it is that we have written so freely, for we are convinced that, if he will lay aside his besetting affectations, eschew pseudo sentimentalism, and write naturally about nature, he may yet take high place as a describer of the domestic and rural life of America.

Personal Memoirs and Recollections of Editorial Life. By Joseph T. Buckingham. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 2 vols. 16mo.

The present volumes are the production of one of the veterans of the American press, connected for more than fifty years with many enterprises in the periodical department of literature, such as the Polyanthos, the New England Magazine, and the Boston Courier. He has known intimately most of the authors, artists, actors, poets, eminent merchants, politicians and statesmen, of his section of the country, and his work overflows with reminiscences of their personal and public character. Starting as a practical printer, he worked steadily up to editorial life and political position; and now enjoys a wide reputation in New England, not only for fearlessness and for ability, but for independence, incorruptible honor, unswerving honesty, and uncompromising consistency—qualities which have stood a little in the way of his interest in those emergencies when judicious apostacy is the road to wealth and consideration. To no one better than to him can be justly applied the words of Sidney Smith, in relation to Sir James Scarlett: "He has never sold the warm feelings and honorable motives of youth and manhood for an annual sum of money and an office. He has never touched the political Aceldama, nor signed the devil's bond for cursing to-morrow what he has blessed to-day."

The introductory portion of these volumes, describing the condition of the author's parents at the close of the revolutionary war, conveys a vivid idea of the injustice done to those soldiers and officers of the war, who had invested their whole means in the discredited continental currency. The tale of poverty which Mr. Buckingham tells, is one of the most pathetic we ever read. The description of the struggles of his mother, left after his father's death with a large family, to support herself and her children, is more powerful than any thing of the kind we remember in romance. The trusting piety, which mingled with all her miseries and lightened their load, is touchingly delineated. Indeed, the first fifty pages of the book are worthy to be placed in the front rank of biographical literature.

Mr. Buckingham's style of composition is vigorous, condensed, and pure; and, more than all, bears the mark of his sturdy character and determined will. We trust his work will have a wide circulation.

Sicily: a Pilgrimage. By Henry T. Tuckerman. New York: George P. Putnam. 1 vol. 16mo.

The subject of Mr. Tuckerman's volume is novel, as Sicily is rarely visited by the tourist, rich as it is in picturesque and beautiful scenery. The author has happily described, in the course of an interesting story, the many natural beauties of the island, and the manners and customs of the inhabitants. The book is written in Mr. Tuckerman's rich, tasteful, and condensed style, an artist's hand being visible in every sentence. It deserves to rank as a classic among books of travels. It tells in a short space what some other tourists would have expanded into a couple of volumes—and it tells it well and thoroughly. The author's reflections on the character of the people are marked by justice and charity, sounding "as bad as truth," yet explaining the causes of what he is compelled to condemn. The volume belongs to Putnam's Semi-Monthly Library, and is the sixteenth number of that cheap and admirable miscellany.

Anna Hammer; a Tale of Contemporary German Life. Translated from the German of Temme, by Alfred H. Guernsey. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is an American translation of a German novel, written by Temme, "a man who bore a prominent part in the attempt made in 1848 to construct a German state from the scattered fragments of the great German people," and meeting the usual fate of German patriots, was arrested. During his imprisonment he began the present novel, the object being not so much to construct an artistical novel, as to give striking representations of the servility, corruption, and tyranny which result from the present constitution of German government. The author has certainly succeeded in his object, and conveys a great deal of important information in the course of his story. The translation, which is well executed, forms No. 173 of Harper's "Library of Select Novels."

The Personal Adventures of "Our Own Correspondent" in Italy. By Michael Burke Honan. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

The author of this dashing and exhilarating volume was the correspondent of the London Times during the troubles in Italy, and gives here his personal adventures in the camp of Charles Albert. It is a glorious volume, written by a man whose animal spirits are carried to the height of genius, and full of disclosures which will startle the reader. It is deliciously impudent and reckless, showing, in the author's own phrase, "how an active Campaigner can find good quarters when other men lie in the fields; good dinners while many are half-starved; and good wine, though the king's staff be reduced to half-rations."

Daniel Webster and his Contemporaries. By Charles W. March. New York: Charles Scribner. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is the fourth edition of a work originally published under the title of "Reminiscences of Congress." It is mostly devoted to Mr. Webster, and gives an animated

account of his life, with long descriptions of the great debates in which he has been engaged. Benton, John Quincy Adams, Grundy, Livingston, and many other statesmen, are also more or less powerfully and truthfully sketched. Mr. March's style is unequal, but has many brilliant and vigorous, and some splendid passages. The book is calculated to be extensively popular.

Marco Paul's Adventures in the Pursuit of Knowledge. By Jacob Abbot. New York: Harper & Brothers. 4 *vols.* 18*mo.*

These little volumes are in Abbot's most attractive style, giving an account of the journeys of a boy in Maine, New York and Vermont, in search of knowledge. The volume on the Erie Canal and that on the Forests in Maine, are especially interesting. Each volume is well printed and illustrated.

Lydia; a Woman's Book. By Mrs. Newton Crossland. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1 *vol.* 16*mo.*

This is a well-written and elegantly printed novel, designed to exhibit the fatal injury done to a woman's nature when her affections are lavished on an object unworthy of her love. The description of Lydia's resistance to all the facts which would demonstrate to another the wickedness of Charlton, and her continued love for him to the very point where she discovers him playing the part of a poisoner, is exceedingly well done, and evinces a more than ordinary familiarity with the weakening effect of affection on character, where affection is not accompanied by sense and principle. The different parts of the story are not very artistically combined, and the characters are not very powerfully conceived, but the volume will still well reward perusal for the excellence of its sentiments and design, and its exposure of the rascality and meanness of that class of fine and "fast" young men who are commonly most successful in winning the love of beautiful, accomplished and virtuous young women.

The Life of Franklin Pierce. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1 *vol.* 16*mo.*

General Pierce was Hawthorne's companion at college, and the present biography is in some respects a labor of love, though it has not the usual felicity of such labor in having in it the best qualities of the author's genius. It is well written, in the ordinary meaning of the word, but it has hardly a single peculiarity of thought or style to remind one of the author of "The Scarlet Letter," and "The Blithedale Romance."

The School for Fathers. An Old English Story. By T. Gwynne. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

The object of this novel is to present a vivid representation of English town and country life as it existed a century ago. It is generally well-written, but the story indicates an unpracticed hand in romance, and the transition from Addisonian description to Ainsworthian horrors, is abrupt and unnatural. The scene where the choleric lover blows out the brains of the beautiful lady, as she is going to church to be married to his rival, is a little too exciting even for our hardened critical nerves.

Arctic Journal; or Eighteen Months in the Polar Regions. By Lieut. S. Osborn. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

This is the work of a thorough English sailor, bluff, honest, with a quick eye for what he sees, and a racy dogmatism in recording his own impressions. The descriptions are almost daguerreotypes of objects, and throughout the whole volume a delightful spirit of hope and health breathes. It is invigorating as well as interesting.

Atlantic and Transatlantic: Sketches Afloat and Ashore. By Captain Mackinnon, R. N. Author of Steam Warfare in the Parana. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

The sprightly naval captain who stands responsible for this book of American travels, is well-known to many of our citizens as a genial and companionable cosmopolite, who understands the art of making himself at home in a foreign land. His volume is complimentary to the United States, is racily written, and contains much good advice as well as praise. The remarks on American society, and the scale of expense on which it is conducted, deserve to be carefully pondered by our people of fashion.

Lectures on the Works and Genius of Washington Allston. By William Ware, author of Zenobia, Aurelian, Julian, etc. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

These lectures were prepared just before the accomplished author's death, and contain by far the best estimate of Allston's genius and works we have ever read. Though genially, they are critically written, and give evidence of a profound study of art in the works of its great masters. Like all of Mr. Ware's writings, the book is marked by elegance of style, accuracy of thought, and vigorous powers of description. It will rank high among the best and most readable works of interpretative criticism which have been produced in the United States.

Spiers' and Surenne's French Pronouncing Dictionary. Carefully Revised, Corrected and Enlarged. By G. P. Quackenbos, A. M. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 *vol.* 8*vo.*

This superb octavo is the best and most complete French dictionary we have ever seen. The English edition was considered to be unimprovable, but Mr. Quackenbos has added the pronunciation of each word according to the system of Surenne's pronouncing dictionary, together with the irregular part of all the irregular verbs in alphabetical order, the principal French synonymes, etc., and to crown all, 4000 new words of general literature and modern science and art. The work is calculated to supersede all other French dictionaries.

Summer Time in the Country. By the Rev. R. A. Wilmott. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 *vol.* 16*mo.*

A quiet, thoughtful, delightful volume, written with much graceful serenity and sweetness of style, and overflowing with beautiful descriptions of nature and apt illustrative quotations from the poets. The author has a wide and catholic taste in wit and literature, abounds in literary anecdote and criticism, and is not without pretensions himself to original thought and accurate discrimination. The volume is one of the pleasantest yet published in "Appleton's Popular Library."

Bishop Butler's Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature. New York: Harper & Brother. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

This is the best edition we have seen of Bishop Butler's celebrated work, as regards its adaptation to the wants of students and the general reader. It is furnished with a complete analysis of the topics of the Analogy, prepared partly by Dr. Emory, President of Dickinson College, and completed by the present editor, G. R. Crooks. The latter has also supplied a life of Butler, together with notes to the Analogy, and an index. By the aids afforded by this edition, the work is brought within the comprehension of ordinary minds.

GRAHAM'S SMALL-TALK.

Held in his idle moments, with his Readers, Correspondents and Exchanges.

As we approach the close of the year 1852, we feel disposed to be plain in speech—and rude, perhaps, as Brutus was—but at any rate pointed and personal. *We have given our readers* 112 *pages in every number.* Has any imitator kept pace with us, or truth with the public, in regard to the amount of reading matter which was pledged for the year? We ask merely for information, and that windy *prospecting* for 1853 may be taken at its value—that is all. "Only this, and nothing more."

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SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE.—After a vigorous struggle for three years, against adverse fate, Sartain's Magazine has been suspended and the list is to be furnished out by others. The publishers spent money with a lavish hand to American authors, but the tide had set in against them—the flood of foreign literature overwhelmed the gallant bark and she has gone down to rise no more. We do not intend to say an unkind word, but we trust that the readers of "Graham" will see in this the safety of standing by old friendships, and not go running after every new doctrine. This Magazine, which was founded in 1826, has gone on steadily and with a secure foothold. No number has ever failed to appear or been delayed in its appearing. But steadily improving in all its years we trust that it thus meets the approval of our large body of readers.

We felt, a year ago, the demand for English magazine articles—the success of the reprint magazines confirmed what we felt, and we therefore nearly doubled the number of pages of Graham that we might give to our readers, *in addition* to our former supply of original American articles, such papers from foreign sources as struck us as of value or interest to our subscribers. How far we have succeeded in improving the tone and character of Graham it is for you—reader—to say. We shall only add, in answer to carpers generally, that Graham's Magazine for the last ten years has paid *over* $80,000 *to American writers alone*, and that if we meet the public taste, by compulsion—in supplying foreign articles—that we have a right to say to all grumblers who control periodicals—Go and do likewise, or forever be dumb.

Sartain's Magazine, we understand, spent in *three* years over $15,000 for original contributions, and it is wrecked—hopelessly wrecked. Will there *never* be pride enough in the American people to stand by those who support a National Literature? Or to urge upon Congress an International Copy-right Law?

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The delicacy and rare seductiveness of a rose-tinted and almond-scented note, which comes to us all the way from Alabama, has awakened us to thoughts of beauty and flowers, of black eyes, rosy lips, and smiles of sunlight. In the very air we hear the rustle of rare music—the dress of our beloved *that ought to be*—and we wonder whether a bachelor has any right to be happy. The wood is all alive with birds singing to their mates, and from the very roof of our dwelling comes the challenge of a bold songster to some lady-bird, in robe of green and gold, to come and be happy, We are in the country now, and we are going home *with a wife!* What do you think of that—you vagabonds—who have been assailing our bachelorship in a hundred newspapers.

—

One of the magazines mentions the astounding sum of "$500!" as designed to be spent upon the illustrations of each number. We have published many a number on which we have expended *four times* that sum, without any parade about it. The printing and paper of one of our steel-plates costs over that sum always, to say nothing of the original cost of the engraving, which is from one to two hundred dollars. We shall have to begin to brag.

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AN IMPOSTOR.—A fellow who signs himself "G. W. Fox, Ag't," has been taking subscriptions for Graham's Magazine. We have no such agent. Take your magazine of an editor or postmaster, and you wont be cheated.

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In Graham's Magazine will be found *one hundred and twelve* pages every number this year. We remember a magazine that promised one hundred pages each number, two years ago, but the April number could have been convicted of only sixty pages, for which the December issue only atoned so far as ten additional pages went. *But, as* GRAHAM *promises, we have multiplied* 112 *by* 12 *and get* 1344, *an amount its readers may devoutly expect.—Republican, Winchester, Va.*

Other magazines, *this year*, occasionally imitate this feature of Graham, but even by counting the pages of advertisements, plates, and even the *cover* sometimes. It is supposed that nobody knows this, but we find that those who have bound volumes of the first six months are wide awake, and the whole twelve numbers of the year will tell the whole story. Next year we shall surprise all parties.

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BEAUTIFUL MUSIC,—Messrs. Firth, Pond & Co., of New York, the extensive music publishers, have sent us copies of their latest issues, all of them produced in the highest style of art. We give a list of them for the benefit of our readers.

VOCAL MUSIC.

ELLA DEE—a Southern ballad. Words by Julia M. Harris, of Alabama. Music by A. S. Pfister.

WILL NO MAIDEN MARRY ME. Written by Charles P. Shiras, Esq. Music by H. Kleber—and really a taking song.

CLICK CLACK, OR THE SONG OF THE VILLAGE WINDMILL. Music by Albert Smith.

BROKEN HEARTED WEEP NO MORE—and, BE OF GOOD CHEER. Two pleasing and easy ballads. By T. B. Woodbury, the popular author of Forget Not the Loved Ones at Home.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.

SPIRTO GENTIL, from Le Favorita, easily arranged by Charles Wels; THE PEARL and THE ELENA. Two beautiful polkas, by Kleber.

INSTITUTE POLKA RONDO, for young players. By Wm. Juchs.

I'D OFFER THEE THIS HAND OF MINE—the well-known melody, arranged with variations.

F., P. & Co. will mail copies to any address.

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Lectures on the Results of the Exhibition, delivered before the Society of Arts, Manufactures and Commerce, at the suggestion of H. R. H. Prince Albert. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

We have here a series of twelve lectures, reprinted from the English edition by Mr. Hart, embracing a variety of interesting and instructive matters upon the Arts and Manufactures, suggested by the Great Exhibition. The topics are all admirably handled by competent men, and will afford abundant resources to the practical student for examination and inquiry. The lectures are by Professors Solly, Lindley, Willis, Owen and Boyle; and by Messrs. Bell, Playfair, Hensman and others.

PERILS OF PIC-NICS.

Mr. Pipkin makes a vigorous but unsuccessful effort to secure that "Darling Water Lily."

"Hallo, Smith!" | "Hallo, Brown!"

PLEASANT!

Nervous Gentleman. Do n't you think, Robert, going so fast down hill is very likely to make the horse fall?

Robert. Lor bless yer—no, Sir! I never throwed a Oss down in my Life, 'cept once; and That was one Frosty Moonlight Night, (just such a Night as this it was,) as I was a-drivin' a Gent (as might be you) from the Station, when I throwed down this werry Oss, in this werry identical Place!

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S AIRS.

Lately the extreme mildness of the weather in the North of Europe has been the subject of remark in the Paris papers, and it is said that even Russia has not been visited by its usual cold. The Paris press may well talk about the weather, there being scarcely any other topic that the French journals can touch upon. The alledged mildness in Russia may be accounted for, perhaps, by the rules of comparison; for after the severity that has existed since the 2d of December at Paris, and the airs of Louis Napoleon, the air of St. Petersburgh would seem to the Parisians mild in the extreme.

Touching Resignation.—So firm a believer is Sir Francis Head in the intensely virtuous principles of his adorable Prince President, that he has lately been heard to express himself "prepared to suffer martyrdom in so just a cause." We must confess we think the sacrifice would be of benefit to society in *one* respect; for, of course the worthy baronet would wish to be burnt on his own *Faggot*.

A PRODIGIOUS NUISANCE.

Learned (*but otherwise highly objectionable*) *Child* (*loq.*) Oh, Mamma, dear! What do you think! I asked Mr. ——— and Miss ——— to name some of the Remarkable Events from the Year 700 to the Year 600 B. C., and they could n't. But *I* can—and—The Second Messenian War commenced; and—the Poet Tyrtæus flourished; Byzantium was founded by the inhabitants of Megara; Draco gave Laws to Athens; Terpander of Lesbos, the Musician and Poet; Thales of Miletus, the Philosopher; Alcæus and Sappho, the Poets, flourished; and Nebuchadnez——(*Sensation from right and left, during which the voice of Child is happily drowned.*)

THE RULING PASSION.

"Now, tell me, dear, is there any thing new in the Fashions?"

FASHION PLATE.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

Dress of *chinée* silk, with three broad flounces. The body half high opens in the front *èn cœur;* the sleeves are of the pagoda form. *Mantille à la Reine* of white lace lined with blue: the lace with which it is trimmed is very broad, and is set on in small festoons, headed by a plaiting of narrow satin ribbon, above which is a narrow lace: the hood, *à revers*, is trimmed to correspond; the neck is finished like the edge of the hood. Bonnet of *paille de riz*, with a transparent edge, which is covered with a broad *blonde;* this *blonde* is continued round the curtain.

CHILD'S COSTUME.

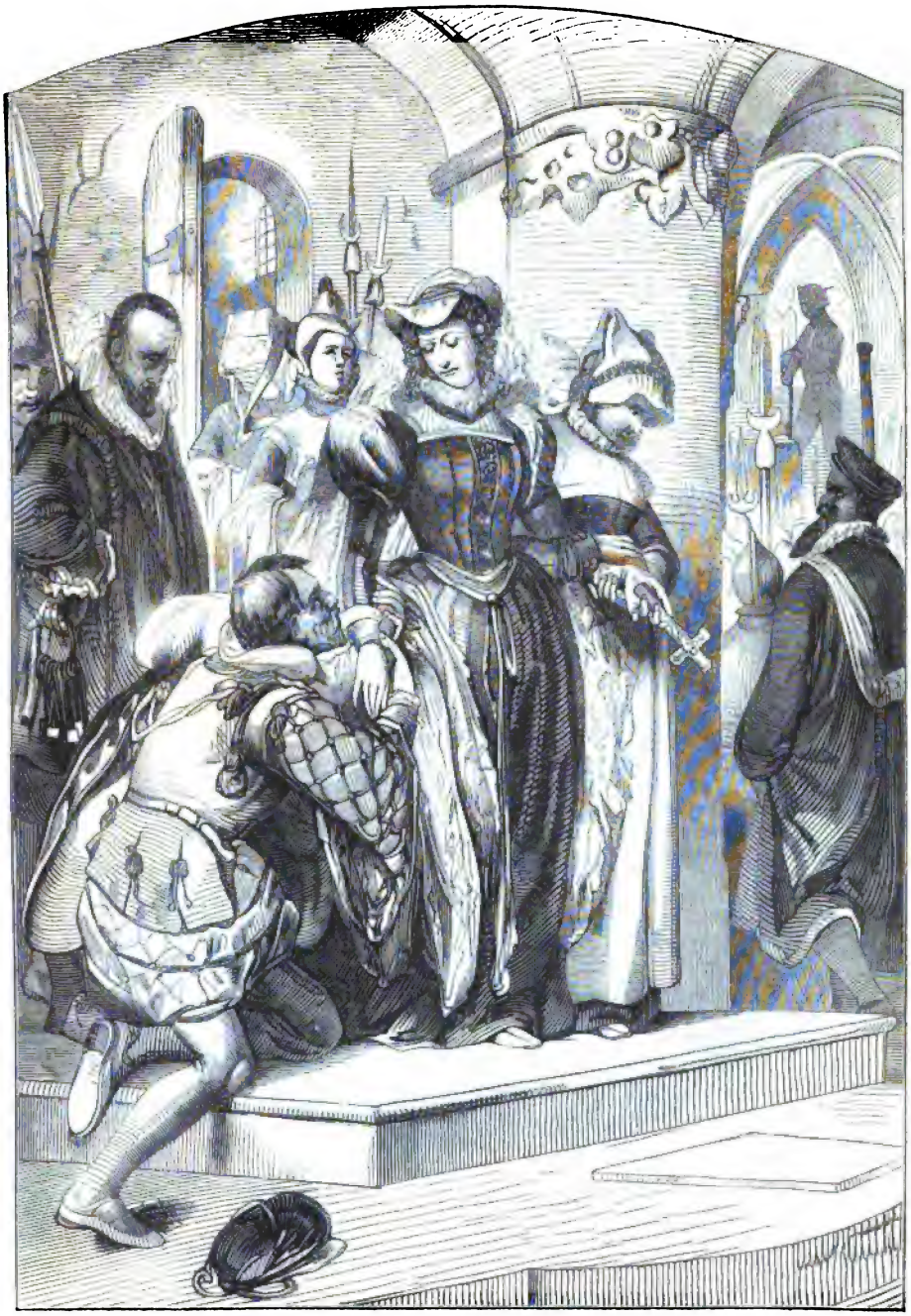
Embroidered muslin frock, with two flounces, the worked petticoat appearing below it: colored embroideries are now much admired for children. The body is plain, and is trimmed with work *èn stomacher:* broad pink sash, tied in front, the ends finished by a broad fringe.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Dress of blue *moire antique;* the skirt long and full, is trimmed up the centre of the front breadth by six rows of narrow velvet. *Watteau* body, and rather short pagoda sleeves, with deep *engageantes* of lace. Sutherland *pardessus* of white muslin, lined with pink silk; the body opens in front nearly to the waist; the skirt has two openings at each side; the *pardessus* is trimmed entirely round with two rows of white silk fringe. The sleeves are large; they are of the pagoda form, and are open about half way to the elbow; they are trimmed to correspond. Bonnet of white lace, the form round and open; it has a full, light feather drooping at the left side; the interior is ornamented with pink flowers.

THE FAIREST FLOWER.

Engraved by Appointment to Queen Victoria.



MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS ON HER WAY TO EXECUTION.

THE INUNDATION.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

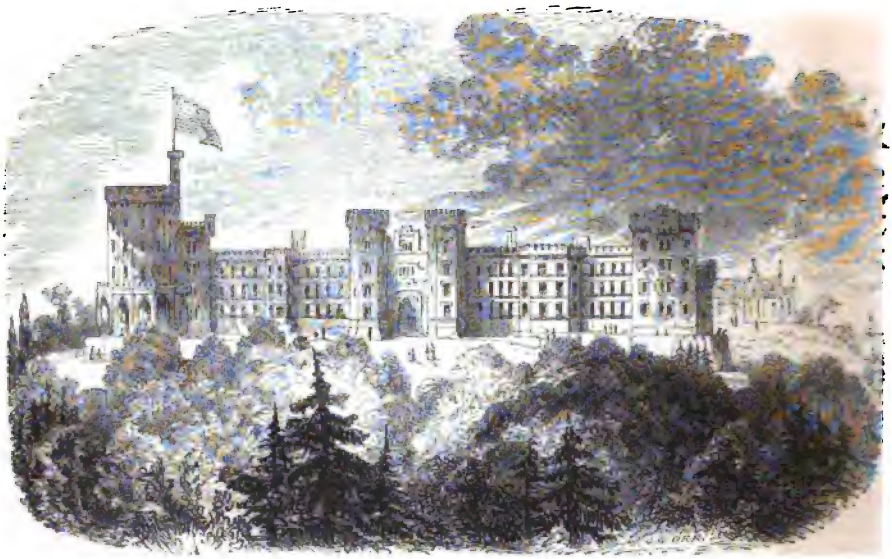
Vol. XLI. PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1852. No. 6.

"PALE CONCLUDING WINTER."

With howling fury Winter makes his bound
Upon us, freezing Nature at a look.
He dashes out the sweet and dreamy hues
Of Indian Summer, so that where the eye
The golden softness and the purple haze
Beheld at noon, at sunset sees the mist
Darken around the landscape, and the ear,
Nestling upon its pillow, hears the sleet
Ticking against the casement, whilst within
The silvery cracking of the kindling coal
Keeps merry chime. The morning rises up,
And lo! the dazzling picture! Every tree
Seems carved from steel, the silent hills are helm'd,
And the broad fields have breastplates. Over all
The sunshine flashes in a keen white blaze
Of splendor, searing eyesight. Go abroad!
The branches yield crisp cracklings, now and then
Sending a shower of rattling diamonds down
On the mailed earth, as freshens the light wind.
The hemlock is a stooping bower of ice,
And the oak seems as though a fairy's wand
Had, the past night, transformed its skeleton frame
To a rich structure, trembling o'er with tints
Of rainbow beauty. . . . . A. B. Street.

A HISTORY OF THE ART OF WOOD-ENGRAVING.

BY AN AMATEUR ARTIST.



WITH regard to the antiquity and origin of this most beautiful and most important of the early Christian arts—most important, because to it can be traced directly the invention of typography, as it now exists, bringing knowledge and truth within the reach of all who desire to attain them—there has been much difference and dispute among the literati. After the second restoration of letters—I mean after the dull and dreary interregnum between the era of the Stuarts and the Georgian era of literature, dating from the commencement of the present century—there seems to have arisen a strange habit of referring every thing, the origin of which was not distinctly known, to eras the most remote. Not to be able to say such a discovery *was* made by such a learned German or Venetian, by such a celebrated Gaul or Briton, in such a town, in such a year, of such a century, was sufficient cause for the drivelers of the time—the best scholars of whom knew, like Shakspeare, little Latin and less Greek, assuming, nevertheless, the possession of the deepest classic lore—to assert point-blank that it was made by such a wonderful Chinese philosopher during the reign of Wu-wang, emperor of China, or such a remarkable Egyptian sage, in the reign of Tathrak or Amenophis; or, that it was in common use in the days of Pericles, or perhaps even of the later Roman emperors.

The general knowledge of the classic languages was then so rare even among the authors of those days, that the *dictum* of any dunce who grossly misconstrued a Greek or Latin text, or of any rogue, who chose to forge one in support of his theory—in those days a matter of daily occurrence—was, so far from being questioned, detected, refuted, and exposed, as would now be the case, within a week of its publication, quoted and requoted by successive schools of dunces, until it was received as a truth, and sent down as a grave authority to future generations.

Though no author of this day, thanks to the number and acumen of the literary and critical journals—we do not mean newspapers, which promulgate, not correct falsehoods—could *originate* a blunder, much less a forgery, with a possibility of escaping detection; still, careless and hasty compilers following what they deem authorities, without themselves referring to the original authority cited, are constantly reproducing falsehood, promulgating it, and giving to it weight as truth, when nothing is more averse from their intention than to do so.

In nothing is this more the case than in the very class of works in which of all others accuracy and truth are most requisite—are, indeed, indispensable—we mean what are now called juvenile books, school-books for the use of the young. These works are, unfortunately, rarely or never composed by men of science, men of historical knowledge, men of high general information, or literary standing, although—embracing, as they pretend to do, the whole range of human knowledge from astronomy and the direct sciences, through universal history to political economy, physical and moral philosophy, and philology

—they, above all beside, should be the work of men of unerring accuracy in the statement of facts. Since it is easier to teach three new ideas to a mind unimpressed, than to eradicate from it one preconceived opinion, false or true.

It is enough to say in this connection, that out of all the modern "histories for the young" we have ever seen—and we have seen scores, if not hundreds—we never read six successive pages which did not contain either a disgraceful blunder as to fact, or a more disgraceful perversion of facts to meet popular prejudices or popular passions. In the pseudo-scientific text-books, sheer stupidity and ignorance produce the same effects.

All this class of books, as a rule, are worse than worthless; and we had far rather see the rising generation return to "Mother Goose," "Little Red Riding Hood," and "Cinderella," and thence to "Sandford and Merton," Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Edgeworth, and works and writers of the like calibre, until fit to commence the real study of real history and real science, than have them stuffed with such farragoes of imbecility, reckless assertion, and plausible falsehood—under the plea of knowledge made popular—as, for instance, most of "The Histories for the Young," which afford a perfect type of the class of works, to which we have just alluded.

To this train of thought we have been led, by observing the pertinacious and absurd folly, on the part of all the writers on the subject before us, of ascribing the art of wood-engraving and printing, to every nation which never possessed it, and the invention of it to none knows who.

It really seems that to these worthies it is quite argument enough to say, because the Chinese, Egyptians, Phœnicians, Greeks, or Romans did *not* possess such an art, but *did* possess such another, therefore they *must* have possessed that which they did not possess.

Thus—because the Egyptians made wooden moulds with reversed characters or figures, wherein to make fictile bricks, jars, or other implements—they possessed the art of wood-engraving and printing.

Because the Greeks and Romans used to engrave their laws and decrees on stone or metal, both in intaglio and relief, and even colored the depressed or prominent characters with various pigments, therefore the Greeks and Romans made use of printing and wood or metallic engraving—as understood in the present sense; that is to say, for the purpose of taking reversed impressions on paper, parchment, or the like, with ink or other pigments, from prepared blocks, or forms of movable types—the impressions, not the blocks or forms, being legible in the usual mode, from left to right, or the reverse, according to the nature of the character or language.

It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary now to state, not only that there is no reason for believing that any ancient nation was acquainted at all with any thing in the least degree approaching to the modern art of printing, but that there is a positive certainty that no people of antiquity was so acquainted.

In the same manner may be dismissed the Chinese claim to originality in this invention. So early as the 12th century, stamps, engraved with monograms, or fanciful figures, assumed by individuals as their signs manuals, wrought on them in relief, were in common use. They were made of wood or metal, dipped in ink or paint, and impressed on any document requiring signature; and they seem to have continued occasionally in use so late as to the reign of King Henry VIII. of England, whose warrant for the execution of the poet Surrey was signed by this method, and not by royal sign manual; the king being then *in articulo mortis*, and unable to sign his name.

At a much earlier period than this—so early, indeed, as the sixth century—the Emperor Justin I., in signing documents, made use of what is now called a stencil, a thin plate of wood or metal perforated with figures, characters, or other designs, which, when applied to a surface of blank paper or parchment, leaves the design on the exposed surface of the paper, all else being covered, open to the operation of a brush or pencil, which necessarily leaves the impress of the form invariably the same on all occasions.

From this practice of stenciling, perhaps, or more probably from the dipping of the signet-ring, which had been used for ages in impressing wax and the like, into ink, and impressing it on paper, was derived the idea of stamps engraved with monograms, and used as signatures—an invention of vast practical utility in an age when not one man of five hundred, even of kings and nobles, unless he were in holy orders, was capable of signing, or even reading, his own name. One of the earliest of these stamps is that of Gundisalvo Tellez, one of the Gothic invaders of Spain, affixed to a charter bearing date A. D. 840; and the same sign, after his death, was appended, by his widow, Flamula, to a grant for the good of her husband's soul.

Now it has never been asserted or pretended that the Chinese, even at a much later period than this, had advanced beyond the use of monogram stamps impinged by hand.

In lack, therefore, of more direct evidence, this is enough to justify us in rejecting the claim put forward in behalf of the Chinese, to the invention of the art of wood-engraving or typography, and the idea of its having been imported from them into Europe.

But there is no lack of more direct evidence. For in the year of the Christian era 1271, Marco Polo, a Venetian trader, voyaged from Venice to Tartary and China, in the reign of the Emperor Rublai Khan, his uncle and father having visited the same countries some quarter of a century before. On his return, he published an account of his travels, very copious and very full of marvelous truths and marvelous errors—most of the latter having been since shown to be misconceptions of real truths, not falsehoods. In this work, Marco Polo makes no mention of the use of printing-blocks, or of cannon, or of the mariner's compass by the Chinese. Hence it is morally certain, either that the Chinese did not at that period possess any one of these inventions—

all of which have been attributed to them—at all, or that the people for whom Marco Polo wrote, the Venetians in particular, and Europeans in general, possessed them in the same degree of perfection with the Chinese, at the same or at an earlier period.

It is, indeed, probable, that the Chinese claim was only put in by favorers of the Venetian claim to the European invention or introduction of this art, in order to account reasonably for their priority.

And it would be curious, were it not almost invariably the case, that the forged legend introduced to support a false claim, when analyzed and searched by a clear head, not only confutes itself, but that which it was intended to establish.

It is very satisfactorily proved that previous to the fourteenth century, although stencils and stamps had been in use for some time, perhaps for some centuries, as means for securing the invariability of monogram signatures, and of giving the power of signing papers to those who could not write, no use whatever had been made or attempted of either, for the purpose of reproduction from a single type and indefinite multiplication of copies.

This is what we mean by printing and engraving; and until it be shown that some nation of antiquity did invent and use such instruments for such purposes, all discussion is absurd.

It were just as rational to argue, that, because the Chinese, Egyptians, Greeks and Romans possessed boilers, and boiling water, and steam, with which they might have propelled steamboats, had they known how, therefore they *had* steamboats—as to assert, that, because they possessed reversed moulds and stamps, in relief or intaglio, for the making of pottery, with which they might have produced colored impressions on papyrus or linen, had they conceived the idea of doing so, therefore they *did* reproduce works of art from plates or types.

It appears most probable that the first direct approach to this art was the practice, when playing cards were first introduced in Europe, of the German card-makers, to use stencils in order to draw, accurately and invariably, the outlines of the figures on their cards, which were then filled in with color by the hand. This, though not originally intended to facilitate multiplication so much as accuracy, would naturally suggest that idea.

The next known step, in progress, was the use of monogrammatic stamps, some of them of most elaborate and exquisite design and execution, for the impression on illuminated manuscripts, such as missals, breviaries, bibles and other religious works, of the large, beautiful and often many-colored initial letters.

And these, there is much reason to believe, were more or less in use so early as A. D. 1400.

The history of the first known wood-cut is as follows. From a convent within fifty miles of Augsburgh, where in 1418 the first mention of a kartenmacher, card-engraver, occurs, the earliest wood-cut known—the St. Christopher, now in the collection of the Earl of Spencer—was obtained. The outlines are engraved on wood, and thence taken off in dark coloring matter, resembling printer's ink, on the paper; after which the impression appears to have been colored by means of a stencil.

This cut is extremely well-designed, as regards the principal figures, which, with the exception of the extremities, are executed in such style as would not disgrace Albert Durer himself. The perspective is—as usual, in old wood-cuts even of a later date than this, and executed by artists of high grade, such as Hans Burgmair and Hans Schaufflein, nearly a century afterward—utterly disregarded. It was, indeed, scarce understood.

The second and third cuts in existence, also in Lord Spencer's collection, are an "Annunciation" and "St. Bridget," both similarly printed in outline, and colored by stenciling, the last of these is curious, as showing, on examination of the back of the plate—for it is not, like the others, pasted into a book—that the impression was not taken by means of a press, but by friction on the paper superimposed to the block, by means of a burnisher or similar instrument, just as proofs are now taken by engravers.

From this period, the succession and progress of the art is clearly to be traced. First, through figure blocks, with letterings sculptured on them in relief, to solid blocks carved in wood and printing off entire pages, as is done by modern stereotypes, with or without pictures attached. At this stage of the work the idea of reproduction and multiplication had obtained as the primary objects of the art.

The next step was the invention of movable types, capable of being combined at will into words and sentences, braced into the form of pages, and, the work completed, distributed, and combined anew for the composition of other and different works. From this period, wood-engraving proper, and type-cutting in wood, became separate arts; and ere long—metallic types engraved at first, and afterward cast, replacing the wooden letters—the latter passed into oblivion, while the former has increased gradually and steadily, though with occasional pauses and interruptions, until the present day; when it has attained its highest known perfection, while it is still so far progressive, that it is not easy to predict what may be expected of its future improvement and excellence.

And here it may be well, since few persons comparatively speaking, even of those who are admirers and more or less judges of the art, have a distinct idea of its precise character and nature, to explain briefly in what it consists and wherein it differs from engraving on copper or steel.

All engraving consists of cutting with a sharp instrument into a hard surface, whether of wood or metal, so that when the picture is perfected on the wood or metal, ink may be applied to the surface, from which fac-similies may be taken off by the impression of moistened paper on the block or plate by means either of friction or pressure.

The practice thus far is identical whether steel, copper or wood is to be the material engraved.

But with this all similarity ends.

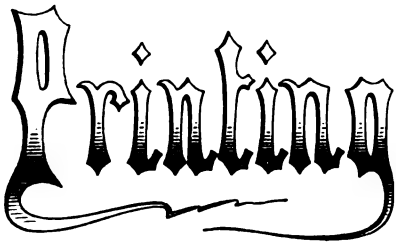
In steel or copperplate-engravings the ink, when applied, is received into the engraved lines, and is

wiped off from the prominent portions; so that, in the impressions taken on paper, the lines cut into the plate communicate the shades, the portions left in relief on the plate remain colorless and blank.

In wood-engravings, on the contrary, the ink, when applied, is taken up by the parts left prominent, and never penetrates into the engraved lines; so that, in the impressions taken on paper, the portions of the wood less prominent communicate the shades, the portions cut away, on the block, remain colorless and blank.

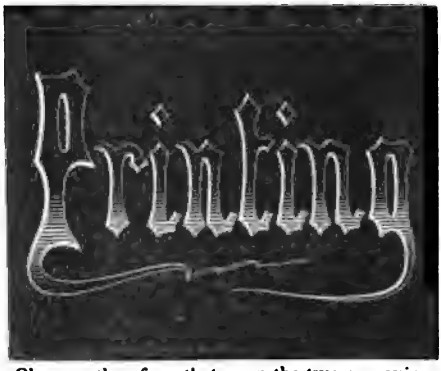
Thus the same process, pursued on the metallic plate, and on the wood-block, produces effects diametrically opposite, and to produce the same effects from the two materials converse processes must be pursued.

Thus we will engrave the word



on a plate of metal, and on a block of wood, and let these two engravings be perfect fac-similies, line for line alike, in form, length, width and depth; then, the impression taken from the engraved plate of metal, being derived from the depressed lines, filled with ink, *into* which the paper is forced by the action of the press, will present the appearance shown above.

But, the impression taken from the engraved block of wood, being derived from the elevated portions of the block, covered with ink, *upon* which the paper is impinged by the action of the press, will give the appearance presented below.



Observe, therefore, that as on the two engravings, the same work produces results exactly the reverse, one of the other; so to produce the same effect from each of the two engravings, we must have recourse to two different processes.

The former of the above two cuts, is the effect produced on paper from a metallic plate, into the surface of which the lines producing the shades are engraved or cut in.

The same effects precisely may be produced on paper from a wood-block; but, in order to produce it, all the portions of the wood-block, which *now* give solid black upon the paper, must be cut out of the wood; leaving the lines, which now give white on the paper, prominent, so as to receive the ink and make their impression on the surface to be printed.

The same end could be attained on the other side—that is to say, a light lettering on a dark ground—by cutting away all the metal, except the lines now producing dark impressions on a light ground, which would then give light lines on a dark ground; but the labor of doing this would be interminable, and the advantage gained, nothing.

This principle once understood, the whole system becomes comprehensible at a glance. If, in an engraving on metal, all the lines cut into the plate were of equal depth and capacity, all the impressions would be equal as to shade, and the print would display an impression in pure black and pure white only, without intermediate tints.

So, in cutting a wood block, if all the prominent parts be left equally prominent, the quantity of ink deposited by each and all will be identical, and the impression will be, as before, in simple black and white.

To produce greater depth of shadow in one part of a metallic engraving than in others, the lines must be cut deepest where the shadow is to be the blackest, and thence graduated, less and less deep, to the plain surface, which gives pure white.

To produce greater depth of shadows in one part of a wood-cut than in others, the prominent lines must be left most prominent where the shadow is to be the blackest; and thence shaved away more and more, as the shadows are to be less intense, until no lines at all are left on which the paper can impinge, and *there* will be pure white.

The superiority of wood-blocks to metallic-plates consists in their superior capacity for impressing broad, solid masses of pure black, as contrasted with pure white. An effect which cannot be readily or effectually given on metal. Since in intaglio engraving the nearest approach to absolute blackness, extending over spaces, is obtained by the continual crossing and recrossing of slender black lines, until the white interstices become infinitesimal, and their effect is more or less swallowed up and lost. The superiority of metal to wood, on the other hand, consists in the greater readiness and facility with which it transfers to paper the finest and most delicate hair-strokes, such as could hardly be left to sustain themselves in wood when all surrounding lights are cut away.

This leads to a different mode of *handling* in the two materials. Shadows in metallic engraving are produced, mainly, by what is called cross-hatching,

or cutting lines, intersecting each other diagonally, with white, lozenge-shaped intersections between them. This method cannot be resorted to with any facility on wood, as any one may comprehend, who will consider, that in one case, on metal, the engraver has only to cut long, continuous lines intersecting each other, each line by a single stroke; leaving the interstices to take care of themselves; while in the other, on wood, every separate lozenge-shaped interstice has to be cut out in precise and regular form, and with such nicety as to leave the intersections, often no wider than a hair, in continuous and accurate lines.

The labor and waste of time in this method is enormous; and, although it is adhered to by some artists, the better and, in our opinion, more effective way of giving shadow is by leaving greater *breadth* to the prominent lines where the heavier shadows are required, and so diminishing the size of the light spaces left, though in a different direction, and by a different method.

The finest cross-hatched wood-cut in existence, probably the finest ever executed, is a large cut of the death of Dentatus, engraved by Mr. Harvey from the design of Mr. R. B. Haydon. But, though it is unquestionably the most elaborately engraved large wood-cut that ever has appeared, and though parts of it are better than any thing earlier or later, in the same style, it cannot be regarded as a successful specimen of the art. It is, in fact, an attempt to rival a copperplate-engraving on wood; and, as such, has transcended the powers of the art, and the capabilities of the material.

That Mr. Harvey has effected with wood all that could be effected on wood in this manner, is undeniable; but that he could have produced much more with wood, in a different manner, is equally certain.

If the *ne plus ultra* of wood-engraving were to produce imitations of metal-engraving of inferior effect, and with much greater labor, then Mr. Harvey's Dentatus were the *ne plus ultra* of wood-engraving.

But wood, within its own legitimate bounds, is greater and more effective, in some peculiarities, than copper. Just as copper, in other peculiarities, is greater than wood. Neither was ever intended to clash or contend with the other. Each in its own empire is supreme.

It should be added here, before quitting the technical portion of the subject, that one advantage possessed by wood-cuts is this—that giving their impression from the elevated surfaces precisely as metallic types, the wood-blocks can be inserted in the same forms among the types; so that the impressions can be worked by the same press, and printed on the same pages, while the reverse sides can also be printed, either with letter-press or other wood-cuts, so as to form part and parcel of one continuous narrative. Metallic-plates, on the contrary, must be worked by an entirely different press, and on separate pages, apart from the letter-press, and on one side of the paper only.

This gives a great superiority for purposes of illustration, whether by anagrams or slight sketches of things described in the body of the work, to the wood-cut, above the copper-plate. And, indeed, this admitted advantage, with the extreme comparative cheapness of wood-engraving, and the rare delicacy and beauty which has been attained by the more modern artists of the day, has led to the very general adoption of this style of illustration for ornamented volumes.

It is, in fact, rapidly gaining the preference over metallic engraving; the great expense and very inferior durability of copper, and the coldness, hardness, and absence of richness which seem to be inherent to steel, having gone far to banish both from general use as ornaments or additions to printed books.

As the finest of all methods of reproducing large pictures and fine productions of art; as affording exquisite adornments for the walls of ornamented apartments—vastly superior, would people but believe it, to second-rate oil-paintings—as the legitimate treasures of hoarded portfolios, fine copperplate-engravings will and *must* ever hold their place. But for the illustration of books—as books must *now* be —accessible to the million, we fully believe that wood is the best, and soon to be almost the sole material.

The day of steel,* we think and hope, is already past, for though we have seen good things executed on that most thankless and intractable of substances, we never saw such that we did not regret the time, the talent, and the toil, so comparatively wasted.

Now, to return to the history of wood-cutting proper, we find that but little improvement was effected in the mechanical part, little filling in, very slight efforts at representing texture, and scarcely any chiaro-scuro having been attempted, previous to the invention of movable types and the use of the press.

It is probable that Gutemburg first conceived the idea of movable types, at Strasburg, in or about 1436; and that "with the aid of Faust's money, and Sheffer's ingenuity,"† the art was perfected at Mentz in or about 1452. "In the first book which appeared with a date and the printer's name," continues the author I have quoted above—"The Psalter printed by Faust and Scheffer at Mentz, in 1457—the large initial letters, engraved on wood, and printed in red and blue ink, are the most beautiful specimens of this kind of ornament which the united efforts of the wood-engraver and the pressman have produced. They have been imitated in modern times but not excelled. As they are the first letters, in point of time, printed with two colors, so are they likely to continue the first in point of excellence."

From this time the art made rapid progress, as connected with the press, which in a very rude and

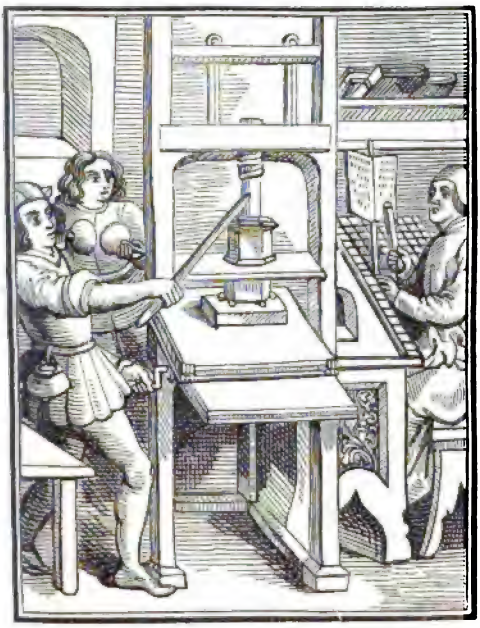
* It may not probably be known to ordinary readers that while a copperplate-engraving begins to fail after two or three thousand copies have been taken from it, and is worthless after six or eight thousand, fifty or sixty thousand can be taken from wood-blocks, and yet *more from* steel, without detriment.

† History Wood Engraving. Jackson. London.

primitive state now came generally into vogue, though the machine of 1460 was as far different from one of Hoe's marvelous power-presses as is an Indian's bark canoe from an Atlantic steamer.

Between this date and the conclusion of the century, we find one wood-engraving by an unknown author, the frontispiece of Breydenbach's Travels, so infinitely superior to every thing that succeeded it for many years as to deserve special notice. It contains the first specimen of cross-hatching known to exist, and attempts both shade and color, not without considerable effect. It is said, by the author above quoted, "not to be only the finest wood-engraving up to that date, but to be in point of design and execution as far superior to the best cuts in the Nuremberg Chronicle, as Albert Durer's designs are to the cuts in the oldest edition of the "Poor Preacher's Bible." The engraved frontispiece, in question, bears the date 1486, the Nuremberg Chronicle of 1493; and the *Biblia Pauperum*, as it is—probably erroneously—called, in various editions from 1462 to 1475.

The following cut is a representation of the press in use at this period, and for some considerable time afterward. It is a fac-simile of an engraving of "the press of Jodocus Badius Ascensianus, from the title page of a book printed by him in 1498."



The above engraving, although it is not inserted here as a specimen of the style of engraving at this date, but merely as a representation of the machinery in use at the time, may be regarded, on the whole, as about on an average with the ordinary work of the period, both as to design and execution; it is vastly superior to the cuts of the "*Biblia Pauperum*," and "*Speculum Humanæ Salvationis*," and yet more so to that of the Nuremberg Chronicles; it is inferior to the frontispiece of Breydenbach's Travels, which, it has been stated above, is the *chef-d'œuvre* of this epoch; but, although slight and sketchy, it is in all respects superior to the hideous monstrosities which disgrace, in lieu of ornamenting, four-fifths of the cheap publications of the day.

We have now, however, arrived at a period when wood-engraving became not merely a calling, but an art; when painters of the highest degree, higher than ever before or since, were proud and pleased, and, what is more, *able* to be designers on wood for the engravers. From this date, until the troubles of the civil war and commonwealth in England, and religious conflicts on the continent of Europe, annihilated the arts, put the muses to flight—with one sublime exception—and almost overthrew society itself, such painters as Wolgemuth, and Pleydenwurth, Cranach, and Burgmair, and more famous yet, Albert Durer and Hans Holbein, became the chief patrons and promulgators of the art, constantly themselves designing and completing drawings on wood, for the engraver, although there is no reason for believing—but on the contrary every reason for denying—that these illustrious men ever employed themselves in actual cutting; which was then a process purely mechanical, practiced by persons utterly devoid of all knowledge either of composition or correct drawing. At this time, all the merit of the wood-cut rested with the designer and artist, none with the wood-cutter. Now it is shared by both alike, and to produce an excellent wood-engraving, excellence both in the artist and the engraver is indispensable. Of a bad or indifferent* composition and design, the best engraver that ever lived cannot make a good picture. And in no smaller degree will the best picture ever composed and drawn by the best artist be ruined, and prove an utter failure, if intrusted to the hands of an ignorant, incompetent, or reckless engraver.

Albert Durer—of whom the following cut is a fac-simile likeness, from a wood-engraving designed by himself—was born at Nuremburg, May 20, 1471, the son of Albert Durer, a goldsmith by profession, a Hungarian by birth.

In those days goldsmiths were artists of the highest order; necessarily sculptors, designers and engravers—witness Benevenuto, Cellini, and others, such as Bandinelli, and various great Italians, whom it would be too long to note, scarcely inferior.

* As an exemplication of the above statement, two wood-cuts are here submitted, with the view of proving the absolute necessity of a good artist-like drawing to enable the engraver to produce a handsome or even creditable wood-cut. Both the following cuts are from one sketch, by the great landscape-painter Morland—the one meagre, tame, unfilled, and presenting nothing beyond a bare, cold outline; the other a remarkably spirited and flowing sketch, not one of the extra or additional lines being supernumerary, but each tending to give both effect and support to the outline.

And here it is well to point out to those seeking to obtain good wood-engravings, for the illustration of works which they propose to write or publish, that there are two absurdities, about equally great, usually committed by persons in their position. The one of which is the ordering

Ambitious of greater things, Durer became apprentice to Michael Wolgemuth, the principal painter of his age and country; and, after having served his time, traveled, married unhappily, and died ere he reached old age, but not before he obtained world-wide, and time-defying renown, as a great painter, as more than a great copperplate-engraver—for it is only the greatest of the present day who are capable of producing facsimiles of his works—and, what most concerns us, as a great patron and promoter of wood-engraving.

That he was no wood-engraver himself, is we consider certainly proved, although by proofs negative.

They are briefly these.

The designs of the wood-cuts ascribed to Albert are in all respects equal to the designs of copper-engravings, known to be both designed and engraved by himself.

The execution and handling on his copperplates is superior to those of any other artist of his day.

Of his wood-cuts, while the designs are transcendent, the execution is ordinary; nor is there any perceptible variation between the execution of the cuts attributed to him, and those known to have been cut by Resch, from his designs.

The style of Durer's drawing on wood shows the

and paying liberally for the work of a clever artist and designer, and then mulcting the engraver one half the price he ought to receive, if he do his duty and spend the requisite time on the work, and wondering why the product is a wretched botch and not a fine work of art. The other is the converse of this, paying an engraver well to cut, and grudging the extra expense of a good artist. For it must be remembered, that in wood-engraving the artist and designer, where they are not one, as in the case of Bewick and a few others—and this is a rare case—must work in unity of intent, with a perfect comprehension of, and a full sympathy in, the meaning and genius each of the other.

hand of a man used to copper; and is not that the best calculated for producing effects on wood.

Now it is scarcely credible, or even to be imagined, that an artist, who should have attained, himself almost untaught—for whoever they were, he manifestly surpasses all his teachers—such wonderful power and facility in *engraving* on one substance, should not, with equal practice on a different substance, have evinced the same—or at least *some*—superiority in handling it.

"There are about two hundred subjects, engraved on wood," we quote, as before, from Jackson's History of Wood-Engraving, "which are marked with the initials of Albert Durer's name, and the greater part of them, though evidently designed by the hand of a master, are engraved in a manner which certainly denotes no very great excellence. Of the remainder, which are better engraved, it would be difficult to point out one which displays execution so decidedly superior as to enable any person to say positively that it must have been cut by Durer. The earliest engravings on wood with Durer's mark are sixteen cuts illustrative of the Apocalypse, first published in 1498; and between that and 1528, the year of his death, it is likely that nearly all the others were executed. The cuts of the Apocalypse generally are much superior to all wood-engravings that had previously appeared, both in design and execution; but if they be examined by any person conversant with the practice of the art, it will be perceived that their superiority is not owing to any delicacy in the lines, which would render them difficult to engrave, but from the ability of the person by whom they were drawn, and from his knowledge of the capabilities of the art. Looking at the state of wood-engraving at the period when those cuts were published, I cannot think that the artist who made the drawings would experience any difficulty in finding persons capable of engraving them."

It matters not, however, to the history of the art, whether Durer engraved, or did not engrave, with his own hand; it is sufficient for us to know, that it was he, and his friends and successors, who raised it to the position which it in their time occupied, and which, after a dark interregnum, it now occupies again, how high to soar hereafter we know not.

The works of Durer, "The Triumphal Procession of Maximilian," in which he was a collaborateur with Hans Burgmair, The "Dance Macaber," ascribed improperly to Hans Holbein, all executed nearly at this period, if they did not attain the highest attainable pitch of perfection, fell not at least far short of it. If, in after days, the skill of the manual workman has increased, the excellence of the designer is less marked—or, what amounts to the same thing, the best designers have not, until within the last half century, applied their talents to this art. At all events, and all things considered, we may assume with Mr. Jackson, that "at no time does the art appear to have been more flourishing, or more highly esteemed, than in the reign of its great patron the Emperor Maximilian."

From the date of the appearance of the Dance Macaber, which is considered by good judges equal at least to any wood-cuts ever executed, the art began to decline. In England—later, perhaps, to receive it than the more early refined nations of the continent—it lingered through the reign of Elizabeth; but during the reign of the bestial Scottish despot who succeeded her, and his unhappy race, went out, like an exhausted lamp, for want of nutriment. The Italian school yet for awhile clung to existence, distinguished by inferior vigor, but by superior finish and neatness both of drawing and workmanship, and then perished, effete before mature, and never, we believe, has again revived.

How low the art of wood-engraving sunk after the commencement of the seventeenth century, and how small appeared the chance of its ever rising again from its ashes, may be seen at a glance; by comparing the specimens above, none of them pretending to be exemplars of the *finest* work of their several epochs, with the following miserable abortion, than which, it needs not now to say, no tolerable apprentice, of one year's standing in a respectable office, could, unless he tried to do so, produce any thing worse either in design or execution.

And yet this is a very fair example of the style of wood-engraving from the reign of Charles II. to that of George III., with few exceptions. In a word, for some unaccountable reason, this noble art, as an art, had fallen every where—though nowhere, as some persons have fancied, either disused or forgotten—into desuetude, neglect, and contempt, from about the year 1700, until near the close of the eighteenth century. This, too, occurred at a period when, in many other sister branches, art stood as high, perhaps higher than ever, when Antony Vandyke, and Peter Joly, and Godfrey Kneller, and Joshua Reynolds painted, and copper-engraving had shown no decadence, but the reverse, either on the Continent or in England.

On the 10th of August, 1753, at Cherryburn, near Newcastle on Tyne, in Northumberland, was born, the son of a poor owner of a small landsale colliery, Thomas Bewick, who, by his own almost unassisted talents, raised this art, single-handed, from utter disgrace, and all but oblivion, to its very highest pitch of excellence—for in generic drawing and engraving especially, he never has

found, and probably never will find, an equal. Designer, draughtsman, engraver, three in one, he has produced wood-cuts which never have been approached, and of which it has been said by competent authority, that "every line that is to be perceived in this, is the best that could have been desired to express the engraver's perfect idea of his subject.

It is said that as a boy this great man was employed as a laborer at his father's coal-pit; but this may be dismissed as improbable at least, since he was early sent to school by his father at the Parsonage House of Ovingham, in an adjoining parish, and was subsequently, in compliance with his own desire, apprenticed to Mr. Beilly, an engraver at Newcastle, where, having by a mere accident of the office been employed to cut some mathematical diagrams on wood, he acquired a taste for the art sufficient to urge him on, without much encouragement, to its prosecution. Shortly after the expiration of his apprenticeship, he returned to his father's house, and there applied himself earnestly to the study of the art in which he was ultimately to gain so much renown.

In 1775, when he was twenty-two years old, he received a premium from the Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Manufactures for a cut of "the Huntsman and the Old Hound," which was first printed in an edition of Gay's Fables, published by T. Saint, Newcastle, 1779—a facsimile of which is given below.

Although this juvenile engraving of the great master in no respect approaches the greatest, or even the average, of his mature works, it yet exhibits great talent and greater promise. The whole later tendency of wood-engraving, such as it was, had been toward conventional method, not toward the study and imitation of nature; and here at once, in his earliest success, we find the learner leaving all rules and precepts behind him, and dashing at once into the bold, free, and irregular imitations of nature, by which he was thereafter to achieve a reputation, create a school, and redeem a noble art from the disrepute into which it had fallen; not—as some foolishly have asserted—to revive a lost or forgotten art; for wood-cutting never had been, even in the worst times, *dis*used, but only degraded from its high estate and abused to base purposes.

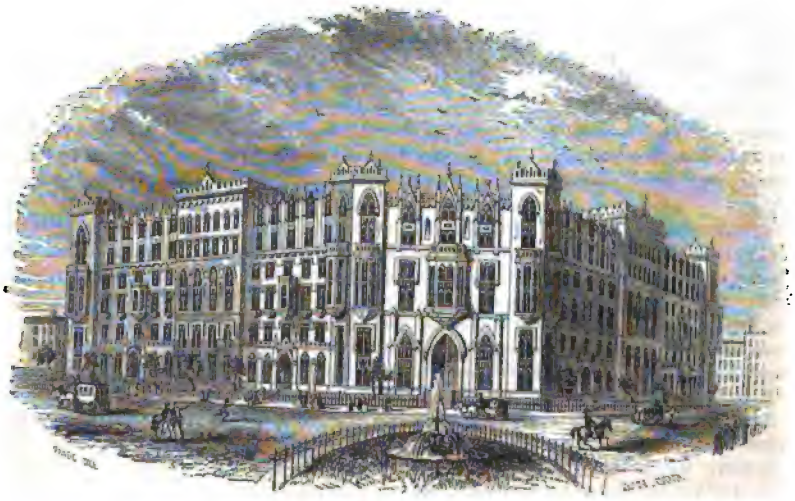
It must be evident that within the limits of an article, such as this, it must be impossible to enter

fully into the merits and peculiarities of all the wood-engravers of four centuries; when at the present day alone there are living more than twenty, to each of whom more than an equal space were fairly due, if we but had the space to bestow in proportion to their deserts. As it is, even on Bewick, greatest, in our opinion, most original, most truthful to nature, and least a mannerist of all who have succeeded or preceded him, we can dwell long enough only to speak of him generally as the founder of the modern school, superior in delineation of texture, in force, in spirit, and in the true feeling and genius of the art of wood-cutting, to all the world beside. To those who are acquainted with his "British Birds," we need only refer to his "woodcock" and his "partridge," more especially, in justification of our unqualified praise and admiration; to those who are not, we can only give our earnest advice to become acquainted with them as soon as may be. Bewick had many scholars and pupils, who have brought down his reputation and much of his skill to the present day. Mr. Harvey, one of his most eminent successors, long considered his best pupil, has given up engraving for designing, still maintaining high character for ability; but, though a man of unquestioned talent, he is rather too much of a mannerist greatly to delight ourselves. The delicious foliage of Linton, king of all modern artists, is known to all our readers from the fine wood-cuts in the illustrated London papers; as are the traits and characteristics of Thompson, Foster, and half a dozen others, although their names may not be so familiar as their works. Beyond all doubt, the English school of wood-cutting, whether for loose, sketchy, landscape, or elaborate portraiture, is now the finest, freest, simplest, and most natural in the world; the French excel in a sort of bold pen and inky style of character and caste delineation—but it is national, not universal—tricky, not artistical, and lacking the "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin."

No country has, however, made such wonderful strides in this art as America; for twenty years ago scarce twenty wood-engravings were published annually in America; now we should be afraid to say how many times twenty thousand.

Then, there were, to the best of our memory, but two wood-cutters of any great note or merit—certainly in New York, we believe in America. Dr. Alex'r. Anderson, supposed to be the first who produced any thing worthy of note in this profession, commenced the business, which he still pursues, in 1798 or 1799. Mr. J. A. Adams was the next, who applied himself to the art in 1826. He has now retired, it is understood, on a handsome competency earned by his talent and industry; chiefly, it is said, through his engagement on Harper's illustrated Bible, a work which owes its celebrity to its prestige, as being the first thing of the kind issued in the United States, and by no means to its merits as a work of art. When issued, in the opinions of those who knew, it was barely tolerable for this country, in which the art was nearly unknown; were it to appear now, it would be merely contemptible.

Not to be over boastful of our own columns, we do not fear to challenge comparison between the generic cuts of game, which have appeared in Graham, within the last two years, from the gravers of Devereux and Brightly, against any thing of their character since the days of Bewick. The cuts of Orr—to whom we had intended to allude more fully—in this paper, as well as those of Devereux generally, prove what we shall do hereafter. But want of space, in this number, circumscribes much complimentary mention of these and many other artists.



NOTE.—The head and tail-pieces of this article, without assuming to be splendid or unusual specimens of art, are given as characteristic examples of the modern style in the treatment of foliage and architecture.

RIVERS.

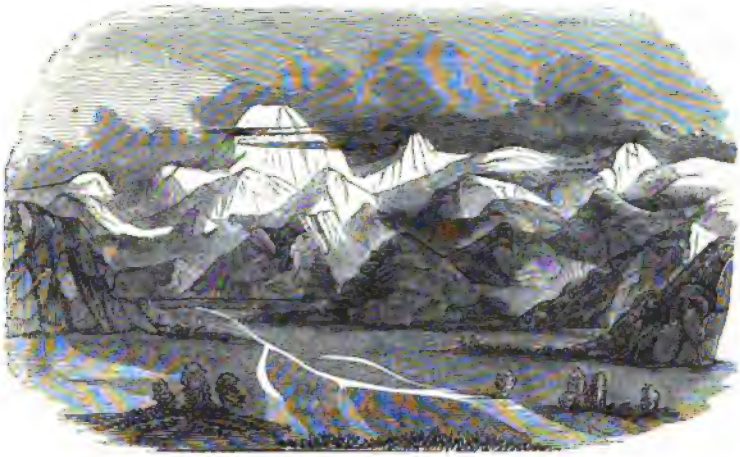
BY THOMAS MILNER, M. A.

(*Concluded from page* 463.)

MANY rivers are subject to a considerable elevation of the level of their waters. This is periodical or irregular in its occurrence, according to the nature of the producing cause. Casual temporary floodings, as the effect of extraordinary rains, are common to the streams of most countries, and sometimes occasion great changes of the surface, and destruction of life and property. One of the most remarkable instances of this kind in modern times, occurred on the 4th of August, 1829, in Scotland; when the Nairn, Spey, and Findhorn rose above their natural boundaries, and spread a devastating deluge over the surrounding country. The rain which produced this flood fell chiefly on the Monadhleadh Mountains, where the rivers in question have their feeders, situated between the south of Loch Ness and the group of the Cairngorums. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, in his interesting account of this inundation, considers the westerly winds, which prevailed for some time previously, after a season of unusual heat, to have produced a gradual accumulation of vapor, somewhere north of our island; and the column being suddenly impelled by a strong north-easterly blast, it was driven toward the south-west, till arrested in its course by the lofty mountains upon which it discharged itself in torrents perfectly unexampled. The rain fell occasionally in heavy drops, but was for the most part broken by the blast into extremely minute particles, so thick that the very air itself seemed to be descending in one mass of water upon the earth. It deluged every house whose windows were exposed to the south-east. The lesser animals, the birds, and especially game of all kinds, were destroyed in great numbers, by the rain alone; and the mother partridge, with her progeny and mate, were found chilled to death amidst the drenching wet. At Huntly Lodge, according to an accurate observation, between five o'clock of the morning of the 3d of August and the same hour of the succeeding day there fell 3¾ inches of rain, or about one-sixth of our annual allowance of rain descended there in twenty-four hours. This was at a considerable distance from the mountains—the central scene of the rain—where its quantity must have been prodigiously greater, sufficient to account for the tremendous flood that followed, far exceeding in its rise, duration, and havoc, any other that ever affected the same locality. The Findhorn and Spey assumed the appearance of inland seas; and, when the former began to ebb, a fine salmon was driven ashore and captured at an elevation of fifty feet above its ordinary level. Most of the rivers of the temperate zones are subject to these irregular floodings from the same cause, especially those which take their rise in high mountain regions, the St. Lawrence being the most remarkable exception, the level of which is not affected by either rains or drought. The vast lakes from which this river issues furnish its channel with an inexhaustible supply of water, and present a surface too extensive to be sensibly elevated by any extraordinary rains. A strong westerly wind, however, will affect the level of the St. Lawrence, and occasion a rise of six feet in the waters to the eastern extremity of Lake Erie. An easterly wind also upon the Orinoco will check its current, elevate the upper part of the stream, and force its waters into the channels of its tributaries, giving them a backward flow, and causing them to be flooded; and a northerly wind will drive the Baltic up the mouths of the Oder, and raise its level for a considerable distance. In a similar manner, the Neva rises when a strong wind blows from the Gulf of Finland; and that occurrence—taking place coincidently with high water and the breaking up of the ice, would create an inundation sufficient to drown the whole population of St. Petersburg, and convert that brilliant capital, with all its sumptuous palaces, into a chaotic mass of ruins. We have the materials of this statement from M. Kohl. The Gulf of Finland runs to a point as it approaches the mouth of the Neva, where the most violent gales are always those from the west; so that the mass of waters on such occasions is always forcibly impelled toward the city. The islands forming the delta of the Neva, on which St. Petersburg stands, are extremely low and flat; and the highest point in the city is probably not more than twelve or fourteen feet above the average level of the sea. A rise of fifteen feet is therefore enough to place all St. Petersburg under water, and a rise of thirty feet is enough to drown almost every human being in the place. Hence the inhabitants of the capital are in constant danger of destruction at the period referred to, and can never be certain that the 500,000 of them may not, within the next twenty-four hours, be driven out of their houses to find, in multitudes of instances, a watery grave. This is not a chimerical danger; for, during its short continuance, the city of the Czar has experienced some formidable inundations. The only hope of this apparently doomed city is that the three circumstances may never be coincident, namely, high water, the breaking up of the ice, and a gale of wind from the west. It is nevertheless true, that the wind is very often westerly during spring, and

he ice floating in the Neva and the Gulf of Finland s of a bulk amply sufficient to oppose a formidable obstacle to the egress of the water; so that it will not be surprising if St. Petersburg, after suddenly rising like a meteor from the swamps of Findland, should still more suddenly be extinguished in them.

The periodical rise of rivers is either diurnal, semi-annual, or annual, and proceeds from a variety of causes. Where streams descend immediately from mountains covered with snow, the heat of the sun melting the snow produces high water every day, the increase being the greatest in the hottest days. In Peru and Chili there are small rivers which flow only during the day, because they are fed entirely by the melting of the snow upon the summit of the Andes, which takes place only when



Valley of the Concon, Chili.

the solar influence is in action. In Hindûstan, and some parts of Africa, rivers exist, which, though they flow night and day, are, from the accession of snow-water, the greatest by day. Those rivers also which fall into the sea have their level daily varied by the tidal wave for some distance from their mouths, the extent through which the influence of the tides is felt being modified by the breadth and shape of their channels and the force of their current. The wider and more direct the bed of a stream communicating with the ocean, and the slower its motion the farther the tide will penetrate; whereas a narrow and sinuous course, and a great velocity, offer obstructions to its progress. The tide of the Atlantic is perceived four hundred miles along the course of the Amazon, and that of the German Ocean extends about seventy miles up the Thames. Important facilities are afforded to the navigation of many rivers by this circumstance, for they are only accessible to vessels of large burden at high water. The rapid of Richelieu, on the St. Lawrence, where the river contracts, and has its course obstructed by rocks, impedes the navigation between Montreal and Quebec, except at high tide, when the water rises fifteen or eighteen feet, and the rapid entirely disappears. A semi-annual or annual rise alone distinguishes the rivers of inter-tropical regions, and of countries bordering on the torrid zone. The semi-annual rise is a feature of those rivers which drain high mountain ranges, and proceeds from the two independent causes, of the melting of the snows in spring or summer, and the great seasonal rains to which such districts are subject. The rivers which have only one annual rise are influenced by the latter cause alone, or by the two acting coincidently, and producing a grand periodical flood. The Tigris rises twice in the year—first, and most remarkably, in April, in consequence of the melting of the snows in the mountains of Armenia; and secondly, in November, through an accession from the periodical rains. The Mississippi likewise is subject to two rises in the year—one about January, occasioned by the periodical rains that fall toward the lower part of its course; but the grand flood commences in March, and continues till June, proceeding from the melting of the ice in the upper part of the continent, where the Missouri and other tributary streams have their origin. A very striking spectacle is exhibited by this river in the season of inundation. It rises from forty to fifty feet in some parts of its course, and is from thirty to a hundred miles wide, all overshaded with forest, except the interior stripe consisting of its bed. The water stands among the trees from ten to fifteen feet in height, and the appearance is exactly that of a forest rising from a lake, with its waters in rapid motion. For the protection of the cultivated lands, and to prevent their conversion into permanent swamps, an embankment, called the Levee, has been raised, which extends two hundred miles on the eastern shore of the river, and three hundred on the western. In Asia, the Ganges, Indus, and Euphrates exhibit inundations upon a similarly great scale. The Euphrates slightly increases in January, but the grand flood begins soon after the middle of March. It attains its height about the 20th of May, after which it falls rapidly till June. The decrease

then proceeds gradually until the middle of November, when the stream is at its lowest. The rise of the water at Anah, above the site of ancient Babylon, occasionally amounts to eighteen feet, sometimes entering that town, running with a velocity exceeding five miles an hour. The moment that the waters of the river recede, the rice and grain crops are sown in the marshes, and villages of slightly made reed cottages are reared in their neighborhood. These last, in consequence of being suffered to remain too long, are often surprised by the returning inundation, and it is no uncommon spectacle for their occupants to be seen following the floating villages in canoes, for the purpose of recovering their property. But of all inundations that of the Nile, if not the most extensive, is the most regular, and has become the most celebrated, from the knowledge of it going back to the earliest periods to which history recurs. The rise of the river commences about the time of the summer solstice, attains its maximum height at the autumnal equinox, remains stationary for some days, and then gradually diminishes till the time of the winter solstice. The ancients, unacquainted with the climate of the interior country from which it descends, and not caring in general to inquire for physical causes, possessing also a very limited knowledge of terrestrial phenomena, deemed the annual overflow of the Nile a unique event, and attributed it to the special interference of a supernatural power. Lucretius, however, who soared in many respects above the prejudices of his age concerning the natural world, assigned it to a proper cause; though he ascribes too much influence to the Etesian wind, and shows his imperfect acquaintance with the geography of the globe, by supposing the occurrence without a parallel.

"The Nile now calls us, pride of Egypt's plains:
Sole stream on earth its boundaries that o'erflows
Punctual, and scatters plenty. When the year
Now glows with perfect summer, leaps its tide
Proud o'er the champaign; for the north wind, now
Th' Etesian breeze, against its mouth direct
Blows with perpetual winnow; every surge
Hence loiters slow, the total current swells,
And wave o'er wave its loftiest bank surmounts.
For that the fixed monsoon that now prevails
Flows from the cold stars of the northern pole
None o'er can doubt; while rolls the Nile adverse
Full from the south, from realms of torrid heat,
Haunts of the Ethiop tribes; yet far beyond
First bubbling, distant, o'er the burning line.

Then ocean, haply, by th' undevious breeze
Blown up the channel, heaves with every wave
Heaps of high sand, and dams its wonted course;
Whence, narrower, too, its exit to the main,
And with less force the tardy stream descends.

Or, towards its fountain, ampler rains, perchance,
Fall, as th' Etesian fans, now wide unfurled,
Ply the big clouds perpetual from the north
Full o'er the red equator; where condensed,
Ponderous and low, against the hills they strike,
And shed their treasures o'er the rising flood.
Or, from the Ethiop mountains, the bright sun
Now full matured with deep-dissolving ray
May melt th' agglomerate snows, and down the plains
Drive them, augmenting hence th' incipient stream."

The Nile at the Pyramids.

The annual overflow of the Nile is now well known to proceed from the heavy periodical rains within the tropics. They fall in copious torrents upon the great plateau of Abyssinia, which rises, like a fortress, 6000 feet above the burning plains with which it is surrounded on every side, attracting the clouds, cold fogs, and tremendous showers, enveloping An Rober, the capital, while, whenever the curtain of mist is withdrawn, the strange contrast is presented of the sulphureous plains, visible below, where the heat is 90°, and the drought excessive. A peculiar character has been given to this district by the violence of the periodical rains. Bruce speaks of the mountains of this table-land, not remarkable for their height, but for their number and uncommon forms. "Some of them are flat, thin, and square, in shape of a hearth-stone or slab, that scarce

would seem to have base sufficient to resist the winds. Some are like pyramids, others like obelisks or prisms, and some, the most extraordinary of all pyramids pitched upon their points, with their base uppermost." Mr. Salt confirms this delineation in the main. The peculiar shapes referred to have been formed by the action of the torrents discharged from the clouds, which have, for ages, been skeletonizing the country, dismantling the granite with its kindred masses of the softer deposits, gradually wearing away also these harder rocks, and carrying along the soil of Ethiopia, strewing it upon the valley of the Nile, to the shores of the Mediterranean. When Bruce was ascending Taranta, a sudden noise was heard on the heighis louder than the loudest thunder, and, almost directly afterward, a river, the channel of which had been dry, came down in a stream several feet in depth, and as broad as the whole bed. Hence the steeple and obelisk form of the rocks, with their naked aspect—which has, not unaptly been compared to bones stripped of their flesh.

In the tropical countries of South America, the seasonal rains are, perhaps, more intensely copious than in any other part of the torrid zone, and the floods of its rivers are of corresponding magnitude. At the mission of San Antonio de Javita, on the Orinoco, during the wet season, the sun and stars are seldom visible, and Humboldt was told by the padre, that it sometimes rained for four or five months without intermission. The traveler collected there, in five hours, 21 lines of water in height on the first of May, and 14 lines on the 3d, in three hours; whereas at Paris there fall only 28 or 30 lines in as many weeks. Humboldt traces the transition from the one great season of drought to that of rain, which divides the year, in an interesting manner, with the atmospheric phenomena which accompany the change. About the middle of February in the valleys of Araqua, he observed clouds forming in the evening, and in the beginning of March the accumulation of vesicular vapors became visible. "Nothing," he remarks, in beautifully graphic style, "can equal the purity of the atmosphere from December to February. The sky is then constantly without clouds, and should one appear, it is a phenomenon that occupies all the attention of the inhabitants. The breeze from the east and north-east blows with violence. As it always carries with it air of the same temperature, the vapors cannot become visible by refrigeration. Toward the end of February and the beginning of March, the blue of the sky is less intense; the hygrometer gradually indicates greater humidity; the stars are sometimes veiled by a thin stratum of vapors; their light ceases to be tranquil and planetary; and they are seen to sparkle from time to time at the height of 20° above the horizon. At this period the breeze diminishes in strength, and becomes less regular, being more frequently interrupted by dead calms. Clouds accumulate toward the south-east, appearing like distant mountains with distinct outlines. From time to time they are seen to separate from the horizon, and traverse the celestial vault with a rapidity which has no correspondence with the feebleness of the wind that prevails in the lower strata of the air. At the end of March the southern region of the atmosphere is illuminated by small electric explosions, like phosphorescent gleams, confined to a single group of vapors. From this period the breeze shifts at intervals, and for several hours, to the west and south-west, affording a sure indication of the approach of the rainy season, which, on the Orinoco, commences about the end of April. The sky begins to be overcast, its azure color disappears, and a gray tint is uniformly diffused over it. At the same time the heat of the atmosphere gradually increases, and, instead of scattered clouds, the whole vault of the heavens is overspread with condensed vapors. The howling monkeys begin to utter their plaintive cries long before sunrise. The atmospheric electricity, which, during the period of the greatest drought, from December to March, had been almost constantly in the day-time from 1·7 to 2 lines to Volta's electrometer, becomes extremely variable after March. During whole days it appears null, and again for some hours the pith-balls of the electrometer diverge from three to four lines. The atmosphere, which in the torrid as in the temperate zone is generally in a state of positive electricity, passes alternately, in the course of eight or ten minutes, to a negative state. The rainy season is that of thunder-storms. The storm rises in the plains two hours after the sun passes through the meridian, and therefore shortly after the period of the maximum of the diurnal heat in the tropics. In the inland districts it is exceedingly rare to hear thunder at night or in the morning —nocturnal thunder-storms being peculiar to certain valleys of rivers which have a particular climate." The substance of the explanation of the preceding phenomena, by the philosophic writer of the statement, may be briefly given:

The season of rains and thunder in the northern equinoctial zone coincides with the passage of the sun through the zenith of the place, the cessation of the breezes or north-east winds, and the frequency of calms and furious currents of the atmosphere from the south-east and south-west, accompanied with a cloudy sky. While the breeze from the north-east blows, it prevents the atmosphere from being saturated with moisture. The hot and loaded air of the torrid zone rises, and flows off again toward the poles, while inferior currents from these last, bringing drier and colder strata, take the place of the ascending columns. In this manner, the humidity—being prevented from accumulating—passes off toward the temperate and colder regions, so that the sky is always clear. When the sun, entering the northern signs, rises toward the zenith, the breeze from the north-east softens, and at length ceases; this being the season at which the difference of temperature between the tropics and the contiguous zone is least. The column of air resting on the equinoctial zone becomes replete with vapors, because it is no longer renewed by the current from the pole: clouds form in this atmosphere, saturated

and cooled by the effects of radiation and the dilatation of the ascending air, which increases its capacity for heat in proportion as it is rarefied. Electricity accumulates in the higher regions, in consequence of the formation of the vesicular vapors, the precipitation of which is constant during the day, but generally ceases at night. The showers are more violent and accompanied with electrical explosions, shortly after the maximum of the diurnal heat. These phenomena continue until the sun enters the southern signs, when the polar current is reëstablished, because the difference between the heat of the equinoctial and temperate regions is daily increasing. The air of the tropics being thus renewed, the rains cease, the vapors are dissolved, and the sky resumes its azure tint.

The Orinoco, when in flood, inundates a vast extent of country, six hundred miles in length, and from sixty to ninety in width. Its waters cover the savannas along its banks to the depth of twelve or fourteen feet, giving to them a lake-like appearance, in the midst of which farm-houses and villages are seen rising on islands but little elevated above the surface. The wild cattle perish in great numbers, and fall an easy prey to the carrion-vultures and alligators. In one part of the river Humboldt found marks of recent inundation at 45 feet above the ordinary level; but above the greatest height to which its waters are now elevated, he traced its ancient action at 106 or even 138 feet. "Is this river, then," inquires he, "the Orinoco, which appears to us so imposing and majestic, merely the feeble remnant of those immense currents of fresh water which, swelled by Alpine snows or by more abundant rains, every where shaded by dense forests, and destitute of those beaches that favor evaporation, formerly traversed the regions to the east of the Andes, like arms of inland seas? What must then have been the state of those low countries of Guiana, which now experience the effects of annual inundations! What a prodigious number of crocodiles, lamartines, and boas must have inhabited these vast regions, alternately converted into pools of stagnant water and arid plains! The more peaceful world in which we live has succeeded to a tumultuous world. Bones of mastadons and real American elephants are found dispersed over the platforms of the Andes. The megatherium inhabited the plains of Uruguay. By digging the earth more deeply in high valleys, which at the present day are unable to nourish palms or tree-ferns, we discover strata of coal, containing gigantic remains of monocotyledonous plants. There was therefore a remote period when the tribes of vegetables were differently distributed, when the animals were larger, the rivers wider and deeper. There stop the monuments of nature which we can consult."

The bifurcation of flowing waters is sufficiently illustrative of the physics of the earth to justify a few words:—Europe presents two instances of bifurcation—one in Italy, between the Arno and the Chiana; the other in Germany, between the Haase and the Else, in Westphalia. Asia also possesses, on the peninsula lying beyond India, two grand examples. What we know about them is principally founded upon the information gathered by Dr Buchanan Hamilton, during his stay in Ava, the capital of the Birman empire. But it is to be observed, that the communications of these Indian rivers, at least as regards those in the country of the Jun-Shan, appear doubtful. British travelers have succeeded in penetrating, from Maulmain, at the mouth of the river Saluan, into the interior of the country of the Shan, which has been so long shut up; but Lieutenant M'Leod, who reached the river of Kambodja, says nothing to confirm the information Dr. Buchanan gives us. The most important of all known divisions in the form of a fork, however, is the bifurcation of the Orinoco, which communicates through the Cassiquiare with the Rio Negro, and through this river with the Amazon. It has already been remarked, that the observations of A. von Humboldt have put this bifurcation beyond a doubt; but the subject deserves a recurrence to it, as presenting to our attention a singular physical feature, and illustrating the energy of the great traveler of modern times.

He and Bonpland left Carracas in the year 1800, crossed the valleys of Aragua, and the Llanos of Calabozo—excellent pastures, which separate the cultivated part of Venezula from the region of the forests and missions—and embarked at San Fernando, on the Rio Apure, to follow its course downward to its discharge into the principal branch of Orinoco. They then ascended the Orinoco, passing its two great cataracts of Apures and Maypures, and reached the village of San Fernando de Atabapo, situated at the junction of the Guaviare and Atabapo, and near lat. 4° N. Here they left the river, and sailed up the Atabapo to the mouth of the Rio Temi, which latter they followed as far as its confluence with the Tuamini, and arrived at the village of San Antonio de Javita, formerly mentioned as remarkable for its amount of rain. From this point the Indians carried their boat across the isthmus which separates the Tuamini from the Rio Pimichin, the travelers following on foot, passing through dense forests, often in danger from the number of snakes that infested the marshes. Embarking on the Pimichin, they came in four hours and a half into the Rio Negro. "The morning," says Humboldt, "was cool and beautiful. We had been confined thirty-six days in a narrow canoe, so unsteady that it would have been upset by any one rising imprudently from his seat, without warning the rowers to preserve its balance by leaning to the opposite side. We had suffered severely from the stings of insects, but had withstood the insalubrity of the climate; we had passed without accident the numerous falls and bars that impede the navigation of the rivers, and often render it more dangerous than long voyages by sea. After all we had endured, I may be allowed to mention the satisfaction which we felt in having reached the tributaries of the Amazon." The Rio Negro, which flows into that river, was navigated downward as far as San Carlos, then supposed to lie

under the equator, but actually about 2° N. From thence the travelers retraced the river, passed from it into the Cassiquiare, and again entered the main channel of the Orinoco, three leagues below the mission of Esmeralda; thus demonstrating a junction between the two great floods of the Amazon and Orinoco, which had been, in the year 1798, declared by Bauche to be a geographical monstrosity. The bifurcation of the Orinoco takes place in the following manner:—The river, issuing from among the mountains, reaches the opening of a valley or depression which terminates at the Rio Negro. Here it divides into two branches, the smaller, or the Cassiquiare, turning off to the south, while the main stream continues its original direction—west-north-west. A reference to Humboldt's map, of which we give a translated copy, will render further explanation unnecessary.

The preceding notices refer to what have been appropriately styled the "might rivers," and the "great rivers," none of which are to be found in Europe. Its noblest running waters belong to a third grade. "These," says Inglis, "I would designate the large rivers; for great and large are not entirely synonymous; and, to most minds, the term great river and large river, will present a distinct image. The lower we descend in the scale, the more numerous do we find the species. The continent of Europe abounds with examples of the third class—such as the Rhine, the Danube, the Rhone, the Elbe, the Tagus, the Ebro, and the Guadalquivir. The fourth class is still more numerous; and of this class, which I would call considerable rivers, we may find examples at home. Father Thames takes the lead; and the Severn, and perhaps the Trent, the Clyde, the Tweed, the Tyne, and the Tay, may be entitled to the same distinction. On the continent, it would be easy to name a hundred such; let me content myself with naming the Loire, the Meuse, the Soane, the Garonne, the Adige, and the Maine. Fifthly, come the small rivers. Multitudinous they are; but as examples, I may name the Wye, the Dart, the Derwent, the Dee, the Aire, the Spey, the Ex, and a thousand such; while on the continent, of the same class, may be mentioned the Gare, the Seine, the Reass, or the Sombre. The word river can no longer be employed, for now come the family of streams—nameless, except to those who live upon their banks: the rivulets follow; and, lastly, we close the enumeration with rills." The small rivers, with the streams subordinate to them, are especially rife in countries where there is the vicinage of the sea, and high elevations on the land. This renders them so abundant in such districts as the Greek peninsula. There, Alpine tracts of territory collect from the atmosphere the vapors of the contiguous sea, arrest the castellated glories of cloudland, and awaken in the valleys and plains the refreshing music "of the voice of many waters." The commerce of kingdoms distinguishes not the rivers of this classic soil, but they are familiar with the charms of nature, add effect to the sublime and wild in its scenery, and clothe with heightened grace the soft and pastoral. Following the course of the Angitas up to its source, we come to one of the most picturesque sites in Macedonia, supposed to be the nymphæum or grotto of Onocaris. Blocks of marble, rudely piled, as if tossed together by an earthquake, obstruct its entrance, which can only be passed in a crawling posture; but these difficulties being overcome, a cave like a temple appears, from the farther end of which runs the limpid stream, flowing silently over a sand bed, but rippling when it escapes from the grotto. In a recess, there are some remains of ancient masonry below an aperture, through which a mysterious light finds its way.

> "Pure element of waters! wheresoe'er
> Thou dost forsake thy subterranean haunts,
> Green herbs, bright flowers, and berry-bearing plants,
> Rise into life, and in thy train appear."

Upon the large circular valley-plain of Bœotia, the heights of Parnassus on the west, Helicon on the south, and Cithæron on the east, send down streams, covering the undulating surface of this Classic Land with a life-sustaining vegetation.

The same physical causes—high lands and the contiguous sea—operate, in Judea as in Greece, to render it a well-watered country—a "land of brooks," according to its Scripture designation. There are no considerable rivers, owing to the scanty extent of its hydrographical basins; but the melting of the snow on the high mountains of Syria, and the periodical sound of an "abundance of rain," contribute to furnish an ample irrigation. Its principal stream—the Jordan—though only one of the fifth class, and not remarkable for picturesque beauty except in the upper part of its course, has a sacred and historic interest, which will always strongly attract attention to it, while it exhibits a singular physical peculiarity. This is the depression of the valley, in which it flows, below the level of the Mediterranean, through the whole distance between the Sea of Tiberias and the Dead Sea; and the great inclination of its descent from the one to the other, amounting at a mean to very nearly eighteen feet per mile. Hence the force of its current, notwithstanding a comparatively small volume of water, and the few windings that mark its channel. Speaking of its appearance near the site of Jericho, Dr. Robinson states: "There was a still though very rapid current. We estimated the breadth of the stream to be from eighty to one hundred feet. The guides supposed it now to be ten or twelve feet deep. The current was so strong, that even Komeh, a stout swimmer of the Nile, was carried down several yards in crossing." Upon the authority of some phrases in the English version of the Scriptures, which, perhaps, do not express the sense of the original Hebrew, it has been generally supposed that the Jordan periodically inundated the country in its neighborhood, at, and for some time after, the Israelitish conquest of it. If this were so, either the river must have worn for itself a deeper bed, or the quantity of rain in Palestine must have largely diminished, for there is now no overflow of its banks.

At present, the "swellings of Jordan"—one of the phrases alluded to—amount only to a slight annual rise. Copious rains descend upon the mountains round its sources, and the melting of the snows of Lebanon supply numerous temporary torrents; but these contributions are received into the capacious basins of the lakes Merom and Tiberias, and are there spread over an extensive surface, so as to prevent the level of the river from rising into inundation

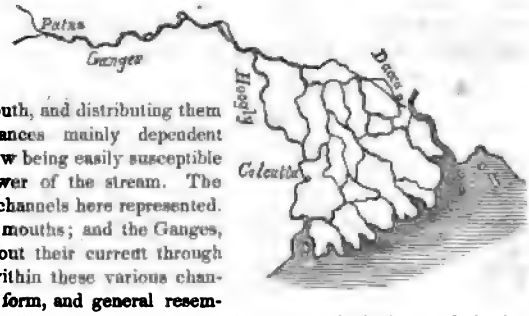
In exactly the same manner, the great Canadian lakes, prevent any rise to the St. Lawrence, by the immense floods that rush into them in the spring spreading over their vast beds, and producing only an almost inappreciable elevation of their level. Lebanon, the feeder of the Jordan from its internal reservoirs, along with "Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus," and the Orontes, gives birth to many rapid and brawling streams, and a thousand cascades, when its snows melt, which strikingly display the

Natural Bridge of Ain el Leban.

erosive power of running water. Deep passages have been cut in the rocks, bestrided by natural arches, like the rock-bridge of Virginia. Of this description is the natural bridge over the Ain el Leban, rising nearly two hundred feet above the torrent which has gradually dug the excavation, as annually the spring has renewed its strength. The brook flows into the Beyrout river, and its channel would be quite dry in summer, were it not for the impediments its mountain course presents. It was the spring season, the time of the melting of the snow, when the monarch of Israel, during his temporary exile from the throne, retreated for a refuge toward the fastnesses of Lebanon. He saw the torrents falling from height to height into the valleys. He heard the voices of the waters as they leaped from rock to rock. His imagination converted this external scenery into a picture of the force of his adversities; and hence the allusion, in the plaintive elegiac, commemorative of his condition, to the "noise of cataracts," and to "deep calling unto deep."

In advancing toward their termination, and at their embouchure, the great rivers present several striking peculiarities. It has already been remarked, that a junction of two large streams often occurs without any expansion of the surface of their waters being the consequence, but a greater velocity of current and depth of channel. In some cases, instead of a wider course being created by increased volume of water, there is actually a narrower bed. Thus the Mississippi is a mile and a half wide, and the Missouri half a mile wide, at their confluence, yet from that point to the mouth of the Ohio, the medium width of the united rivers is but three-quarters of a mile, and through the lower parts of its course the main stream has, if any thing, a less surface-breadth, though vast accessions are made to it by the Arkansas, Red River, and others of great depth and body of water. Most of the tributaries of the Mississippi also, are wider a thousand miles apart from it than, at the point of junction, and the same feature is characteristic of other great streams, that as they increase their volume of water and approach their termination, they flow in narrower though deeper channels. The Nile is not so broad at Cairo as at Siout, nor so broad at Siout as at Thebes. At Assouan, high up the stream, it is 3900 feet wide; at Oudi, 36 miles above Cairo, it is 2900; and at Rosetta, near its mouth, but 1800. This is one of the many examples of benign adjustment with which the realms of nature teem; for hereby a rich legacy of

fertile soil, usually found at the mouths of rivers, is saved from submergence, and becomes the inheritance of man. In their junction with the sea, rivers display the diversity of sometimes pouring forth their waters through a single mouth, and distributing them into a variety of channels; circumstances mainly dependent upon the country through which they flow being easily susceptible of excavation or not, and upon the power of the stream. The Ganges pours its flood through the many channels here represented.



The Volga is celebrated for its seventy mouths; and the Ganges, the Nile, Mississippi, and Orinoco pour out their current through several branches. The space inclosed within these various channels is called a delta, from its triangular form, and general resemblance to the shape of the Greek letter Δ. So powerfully do many of the great rivers rush into the ocean, that their waters are distinct from those of the briny deep, when out of sight of the land. A British fleet lying opposite to the mouth of the Rhone occasionally took up fresh water at a considerable distance from the shore; and Columbus found his vessel in the fresh water of the Orinoco before he discovered the continent of South America. The collision of a great river current and the opposing tide of the sea is sometimes so violent as to occasion an elevated ridge of waters, heaving and tossing in a tremendous manner, shattering to pieces the ill-fated vessel that comes into contact with it. The passage of the Garonne into the Bay of Biscay, and of the Ganges into the Bay of Bengal, exhibit this phenomenon.

In treating of the magnitude of rivers, some writers refer to the elevation of the range of mountains from which they descend; and it is obviously true, that the greater the height of the mountains, the more extensive are their snows and glaciers, and the larger the supply of water furnished by springs and torrents. But the magnitude of a stream is more especially regulated by the extent of country which forms the declivities of its basin, though there is no invariable proportion here, for a small basin in a humid region will yield a greater quantity of water than one much more considerable in a different situation. High mountains, a humid climate, and a wide superficial drainage, are the three physical circumstances which lead to the accumulation of vast bodies of water, the magnitude of which will be proportionate to the degree in which these causes are in combined operation. Upon the surface of the New World, we have these causes acting with greater intensity than upon that of the Old, which explains the superior character of the streams of the western continent. The following exhibits the extent of the hydrographical regions of the principal rivers of the globe, with the proportionate quantity of their waters:

Rivers.	Area of Basin in English Miles.	Proportional size of Basin.	Proportional Quantity of Water discharged Annually.
EUROPE:			
Thames	5,500	1	1
Rhine	70,000	12½	13
Loire	48,000	8½	10
Po	27,000	5	6
Elbe	50,000	9	8
Vistula	76,000	13½	12
Danube	310,000	56	65
Dnieper	200,000	36	36
Don	205,000	37	38
Volga	520,000	94	80
ASIA:			
Euphrates	230,000	42	60
Indus	400,000	72½	133
Ganges	420,000	76	148
Yang-tse-kiang	760,000	138	258
Amour	900,000	164	166
Lena	960,000	174	125
Obi	1,300,000	236	179
AFRICA:			
Nile	500,000	90	250
AMERICA:			
St. Lawrence	600,000	109	112
Mississippi	1,368,000	249	338
Rio de la Plata	1,240,000	225	490
Amazon, not including Araguay	2,177,000	395	1280

Malte Brun estimates that, representing all the waters discharged by the European rivers by unity, the Black Sea receives 0·273; the Caspian, 0·165; the Mediterranean, Sea of Marmora, and Archipelago, 0·144; the Atlantic Ocean, 0·131; the Baltic, 0·129; the North Sea, 0·110; the Arctic Frozen Ocean, 0·048. The annexed table has a character of universal interest, and naturally finds a place here.

RIVERS.	LOCALITY.	RISE.	DISCHARGE.	LENGTH.
Amazon.	Brazil.	Andes.	Atlantic.	3800
Amour.	Mongolia.	Khan Ola Mountains.	Sea of Okotsk.	2940
Brahmapootra.	Thibet.	Himalaya Mountains.	Bay of Bengal.	1500
Bravo del Norte.	Mexico.	Sierre Verde.	Gulf of Mexico.	1250
Colorado.	North America.	Unknown.	Gulf of California.	700
Columbia.	North America.	Rocky Mountains.	Pacific Ocean.	1090
Congo.	Africa.	Lake Aquilunda.	Atlantic Ocean.	1400
Danube.	Germany.	Black Forest.	Black Sea.	1620
Dnieper.	Russia.	Heights of Smolensk.	Black Sea.	1050
Dniester.	Russia.	Carpathian Mountains.	Black Sea.	420
Don.	Russia.	Lake Ivanhof.	Sea of Azof.	800
Douro.	Spain and Portugal.	Mountains of Sovia.	Atlantic Ocean.	455
Dwina.	Russia.	Heights of Vologda.	White Sea.	420
Ebro.	Spain.	Mountains of Asturias.	Mediterranean.	410
El Asi, the ancient Orontes.	Syria.	East side of Anti Libanus.	Mediterranean Sea.	225
Elbe.	Germany.	Elb-brunnen, in Bohemia.	German Ocean.	770
Euphrates.	Asiatic Turkey.	Mountains of Armenia.	Persian Gulf.	1200
Forth.	Scotland.	East side of Ben Lomond.	German Ocean.	110
Gambia.	Senegambia.	Plateau of Fouta Toro.	Atlantic Ocean.	700
Ganges.	Hindustan.	Bed of snow above Gangoutri, in the Himalaya.	Bay of Bengal.	1350
Garonne.	France.	Valley of Aran, in Spain.	Bay of Biscay.	400
Glomman.	Norway.	Mountains south-east of Trondheim.	Baltic Sea.	400
Godavery.	Hindustan.	Western Ghauts.	Bay of Bengal.	550
Guadalquivir.	Spain.	Mountains on the frontiers of Murcia and Granada.	Gulf of Cadiz.	280
Guadinna.	Spain.	Pools of Ruideva in La Mancha.	Gulf of Cadiz.	460
Hoang-Ho.	China.	Koulkoun Mountains.	Yellow Sea.	3000
Hudson.	United States.	Marsh near Lake Champlain.	Bay of New York.	285
Humber (Trent Branch.)	England.	Moorlands of Straffordshire.	German Ocean.	230
Indus.	Hindustan.	Little Thibet, north of the Himalaya Mountains.	Arabian Sea.	1700
Irawady.	Birman Empire.	Mountains east of Assam.	Bay of Bengal.	1300
Jaxartes, or Sihoun.	Turkestan.	Country of the Highland Kirghiz.	Sea of Aral.	1200
James River.	United States.	Alleghany Mountains.	Chesapeake Bay.	500
Jordan.	Palestine.	Mount Hermon.	Dead Sea.	100
Jumnah.	Hindustan.	Himalaya Mountains.	Ganges.	1600
Kizil-Irmak, the ancient Halys.	Asia Minor.	Frontiers of Sisas.	Black Sea.	570
Krishna, or Kistna.	Hindustan.	Western Ghauts.	Bay of Bengal.	630
Kodos, or Sarahat, the ancient Hermus.	Asia Minor.	Murad-tagh.	Gulf of Smyrna.	180
Kouban.	Russian Asia.	Valley near Mount Elburz.	Black Sea.	480
Lawrence, St.	Canada.	River St. Louis, east of Lake Superior.	Atlantic Ocean.	1980
Lena.	Siberia.	Heights of Irkutsk.	Arctic Ocean.	2500
Loire.	France.	Mount Gerbier, in the Cevennes.	Bay of Biscay.	630
Mackenzie.	North America.	River Athabasca, in the Rocky Mountains.	Arctic Ocean.	1600
Mæander.	Asia Minor.	West side of Central Plateau.	Archipelago.	180
Magdalena.	South America.	Andes.	Caribbean Sea.	840
May-kuang.	Birman Empire.	Thibet.	Chinese Sea.	1700
Meinam.	Birman Empire.	Yunnaw.	Gulf of Siam.	850
Meuse, or Maas.	Holland.	Limburg.	German Ocean.	530
Mississippi.	North America.	Lake Itaska.	Gulf of Mexico.	3900
Missouri.	North America.	Rocky Mountains.	Gulf of Mexico.	4500
Murray.	Australasia.	Australian Alps.	Encounter Bay.	3000
Niger.	Soudan.	Base of Mount Loma.	Gulf of Guinea.	2300
Nile.	Egypt and Nubia.	Blue Nile, in the Plateau of Abyssinia; source of the White Nile unknown.	Mediterranean Sea.	2750
Obi.	Siberia.	Altaian Mountains.	Arctic Ocean.	2800
Oder.	Germany.	Mountains of Moravia.	Baltic Sea.	460
Orange, or Gareep.	South Africa.	Mountains N. W. of Port Natal.	Atlantic Ocean.	1050
Orinoco.	South America.	Mountains of Spanish Guiana.	Atlantic Ocean.	1150
Oxus, or Jihoun.	Turkestan.	Siri-kol, a lake in Khunduz.	Sea of Aral.	1300
Plata, Paraguay branch.	South America.	South-west of Brazil.	Atlantic Ocean.	2130
Po.	Italy.	Crottian Alps.	Adriatic Sea.	500
Potomac.	United States.	Great Back-bone Mountain.	Chesapeake Bay.	400
Rhine.	Germany.	Rhetian Alps.	German Ocean.	530
Rhone.	France.	Glacier of Mount Furca.	Mediterranean Sea.	540
Seine.	France.	Plateau of Langres.	British Channel.	480
Senegal.	Africa.	Heights near Teembo.	Atlantic Ocean.	950
Severn.	England.	East side of Plinlimmon.	Bristol Channel.	210
Shannon.	Ireland.	Loch Allen.	Atlantic.	230
Susquehanna.	United States.	Lake to the South of Ontario.	Chesapeake Bay.	500
Tagus.	Spain and Portugal.	Mountains of New Castile.	Atlantic Ocean.	530
Terek.	Russian Asia.	Foot of Mount Kasibec.	Caspian Sea.	300
Thames.	England.	Cotswold Hills.	German Ocean.	340
Tiber.	Italy.	East border of Tuscany.	Mediterranean Sea.	210
Tigris.	Turkey in Asia.	Mountains of Armenia.	Persian Gulf.	920
Vistula.	Poland.	Austrian Silesia.	Baltic Sea.	650
Volga.	Russia.	Lake in the forest of Volhonsky.	Caspian Sea.	1900
Yang-tse-Kiang.	China.	Thibet.	Chinese Sea.	2700

The first place among the rivers of the globe is due to the Amazon, if not for the length of its course, yet for the volume of its waters. It traverses the equatorial regions of South America, chiefly in a direction from west to east, and has its embouchure nearly under the equator. Its mouth was discovered in the year 1500 by Pinzon, one of the captains who sailed with Columbus on his first voyage; and thirty nine years afterward, the stream was traced downward from Peru by Francisco Orellana, whose name was given to the river by his countrymen, to preserve the memory of his bold enterprise. But the Spaniard's report of having met with armed women on its banks, deprived him of the honor, for it originated the common title of the river of the Amazon. Its principal affluents rival the largest rivers of the Eastern continent, as appears from the following statement of their supposed lengths—

	Miles.
Ucayali	1350
Yutai	750
Jaurà	750
Madeira	1800
Topayos	1000
Xingu	1080
Napo	800
Rio Negro	1400

The width of the Amazon averages from one to two miles in the upper parts of its course, but toward its termination its opposite banks are seen with difficulty, and it widens to between twenty and thirty miles, which is about its breadth upon joining the Atlantic. For two thousand miles in a direct line from the ocean, the river is navigable by vessels of any burden; for, at the confluence of the Tunguragua and Ucayali, where the Amazon—properly so called—commences, no bottom was found in March, 1836, with a line of 35 fathoms, or 210 feet. The tide rushes up its channel with immense violence at the period of the full moon, in two, three and sometimes four successive waves, each presenting a perpendicular front of from ten to fifteen feet. When the tide ebbs in the rainy season, the liberated waters of the river rush out of their channel with tremendous force, and create a current in the ocean, which is perceptible five hundred miles from its mouth. It is difficult to sound the river, owing to the rapidity of its current, which runs commonly at the rate of from three to four miles an hour—a momentum not arising from the inclination of its bed, the fall of which is very gradual, but from the immense quantity of water which descends in it. The climate of its basin is, perhaps, the most humid to which any country is subject. The quantity of rain which annually descends upon this region, has not been ascertained with precision; but taking that at the town of Maranhão as a sample, which is not less than two hundred inches, the amount of rain poured upon the district of the Amazon every year must be prodigious. The heat also is excessive through the whole year, the thermoneter in the shade frequently rising to 106° when the sun is near the line, a degree of heat not much inferior to that experienced in the Sahara; and as moisture and heat are the most efficient agents in promoting vegetation, hence the luxuriance and energy of vegetable life in the fertile soil on the banks of the river, where the noblest woodland scenery in the world is to be found. Notwithstanding the rapid current of the Amazon, its navigation is easy to vessels both descending and ascending its course, the ascent being facilitated by the far-penetrating tide of the Atlantic, assisted by the wind, which is always blowing from the east, a direction contrary to that of the stream. But the effect of the presence and absense of civilization is nowhere more strikingly exhibited than on the waters of the South American river, and those of its rivals, the Mississippi, and the Yang-tse-Kiang of the Chinese empire. The vessels that annually appear upon the surface of the Amazon are, probably, not more than those which monthly navigate the Mississippi, or daily pass along the course of the Yang-tse-Kiang.

At the head of rivers, classed according to their length, the Mississippi is to be placed, taking the Missouri branch, which ought to be the name of the united stream, not only on account of its longer course, but because it brings down a greater body of water, and imparts its turbid character to its rival. Geographers have, however, given the former name to the joint rivers, the "Father of Waters," according to its Indian signification, which may be aptly applied to the great central valley of North America, furnishing the following streams, which unite in the channel of the Lower Mississippi, and pour down through it into the Gulf of Mexico—

	Miles.
St. Peter's	500
Peñaca, or Turkey	200
Iowa	350
Chacaguar	200
Des-moines	600
St. Croix	300
Chippewa	300
Wisconsin	600
Rock River	450
Illinois	500
Salt	250
Missouri	3300
Yellow-stone	1000
Little Missouri	300
Shienne	300
Quicourt	500
Platte	1200
Kansas	800
Osage	500
Gasconade	300
Jacques	600
Sioux	500
Grand	500
Chariton	200
Kaskaskia	300
Maramec	200
St. Francis	450
White	600

	Miles.
Arkansas	2500
Canadian	1000
Neosho	800
Red River	2000
Washita	800
Ohio	1250
Allegheny	350
Monongahela	300
Kanawha	450
Kentucky	360
Green	300
Cumberland	600
Tennessee	1500
Muskingum	200
Scioto	200
Wabash	550
White River	200
Hatchy	200
Yazoo	300
Big Black	200

The most beautiful tributary of the Mississippi is the Ohio, the *Belle rivière* of the early French settlers, the only large river it receives from the east. No stream rolls for the same distance so uniformly and peacefully; its banks are adorned with the largest sycamores, its waters clear, and studded with islands covered with the finest trees. All the other great tributaries flow from the west: its confluence with the Missouri, which enters it like a conqueror, and carries its white waves to the opposite shore, presenting one of the most extraordinary views in the world. The country around these vast water-courses is of the most varied description, alternately exhibiting wild rice-lakes and swamps, lime-stone bluffs and craggy hills, deep pine forests and beautiful prairies, the prairies showing an almost perfect level, in summer covered with a luxuriant growth of grass and flowers, without a tree or a bush, the only tenants of which are elks and buffaloes, bears and deer, and the savages that pursue them. The bluffs of the Mississippi are for the most part perpendicular masses of limestone, often shooting up into towers and pinnacles, presenting at a distance the aspect of the battlements and turrets of an ancient city. In the season of inundation, below the mouth of the Ohio, the river presents a very striking spectacle. It sweeps along in curves or sections of circles, from six to twelve miles in extent, measured from point to point, and not far from the medial width of a mile. On a calm spring morning, and under a bright sun, this sheet of water shines like a mass of burnished silver, its edges being distinctly marked by a magnificent outline of cotton-wood trees, at this time of the year of the brightest verdure, among which those brilliant birds of the country, the black and red bird, and the blue jay, flit to and fro, or wheel their flight over them, forming a scene which has all of grandeur or beauty that nature can furnish, to soothe or enrapture the beholder. The curvilinear course of the Mississippi is one of its most striking peculiarities. It meanders in uniform bends, which, in many instances, are described with a precision equal to that obtained by the point of a compass. The river sweeps round the half of a circle, and is then precipitated in a diagonal direction across its own channel, to another curve of the same regularity upon the opposite shore. Instead of calculating distances by miles or leagues, the boatmen and Indians estimate their progress by the number of bends which they have passed. This conformation, which distinguishes most of the streams of the Mississippi valley, must have transpired under the operation of some law; but hitherto no solution of the problem has been given which is quite satisfactory. Geological appearances indicate that this stream, like the Orinoco, had in former ages a much broader volume, though a shorter course; that, in fact, it once found its estuary not far below the present mouth of the Ohio; the alluvial country now stretching from thence to the south, near a thousand miles, being then an arm of the sea. "No thinking mind," says Flint, "can contemplate this mighty and resistless wave, sweeping its proud course from point to point, curving round its bends through the dark forests, without a feeling of sublimity. The hundred shores, laved by its waters; the long course of its tributaries, some of which are already the abodes of cultivation, and others pursuing an immense course without a solitary dwelling of civilized man on their banks; the numerous tribes of savages that now roam on its borders; the affecting and imperishable traces of generations that are gone, leaving no other memorial of their existence, or materials for their history than their tombs, that rise at frequent intervals along its banks; the dim, but glorious anticipations of the future—these are subjects of contemplation that cannot but associate themselves with a view of this river."

Though far inferior to these streams of the western world in point of length and volume, the Nile of the ancient continent may be placed at the head of remarkable rivers. One of its chief peculiarities is the solitary grandeur of its flow; for not a single affluent enters it from the junction of the Tacazze to the sea, a distance of 1500 miles—a circumstance without a parallel in the physical condition of rivers. Another of its striking features is its long course through a desert, dry, barren, and hideous, depositing by its annual inundation the richest soil on those portions of it which lie contiguous to its banks; and hence has originated the apt comparison of its career to the path of a good man amidst an evil generation. Egypt would be completely sterile were it not for the periodical overflow of its only stream, which both covers a large part of its surface with a layer of alluvion, and imparts to it the requisite moisture.

> "Rich king of floods! o'erflows the swelling Nile—
> ——glad to quit
> The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks
> From thund'ring steep to steep he pours his urn,
> And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave."

It requires the river to attain a medium rise in order to benefit the country: too little, involving scarcity and famine; too much, compromising the safety of the people and their dwellings. Wilkinson calls a rise of 19 cubits, tolerable; 20, good; 21, sufficient;

while a rise of 22 cubits is abundant enough to fill every canal, and a rise of 24 cubits would overwhelm and ruin the villages. A cubit is rather more than 21 inches; so that, in order fully to meet the wants of the country, a perpendicular rise of 38 feet is necessary. The Nile is also distinguished among rivers for the pleasant taste and salubrity of its waters when not in flood; properties highly extolled by the ancients, and acknowledged to belong to it by modern travelers. It is a common saying with the Egyptians, that if Mahomet had tasted of its stream, he would have sought a terrestrial immortality in order to enjoy it forever. The physical circumstances of the river easily account for the possession of this attribute. The air above is pure and serene. But little rain falls upon the country through which the greater part of its course is prosecuted, and no snow or hail. Hence there is little drainage into it from the surrounding land, and its waters are kept free from any noxious taint derived from earths and minerals, except from those in its immediate channel. The same property of being remarkably pure and salutary is ascribed by Herodotus to one of the Susianic rivers, of which alone, according to tradition, none but the kings of Persia drank.

> "There Suea, by Choaspes' amber stream,
> The drink of none but kings."

The Susianic streams, along with the Nile, may not improperly be styled the oldest rivers of the globe, because of their place in its most ancient traditions and histories; and however subordinate to the gigantic currents of the western hemisphere, those of the eastern, in general, present higher points of interest, in their long-known identification with the destinies of mankind. If not the actual birthplace of man, the great plains on the banks of the Tigris and the Euphrates were the abode of the founders of the diluvian race. There, the two greatest cities of the ancient world—Nineveh and Babylon—rose into magnificence. There, a supernatural finger traced the doom of the latter upon the palace wall of its trembling monarch, while an exiled Jew, in the majesty of inspiration, gave him the interpretation of the mystic writing. There, too, the splendid empire of the Medes and Persians fell a prey to the Macedonian on the field of Arbela, while, in later ages, the same neighborhood witnessed the catastrophe of Cunaxa, and the bold bearing of the indomitable ten thousand—the defeat and death of Crassus—the retreat of Mark Antony—the fall of the apostate Julian—and the short-lived glory of Bagdad. How different the associations connected with the Arkansas and the Osage to those of the Euphrates and Tigris!

WERE I BUT WITH THEE.

BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

Hours of lonely musing
  Sometimes thou must have,
When, of toil a-weary,
  Rest thy soul doth crave.
Then, if I were near thee,
  Care would be forgot,
And obtrusive sorrows
  Be as they were not.
Thoughts and themes of beauty,
  Rising wild and free,
Would our converse gladden
  Were I but with thee!
Thou wouldst bear my spirit
  To thy shadow-land,
Where bright shapes of beauty
  Spring, a glorious band.
Their harmonious motions,
  As the wild waves free,
Would enchain our spirits
  Were I but with thee!
I would bear thee onward
  To my realms of life,
Where with joy transcendent
  All the scenes are rife,
In that glorious dream-land,
  On that magic sea,
It were nearer heaven
  Were I but with thee!

SONNET.—IRON.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

Thy worth, O Iron! can be never told!
  Thou art the richest treasure of the mine!
  By thee great nations polished are and shine,
And using thee contemn may glittering gold—
Hail! ever useful one! Art were now dead
  If wanting thee. Thou in our life-blood flowest;
  Where run streams, fountains, there thou likewise goest;
War claims thee, for thy presence makes him red;
The mariner his needle forms of thee,
  To guide him pilot-like across the main;
  From thee old oaks solidity, too, gain;
In cinders, clay thou art found continually—
Earth's mineral strata yield to thee the palm;
Thou canst make war—and mak'st the nations calm.

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NINEVEH, AND ASSYRIAN ART.

[WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.]

AMONG the recent developments of the remains of ancient art, by far the most important and interesting are those of Mr. Layard at the site of Nineveh, a full account of which is given in the volumes recently published by George P. Putnam, of New York, entitled "Nineveh and its Remains; with an account of a visit to the Chaldean Christians of Kurdiston, and the Yezidis, or Devil-Worshipers; and an inquiry into the Manners and Arts of the Ancient Assyrians."

Mr. Layard's work contains an account of the labors carried on by him at Nimroud, from November 1845 until April 1847; and also of the less extensive excavations which he caused to be made at Kalah Sherghat and Kouyunjik. The narrative has all the liveliness and glow of a romance; the incidents are highly characteristic of oriental life; and many of them are of tragic and thrilling interest. His account of the difficulties which he had to overcome with the Arabs, Turks and Chaldeans, in securing their aid toward the accomplishment of his grand design, is very curious, and evinces a wonderful amount of coolness, ability and tact. Not less remarkable are the energy and perseverence which he exerted in conducting his noble enterprise to a successful termination.

Toward the close of his book, Mr. Layard gives a summary of the result of his investigations and of their bearing on the history of the Assyrians. They add an immense amount of information, to that which was already in possession of the learned world, respecting the progress of art and civilization among this ancient people and dissipate many errors. The discovery of the *arch*, of glass, and of the pulley, among the mines, evince the high antiquity of these inventions, which have been supposed to be of comparatively modern origin; and the very remarkable fact that the most ancient among the Assyrian works of art are by far the best executed, lead to the conviction that there is an unwritten ancient history of far greater extent and interest than that which has been preserved. All that portion of history which relates to the origin and rise of Assyrian art of course remains unknown. This is probably the case, too, with reference to Babylon and the other ancient empires of Asia.

We proceed to give some extracts from Mr. Layard's work, which, by the courtesy of the publisher, we are permitted to illustrate with engravings. We commence where he records some of his earliest operations at the great mound of Nimroud:

"No sculptures had hitherto been discovered in a perfect state of preservation, and only one or two could bear removal. I determined, therefore, to abandon this corner, and to resume excavations near the chamber first opened, where the slabs had in no way been injured. The workmen were directed to dig behind the small lions, which appeared to form an entrance, and to be connected with other walls. After removing much earth, a few unsculptured slabs were discovered, fallen from their places, and broken in many pieces. The sides of the room of which they had originally formed a part could not be traced.

"As these ruins occurred on the edge of the mound, it was probable that they had been more exposed than the rest, and consequently had sustained more injury than other parts of the building. As there was a ravine running far into the mound, apparently formed by the winter rains, I determined to open a trench in the centre of it. In two days the workmen reached the top of a slab, which appeared to be both well preserved, and to be still standing in its original position. On the south side I discovered, to my great satisfaction, two human figures, considerably above the natural size, sculptured in low relief, and still exhibiting all the freshness of a recent work. This was No. 30 of chamber B in the third plan. In a few hours the earth and rubbish had been completely removed from the face of the slab, no part of which had been injured. The ornaments delicately graven on the robes, the tassels and fringes, the bracelets and armlets, the elaborate curls of the hair and beard, were all entire. The figures were back to back, and furnished with wings. They appeared to represent divinities, presiding over the seasons, or over particular religious ceremonies. The one, whose face was turned to the East, carried a fallow deer on his right arm, and in his left hand a branch bearing five flowers. Around his temples was a fillet, adorned in front with a rosette. The other held a square vessel, or basket, in the left hand, and an object resembling a fir cone in the right. On his head he wore a rounded cap, at the base of which was a horn. The garments of both, consisting of a stole falling from the shoulders to the ankles, and a short tunic underneath, descending to the knee, were richly and tastefully decorated with embroideries and fringes, whilst the hair and beard were arranged with study and art. Although the relief was lower, yet the outline was perhaps more careful, and true, than that of the Assyrian sculptures of Khorsabad. The limbs were delineated with peculiar accuracy, and the muscles and bones faithfully, though somewhat too strongly, marked. An inscription ran across the sculpture.

"To the west of this slab, and fitting to it, was a corner-stone ornamented with flowers and scroll-work, tastefully arranged, and resembling in detail those graven on the injured tablet, near entrance d

of the S. W. building. I recognised at once from whence many of the sculptures, employed in the construction of that edifice, had been brought; and it was evident that I had at length discovered the earliest palace of Nimroud.

"The corner-stone led me to a figure of singular form. A human body, clothed in robes similar to those of the winged men on the previous slab, was surmounted by the head of an eagle or of a vulture. The curved beak, of considerable length, was half open, and displayed a narrow, pointed tongue, which was still covered with red paint. On the shoulders fell the usual curled and bushy hair of the Assyrian mages, and a comb of feathers rose on the top of the head. Two wings sprang from the back, and in either hand was the square vessel and fir cone.

"On all these figures paint could be faintly distinguished, particularly on the hair, beard, eyes, and sandals. The slabs on which they were sculptured had sustained no injury, and could be without difficulty packed and moved to any distance. There could no longer be any doubt that they formed part of a chamber, and that, to explore it completely, I had only to continue along the wall, now partly uncovered.

"On the morning following these discoveries, I rode to the encampment of Sheikh Abd-ur-rahman, and was returning to the mound, when I saw two Arabs of his tribe urging their mares to the top of their speed. On approaching me they stopped. 'Hasten, O Bey,' exclaimed one of them —'hasten to the diggers, for they have found Nimrod himself. Wallah, it is wonderful, but it is true! we have seen him with our eyes. There is no God but God;' and both joining in this pious exclamation, they galloped off, without further words, in the direction of their tents.

Eagle-Headed Figure. (N. W. Palace. Nimroud.)

"On reaching the ruins I descended into the new trench, and found the workmen, who had already seen me, as I approached, standing near a heap of baskets and cloaks. Whilst Awad advanced, and asked for a present to celebrate the occasion, the Arabs withdrew the screen they had hastily constructed, and disclosed an enormous human head sculptured in full out of the alabaster of the country. They had uncovered the upper part of the figure, the remainder of which was still buried in the earth. I saw at once that the head must belong to a winged lion or bull, similar to those of Khorsabad and Persepolis. It was in admirable preservation. The expression was calm, yet majestic, and the outline of the features showed a freedom and knowledge of art, scarcely to be looked for in the works of so remote a period. The cap had three horns, and, unlike that of the human-headed bulls hitherto found in Assyria, was rounded and without ornament at the top.

"I was not surprised that the Arabs had been amazed and terrified at this apparition. It required no stretch of imagination to conjure up the most strange fancies. This gigantic head, blanched with age, thus rising from the bowels of the earth, might well have belonged to one of those fearful beings which are pictured in the traditions of the country, as appearing to mortals, slowly ascending from the regions below. One of the workmen, on catching the first glimpse of the monster, had thrown down his basket and ran off toward Mosul as fast as his legs could carry him. I learnt this with regret, as I anticipated the consequences.

"Whilst I was superintending the removal of the earth, which still clung to the sculpture, and giving directions for the continuation of the work, a noise of horsemen was heard, and presently Abd-ur-rahman, followed by half his tribe, appeared on the edge of the trench. As soon as the two Arabs had reached the tents, and published the wonders they had seen, every one mounted his mare and rode to the mound, to satisfy himself of the truth of these inconceivable reports. When they beheld the head they all cried out together, 'There is no God but God, and Mahommed is his Prophet!' It was some time before the sheikh could be prevailed upon to

descend into the pit, and convince himself that the image he saw was of stone. 'This is not the work of men's hands,' exclaimed he, 'but of those infidel giants of whom the Prophet, peace be with him! has said, that they were higher than the tallest date tree; this is one of the idols which Noah, peace be with him! cursed before the flood.' In this opinion, the result of a careful examination, all the bystanders concurred.

"I now ordered a trench to be dug due south from the head, in the expectation of finding a corresponding figure, and before night-fall reached the object of my search about twelve feet distant. Engaging two or three men to sleep near the sculptures, I returned to the village, and celebrated the day's discovery by a slaughter of sheep, of which all the Arabs near partook. As some wandering musicians chanced to be at Selamiyah, I sent for them, and dances were kept up during the greater part of the night. On the following morning Arabs from the other side of the Tigris, and the inhabitants of the surrounding villages congregated on the mound. Even the women could not repress their curiosity, and came in crowds, with their childrea, from afar. My cawass was stationed during the day in the trench, into which I would not allow the multitude to descend.

"As I had expected, the report of the discovery of the gigantic head, carried by the terrified Arab to Mosul, had thrown the town into commotion. He had scarcely checked his speed before reaching the bridge. Entering breathless into the bazars, he announced to every one he met that Nimrod had appeared. The news soon got to the ears of the cadi, who, anxious for a fresh opportunity to annoy me, called the mufti and the elema together, to consult upon this unexpected occurrence. Their deliberations ended in a procession to the governor, and a formal protest, on the part of the Musulmans of the town, against proceedings so directly contrary to the laws of the Koran. The cadi had no distinct idea whether the bones of the mighty hunter had been uncovered, or only his image; nor did Ismail Pasha very clearly remember whether Nimrod was a true-believing prophet or an infidel. I consequently received a somewhat unintelligible message from his excellency, to the effect that the remains should be treated with respect, and be by no means further disturbed, and that he wished the excavations to be stopped at once, and desired to confer with me on the subject.

"I called upon him accordingly, and had some difficulty in making him understand the nature of my discovery. As he requested me to discontinue my operations until the sensation in the town had somewhat subsided, I returned to Nimroud and dismissed the workmen, retaining only two men to dig leisurely along the walls without giving cause for further interference. I ascertained by the end of March the existence of a second pair of winged human-headed lions,* differing from those previously discovered in form, the human shape being continued to the waist and furnished with arms. In one hand each figure carried a goat or stag, and in the other, which hung down by the side, a branch with three flowers. They formed a northern entrance into the chamber of which the lions previously described were the southern portal. I completely uncovered the latter, and found them to be entire. They were about twelve feet in height, and the same number in length. The body and limbs were admirably portrayed; the muscles and bones, although strongly developed to display the strength of the animal, showed at the same time a correct knowledge of its anatomy and form. Expanded wings sprung from the shoulder and spread over the back; a knotted girdle, ending in tassels, encircled the loins. These sculptures, forming an entrance, were partly in full and partly in relief. The head and fore-part, facing the chamber, were in full; but only one side of the rest of the slab was sculptured, the back being placed against the wall of sun-dried bricks. That the spectator might have both a perfect front and side view of the figures, they were furnished with five legs; two were carved on the end of the slab to face the chamber, and three on the side. The relief of the body and three limbs was high and bold, and the slab was covered, in all parts not occupied by the image, with inscriptions in the cuneiform character. These magnificent specimens of Assyrian art were in perfect preservation; the most minute lines in the details of the wings and in the ornaments had been retained with their original freshness. Not a character was wanting in the inscriptions.

"I used to contemplate for hours these mysterious emblems, and muse over their intent and history. What more noble forms could have ushered the people into the temple of their gods! What more sublime images could have been borrowed from nature, by men who sought, unaided by the light of revealed religion, to embody their conception of the wisdom, power, and ubiquity of a Supreme Being? They could find no better type of intellect and knowledge than the head of the man; of strength, than the body of the lion; of rapidity of motion, than the wings of the bird. These winged human-headed lions were not idle creations, the offspring of mere fancy; their meaning was written upon them. They had awed and instructed races which flourished 3000 years ago. Through the portals which they guarded, kings, priests, and warriors had borne sacrifices to their altars, long before the wisdom of the East had penetrated to Greece, and had furnished its mythology with symbols long recognized by the Assyrian votaries. They may have been buried, and their existence may have been unknown, before the foundation of the eternal city. For twenty-five centuries they had been hidden from the eye of man, and they now stood forth once more in their ancient majesty. But how changed was the scene around them! The luxury and civilization of a mighty nation had given place to the wretchedness and ignorance of a few half-barbarous tribes. The wealth of temples, and the riches of great cities, had been succeeded by ruins and shapeless heaps of earth. Above the spa-

* Entrance of chamber B, plan 3.

Winged Human-Headed Lion. (N. W. Palace, Nimroud.)

cious hall in which they stood, the plough had passed and the corn now waved. Egypt has monuments no less ancient and no less wonderful; but they have stood forth for ages to testify her early power and renown; whilst those before me had but now appeared to bear witness in the words of the prophet, that once 'the Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon, with fair branches and with a shadowing shroud of a high stature; and his top was among the thick boughs . . . . his height was exalted above all the trees of the field, and his boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long, because of the multitude of waters when he shot forth. All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young, and under his shadow dwelt all great nations;' for now is 'Nineveh a desolation and dry like a wilderness, and flocks lie down in the midst of her; all the beasts of the nations, both the cormorant and bittern, lodge in the upper lintels of it; their voice sings in the windows; and desolation is in the thresholds.'*

"Behind the lions was another chamber.† I uncovered about fifty feet of its northern wall. On each slab was carved the winged figure with the horned cap, fir cone, and square vessel or basket. They were in pairs facing one another, and divided by an emblematic tree, similar to that on the corner-stone in chamber B. All these bas-reliefs were inferior in execution, and finish, to those previously discovered."

The following extract shows the great variety of objects which present themselves among the buried ruins of Nimroud, and the large scale on which the Assyrian works of art were projected and executed.

"The change to summer had been as rapid as that which ushered in the spring. The verdure of the plain had perished almost in a day. Hot winds, coming from the desert, had burnt up and carried away the shrubs; flights of locusts, darkening the air, had destroyed a few patches of cultivation, and had completed the havoc commenced by the heat of the sun. The Abou-Salman Arabs, having struck their black tents, were now living in ozailis, or sheds, constructed of reeds and grass along the banks of the river. The Shemutti and Jehesh had returned to their villages, and the plain presented the same naked and desolate aspect that it wore in the month of November. The heat, however, was now almost intolerable. Violent whirlwinds occasionally swept over the face of the country. They could be seen as they advanced from the desert, carrying along

* Ezekiel, xxxi. 3, etc; Zephaniah, ii. 13 and 14.
† Chamber C.

with them clouds of sand and dust. Almost utter darkness prevailed during their passage, which lasted generally about an hour, and nothing could resist their fury. On returning home one afternoon after a tempest of this kind, I found no traces of my dwellings; they had been completely carried away. Ponderous wooden frameworks had been borne over the bank, and hurled some hundred yards distant; the tents had disappeared, and my furniture was scattered over the plain. When on the mound, my only secure place of refuge was beneath the fallen lion, where I could defy the fury of the whirlwind; the Arabs ceased from their work and crouched in the trenches, almost suffocated and blinded by the dense cloud of fine dust and sand which nothing could exclude.*

"Although the number of my workmen was small, the excavations were carried on as actively as possible. The two human-headed lions, forming the entrance *d*,† led into another chamber, or to sculptured walls, which, as it will hereafter be explained, may have formed an outward facing to the building. The slabs to the right and left, on issuing from this portal, had fallen from their original position, and all of them, except one, were broken. I had some difficulty in raising the pieces from the ground. As the face of the slabs was downward, the sculpture had been well preserved.

"On the slabs Nos. 2 and 3 was represented the king holding a bow in one hand and two arrows in the other. He was followed by his attendant eunuch, who carried a mace, a second bow and a quiver for his use. Facing him was his vizir, his hands crossed before him, also followed by an eunuch. These figures were about eight feet high; the relief very low, and the ornaments rich and elaborately carved. The bracelets, armlets, and weapons, were all adorned with the heads of bulls and rams; color still remained on the hair, beard, and sandals.

"No. 1, forming a corner wall, was a slab of enormous dimensions; it had been broken in two: the upper part was on the floor, the lower was still standing in its place. It was only after many ineffectual attempts that I succeeded in raising the fallen part sufficiently to ascertain the nature of the sculpture. It was a winged figure, with a three-horned cap, carrying the fir cone and square utensil; in other respects, similar to those already described, except that it had two wings rising from both sides of the back and inclosing the person. Its dimensions were gigantic, the height being about sixteen feet and a half, but the relief was low.

"The first slab on the other side of the entrance contained a vizir and his attendant, similar to No. 3. The succeeding slabs were occupied by figures, differing altogether in costume from those previously discovered, and apparently representing people of another race; some carrying presents or offerings, consisting of armlets, bracelets, and ear-rings, or trays; others elevating their clinched hands, either in token of submission, or in the attitude still peculiar to Easterns when they dance. One figure was accompanied by two monkeys, held by ropes; the one raising itself on its hind legs in front, the other sitting on the shoulders of the man, and supporting itself by placing its fore-paws on his head.* The dresses of all these figures are singular. They have high boots turned up at the toes, somewhat resembling those still in use in Turkey and Persia. Their caps, although conical, appear to have been made up of bands, or folds of felt or linen. Their tunics vary in shape, and in the fringes, from those of the high-capped warriors and attendants represented in other bas-reliefs. The figure with the monkeys wears a tunic descending to the calf of the leg. His hair is simply fastened by a fillet. There were traces of black color all over the face, and it is not improbable that it was painted to represent a negro: it is, however, possible that the paint of the hair has been washed down by water over other parts of the sculpture. These peculiarities of dress suggest that the persons represented were captives from some distant country, bringing tribute to the conquerors.

"In chamber B the wall was continued to the south, or to the left facing the great lion,† by an eagle-headed figure resembling that already described; adjoining it was a corner-stone, occupied by the sacred tree; beyond, the wall ceased altogether. On digging downward, it was found that the slabs had fallen in; and although they were broken, the sculptures, representing battles, sieges, and other historical subjects, were, as far as it could be ascertained by the examination of one or two, in admirable preservation. The sun-dried brick wall, against which they were placed, was still distinctly visible to the height of twelve or fourteen feet; and I could trace, by the accumulation of ashes, the places where beams had been inserted to support the roof, or for other purposes. This wall served as my guide in digging onward, as, to the distance of 100 feet, the slabs had all fallen in. I was unwilling to raise them at present, as I had neither the means of packing nor moving them.

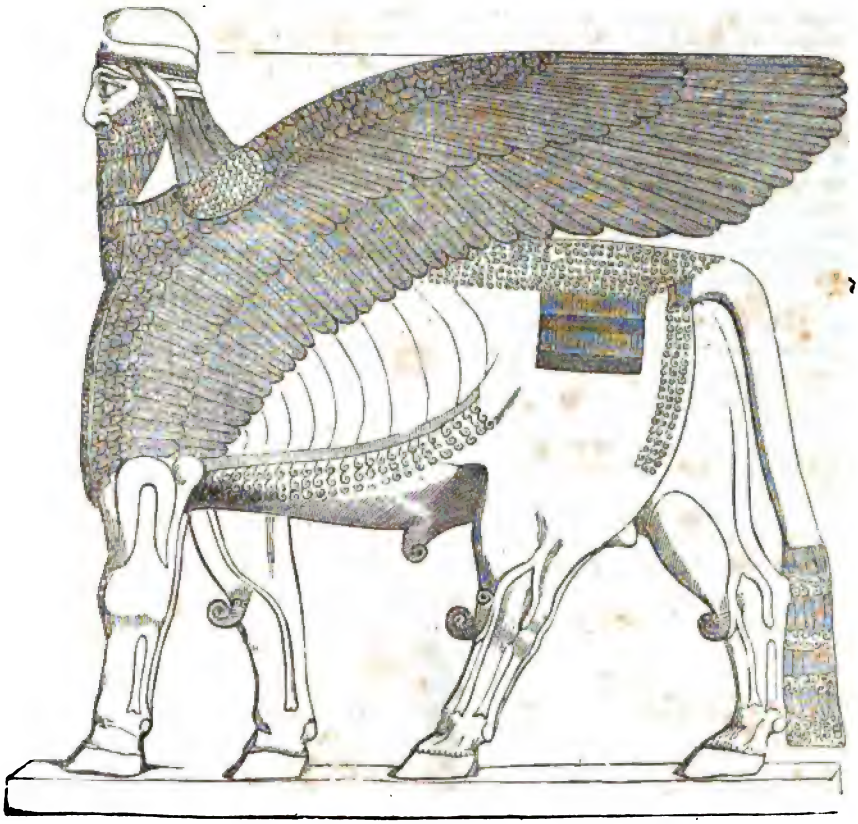
"The first sculpture, still standing in its original position, which was uncovered after following this wall, was a winged human-headed bull of yellow limestone. On the previous day the detached head, now in the British Museum, had been found. The bull, to which it belonged, had fallen against the opposite sculpture, and had been broken by the fall into several pieces. I lifted the body with difficulty; and, to my surprise, discovered under it sixteen copper lions, admirably designed, and forming a regular series, diminishing in size from the largest, which was above one foot in length, to the smallest,

* Storms of this nature are frequent during the early part of summer throughout Mesopotamia, Babylonia, and Susiana. It is difficult to convey an idea of their violence. They appear suddenly and without any previous sign, and seldom last above an hour. It was during one of them that the Tigris steamer, under the command of Colonel Chesney, was wrecked in the Euphrates; and so darkened was the atmosphere, that, although the vessel was within a short distance of the bank of the river, several persons who were in her are supposed to have lost their lives from not knowing in what direction to swim.

† Chamber B, plan 3.

* This bas-relief will be placed in the British Museum.

† Entrance A, chamber B, plan 3.



Winged Human-Headed Bull. (N. W. Palace, Nimroud.)

which scarcely exceeded an inch. To their backs was affixed a ring, giving them the appearance of weights. Here I also discovered a broken earthen vase, on which were represented two Priapean human figures, with the wings and claws of a bird, the breast of a woman, and the tail of a scorpion, or some similar reptile. I carefully collected and packed the fragments.

"Beyond the winged bull the slabs were still entire, and occupied their original positions. On the first was sculptured a winged human figure, carrying a branch with five flowers in the raised right hand, and the usual square vessel in the left. Around his temples was a fillet adorned with three rosettes. On each of the four adjoining slabs were two bas-reliefs, separated by a band of inscriptions. The upper, on the first slab, represented a castle built by the side of a river, or on an island. One tower is defended by an armed man, two others are occupied by females. Three warriors, probably escaping from the enemy, are swimming across the stream; two of them on inflated skins, in the mode practiced to this day by the Arabs inhabiting the banks of the rivers of Assyria and Mesopotamia; except that, in the bas-relief, the swimmers are pictured as retaining the aperture, through which the air is forced, in their mouths. The third, pierced by arrows discharged from the bows of two high-capped warriors kneeling on the bank, is struggling, without the support of a skin, against the current. Three rudely designed trees complete the background.

"In the upper compartment of the next slab was the siege of the city, with the battering-ram and moveable tower, now in the British Museum. The lower part of the two slabs was occupied by one subject, a king receiving prisoners brought before him by his vizir. The sculpture, representing the king followed by his attendants and chariot, is already in the national collection. The prisoners were on the adjoining slab. Above their heads are vases and various objects, amongst which appear to be shawls and elephants' tusks, probably representing the spoil carried away from the conquered nation.

"Upon the third slab were, in the upper compartment, the king hunting, and in the lower, the king standing over the lion, both deposited in the British Museum; and on the fourth the bull hunt, now also in England, and the king standing over the prostrate bull.

"The most remarkable of the sculptures hitherto

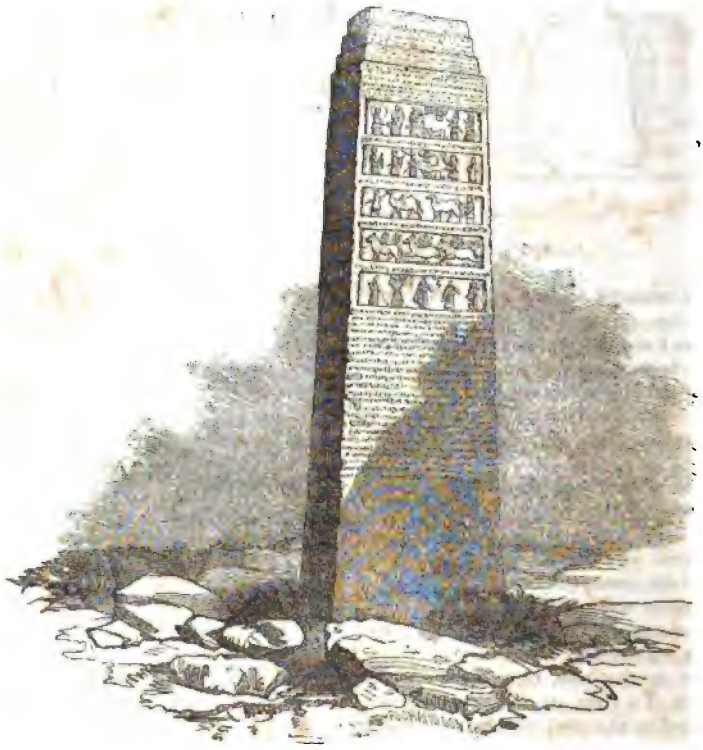
discovered was the lion hunt; which, from the knowledge of art displayed in the treatment and composition, the correct and effective delineation of the men and animals, the spirit of the grouping, and its extraordinary preservation, is probably the finest specimen of Assyrian art in existence.

"On the flooring, below the sculptures, were discovered considerable remains of painted plaster still adhering to the sun-dried bricks, which had fallen in masses from the upper part of the wall. The colors, particularly the blues and reds, were as brilliant and vivid when the earth was removed from them, as they could have been when first used. On exposure to the air they faded rapidly. The designs were elegant and elaborate. It was found almost impossible to preserve any portion of these ornaments, the earth crumbling to pieces when an attempt was made to raise it."

Our next extract describes, in Mr. Layard's graphic style, the discovery of the beautiful obelisk, now in the British Museum.

"It was in the centre of the mound, however, that one of the most remarkable discoveries awaited me. I have already mentioned the pair of gigantic winged bulls, first found there. They appeared to form an entrance and to be only part of a large building. The inscriptions upon them contained a name, differing from that of the king, who had built the palace in the north-west corner. On digging further I found a brick, on which was a genealogy, the new name occurring first, and as that of the son of the founder of the earlier edifice. This was, to a certain extent, a clue to the comparative date of the newly discovered building.

"I now sought for the wall, which must have been connected with the bulls. I dug round these sculptures, and found no other traces of building, except a few squared stones, fallen from their original places. As the backs of the bulls were completely covered with inscriptions, in large and well-formed cuneiform characters, I was led to believe that they might originally have stood alone. Still there must have been other slabs near them. I directed a deep trench to be carried, at right angles, behind the northern bull. After digging about ten feet, the workmen found a slab lying flat on the brick pavement, and having a gigantic winged figure sculptured in relief upon it. It resembled some already described; and carried the fir-cone, and the square basket or utensil, but there was no inscription across it. Beyond was a similar figure, still more gigantic in its proportions, being about fourteen feet in height. The relief was low, and the execution inferior to that of the sculptures discovered in the other palaces. The beard and part of the legs of a winged bull, in yellow limestone, were next found. These remains, imperfect as they were, promised better things. The trench was carried on in the



The Obelisk.

same direction for several days; but nothing more appeared. It had reached about fifty feet in length, and still without any new discovery. I had business in Mosul, and was giving directions to the workmen to guide them during my absence. Standing on the edge of the hitherto unprofitable trench, I doubted whether I should carry it any farther; but made up my mind at last, not to abandon it until my return, which would be on the following day. I mounted my horse, but had scarcely left the mound when a corner of black marble was uncovered, lying on the very edge of the trench. This attracted the notice of the superintendent of the party digging, who ordered the place to be further examined. The corner was part of an obelisk, about seven feet high, lying on its side, ten feet below the surface.

"An Arab was sent after me without delay, to announce the discovery, and on my return I found the obelisk completely exposed to view. I descended eagerly into the trench, and was immediately struck by the singular appearance, and evident antiquity, of the remarkable monument before me. We raised it from its recumbent position, and, with the aid of ropes, speedily dragged it out of the ruins. Although its shape was that of an obelisk, yet it was flat at the top and cut into three gradines. It was sculptured on the four sides; there were in all twenty small bas-reliefs, and above, below, and between them was carved an inscription 210 lines in length. The whole was in the best preservation; scarcely a character of the inscription was wanting; and the figures were as sharp and well defined as if they had been carved but a few days before. The king is twice represented, followed by his attendants; a prisoner is at his feet, and his vizir and eunuchs are introducing men leading various animals, and carrying vases and other objects of tribute on their shoulders, or in their hands. The animals are the elephant, the rhinoceros, the Bactrian, or two-humped camel, the wild bull, the lion, a stag, and various kinds of monkeys. Amongst the objects carried by the tribute-bearers, may perhaps be distinguished the tusks of the elephant, shawls, and some bundles of precious wood. From the nature, therefore, of the bas-reliefs, it is natural to conjecture that the monument was erected to commemorate the conquest of India, or of some country far to the east of Assyria, and on the confines of the Indian peninsula. The name of the king, whose deeds it appears to record, is the same as that on the centre bulls; and it is introduced by a genealogical list containing many other royal names.

"I lost no time in copying the inscriptions, and drawing the bas-reliefs, upon this precious relic. It was then carefully packed, to be transported at once to Baghdad. A party of trustworthy Arabs were chosen to sleep near it at night; and I took every precaution that the superstitions and prejudices of the natives of the country, and the jealousy of rival antiquaries, could suggest."

Among the numerous other sculptures which Mr. Layard, with great trouble and expense, succeeded in forwarding to England, was the figure of a king, one of the most carefully executed and best pre-

The King. (N. W. Palace, Nimroud.)

served in the palace. He is represented with one hand on the hilt of his sword, the other being supported by a long wand or sword. It was found in the north-west palace at Nimroud.

When Mr. Layard had expended the funds appropriated by the Trustees of the British Museum for the excavations, and sent a large number of sculptures down the Tigris to Busrah, to be shipped to England, he caused the excavations to be carefully filled up, and leaving for a season the scene of his labors, returned to England. Another expedition has since been sent to Nimroud. further excavations have been made, and Mr. Putnam will ere long publish their results. In the meantime, we feel that we cannot too cordially commend to the reading public, the first work of Mr. Layard, as affording the most interesting and important revelations concerning the actual state of the ancient world, which have been made public since the Egyptian discoveries of Champollion.

FRAGMENT OF A POEM.

BY WM. ALBERT SUTLIFFE.

It was the twilight, and we sat alone.
We sat alone beside the winter fire—
My friend and I—a fire that crackled well,
And sounded through the stillness as a flame
Shoots through the dark. The embers of the sun
Had died to ashes. While it sunk we talked
Of Love, of Beauty, Poetry and Hope,
Which are religion. For, is Beauty loved,
Then God is loved, and in our loving we
Do emulate his noblest attribute.
But all our words had failed to silentness,
And memories clustered in the heart's twilight,
As shadows in a wood; and all was still.
But in the quietness there seemed to grow
A sympathetic mood, and we to look,
As through glass, into each other's mind,
Calm reading, while our thoughts and feelings verged
In a soft sadness to one common point.
Then low I spoke:—"Were it not sweet and well
To die from out this chaos of a life
Into the waiting dark, and leave our toil
To stronger minds and hands?. To spurn the clay,
And mount the crystal air in spiral gyre,
Glad-voiced, and angel-winged, like bird uncaged?
I think it sweet! or so it seemeth now,
When I look back, as down a charnel-vault,
Into the retrospect, and see it all;—
See every should-be that was never done,
And every would-be that has died its death,
And my hot dreams, and my distempered hopes,
Pictured in light and dark as on a wall."
Then in the dusk I ceased, and so we sat,
With hearthward faces, but with upward thought.
I saw my words drop, pebble-like, down deep
Into his inmost mind, and there they lay,
While he, with careful quiet, shaped response,
And then, abstract, as to himself, replied:—
"'T is speaking well, and yet not speaking well!
For in the web of life are golden threads—
And in the sky of life are brilliant stars—
And on the sea of life are favoring gales—
Or we should wither all as flowers in drought.
He who doth pilot the great universe,
Doth mete and parcel out the light and dark,
Strange, varicolored, like a wanderer's dream;—
And He that made the man hath made his work.
And in the bark of life hath given the oar
At which to tug and toil until the death;
Nor yet all toil; for oft the summer sea
Ripples on bloomy shores, whence balmy winds
Bring a rich, spicy life to make one glad.
We thrid wild mazes not without a clue—
We sink again to soar as eagles do—
We deeply quaff at the rare desert founts,
And so plod on to fair oases green,
Where rustling palms nod to the welcome wind—
While with the sun of our own minds we shine
On planetary minds, and light, and cheer,
And lead them to a loftier, brighter end.
All this is well: So let the creature's wish
Circle its scanty orbit round and round
With borrowed light from the Creator's will."
Then I again:—"We are but merest drops
That swell a deathward torrent, or as grains
Of sand, which make up a conglobed sphere,
And he that is fore'er undoes the work
Of him that has been, through the whirl of time.
What profits it to weave a golden web
Which all our heirs may rend above our grave!
To pile our treasuries with yellow dust
That every reckless future wind may blow!
To think to be unthought in coming years!
To write to be the jest of fresher times!
All this is emptiness! I wish the end."

What he had said I know not, for the wind,
Which had blown fitful since the red sun sunk,
Came in fierce gusts against the window now—
Bringing large drops that pattered chill and loud.
Then our talk changed to what might be afar—
To the rude ocean, and the mariners
Driven by windy war on unknown coasts,
To sin and sorrow in this poor, poor world,
And all those dreary themes akin to tears.

So mused we in the dusk a gentle space,
A cloudy dreamer I—my friend, that trod
The green hills of his own complacency
Like any king.

MONDE HEDELQUIVER.

A TALE OF WINTER-LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

ROSAMONDE HEDELQUIVER TO EDITH MANNERS.

Danville, December 2, 1851.

AT LAST, I have found a spot where, for myself, there can be no want; where I can sit and write in peace letters to you, my friend, and stories for the magazines. By the last, I shall win money, and, perhaps, laurels; although, I confess, I care little now for them—that is, for the laurels—if I can earn money. If I have genius, this may truly seem a poor aim; but, if I have genius, so have I along with it such a dread of what is heavy, and sordid, and perpetually toilsome—of extreme poverty; in short, so have I a longing for beauty, for ease, for a still home of plenty, so that sometimes I could stretch out my hands and cry, with an imploring voice—not as good Agar did, but—"Give me riches, oh! give me riches." Yet, Heaven knows that it is not to be greatly rich that I desire; but to be so far supplied, that there need be no forebodings whenever it is seen that my parents' steps begin already to be slow, and their eyes dull; so that there may be beautiful things in our home, and land about it which is ours, on which we may tread with independence, on which we may see the trees and the plants growing, on which God's sunshine shall fall, and His rain, and His dews, so that we may feel him near, and know that our mother Earth is to us a good mother.

This is what I long for, when shut up in our close rooms in the city, morning, noon, and night. In the night, tears of yearning—mingled with the fear that it is never to be satisfied—go drop, drop on my pillow, until my head is ready to burst. Then I brush them away, and say—"God forgive me, his poor child, if, in my longing for what I have not, I forget the gratitude due for what I have." Then come penitential feelings and, again weeping, I say—"Father, do with me as seemeth good in thy sight!" I would be able to say this at all seasons, working still with cheerfulness and trust in God's ways: but He knows I cannot; that often when I would praise Him I can only pray, and beg Him to do that for me which I feel to be my great need.

But hear! I complain, I sigh. I sit here, buried in my own egotism, while the bright sunshine lies on the pure white fields, hills, and mountains, and the troops of merriest birds play with the new-fallen snow. I shall go and see them, and feed them with crumbs, as once a brown-haired boy, who now is gray-headed—my father—used to do.

Evening.

Uncle Hedelquiver said this morning, as he folded his paper, after breakfast was over—

"You had better ride this morning, Monde. Take Kate, she is hard on the bit; but all the better. I like this grappling with tough-bitted circumstances. It is exactly what you need to do. You have the name your old grandmother Hedelquiver had in her day. You can see yourself that you are like that portrait up there; and I want you to get hold of her energy—her kind of life. You have been an idle child compared with her, I fancy."

"No doubt of it, uncle," said I, with tears choking me. "But, because I have been so penned up there in the city, and by our bad circumstances, I could not do any thing but fold my hands and sigh, and long for better things to come to me."

"Well, well, there is room here you see," tossing his hand a little toward the window, through which we see the pine-covered Green Mountains that are near, and the snowy White Hills that are far, but gigantic and splendid to see. "You had better go the road we went yesterday," preparing to leave the room, "over the hills. It is stinging cold up there, but all the better for that."

Aunt dreaded the hills—

"I would let her go down the other way," begged she.

"No—if she is wise, she will face the cold and wind—see the snow-birds out there!—and you are a little bit wise aint you, Monde?" with a smile the sweetest and most beaming one ever sees on mortal face. It is the more enlivening to see, because his brow when he is grave is so dark, heavy, and over-arching. It is pleasant therefore that he smiles often, when he is talking—that is, if he talks of the things that he values.

"O, I don't know, uncle," I replied. "I fear I have little wisdom or little any thing worth having. But I would like the bracing wind and this gleaming sunshine on the hills, at any rate. It must be glorious!—Is Kate fond of being mounted? Has any one ever rode her?"

"Many times. As I said before, she is hard-bitted, but kind." This is all uncle would have said; for he looks forward, leaving the dead to bury their dead. But aunt said, with drooping figure and dreamy voice—

"Poor Alice used to ride her very often when Alfred was here—at any other time she was afraid. But, then, he used to ride John, and urge her out. He was always anxious that she should ride often, although I am sure I don't know why." No, aunt seldom knows why things are thus and so, which is something of an annoyance to uncle, to whom most things in physics and metaphysics are merest transparencies. "John was such a headstrong horse,"

resumed aunt, looking dreamily down on the crumb of bread she was rolling along the table-cover; "he was so headstrong, and Alfred not accustomed to the saddle—living in the city, as he has, for so many years. I was never easy when they were gone. I was always expecting that something bad would happen to them in some way."

"There was never the least danger—not the least danger!" said uncle. "They were much too cautious for this. It was laughable, seeing the jog-trot they kept. Monde, your aunt will make a coward of you, if she can. She, for her own part, gets ten thousand needless hurts as she goes along in dread of their coming upon herself, or some of the rest of us. Is n't this true, Alice?"

"I do n't know, I am sure. Perhaps I do," replied aunt.

"You certainly do. Say, Monde, will you ride?" with an impatient jerk of his fine shaggy head.

"Yes, sir," said I, springing promptly to my feet; for I felt, as I often do when he speaks to me, as if the current of his own electrical force ran through my brain and limbs—"over the hills, uncle mine, or anywhere!"

"That 's sensible," replied he, with a look of hearty approbation. "Put on your things—I will have Kate at the door in five minutes."

Heavens! how gorgeous is the winter landscape, when our sky is as blue as Italy's, when the sun is on hills and mountains, and the blue shadows are in all the valleys and beside all the little knolls; when the dark firs, and pines, and hemlocks, and the black-hazle-blossoms are fringed and tufted with the new-fallen snow, and the crows and jays go screaming, and the blood in all one's veins is astir with the new life that comes on every breath.

"Father," I said, lifting reverently upward the eyes that had been wandering over the beautified scene, "Father, accept Thou the love of Thy child. Help her to be always thankful to Thee."

But, directly, between me and the Father, between me and His glorious earth came dark visions of my poor home, and of my parents, held back from a clear strong life, by their shame-faced poverty and pride. For you must be told, friend of mine, that we are much poorer than even you, who have seen us all and our home many and many a time, believe; and that we grow really poorer every day, because, with all our pains-taking and studiously-contrived appearances of competency, my father makes no head-way in engrossing popularity, and, therewith, the business that pays liberally. We brush and brush—or papa and mamma do—to move the dust and bring back the old polish and prime, and then go forth with lofty heads and independent feet; and papa talks in a brisk way of "My client A—; my clients, Messrs. B— and C—; of the case of D— *versus* E—, and F— *versus* G—. Meanwhile, you have seen what mamma does—with what care she preserves her fine complexion, her natural graceful curls, into which the threads of silver are already coming; her cashmere long shawl and black silk gown, that were hers at her marriage—they look no older than most shawls and gowns do after five years' service, and they have seen twenty-five. In these she goes out to the shops and looks at carpets and mirrors and *tête-à-têtes*, as if she were a duchess. And she lets it be known, if it will come in gracefully in any way, that she is Mrs. Hedelquiver, and that her husband is Jerome Hedelquiver, Attorney at Law, V— Street. My father really did get a case, worth a hundred dollars to him, of a dealer, who hoped that, in compliment thereto, my mother would spend all the fee and other additional fees for his upholstery.

We laughed over it. My father called it "capital;" but he and my mother both sighed after it. I presume their souls—so deep within them, so gentle toned as seldom to be heard above the clamor that "the strong circumstances" make in controlling the hands, the lips, and the brain—spake then so as to be heeded, though not long. The hands, the *lips*, and the brain soon took up again their worldly, time-serving ways. My father talked again of his cheats, my mother priced velvets and Axminsters. I would not say this to you, dear Edith, but that you have already seen the same when visiting us; and but *that* you are the friend of my soul, to whom I must speak of that which is so poor and so sorrowful to me, especially now that I have looked attentively upon uncle's sincere, manly life.

Uncle's circumstances are very different to *my* father's—this is true. He is a very wealthy and distinguished man. Yet if he were as poor as my father—he would never mind this—he would keep Truth close beside him wherever he went, in whatever action he performed, in whatever words he spake. This would make him free and strong, indeed; and the freedom and strength would lay hold on success. Thus, in seeking first the kingdom of heaven, all these things for which the poor man seeks now first, and last, and at all times, would without pains-taking on his part, be added unto him. Would that he could see it—would that he were more quiet—happier! for I pity him so!

And I have seen men poorer than he, and less distinguished in learning and in an agreeable exterior, whom I cannot, by any view of their condition, bring myself to commiserate, any more than I can commiserate Christ. And you know, dear Edith, we may look at his life on earth as we will, at the hunger, the dusty journeyings, the thorns, the spear, the bitter cup, the blind revilings that came with them all, and the death of shame and lengthened agony; still it fills our hearts with praise—it is the sublimest destiny ever fulfilled on the earth! I will tell you what I desire more and more; what I desire now, at this still hour, above every other thing—and this is to be so much like Christ, as to attain a *perfect* mastery of myself, so that none of the outward things shall move me. Christ's excellence lay in this—did you ever think of it? Proffered crowns and kingdoms, the trammels of time-honored usages, threats at his side and a cross before him, all fell short of moving his soul. This never swerved a hair's breadth from its high purpose, from beginning to end. And I would be able to look out from a quiet,

inward life, and say to the world—"Poor world! enslaved and enslaving! Struggling, vain world; we love thee, we pity thee—poor world! We would die for thee, if the time might come when our blood would have the efficacy of a good martyr's in healing thee. But we bow to thee, we follow thee, take up thy mummeries no more. For within us, the life breathed into us of God, the life that is divine and glorious—far beyond all that thou hast to offer, comes gently forward for its development into our daily thought and action. Poor world! *dear* world! after this, the God of the true life helping us, while with thee we are above thee!"

But, my dear child Edith, I remember that you like short sermons, while, on the other hand, tales may be ever so long, ever so often told. I have no tale for you yet. We will wait and see what will come hereafter. Thine, dear,

MONDE HEDELQUIVER.

CHAPTER II.

MONDE HEDELQUIVER TO EDITH MANNERS.

Danville, Dec. 15, 1851.

"Rosamonde," said Aunt Alice one morning, as she sat stitching a wristband; and her voice had an ominous cadence.

"What would you say to me, aunt?"

I looked up from my paper, but she had turned her face from me a little, and bent it low over her work, as if what she was going to say had a certain sort of wickedness in it that made her ashamed. "What would you say, aunt?" I repeated.

"Why it isn't much; but I was thinking that if Alfred Cullen comes up while you are here—and I have an idea that he will—I hope you will try to like him."

"Or rather, aunt, you hope I will like him without trying, don't you?"

By the way, I wonder if you remember that Alfred Cullen was the betrothed of Cousin Alice. He still wears his weeds for her; still comes up here every few months, and sits at her piano playing the airs that she used to play most. Uncle and aunt say that he is very pale and very noble, with the air of one who follows Christ close at his feet; that he is gentle and loving like a child; always forgetful of himself, never forgetful of others. You see he is quite a miracle of goodness. If he comes, I fear I shall have a panic as long as he stays.

"That *would* be better," aunt replied; "I did n't think of that. Yes, I hope you will like him with ease—if poor Alice had lived, he would have been her husband. As it is, I can't wish him to be single always on her account; and, somehow, when I think of his marrying another, I want it to be one who would be a sort of daughter to me and your uncle as well as a wife to Alfred."

"Yes, that would be pleasant for you," answered I, feeling something of a panic beforehand. I feel the more of it, because aunt never sees through things that go on clearly, or understands how they go, or how they had best go. So she is always lending a word here and a word there for their adjustment, according to her idea. I thought this all over—covering a piece of waste paper with dashes, dots, and initials—while she considered what must next be said.

She said next, that Alfred is attentive to every body, especially—as she has sometimes thought—to Paulina Monroe, aunt's neice, who lives in the neighborhood, who was Cousin Alice's dearest companion, and who is now, as it were, a daughter in the house. Aunt's "ideas," of which she has so much to say, are not clear on this head. She *has* thought that it would not be strange if Alfred were to transfer his affections to Paulina; but she is sure she don't know how it will terminate. He certainly sits by her a great deal; and when he is here, in summer, walks with her a great deal in the roads and paths she and Alice used to frequent—such as down the hill, through the back lane and the pasture to the old, deserted Fifield house, by the brook, where, as aunt says, the pinks and the roses still bloom, and the apples ripen, albeit the old couple that used to look on their growth have been mouldering this many a year under a hedge close by.

"If he does come while you are here," again said aunt. "But you are done thinking about it, Rosamonde, and going on with your writing." She looked as if she were deprecating some hurt I had given her.

"Oh, well, aunt, I am only writing a letter, and can write and talk at the same time."

"This is strange; but your uncle can do just so, while I can never think of but one thing at a time. What I was going to say was, that you ought to stay longer than you say. Alfred will surely be up in the spring, if he don't come this winter; and you ought to see our New England scenery in the summer, now that you are old enough to appreciate it. 'The Switzerland of America' you know our state has been called, although your uncle says 'Poh!' to this. He and Alfred both seem to think New England as good as Switzerland; or, at any rate, good enough without borrowing names for it."

"As it certainly is, aunt."

Finding that this was all I had to say, that I had no remark to make respecting Alfred Cullen, she added, hesitatingly—

"Paulina is, to be sure, my own neice—she and Alice were like twins, almost. She is a good little girl as ever was; but, somehow, it seems to me, ever since you came, that Alfred would like you best." Again aunt's voice became a little husky, and again a little panic ran along my nerves. "Still, I *do* think," added aunt, that he grows more particular in his attentions to Paulina every time he comes up. And, lately, they correspond occasionally, although Paulina keeps a close mouth about it, so that neither her mother nor I know what it amounts to. Paulina is reckoned very pretty."

"She is very pretty, indeed, aunt, with a beautiful complexion."

"Yes, this is true; but, somehow, her beauty is of a very common kind. Alice's was n't; yours

is n't. You and Alice are alike, or were, only you have a better form for those who like dignity. And you have more courage: you are all Hedelquiver; she was half Monroe."

"You estimate me very kindly, dear aunt," said I, grateful for the cordial words and tones.

"Well, I like you, somehow, better and better every day. You are calm and strong, like your uncle. I always like to have such people with me, I suppose because I am so nervous and weak myself. Alfred is nervous, too, I think, although he commands himself perfectly."

Thus it was Alfred, Alfred, all day, and for many days, until I was quite tired of it; until I wished that there was no Alfred Cullen in the universe. She said to me this morning, in a way as if she were doubtful whether it would recommend him to me—"Alfred writes beautiful poetry, they say. I saw a piece he wrote on 'Night,' and it was very beautiful I thought."

"Writes poetry, does he!" said I, determined to exorcise him and his praises. "I am sorry! I can never bear a *man* to be always scribbling poetry, whenever the moon shines, or any thing happens."

Dismayed now, in her turn, aunt put in numberless disclaimers, which amounted to this—Why, she has heard, to be sure, that he does sometimes write very pretty poetry, and that some of it comes out in the "Tribune;" that, in fact, she has seen one piece with her own eyes—Paulina had it, she cut it out of the Tribune. But, for all that, he has as much energy and manliness as those have who never touch a pen but in keeping their accounts. She would n't have me think, for a thousand worlds, that he is an effeminate, moon-struck young man. She hopes he will come up: she has no doubt he will while I am here, and then I shall see with my own eyes!

Yes, then I shall see, Edith mine, and then you shall hear about it. One thing troubles me—I fear aunt will be bumping our heads together every five minutes, in the way of making us like each other; that is, if he comes, as I presume he will by some device of aunt's. If she does manœuvre in a way the least bit gross, I foresee—that I can live through it, to be sure, as one can live through every sort of vexation and grievance if one will. But I shall be very still, and very tall; and, moreover, so repulsive in various ways, that he will be propelled with something of a shock to the far corners of the room, as often as he meditates approach to me.

You should see how I thrive. The hardiest imp out at the red school-house on the corner, who does not once cease to turn sommersets, snow-ball, make pyramids and snow-images, and beat the snow from his iron-like boots, is hardly stronger, browner, hungrier than I am. For you see, I ride out often with uncle and aunt to call on substantial families, where are warm fires in two or three rooms, where great red and green apples and snapped-corn go round, if we can stay no more than fifteen minutes, and where, at any rate, a few lively jokes fly right and left, and a few earnest, friendly things are spoken, and promises of an early "visit" interchanged. We meet other sleighs, we pass them; they pass us, like lightning, with young village gents in them, and I am ready to go over the moon at the sound of the merry bells. Kate and I go up hill and down, let the weather be as it will. Yesterday, as if we were one feature of the storm, we went on and on, chasing the snow-clouds that were trooping over the fields and roads, and the snow-clouds that were trooping, chasing us. This morning it was still and splendid for a feathery hoar-frost clung to every branch and spray, and glittered in the early sun. It was stinging cold, as aunt forwarned me, the air "cut like a knife." But I liked it—I felt it invigorate me every moment and prepare me for the rest of the day—for the rest of life; for I see it plainer and plainer, that every wholesome pleasure, and every wholesome sorrow, not the less, is such a preparation. Therefore, welcome all experiences, I will accept them as the loving child of Him who metes them out.

I am up early. This is easy for me here, for kitchen, dining-room and back-parlor are warm before six o'clock, and all in the house are moving. So that I write a great deal, and write well, as I believe you will say when you read what I have written. The publishers praise me and—pay me. Twenty-five dollars came from Philadelphia yesterday. Every cent of this (for I can have no wants of my own here) I shall send to my dear father. If he has only a few bits of silver in his purse, and no business, twenty-five dollars will go quite a long way in purchasing comforts. I am thine, dearest, ROSA.

CHAPTER III.

MONDE TO EDITH.

Wednesday, Dec. 24th.

Blessed Edith! Guess who said this to-day, after I had been reading aloud in the Westminister Review—"I do n't understand a word, hardly, about this constructive policy and conservative elements, or what sort of difference there is between them. It, indeed, seems to me that they must mean really the same thing. Do n't it to you?"

"Oh no, aunt."

"No, I suppose not; for you are like your uncle. He talks about these things a great deal, and about the political economists, too, as if they were something like gods—or very mischievous men, for I am sure, now I think about it, I can't tell which it is—whether he approves them or not. At any rate, if they are wise and good men, I think *he* is as good as the best of them can be, I am sure"—with a long sigh, and listlessly drawing the point of her needle along the hem she was making—"there is n't an hour, hardly, that I am not wondering at all he knows, and wishing that I were a hundredth part as wise."

"I would n't mind this, aunt. You are good and kind, and everybody loves you. Aunt! aunt! see! Ponto has upset your basket; he is eating your spools, is n't he? What a naughty dog."

Ponto took the reproof for so much coaxing, and

came scrambling over me. Aunt half-sighed, half-laughed, and said—

"This is the way Ponto serves me, if I don't see to him. And I never do see to him, or any thing else, when I am talking or trying to think closely, never; I am discouraged sometimes, especially when I think how different you and your uncle are; and Mother Hedelquiver would see to twenty things, as if they were but one—I would give all the world that I could do the same. Ponto, Ponto, be still, or I will box your ears!"

But he did n't be still, nor did aunt box his ears. He slipped off from beneath her hand and ran over the carpet like a bewitched thing, with a sleeve of the dress aunt was making in his mouth. He is a splendid little spaniel, the pet of all in the house, and I believe the fellow knows it.

I have had letters from home since I wrote before, and see what my mother says—"You are right, my good Rosamonde, truth is best for us; not only for its own great sake, but, as you say, we feel so much better and nobler every way when speaking and acting it; and, besides, it serves us best in the end. It has been serving us a good turn, as you shall hear presently.

"Mrs. Hayden called here the day that we got your last. You know I have always tried to keep up appearances before her more than almost any other, she has things in such style at home. If she has ever called when I was feeling discouraged about our affairs I brushed the depression all away, you know, and was as lively and full of this and that thing that was going on, as if I had n't a care in the world. I was, in fact, never myself for one minute in her company until that day. Well, when she came in I was alone, your father was going here and there in the city, to make it appear that he had a great deal on his hands I have no doubt, and I was in tears over your letter—I brushed the tears off a little, but they ran again as soon as she began to speak kindly to me; and she was really as kind as a woman could be, Rose—so I told her all about our discouragements, how long they have lasted, how they were growing deeper, and all; and read her your letter and showed her the bank-bills. She was very sober, and as I had never seen her so before, it did n't seem to me that it could be the same Mrs. Hayden that usually comes in once in six months, and after sitting fifteen minutes, talking of the weather, crotchet-work, her domestics and the like, goes out again as cold and stately as she came. She sat close beside me, and threw off her bonnet when she found the strings troublesome. She said she wished I had spoken of these things before, for that your father might have been helped to a good business in the first of it, as well as not. She told me to be of good courage, to be thankful that I have such a daughter. Here her tears started and mine ran again—she said she would speak to her husband, his brother, and hers, and all would soon be right.

"And all *is* right. Two retainers have already come in, one of fifty dollars, another of twenty. Old Judge Bailey sent for your father the other day—the judge is uncle to Mrs. Hayden; your father read with him six months, but never had put himself in his way, and so the judge had quite lost sight of him. He told your father that he would be in need of him often, and that if he—the judge, I mean—*does* sometimes scold and send the chairs against the wall when the gout is on him, your father must let it go as if it were a little rain and hail; he will give him, at the same time that he scolds, good work and good pay. I hope he wont scold, for I think your father is too proud to bear much—he would sooner sacrifice the work and the pay. I am afraid that nearly all these energetic patrons are either cross or whimsical, or have some troublesome fault. Your father says that, according to your Uncle Frederick's philosophy of compensation, they are likely to have. Well, we must wait and see.

"P. S. I left this for your father to write a little, if he could find time; but he can't, as true as you live. He is busy early and late with great books, and pens, and sheets of paper, and parcels of documents tied up with red tape. You do n't know how good this seems. He is as happy with it as a child, and proud of being all fagged out. You would be delighted to see him; he looks younger by ten years than he did a fortnight ago. He wants you to come home now. He says he could n't have consented to your going to stay so long but that he thought it might be pleasanter for you there. I could n't certainly. I hope you will try to come sooner, for, guess who comes in to inquire about you—Esquire Charles Hayden; *our* Mr. Hayden's youngest brother, you know, just home from California when you went away. He has established himself here; has his office close by your father's; was in last evening, and did n't want to talk of anybody but you. Mrs. Hayden had been telling him about you.

"Good-bye, dear. Mrs. Hayden has just sent me word that she will call in an hour, with Charles, to take me out to ride with them. I believe it more and more, that truth is best. Do n't you, Rose?"

No, my mother! I should believe it all the same, if, in following after it, you had been led into countless difficulties and tribulations, I should still believe it altogether best, because best for the soul, let what will come—come to the body.

Mr. Marsden, one of the village merchants, went to Boston yesterday, and aunt commissioned him to tell Alfred Cullen, with whom he deals largely, to come up and spend New Year with her and uncle. Now heaven forbid!

Uncle says—"Come, Monde, come and hear what that rascally Louis Napoleon is doing." I go, for France is, as it were, our next door neighbor in these days.

CHAPTER IV.

MONDE TO EDITH.

Danville, Dec 29, 1851.

Is n't this outrageous bad, Edith? Mr. Marsden brought along, when he came back, a note from Alfred Cullen, saying that he will come to D——; a

box of oysters from him for uncle, another of figs for aunt, (and she wants to see me eat them every five minutes; I think it is much the same as if she saw me eating the giver.)

Aunt is so glad to have him come that she hardly knows her head from her feet. She is in danger of stumbling over Ponto, or a foot-cushion, at every turn. She gives more directions to Bessy and Hamlet than ten Bessys and Hamlets could follow. It is well for them that she revokes half of them on the spot; that she modifies the rest according to their liking, and ends with telling them both to go on and do just what they see needs to be done, and to do it in the way they think best. She has no doubt, she says, that it will be done better than she can advise. And so it will assuredly. Bessy has been in the family ten years, Hamlet three; they both have clear brains and strong hands, and, as Bessy says, "have got the hang of every thing from garret to cellar." This is no light achievement, for one does not often see so large a house, or such overflowing abundance. By the by, do you know that uncle has paid our house rent for the last ten years, and given us money and other things beside? I am thinking that, if you do not, you may be calling him "a miserly old fellow." He has offered my father land, but my mother dreads leaving the city where she was reared. Now I hope you think, as Aunt Alice and I do, that uncle is the best man on earth, except Kossuth—I must say, except Kossuth always; for I believe he is the best man that breathes, or that has breathed, since the days of Christ. Uncle and I talk about him, we read his speeches, and I keep saying in my heart—"the Christ of the nations! the Christ of the nations!" And often a great fear comes over me, that, in another sense than his truth, his self-immolating goodness, his destiny is to be like that of the Christ. My heart is aching for him now—still I can put back the pain, and say, "Father, let it be as seemeth good in Thy sight; for, whether he lives or dies, in him the great cause of freedom and human progress shall be glorified; and he is strong and patient to drink of the cup that Thou givest him."

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Tuesday, 30th.

I think this Alfred Cullen, who will come to D—— to-morrow or next day, must be altogether precious. Even uncle is moved a little. He gives Hamlet orders touching John, and John's harness, and the oats John must have, that he and his trappings may be in good condition for Alfred's use. Aunt looks at me and adds some suggestions about Kate. Kate must be fed well and made sleek as can be; for—perhaps—. Aunt goes no further than this "perhaps" of hers, lately—she has seen, I presume, that her plans which embrace Alfred Cullen and me jointly, annoy me. Indeed, I was quite savage over them before she gave them up. Bessy bakes pies, and loaves of all sorts of cake and ginger-bread, without number, and wipes the dust out of every corner. Aunt praises all that she does and all that Hamlet does, puts her caps in order and sponges her dresses. Paulina Monroe, meanwhile, comes in often to look at my collars, under-sleeves and cuffs, that she may make her some like them. Her dress-maker hurries her sewing on a brown Thibet like mine, made like mine, that it may be finished before to-morrow night. Paulina smiles incessantly, has flutter in her manner, and a red spot on each cheek; so that Ponto and I are the only two who go our ways precisely in the usual mode. In truth, I am not sure that Ponto and I are entirely unaffected; we are out of doors more than heretofore, and when in the house are a little less sedate; I can't bring my mind to my working as usual, and I shall be glad when his face is set again toward Boston.

Good-night! I shall finish my letter after he comes. I shall tell you now, however, what a beautiful gift I had yesterday from uncle—a plumed Kossuth hat. This is for me to wear when riding. I wore it to-day, and uncle walked round it and me, saying with kindling eyes—"That is splendid! You never looked half so well, Monde, in any thing!" And according to the revelations of the long mirror, I think I never did. But it is a fact, Edith, my fair one, that I am as brown as a berry. Good-bye.

—

Wednesday, 31st.

Well! Alfred Cullen came this morning while I was gone to ride. We did not expect him until evening, because it is a day's journey from Boston. But he stopped last evening at St. C——, where he had friends and business, and this morning was brought over.

"Guess who's in the sitting-room with your uncle and aunt," said Hamlet, with a broad smile, as he came to help me out of the saddle.

"Paulina, I dare say, Hamlet."

"No. You go in an' see who 't is. Come, Katy."

I came in straightway, expecting to see Hamlet's pretty sister, Fanny; but saw, instead, a man of about thirty years; by no means tall, (for a man, that is; he is a little above me,) by no means large, but noble and graceful, and with a look in the highest degree animated and gentle. He and uncle stood face to face, talking energetically and laughing.

"Here she is!" said uncle, as soon as he saw me. "Here's Monde. Monde, our friend, Mr. Cullen. Our niece, Miss Hedelquiver, Alfred. Ponto, be still; behave yourself, Ponto."

Ponto would n't behave himself at all, in the way uncle proposed; he was quite too glad to see me. When I would have stepped forward a little to meet Mr. Cullen, he was jumping on my long skirts and catching them in his teeth; and when I would have shaken hands with him, he sprang up between us, and was so unmanageable, that we were forced to dispense with the hand's-shaking altogether. We called him a vicious puppy and boxed his soft ears a little; but, as we laughed all the while, he only dragged my skirts the more pertinaciously and jumped the higher. And judge you whether I was not glad that he did; glad that I must be busy scolding him and getting my skirts and gloves and riding-stick away from him; for uncle said, turning to Mr. Cullen—

"How do you like Monde's hat, Alfred?"

"I was just thinking that it is the most becoming thing I ever saw," replied he.

"I think so," said uncle.

I can't very well bear having any thing about my person commended, you know; especially if it brings such eyes as uncle's and Mr. Cullen's to bear upon my figure; and so I was glad enough to have aunt come into the room, and forward into our midst, that the survey might be broken.

But it was not long, for aunt looked down on my long train, and then said:

"Paulina has been trying to persuade Rosamonde to put on a Bloomer with her, she did n't like to adopt it alone. But I think Rosamonde is wise in clinging to the long skirts, especially for riding. Do you like the Bloomers, Alfred?"

"Not at all! not at all!" and his eye ran over my figure again.

"Nor I," said uncle. "To tell the truth,"—with his eyes on my face—"Monde wrote us spirited letters; I remembered a certain sort of dash and courage in her character, and I was more than half afraid that she would come amongst us looking up out of a Bloomer, and that the first thing she began to talk about would be Women's Rights. Not, as Heaven knows," added uncle, with increasing seriousness, "because there is not need of changes here, as every where else; but because the changes proposed are, as it appears to me, poor, one-sided things. I would not, therefore, like to hear so thoroughly sensible a girl as Monde, clamoring for them."

"You will make Monde blush," said aunt.

"Not at all," Aunt Alice, replied I, doffing my hat, "I can bear very well having my brain praised, you know, at any time. Ponto—Ponto, bring me my glove."

"Yes, that is true," said aunt. And added, after a moment's pause—"*I* can never make much out of this Woman's Rights business. With sister Eunice it is 'equal rights, equal privileges, equal pantaloons,' and some more, I do n't know what else. I never pretend to understand a word of it."

This was cunning in aunt. We all had a hearty laugh over it. But good-night, dearest; I will finish in the morning.

—

Morning.

When I returned to the parlor, after changing my dress, yesterday, uncle and Mr. Cullen sat in their arm-chairs, face to face, talking with thoughtful eyes of Congress and Hungary. If Congress would do thus and so, then Hungary could do so and thus, so and thus. If Congress would not, then God help Hungary. They had their eyes on each other's face; they appeared as if they two could sit there and talk forever, never once lacking themes of interest, never once tiring of each other's discourse. And uncle—dear, good man that he is!—let me have a part now and then, by saying—"Yes, this is what I was saying to you yesterday, you remember, Monde." And then again—"And Monde, I see, thinks the same." So that he and Mr. Cullen soon came to speak as much to me as to each other.

Aunt came in, in a jet black dress, and rich black lace cap, with scarlet trimmings. She looked happy, and was as fresh and graceful as a girl—only her cap and collar were both awry, and a lock of hair straggled. Her eyes sought Mr. Cullen's directly.

"Mother," said he, answering her smile with one as genial, "I am as hungry as a wolf. What are you going to have for dinner, I wonder."

"Guess."

"A chicken-pie."

"Yes! as true as you live. I remembered how you liked them, and we made this on purpose for you."

"Thank you! you are always kind. What else have you! I am so hungry?"

"Pumpkin pies and toasted brown bread; it will be ready in less than five minutes."

"Ah, this is good! there is nothing I love so well. But, Ponto, let this paper alone. Here, you little rascal!" (For Ponto was was running off with the "Era;" going sideways in a highly comical way, that he might not step on it.) "Ponto grows more roguish: I am afraid *you* help to spoil him, Miss Hedelquiver."

And in all that he said and did—I mean Mr. Cullen, of course—he was like a good son, running over with delight and sociability at finding himself beneath the home-roof once more.

"The handsomest pie I ever saw," said he, as uncle was beginning to carve it.

I looked at aunt, but she would not look at me. She *would* say—"I think so to. Rosamonde put on the cross and border. Neither Bessy nor I should ever have thought of such a thing."

Mr. Cullen looked up to me, I know, and uncle, too; but I was drinking, and kept my eyes down in my tumbler of water. "I am vexed," thought I, for one moment, "for this is what she will keep doing." But the next moment I looked about me undauntedly, and thought—"Yet, if she does, I wont be vexed. I will only do those things that I do in such a way that she can't hold me up for admiration. Good! I fancy Mr. Cullen will see something not quite so pretty as that chicken-pie, before many days." And I was full of mirth at thought of the hodge-podge I will perpetrate if I am troubled.

Mr. Cullen went over to Mr. Monroe's after dinner, and brought Paulina back with him to take her supper with us and spend the evening. She was in the new Thibet, the new collar and under-sleeves, so that she was rather stiff, rather careful about her ways, but pretty as a rose and lily tied together, and Mr. Cullen evidently thought the same. He ate a part of her Baldwin apple, when she complained of its being so large that she could neither hold it with both her hands (and she spread them before him to let him see how much too small they were for *that*) nor eat it if she could hold it. She did n't allow Ponto to come very near her new Thibet, or new under-sleeves, and so Mr. Cullen let the little fellow run over himself and me. He played backgammon

with her, game after game, as he talked with the rest, and allowed her to beat him in every game; whereupon she patted his shoulder with her dice-box and called him a careless goose.

"Rosamonde Hedelquiver," said she to me, as she was putting on her furs to go, "what made you keep on this common-looking dress, and these plain duds," touching her finger to my linen cuffs and collar. "I thought you would be all dressed up in your best, and so I put these on. I was mad with myself for my pains when I saw you."

"Ah, this is nothing, any way, Paulina. Here is your hood; it is a beauty."

"Yes, I like it pretty well. I suppose you 'll ride every day on horseback, just as you have done?"

"I presume so. Let me tie your hood for you. You can't find the strings, can you?"

"No, my fingers are all thumbs to-night. I suppose Alfred will ride with you. Aunt will tease him to. He used to ride with Alice; but he never liked it so well as walking, or going in a carriage. But he is one of those who will do every thing that is required of him."

She was putting on her over-shoes, so that I could not see what sort of expression accompanied these words.

"You need n't expect to see him here again to-night, Aunt Alice," said she, hanging on his arm, at the parlor door. "I shall keep him. We 're going to have something for breakfast that he likes best of any thing; and I know he 'll stay for this, if not for any thing else. Wont you, Alfred?"

"No, no, Paulina. Let him come back," said aunt. "We want him here to-night. Do n't stay, Alfred."

"No, I will not, mother," bowing to go.

"Then I will call you an obstinate and real cross pig, if you do n't," I heard Paulina say, in tones half-laughing, half-pouting, in the hall.

Uncle took up the Tribune; aunt and I drew near the stove to toast our feet a little.

"I think he attends to her and humors her more and more," said aunt at length, in a dreamy tone. She had been watching a chink in the stove where the flickering blaze was seen. "Do n't you think he does, Frederic? Frederic, do n't you think Alfred really means to make a wife of Paulina?"

"I think likely he does," replied uncle, at the same time that he went on with his reading, as if he had not spoken, or aunt either.

Aunt kept her eyes on the stove after this until I rose to leave the room. "Good-night, dear," said she then, kissing me lovingly. She looked as if the last of ever so many cherished hopes was on its flight.

I write in a little library that opens out of the back-parlor, and is warmed by the back-parlor stove. Mr. Cullen has just entered the parlor; where he talks softly to Ponto, and rummages the newspapers. Now aunt comes in, and after the morning greetings, she says, clearing her throat—"So you think Paulina improves?"

"In some respects; do n't you?"

"Yes, I suppose she does. But breakfast is quite ready, Alfred. Monde, dear—" coming this way.

"Yes, dear aunt, I come."

Evening.

This has been the busiest day! I could n't even find time to get this already longest of all letters ready for the mail. I will therefore sit here, now that it is all over, now that all have gone to rest but me, and tell you about it; and let me do it in little skirmishing scenes like this.

SCENE 1. *The Breakfast Table.*

Judge Hedelquiver. "So Burchard & Bean are lending their interests to the Nicaragua route?"

Mr. Cullen. "Yes; and so are Cornish & Brothers. They are much more substantial."

Mrs. Hedelquiver. The Nicaragua route, the Panama rail-road, free trade, and so on—Frederic and Rosamonde think that these are going to do not a little toward making this world all over new. They think they are going to do their part in putting down wars and every sort of thing that is n't brotherly and according to what the gospel enjoins. Monde, have you water? Oh yes, I see. Now I've tried again and again to see what connection there can possibly be between peace and the Panama rail-road, for instance; and I can't. I do n't half believe there is any—do you, Alfred?"

Mr. Cullen, laughing. "Oh yes, mother?"

Mrs. Hedelquiver. "Yes, I suppose you do. You and Frederic, and Monde think just alike about every thing, I see. Have some more chocolate, Alfred."

SCENE 2. *The Hall.*

Mrs. Hedelquiver. "What do you want to say to me, dear?"

Monde. "I want to tell you—why, aunt, you see I want to write mornings, and then ride when I am tired of it—just as I have done all along. And I have been thinking that Mr. Cullen may feel that it belongs to him to—why, to see to me some, perhaps sometimes to ride with me. But it do n't, you know. I would rather attend to myself, and go alone, as I have done. So you wont let him think, will you, dear aunt, that it is necessary for him on any account, or at any time, to go with me any where."

Mrs. Hedelquiver. "Why?"

Monde. "Because, if you do, aunt, it will put a disagreeable restraint upon him, and make me very unhappy. I have always been used, you know, to depending upon myself. I have never been a favorite of the gentlemen, or of anybody, except a few kind people who could see that there was something in me somewhere that deserved to be loved."

Mrs. Hedelquiver. "And this has been a grief to you, dear, Monde? and is at this minute, as I know by the sound of your voice."

Monde. "Sometimes it grieves me; and then again I am thankful. For it has made me self-reliant, and very loving toward Him who will always be near His child, and love her. Aunt, dear, you will promise not to hint it to him, in the remotest way, that he ought to ride with me, or wait on me at any time?"

Mrs. Hedelquiver, dreamily, and as if again

hopes were flying. "Yes, I will promise. But I can't see what objections you can have to his riding with you. There 's John almost always, you know, in the stable. There is nothing to hinder his going."

Monde. "Nothing to hinder, if it is his own spontaneous will and wish; otherwise, every thing in my way of thinking. Come, aunt, you are freezing."

SCENE 3. *Outside the Gate.*

Judge Hedelquiver. "Ready, Monde?"

Monde. "Ready, uncle."

Judge Hedelquiver. "Wait a moment. I want to tell you, Monde, that I overheard what you said to your aunt in the hall, this morning."

Monde. "Did you, uncle?"

Judge Hedelquiver. "Yes; but never mind it: It was only a new proof that you are the most sensible girl in creation. It is just the way you ought to feel about it. What he will do of his own accord, let him do; but I will help you in this. I will take care that he don't do any thing for you because he sees you in need of him."

Monde. "You are the dearest, best uncle that any poor child ever had! Now, if you will help me."

Judge Hedelquiver. "There you are! You mount as if you had some little wings up there among the plumes of your hat. I will bet you have."

Mr. Cullen, appearing at the door with a book in his hand. "What, are you going to ride this morning, Miss Hedelquiver?"

Monde. "Yes, Mr. Cullen."

Mr. Cullen. "And alone?"

Monde. "Yes, sir. Uncle, my stick, if you please."

Mr. Cullen, springing forward to pick up the stick. "Now I protest against this! I have been thinking that I wanted to ride—and (laughing a little) that I wanted to ride with you. Let me help you off, now, for a few minutes. I will have John ready in—John is in the stable, is n't he, judge?"

Judge Hedelquiver. "Yes, and at your service, if Monde will wait—if she wants you to go. You hav n't asked her."

Mr. Cullen. "No! presuming blockhead that I am! Do you want me to go with you, Monde?"

Monde. "If you want to."

Mr. Cullen. "As I most certainly do. Let me help you. Only I am sorry to give you so much trouble. I am sorry I did n't know, in the first of it, that you were going. You will tell me next time, wont you?" (opening the gate for Monde to pass in.)

Monde. "I—I believe I sha'n't promise you."

Mr. Cullen. "Promise at any rate to let me know it, whenever you are willing to have me with you."

Monde, with the door half shut between her and him. "I believe I sha'n't promise that either."

Mr. Cullen, on his way, with the Judge, to the stable. "Then I will always make you wait for me like this."

Well, well! I see I might write all night, with my scenes first to twentieth, inclusive. But I sha'n't. I shall go to bed, after I have told you that the morning ride was altogether delightful. I never knew such a splendid morning. I never had so agreeable a companion in ride, or ramble, or—I shall say it, Edith, for it is the truth—or any where. And I fancy that he found me—quite tolerable. One could not well be otherwise with him about.

We found company here when we returned—two of the professors from Woodstock, together with Judge Brentwood, and his wife and daughter, from Craftsburg. They all dined here; and things never went off so strongly. I sat by aunt, and helped her serve the guests. When I do this, and she can now and then look over the table into uncle's always clear, calm face, and listen to his manly expression, she can know pretty well what she is doing, even if she does sometimes venture upon a little conversation.

While we were giving them our adieus at the door, two other sleighs came up with high-headed horses and loud-jingling bells, taking along fresh visitors to spend the rest of the day and the evening with us. They were wealthy farmers, who wanted to talk of horses and oxen, and different breeds of sheep, with uncle; and farmers' wives, who talked with most interest with aunt, when it was upon butter and cheese, and preserves and bread-making. This, as you must see, left Mr. Cullen and me pretty much to ourselves. But we were at no loss. I can't see how one can ever be at a loss with him; for his vigorous and fresh thought readily comprehends all the philosophy of nature, of morals, and of life; and he communicates himself, as it were, and all that is in him, so magically that—

But, see if I am going to write all night! A happy New Year, dearest. Extend the greetings of the season to all in your house.

THY LOVING MONDE.

CHAPTER V.

MONDE TO EDITH.

Danville, Jan. 12, 1852.

Edith, dear, how often I write to you. But it relieves me to throw my story by, and gossip in this careless way. And, moreover, I must be telling somebody how happy I am; and how the days go, day after day, as if on the wings of the morning. I would not have believed that there was any thing like it on this earth; that I, or any one, could ever be so thoroughly comfortable. I suppose it is because uncle and Mr. Cullen talk so much of those excellent things that keep us close by Heaven. I do n't suppose it is any thing else. Only it is pleasant riding every day, sometimes twice a day; sometimes on Kate's back, sometimes in a sleigh; oftenest, of late, in a sleigh. It is good seeing aunt so kind, so attentive to all our wishes, and so happy—and so facetious, too, in her way. Hear what a curious thing she said to-day, when uncle and Dr. Punchard were discussing the medical systems. Uncle, by the by, is a homœopathist. "Husband seems to think, as you see, Dr. Punchard, that the practice of medicine must needs change with all other practices; that the great pills, for instance, as large as bullets, belong to the almost by-gone age of bullets. I do n't know, I am sure, but he believes

that people will be so refined by the time the transition state is fairly over, that nothing but rarefied air will be thought of for remedies. And if he does, I shall think he is right, doctor."

"Ha! no doubt whatever of that," said the doctor, who is a sort of witty bear. "No doubt you will have implicit faith in the rarefied-air system, if the judge ever comes to preach it. You'll be found with a tube in your mouth, breathing it whenever you have a little indigestion or headache."

Aunt laughed, and filled the huge pockets of the doctor's fur overcoat with apples for his wife and children.

Hear how diligent I am. I have been writing since five o'clock. I began an hour earlier than usual, because we are to have visitors from Barnet to spend the day, so that I must be hindered.

Mr. Cullen has been reading in the parlor since six; now it is almost seven. He yawns, he moves about; I fancy he is tired of his books. I do not allow him to come into the library in the morning, because then it disturbs me having him near. After they are stirring in all the rest of the rooms, I don't mind it; and he sits here by the hour. He yawns again, says, "Heigho!" and sees to the fire. "Monde!" he says, as if there were something that he will no longer try to bear.

"What say, sir?"

"It is so hot and stupid here, a fellow can have no comfort." (Shutting the stove door.) "I am coming into your cool room. May I?"

"Yes."

"Shall I disturb you?"—coming.

"No, sir."

"'No, sir!' so I see. You can write, and talk, and have me about—it is n't so much as if Ponto had come into the room instead of me. I have a good mind to try whether there is a way of disturbing you a little. I shall sit here close by you, and keep scolding. Yes, I see. You only smile quietly at this, and go on writing. I am provoked! I want you to talk with me; want you to care more about me than about this old 'commercial pen' of yours. Will you?"

"I can't," laughing.

"Then I will steal your pen. I will hold your hand—thus—"

Evening.

He stole my pen, and threw it to the other side of the table. He held my hand, and called me "an obstinate thing! but a dear good girl—a *dear* good girl, for all that." He would keep my hand; and soon I ceased trying to regain it—for he was telling me, in the dearest voice, what he had been reading and thinking; so that I forgot every thing but that I was happy enough to go straight away to Heaven. And I wish at this moment, Edith, that I might die—for I cannot believe that such happiness as this can last; and I would rather die than have it broken.

I know what you will say. You will say that I love Mr. Cullen; and I expect that I do. I expect that I have loved him since the day that he came. And I shall never regret this, even if I find that it is only friendliness he feels for me, if I find that he loves and marries another—for my life is enriched and beautified by the new emotions, by the love of one so noble, so pure!

For the present, aunt looks smilingly on, takes Mr. Cullen's part when he and uncle are both going to ride, and both lay claims to my company. She adjusts the matter by saying, "Frederic, let her go with Alfred! He is n't going to stay long, you know. And, besides, I want to go with you myself. So just bring my hood and cloak in from the hall, while I am finding the rest of my things."

"Yes, 'finding the rest of your things!' this takes a week; and this is why I like it best having Monde go with me." But, notwithstanding uncle contends, I can see that he likes best seeing me go and come with Mr. Cullen. Notwithstanding he and aunt send Mr. Cullen or me in every morning to see how it is with Paulina's neuralgia, they are neither of them much sorry to be told that her face is still swelled out of all comeliness of shape with it, so that she will not see either of us. Her mother, by the way, says she took cold wearing such thin stockings over here the day that Mr. Cullen came. She would wear them, she says, because she wanted to pinch her feet up in her tight summer boots.

"A silly puss!" said uncle, when aunt told him about it. "I wonder how a woman can imagine that any person of sense cares a fig whether her foot is like an elephant or a mouse."

We rode a long way to-day, for our visitors were old people, who cared more for talking with uncle and aunt about their fathers and grandfathers and great-uncles, than for all Mr. Cullen and I had to say to them. And the day and the scenery were magnificent. I wonder if you know, Edith, mine, that one never needs go to Italy because one is longing to look upon deep blue skies, sunsets, and moonlights splendid enough to bewitch one; and upon mountains, great and small, ranging off like troops of living monsters. One needs only come to New England; here, to this hilly town, Danville. And one should come, at least once in one's life, in the winter of the year; for the so much bepraised summer glory must yield to the winter, if many mountains are in the scene, and such noble ones as Mount Washington and its kindred. Their snowy lights are softened by the distance, and their shades deepened, so that, at midday, it is as if they were all of pearl. They lie along the whole eastern horizon; and when the sun takes a golden setting, there can hardly be any thing much finer of its kind in all Italy, in all Switzerland, I imagine; for a reflected glory is upon the mountains as varied nearly, nearly as intense as that which immediately surrounds the sun.

We talked of Alice to-day as we rode; and Mr. Cullen had serious eyes and hushed tones, as if he had infinite tenderness for her memory.

"I think as your uncle and aunt do, that you are like Alice in many respects, dear Monde," said he, leaning a little toward me, as if he felt tenderness for me, in that he felt it for the dead Alice. "Only," he added, "as the judge says, you have much the

superior character. You have, I see, the pliancy of the reed, when you need to bend, and the consistency of the oak, when you need to stand erect. I like the way you hear praise," added he, after a little pause. "I suppose you would bear the same amount of fault-finding as quietly."

"Try me, and see."

"Yes; for instance, if I tell you that you have a certain obstinate self-reliance, piquant to see."

"Well?"

"And then if I were to tell you that I like the little wickedness, like to close hands with it, and master it."

"Then I would tell you that you are downright vicious! But you don't master it; you never can!"

"Yes; you ride with me when you have just been saying that you certainly will stay at home. I throw away your pen and hold you fast, when you have just been saying that you will write, that you care less for me than for your old pen. Don't you remember it?"

"Yes."

"So do I. I like to remember it, because, for some reason, it is better mastering you once, than any other woman that I know ten times."

I turned the conversation by showing him the beautiful little brook that went leaping and tinkling amongst the rocks, and icicles, and fairy-like frost-work close by the road. One finds such little brooks at every turn among the hills here at Danville. He looked at the brook, calling it "beautiful!" He took my hand into his, and kept it until we reached home.

He must go home in a few days; he has stayed already twice as long as he intended when he came. I wonder how I can get along without him. I foresee that I shall want him as a child wants its mother.

I will write again soon after he goes. Heigho! says

YOUR LOVING MONDE.

CHAPTER VI.

MONDE TO EDITH.

Danville, Jan. 20, 1852.

He went yesterday morning early; and since that time I go from one chair to another, or from one window to another, sighing, and with untold quantities of lead in my heart. I am disposed not to write, not to talk, or do any thing, but turn my eyes Boston-ward, and think of him.

But I shall not be so stupid! I shall put a little stiff barrier—my own flinty will, of course—between me and him, so that he shall be there at Boston, and I here, following diligently my duty. I shall lay this letter by, and finish my story for Mr. S——. Then I shall ask uncle to ride with me over to see Bessy's feeble sister, Mrs. Thornton, who has a whole room-full of little children to see to; and to whom an hour's service, now and then, at making or mending, is a blessed godsend. Then I will take my sewing in, and sit a few hours with Paulina, whose neuralgia still afflicts her. I will stay and take supper with her; and if she is cross, as she is often of late, it shall not hurt me, since I will be good-natured.

In the long evening I will be here; I will snap corn, pass round apples; sit now at aunt's feet, help her in her sewing-plans, and then at uncle's, talking with him of Kossuth, Clay, Cass, and Webster.

When they go, if I am in wakeful mood, I will write here until I am in a drowsy one, and then go to my rest, humbly commending myself to God as his servant, his follower; not the servant, not the follower of any mortal idol whatever. Thus shall my soul be kept loyal unto itself and unto Him—and not the less loyal unto the good one who has chosen me.

Ten o'clock, evening.

Uncle set us and our great basket, full of good things, down at the door of the Thorntons, and himself rode on to Hardwick, where he had business that must keep him until after dinner, as he believed. The pale mother was "glad and thankful to see us," but a little flurried to have us find her children in such disorderly array; and her house, too—it is a bit of a house to hold ten people, and made of logs. But we took the children to us, gave them apples and doughnuts, and soon had Mrs. Thornton's great work-basket between us. We finished off three little garments that were on the way, and put on ten patches here and there; Alice, aunt's bright-eyed namesake, counted them. We cut off the long hair of the girl's, and made the short hair of the boys shorter; and then, when they had all been washed and combed, saw that there is nowhere a prettier, brighter family of children. Aunt, meantime, was like a bee, dipping into this and into that; dragging roll after roll of pieces from her basket, whenever a patch was needed; and helping Mrs Thornton warm up the pudding and the pies we had brought, and fry the sausages and broil the steak.

Mr. Thornton and his eldest boy came in from the woods just at the right moment—just as all the steaming dishes were ready to go to the table. Uncle, too, came in the right time; in fact there was never so lucky a day; every thing happened at the right time, and in the right way. There was never so good a dinner; or, at any rate, this was what we all said, smacking our lips a little, and holding out our plates for more.

"This will do us all a great deal of good," said Mrs. Thornton, when we were putting on our things.

"And us, too, Mrs. Thornton!" said aunt, in a hearty way. "I hav n't had a pleasanter time for many a day. And I do n't believe Monde has."

"No, aunt, I hav n't."

And it was the truth, Edith. Happy as I have been with Alfred Cullen, I was as happy without him—just thinking of him now and then, as I sat there putting on patches, and doing with right good will whatever came into my way to do.

Let me tell you a little story, dear Edith, and then I am done. Two or three days ago, at about this time of the evening, there sat on this spot, a gentleman of fine features, of easy, manly bearing, and a lady. The lady was not beautiful. The best that

could be said of her on the score of beauty, her sincere friend, Edith Manners, had said to her one day; "You are not so homely as you think, Miss Monde. You have beautiful hair, beautiful teeth—and I think a great deal of ones having pretty teeth. Your form is excellent; and your ways have an abundance of grace and ease in them."

This was all Edith Manners could say to her friend; and more than many others would have said, who knew her less familiarly; for she had, in truth, grace and ease in her manners only when she had grace and quietness in her soul; that it was sometimes said of her by those she would gladly have pleased, "I don't fancy her; she has a hard manner."

Well, they sat here, those two, in their easy-chairs, and rocked and talked, with their eyes steadily on each other's face. He held her hand in his, and kissed the fingers ever and anon as he talked and listened. At length he folded her close to his heart, and, with his lips on hers, called her—his "beloved!"

The next morning, when they met here, on the spot so sacred and dear to them both now, he took her to him once more, and said, "When will my Monde be *all* my own?"

She, "pliant as a reed," and with her arms clinging to him, answered, "Any time, dear Alfred—any time!" because, you see, she felt then, Edith, that she could not well live without him a day.

But it seems to have been demonstrated that she can—for he left her the following morning, after it had been agreed that they will both write immediately to her parents; that, their replies being propitious, he will accompany her to them in one month, and, in six months more, he will receive her at their hands; that, after two or three weeks spent there, he will bring her to his own home, to pass the rest of her happy life by his side.

And here ends my story. Only I must tell you how good uncle and aunt are. Aunt wept for joy, as if she would suffocate, when Alfred, standing close before me, with my hand in his, told her and uncle our resolves. Uncle, also, had moist eyes. He stood one moment near us, the next he walked the floor. I presume he thought of the dear Alice. I did; and longed that the blessings of her glorified spirit might be upon our union.

"You shall be as a daughter to me in all respects, Monde," said uncle, speaking with difficulty. "I have loved you as if you were my daughter, ever since you came. Whatever you need to have done, I shall attend to—if you will come to me always, as though I were your father. And you will, Monde?"

I answered the imploring voice, the imploring eyes, by catching the hand extended to me in both my own, and covering it with grateful tears and kisses.

I have had letters from home within a few days. And mother wrote—"You will feel quite lost when you come. We've moved into a large and beautiful tenement on B. street, close by the Haydens, and fitted the front parlor all up new, taking the old parlor furniture for the sitting-room. I hope you'll like these changes better than poor Kit does. Your father brought her over here in a basket, covered, that she might not see the way and be running back. But we missed her, and your father went over to see if he could find her at the old rooms, and there the poor creature was, prowling about the open cellar-window, as lean and hungry-looking as a wolf. Your father worries half of his time about her, when he is in the house. I really think he wishes he had stayed there too. Now that it is becoming an old thing, I see that he is often tired of so much to do. He gets the best of business, I mean business that pays the best; but his responsibilities wear him, and he has trouble with some of his clients. When he has been working day and night for them, they are as likely as any way to think that he has n't done enough.

"I have my troubles, too. I ought to be ashamed to complain, I suppose, now we are *doing so well*, but when you come you will see, as I do, that there are vexations for those who have enough of every thing, as well as for the poor. Perhaps you will think, as your father and I are sometimes inclined to, that it is n't worth while to look for much *real*, lasting happiness in this world, or for any benefit that has n't its tax."

Yes, one sees how it is with my poor parents; poor in their adversity, poor now in their prosperity. They look to the *outward* conditions of their lot for a great good that shall be final; for a life serene and well-satisfied that shall make its way into them, from without; from the new *friends*, the fast-filling purse, the freshly adorned home. Would that they and all the world could know that every good, every real enjoyment of life, is born of God *in the soul*. There Love, the Divine Life, the Artist-Life, the Blessed Life, whatever we call it, has its genial, its beloved home. Ah, Heaven! to have this life within us, so that we must burst forth into *singing*; to have it beaming thence upon our friends, our home, upon the earth, crowning them all with glory and light!—this is to know how good God is, in that He made and endowed us specially for this kind of life. Only we have sought out many inventions; have picked up one thing and another on our right hand and on our left, calling the laborious, unseemly patch-work we have in this way made up, Life. That we *must* pay a tax grievous to be borne on this, is one of the merciful dispensations, for it brings us to look for that to come, which will come without price, which will surely come, if we will accept nothing else, if we will wait for it, and receive it like little children.

"Thine, dear, MONDE HEDELQUIVER.

WELLINGTON.

A MILITARY BIOGRAPHY.

BY WILLIAM DOWE.

Le tambour d'en Haut a bat le rappel. SOULT, DUKE OF DALMATIA.

There 's a lean fellow beats all conquerors. DEKKAR.

THE last survivor of those celebrated chieftains who flashed their swords and waved their crests on the great battle-field of Europe, in the Napoleonic war, has gone to his place. Half a pound of indigestible venison has done what the hostile bayonets and bullets of the French and the Mahrattas failed to do, in a military career of twenty years. Arthur, Duke of Wellington, born in the same year with the greater Corsican, outlived him over thirty years, and died at Walmer Castle, on the 14th of September last. He witnessed a great many of the most extraordinary doings of the last half century, and was, himself—a great portion of them—*quarum pars magna fuit*. He hurried on the current of events which led to the fall of the great Mongol throne of Tamerlane and Arungzebe; and his hand gave the last bloody stroke which overthrew that of Napoleon.

Arthur Wesley or Wellesley—for the name seems to have been elongated, as a matter of dignity, like that of Abram of old—was born at Dangan, in Ireland, on the first of May, 1769—a fortnight before Bonaparte saw the light upon the sheet of Gobelin tapestry which represented "the tale of Troy divine." His grandfather was Garret Wesley, an Irish gentleman of good family, made Baron of Mornington by George II., in 1747. The Wesley family has given the world another great man. It is stated that John Wesley, the preacher, belonged to it; a man whose evangelical renown is as immortal as that of the soldier. The earldom of Mornington was not a wealthy one; and, after the death of her husband, the countess—mother of the British Gracchi (for the Marquis Wellesley was also famous)—brought up her four children, of whom Arthur was the youngest, in very narrow circumstances.

At an early age the latter, not having benefited much from his education, said he would be a soldier, and was sent to Angiers in France, where he studied the science of military engineering, under the famous Pignerol, about the time Napoleon was doing the same at Brienne. Great elements of future storms were at that moment fomenting in the kingdom of France! At the age of eighteen, Arthur Wellesley having returned home, got his ensignсy. By purchase and quick promotion, he was lieutenant-colonel in his twenty-fourth year. The first campaign he engaged in was as disastrous as his last was fortunate. The enemy was the same. In 1794 he joined the army of the Duke of York, then striving to drive the French republicans out of the Netherlands. But his royal highness was driven out himself in 1795. The soft young bishop of Osnaburg was not the man to cope with the fiery generals of the Convention. Thus ended Arthur Wellesley's first campaign.

The scene now changes to India. From a mere foothold and factory, on the shore, the English had in half a century won, thanks to Lord Clive, a vast extent of territory round the three Presidencies of Bombay, Madras and Calcutta. A company of merchants had done all this—the East India Company—whose chartered monopoly existed up to 1814. At the close of the last century the empire of the Mongols had dwindled away, and the Mahrattas, a wild people who rose fifty years before, possessed a large portion of the appanage of the Great Mogul. This last was dozing out his life in the palace of his renowned ancestors at Delhi. His empire in falling had broken into pieces. The Mahrattas formed one of these, and another, was the kingdom of Mysore, made so famous by the usurpation and bravery of Hyder Alee and his son, the Sultaun Tippoo Saib.

In 1798 the Earl of Mornington went out to India as governor-general, and his brother, the colonel, accompanied him. Their earliest attention was given to Tippoo, who from the table-land of Mysore made the Carnatic tremble at the name of his formidable cavalry. He was also in close connection with the French, and had given them repeated assurances that he would join his forces with theirs and annihilate the British power in India. Therefore, in March 1799, the Anglo-Indian army under General Harris, 37,000 strong, marched toward Tippoo, fully determined to put him out of the way. The advance was fiercely obstructed by the spahis of Mysore till, manœuvring and skirmishing repeatedly, the invading army had reached the walls of Tippoo's capital, Seringapatam. Between the British camp and the city lay some ruined villages, an aqueduct and a grove of cocoas and bamboos, which were desperately defended, and taken with great difficulty and loss. After a month's delay outside the city, the besiegers prepared to get into it, by storm, through a breach made in the wall. French troops and engineers in the pay of Tippoo made the siege of Seringapatam a formidable undertaking. But a forlorn hope, crossing a ditch under fire, scrambled into the

breach, and, other troops following, Seringapatam was taken, resisting furiously. Tippoo had gone out early in the morning to the outer rampart, to look at the camp. While there, he was surprised to hear that the English were entering the breach. Calling for his carbine, he hurried with his guard to the place, and on the rampart met his soldiers running before the stormers. He bid them stop, with a loud voice, and ordered them to rush back again; at the same time he fired his carbine repeatedly on the English. But the fugitives went by, and left him with a small body of officers and attendants, still firing on the assaulters. At last he turned to fly from the rampart to the gate of the inner fort. Hurrying through this he saw the English within and received two balls in the breast. He fell from his horse, and was then dragged from the crowd and put upon a palanquin. The Europeans soon rushed in, and a soldier laying hold of the diamond-studded sword-belt worn by the sultaun, attempted to drag it off. A servant, as he was making his escape, turned and saw Tippoo make a sweep of his sword at the man and cut him on the knee, whereupon the latter put his piece to his shoulder and shot the sultaun dead through the temple. More carnage followed in this spot till at last the fort was won. When Tippoo's palace and his sons were taken, the conquerors sought the chief himself; the cry went that he was dead; and that night, by torchlight, General Baird and his officers proceeded to search for the body in the gateway. About three hundred dead bodies were dragged away, and then the *killedar* of the palace recognized the half-stripped body of Tippoo. His splendid turban, jacket and sword-belt were gone. When dragged out, the body was so warm, and the open eyes looked so life-like, that Colonel Wellesley laid his hands on the heart and the wrist before he could believe it was a corpse. An officer present cut off from the right arm a *talisman* in fine flowered silk—inclosing an amulet of a silvery substance, and a piece of parchment with Persian and Arabic words. Napoleon also wore an amulet, said to be that of Charlemagne.

After the fall of Tippoo, the little grandson of the rajah whom Hyder Alee had deposed, forty years before, was put in his place, and held his throne in subserviency to the English. A Mysore chief named Doondhia still attempted to hold out, but Colonel Wellesly defeated and killed him.

Next came the Mahratta war. The chief of the Mahratta confederacy—the Peishwa—resided at Poonah, his capital; acknowledging, in a shadowy and nominal way the supremacy of the shadowy Mogul emperor, Shah Allum, who dozed away his life at Delhi. But the peishwa's authority was overshadowed by his powerful subject, Ras Scindiah, who wielded the military power of the Mahrattas to make war or peace with the English. The latter, now, either thought he had been assisting Tippoo, or feared he might be a troublesome neighbor in connection with the French; so they prepared to take advantage of events. Holkar, another Mahratta chief, having gone to war against Scindiah and thrown the kingdom into confusion, the poor peishwa ran away from Poonah and put himself under British protection. The case was therefore a clear one. In 1803 General Wellesley proceeded, at the head of an army, into the Mahratta territory and restored the peishwa. In the same year, Lord Lake marched northward to Delhi, drove out the French, who had there exercised a certain influence over Shah Allum, and bringing forth that poor, blind monarch (one of his Mahratta rebels had scooped out his eyes with a dagger!) placed him on the imperial *musnad* of India, under British protection! Meantime, the Mahratta chiefs who would not submit to the Anglified peishwa, were to be punished. Wellesley marched against Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar, and overthrew them at Assaye; and Lord Lake demolished the armies of Holkar. The whole peninsula of India was now virtually subject to the British.

The East India Company gave Wellesley a sword, worth one thousand guineas, for his services, and William Pitt made him a knight. In 1805 he returned to England with his brother, now Marquis Wellesley. In that year he became a member of the House of Commons. In 1806 he was again engaged in hot work. He married Elizabeth Packenham, daughter of Lord Longford and sister of the general who fell at New Orleans; and was then sent on the Copenhagen expedition. England, dreading that Napoleon, who now bestrode Europe like a colossus, would lay hands on the fleet of Denmark for the purposes of invasion, resolved, with the promptness and decision which distinguish her in difficult emergencies, to lay hands on it first. An armament under Lord Cathcart and Admiral Gambier went for the ships, and receiving a refusal bombarded Copenhagen in the most terrible manner; while Sir Arthur Wellesley manœuvred and beat the Danes on shore. In the midst of a general conflagration of the city the fleet was surrendered and carried away. All Europe—Napoleon and the French particularly—cried out against this high-handed business. It is still a great theme of discussion at historical societies in England, where it is not yet decided.

We have now come to the Peninsular War. Napoleon had declared all Europe in a state of blockade and forbade the nations to trade with England. But they would trade. He then resolved to take the coast kingdoms of Spain and Portugal into his own power; and seized his opportunity. In 1807, in consequence of the household quarrels of the imbecile Spanish Bourbons, he marched his troops into Spain under pretence of assisting Charles IV. against his son Ferdinand. Charles was induced to abdicate. Napoleon sent for Ferdinand; and in April 1808, Charles, his queen, Ferdinand, Don Carlos and Godoy were together, in a room at Bayonne, in presence of Napoleon; all the family in his clutches! The queen abused Ferdinand in the most shocking manner for his conduct to his father, who, she said, was not his father, after all! The interview was a terrible one—the calm, imperturbable face of Napoleon looking sternly on. Modern annals do not furnish the

painter with a finer historic subject. Napoleon took the father and son, sent them to separate prisons in France, and put his brother Joseph on the throne. But, as Delavigne says;

"The hope was vain: stoled priests and belted chiefs
Roused each the other up, and proudly woke
To loftier thought the popular beliefs,
And fired a nation's spirit as they spoke."

The haughty people of Spain ran to arms to expel the foreign garrisons. England loudly cheered on the furies of insurrection in the Peninsula, and sent Sir Arthur Wellesley, in 1808, with an army of 9000 men to coöperate with the Spaniards. When he reached Corunna he found that the Junta, relying upon the strength of the patriots, were not desirous to receive the troops. But they advised the general to proceed to Portugal and attempt to drive the French from that country, which they had likewise occupied. Sir Arthur proceeded to Mondego Bay, a little to the north of Lisbon, then garrisoned by the French. It was of this landing that Sir Walter Scott sung, in his "Vision of Don Roderick:"

"It was a dread, yet spirit-stirring sight:
The billows foamed beneath a thousand oars,
Fast as they land, the red-cross ranks unite,
Legions on legions brightening all the shores.
Then banners rise, the cannon-signal roars,
Then peals the warlike thunder of the drum,
Thrills the loud fife, the trumpet's flourish pours,
And patriot hopes awake and doubts are dumb,
For, bold in Freedom's cause, the bands of ocean come."

Sir Arthur repulsed the French in the engagement of Roleia. He also beat them at the battle of Vimiera, during which Sir Harry Burrard, his superior in command, arrived on the ground; but left the honor of the day to Wellesley. Junot, Duke of Abrantes, then sent a flag of truce and offered to evacuate Portugal. The convention of Cintra followed, signed by Sir Hew Dalrymple, Sir H. Burrard and Wellesley, on the part of England; and the French army was sent home in British vessels. This treaty was vehemently denounced in England, and public opinion pelted the three generals. Byron alludes to the matter in Childe Harold:

"Convention is the dwarfish demon styled
That foiled the knights in Marialva's dome
Of brains, if brains they had he them beguiled
And turned a nation's shallow joy to gloom."

Byron was mistaken in supposing the treaty was signed in the house of the Marquis of Marialva. Another and a greater disaster was mourned, soon after, in England. Sir John Moore who had marched, at the close of 1808, at the head of a small army into the heart of Spain, where he was disappointed in the Spanish assistance he expected, and threatened with destruction by the victorious French armies who had taken Madrid, began his disastrous retreat of 250 miles toward the sea, and arrived, at last, at Corunna, where his harassed and tormented spirit found rest.

"Slowly and sadly they laid him down
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
They carved not a line, they raised not a stone,
But they left him alone with his glory."

A couple of months after this event—in April 1809—Sir Arthur Wellesley was at Lisbon, in command of the British and Portuguese armies. Marching rapidly northward he made the passage of the Douro in face of the enemy—one of the most remarkable achievements of the war—and entered the city of Oporto. The French fled away in such a hurry that Sir Arthur ate the dinner cooked for Marshal Soult. Following up his success immediately, he drove the marshal precipitately out of Portugal. In July, he crossed the frontier into Spain; where, having formed a junction with Cuesta—a respectable old general who always moved about in a carriage—he marched to Talavera. Here the allied armies met the French, under King Joseph, Jourdain, Victor and Sabastiani. The latter were the assailants in a series of brilliant and desperate movements; but they were boldly confronted and baffled by the admirable strategy of the English commander. The French fell back on the night of the battle. But Sir Arthur fell back in a week, and left all his wounded to the care of Mortier, at Talavera. Dreading that the junction of Soult and Ney might cut off his communication with Portugal, he retired to the frontiers of Spain by the Tagus.

Byron has celebrated or satirized Talavera in Childe Harold:

"Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice:
Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high;
Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies;
The shouts are, France, Spain, Albion, Victory!
The foe, the victim, and the fond ally
That fights for all, and ever fights in vain,
Are met, as if at home they could not die,
To feed the crow on Talavera plain
And fertilize the field that each pretends to gain!"

Sir Arthur was now created Lord Wellington—though the English did not like to hear of the retreating movements. The French generals were victorious in Spain, and the year 1809 closed darkly on the hopes of the junta.

In the beginning of 1810, they were almost driven into the sea. Upon the shore of it the enemy besieged them in Cadiz. Lord Wellington was with the allied army on the frontiers of Portugal; and when Massena, having taken Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida, advanced upon the latter kingdom, the English general retired, but with his face to the marshal. In this attitude, he hurled back the French, in the brilliant affair of Busaco; and so continued to retire till he reached the sea, which, every where seems to wear a friendly face for the English. Here Wellington fortified himself within the impregnable mountain lines of Torres Vedras—extending thirty miles along the coast, from the Tagus to the mouth of the Sissandro. In this position he had the English fleet at his back. During his retreat he had laid waste Portugal—cleared the country of every thing that could support or assist Massena. The sufferings of the poor Portuguese—burghers and peasantry—were pitiable. But the French army suffered most. At the close of the year, weakened by want of provisions and desertion, Massena struck his camp and retired. In the beginning of March, Wellington quitted his mountain fortress and followed him. The country was extensively wasted by Massena in his retreat, and in April, 1811, the French were forced out of Portugal.

This year was consumed in a series of bloody and fruitless movements.

In the beginning of 1812, Wellington besieged and took Ciudad Rodrigo, and, on the 6th of April, he stormed Badajos—one of the most sanguinary affairs of the kind in modern warfare. Soult, who was advancing to relieve that fortress, retired on hearing of its fall, and, being followed by the allies, the great battle of Salamanca was fought in July. Marmont was defeated and lost his right arm; his dispatches to the minister at war were signed with his left hand. The blockade of Cadiz was now raised, at the end of twenty-one months, and the junta felt more at ease. Lord Wellington made a splendid entry into Madrid, and was hailed as the deliverer of the Peninsula. But it was not yet delivered. He pursued the French northward as far as Burgos, which place he besieged and tried to take by assault. But hearing that the French were greatly reinforced and fearing his communication with Portugal might be cut off, he raised the siege and retraced his steps in October, pursued in turn by Soult.

Then began the English retreat to the Douro; disgraceful as well as disastrous. The confusion, bad conduct, and insubordination of the army were extraordinary; it seemed completely demoralized by the reverse. The soldiers thought they were advancing to the French frontiers; instead of which, they were carried back again across Spain and Portugal. Thousands of the men deserted; and Wellington said his troops were "more ill-behaved and undisciplined than any army he ever read or heard of." At the same time the Spanish general, Ballasteros, refused to listen to or obey him—a heretic foreigner—for which, on Wellington's complaint, the Cortes cashiered and imprisoned him. The English general, leaving his army in Portuguese cantonments, went down to the junta at Cadiz, and there made such representations of the evils of a divided command, and told them so plainly his determination not to act without receiving the plenary powers he needed, that he was made generalissimo of the united armies of England and the Peninsula.

In 1813 the terrible effects of the Russian campaign began to be felt in Spain. French armies were withdrawn to fill the place of "those veteran hearts that were wasted" beside the Berezina. Wellington, the supreme chief, again advanced, and for the last time, from his base of operations in Portugal. But for this sea-washed position, he would have been driven out of the Peninsula long before. The giant Antæus, when overthrown, instantly recovered when he touched mother earth. Wellington, in his defeats, recovered whenever he touched the *sea*. He now turned his back upon it, and marched for the Pyrenees. From the frontiers of Portugal he followed the French, who retreated on Burgos. In June he beat King Joseph at Vittoria, and following the French to Pamplona, forced them to enter France by the Bidassoa and other points. But France was not to be invaded without a bloody struggle. Soult, who had received reinforcements from those terrific conscriptions with which Napoleon was decimating France, once more turned upon Wellington. He attacked and beat the English generals in several desperate engagements in the defile of Puerto Maya, and the pass of Roncesvalles.

> Where Charlemagne with all his peerage fell,
> By Fontarrabia.

The French fought desperately—as they were doing at the same moment, to protect the German frontiers of France against the Russians and Austrians. At the close of 1813, San Sebastian was besieged and taken; and the English soldiery riotous over the fallen city, with the most horrible brutality and license.

Napoleon now seeing his affairs desperate, took Ferdinand of Spain out of prison, and made a treaty of peace and friendship with him. But the Cortes refused to sanction it. In the beginning of 1814 Lord Wellington entered France, and dispatched General Beresford to Bourdeaux, which city he entered in triumph, accompanied by the Duc d'Angouleme. On the 14th of April was fought the battle of Thoulouse, in which Soult endeavored to oppose the progress of Wellington.

In the meantime, Napoleon, who had fought like a wild animal at bay, against the advance of the allies, was forced to abdicate at Fontainebleau, and go away to Elba. Returning thence to Paris, in the beginning of 1815, by one of the most daring and and brilliant marches ever made by any soldier, he reached the Thuilleries, while the French princes hurried in consternation along the road to Ghent. At the end of three months the French emperor proceeded into Belgium to annihilate the nearest of his enemies—the Anglo-Belgian and Prussian armies, before the others should come up. It has been said Wellington was taken by surprise. This might have been so—as regarded the exact hour of Napoleon's coming; but he was not disconcerted. He and many of his officers were at the Duchess of Richmond's ball, in Brussels, when they heard of the sudden advance of the French.

> And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
> The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
> Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
> And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
> As the deep thunder, peal on peal afar,
> And near, the beat of the alarming drum
> Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
> While thronged the citizens, with terror dumb,
> Or whispering with white lips, the foe, they come, they come!

Meantime, the emperor, moving rapidly on Brussels, drove in the English at the battle of Quatre Bras, on the 16th, and the Prussians, at Ligny, on the 17th of June. But, on the 18th, he was checked by the memorable hollow squares of Waterloo. On that day was fought one of the most renowned battles of the world—the most decisive of modern times. In antiquity, the battles most resembling it seem to have been Platæa, where Mardonius and the Persians were overthrown, and the fight of Cannæ, in Italy, where the Napoleon of the Punic War prostrated the military strength, but not the republican courage of Rome. For nearly the entire day the British squares withstood the vehement cavalry charges of the French, and so rough-handled and

weakened them, that when, toward evening, the Prussians came up in great force, the emperor's army was wearied, and ready for a repulse. He ordered one more charge in column—that of his Young Guard—(the Old Guard was asleep in Russia) —headed by Ney. But it was broken by the firmness of the English guards. Wellington himself was with these last, and doubtless his presence gave them increased spirit and steadiness. The column —the last forlorn hope of empire—was struck and scattered by the musketry in front, and the flank charges of cavalry; and then the career of Napoleon was at an end. And, for one great tyrant beaten down, a dozen others, great and small, reigned in his stead—their unholy alliance sitting like an incubus on the rights and hopes of exhausted Europe.

After the return of the Bourbons, the Duke of Wellington remained for three years in France, at the head of the Army of Occupation. His residence in Paris was the Elysee Bourbon—that lately occupied by Louis Napoleon. He has been blamed for not saving the life of Marshal Ney, who had in 1814 sworn fidelity to the Bourbons, and, in 1815, gone back to the emperor. Byron, who was always fierce on the duke, says, addressing him,

> Glory like yours, should any dare gainsay,
> Humanity would rise and thunder, *Nay!*

Wellington, when speaking to his intimate friends concerning the execution of Marsal Ney—which he undoubtedly could have prevented—merely said, "It was no concern of his." It never was part of Wellington's character to give way to any sentimental feeling. In 1818 his army left Paris; which occasion Beranger has signalized in one of the finest of his lyrics: *La Sainte Alliance des Peuples:*

> O peoples! forgetting all by-gone defiance,
> Join hands, for yourselves, in a Holy Alliance!

The renown of Wellington was now only inferior to that of the late emperor: He was a prince, a noble, or a knight, in almost all the European codes of honor;

> His honorable titles
> Would crack an elephant's back,

as Shirley says. Thenceforward he sat in the English House of Peers—a moderate politician, and a wealthy man. He had got a dukedom, and nearly a million and a half pounds sterling from parliament, and his pensions and other emoluments from successive offices he held were not less than £15,000 a year. In 1829, being First Lord of the Treasury, in Peel's ministry, he advised that the Catholics should be emancipated—as they were insisting on it so furiously. For this a good many Tory missiles were sent rattling about his laureled head. But he did not mind them; he had heard the rattling of more deadly things. During the agitation for reform, to which he had opposed himself, the London mob, in 1831, pelted Apsley House, situated at the corner of Hyde Park, and broke several of his windows. Instead of mending them he got iron shutters to them, and they have remained closed ever since—a tacit reproach to the commonality of the capital. But that gust soon blew over, and, latterly, Englishmen of all classes were proud of the old duke—such a distinguished champion and evidence of their military glory. Wherever he went, he was stared at or cheered. Riding along the streets of the West End, followed by a single groom, his stooping figure and white head were well known. Hats would fly off as he passed, and he always raised his finger to the rim of his own in return. He was one of the most regular attendants on his duties in Parliament, and mingled in all the amusements and ceremonies of the aristocracy, as if he was no more than one of themselves. His growing years seemed to trouble his mind very little. Like Frederick the Great, he appeared to put aside all thoughts of senility and death, by the closeness of his attention to his daily duties and occupations of all sorts. He did not ponder on that "fell sergeant;" or, if he did, he probably thought of him as an old acquaintance he had seen somewhere in either of the two peninsulas—the Indian or the Iberian; a sergeant, in fact, who did duty under himself, along with the rest of the sergeants! Latterly, his son, Lord Charles, and his daughter-in-law, kept house for him in Piccadilly; and thus left the *insouciant* old militaire at liberty to attend all the galas of the court, and all the balls and reunions of Belgravia. On great court occasions, the stooping old warrior would be seen—something like Achilles in the disguise—dressed in the showy ceremonial costume of his rank or office, in the midst of all the pageantries of royalty. At festive parties he would generally remain among the latest guests, enjoy himself with as much apparent cheerfulness as any body present, and go home to bed, like an old rake, in the small hours of the morning. He liked the gayeties of fashionable life. He would stand godfather for noble infants at the font, and give away noble brides at the altar. He would also go to christenings, and eat caudle with infinite good nature; gratified, doubtless, by the homage that awaited him everywhere.

On the 18th of June, he gave yearly, at Apsley House, a grand entertainment to all those officers who had been at Waterloo. People said he should have discontinued it—seeing it tended to keep up ill-feeling between England and France. But the feelings of the French were not worth respecting. They have as much levity and slavishness as their ancestry in the time of Louis Quatorze; a sad thing to say. The duke would interest himself in every thing considered important to society; and from his high character and his supposed influence with the ruling powers, at all times, he had crowds of volunteer correspondents in his time, asking all sorts of questions, and begging all sorts of interferences and favors. The first general sensation created by the Irish starvations at Skibbereen, in 1847, was produced by a letter addressed to the duke, and printed in the London *Times*. He almost invariably sent an autograph answer to his correspondents, beginning: "F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents, etc." His replies were succinct and *ad rem;* some very trenchant, and some, which we have seen, very courteous.

Wellington was a man of cold thought and calculation. There was very little generous impulse or fine feeling in his character. Any thing like sentimental talk of glory he would smile at as stuff and nonsense. He knew that all the British glories of the Peninsula were won by the greatest scamps and blackguards in the three kingdoms, who composed the strength of the regiments. He was simple and matter-of-fact; his thoughts were subdued and hardened by the drilling of a lifetime. His style of writing was as disciplined and calm as his mind. He could never have written any of those bulletins with which Napoleon used to fire the blood of his soldiers, and in which he could show himself as impassioned as Mirabeau, as condensed as Tacitus. It is said Wellington cried out: "Up, guards, and at them!" when Ney had climbed the ridge at Waterloo. But on being asked about it, by a painter to whom he sat for his portrait, the duke smiled, and said he did not remember saying any such thing. He did not understand any melo-dramatic un-British balderdash! He loved the simple vernacular, and even slang of old England. At Salamanca, he turned to General Leith, and pointing to a height, said, "Push on, and drive them to the devil!" O Sallust, Tacitus, Polybius, how should you have got over the battle-speeches of such a man! After the battle of Salamanca, he said: "Marmont has forced me to lick him." At Waterloo, with his watch in his hand, and his keen, cold glance bent through the rolling smoke, in the direction of Warre, he said: "This is hard pounding, gentlemen; we must only see who will pound the longest!" using, in that sublime and trying moment, the language of a London prize ring! Thus, cool and courageous as a steel blade, he never exhibited any of that glowing, impressible temperament, so characteristic of his native isle. He had, in fact, very little sympathy with Ireland in any thing, and seemed to forget he was ever born there. He never came forward in Parliament, or out of it, with any motion respecting its distress, or the relief of it, and, indeed, showed himself undeserving of any attachment on the part of Irishmen. Ireland had no sympathy with him, nor prided herself in him; which, seeing how forgivingly grateful she always was for the slightest show of kindness, speaks very unfavorably for the heart of the Duke of Wellington.

Wellington was a great general—not a great man. His was far inferior to the comprehensive, imperial genius of Napoleon, who, though a thorough-paced homicide, yet possessed the broad vision and faculty which distinguish the mightier rulers of men. In the latter years of his life, the emperor exchanged his soldierly statesmanship for fatalism—goaded to this by the fierce opposition of legitimacy—and thus renounced and falsified the glorious *prestige* of his early career. But, take him all in all,—looking at the astonishing picture of his life, in all its breadth and all its magnificent effects of light and shadow—we feel that the Corsican was of a higher order of spirit than the renowned and admirable soldier whose obituary we write.

The duke's decease was caused by apoplectic fits; and took place at Walmer Castle, where he was attending his duty as Warden of the Cinque Ports. On Sunday, 12th September, he felt very well, and dined heartily on venison. On Tuesday morning he seemed to feel the effects of indigestion, and had an apothecary sent for. He spoke to the latter on his arrival; but afterward lost the power of speech, and died imperceptibly at three o'clock. Wellington was of low stature, like Napoleon; as for his aspect, there is as little need to describe it as that of the emperor. He was simple in his habits, and *economic* in his household, and usually slept on a little hard camp bed. A friend of his once complained that he had not room to turn in his bed. "Sir," said the duke, "when a man begins to think of turning *in* his bed, it is high time for him to turn *out* of it." He survived his duchess about twenty years.

He has been succeeded by Arthur, Marquis of Douro, born in 1807, and married in 1839 to the Lady Elizabeth Hay, daughter of the Marquis of Tweedale. He has no children. We believe Lord Charles Wellesley has a son. But the English apprehend a failure of the heirs male, and wish to have the dukedom entailed on the issue of the females of the family.

SONNET.—HOMER.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

Great Melesigenes! erst, poor and blind,
A wanderer didst thou sing thy Epic verse,
Which peasants, princes equally rehearse,
And act thy characters of lofty mind—
War's trump Calliope aloud doth blow,
When telling of fair Ilium's famous towers,
Which Greece beleaguered with her mighty powers,
Led by Pelides, Hector's sternest foe—
Fair Helen's beauty thou dost there portray,
Whom gallant, bold old generals admire;
Speaking, too, of his rovings wild and ire,
Whose bended bow doth the wild suitors slay—
The story of thy heroes; scenes of old,
Demands, by right, a shining case of gold.

GRACE BARTLETT.

AN AMERICAN TRADITION.

BY MARY J. WINDLE.

CHAPTER I.

Light of the new-born verdure!
Glory of the jocund May!
What gladness is out in leafy lanes!
What joy in the fields to-day!
W. C. BENNET.

Sunshine and storm—the alternate checker-work
Of human fortune! SHELLEY.

A LOVER of the picturesque, whether poet, painter, or simply an enjoyer of Nature's works, may be justified, perhaps, in extending his quest after the sublime and beautiful beyond the rich and varied landscapes of New England. Yet it is in this unpretending region that we are about to lay the opening incidents of our tale, rather than amid the cloud-capt rocks of Niagara, or upon the indented shores of our romantic lakes.

In the early days of our pilgrim forefathers, ere luxury and fashion had tarnished with their deceptive but defacing touch the primitive customs of the land—and, at the crisis referred to, neat but unpretending villages were beginning to dot at intervals the surface of the adopted country.

It is to the heart of one of these models of rural beauty that we now invite the attention of the reader. The immediate location of the village was in a sort of valley, close within the verge of an immense forest, and surrounded by an intervening underwood, which Nature had fashioned as a sort of defensive barrier. The cottages were without the underwood, and thickly distributed on that side of the forest which skirted the open country, forming, as it were, a slight chain of protection against the inroads of the Indians. So much in the light of a defensive fortress had these indeed come to be regarded by the dusky tribes, that latterly their invasions in the place had been few and far between. Even these occasional attacks had at length seemed completely repressed through the energetic measures of one of the colonists, who had acted on each occasion of surprise with a firmness and self-possession that at once overpowered and dispelled the savages.

This man, Deacon Winthrop, had, however, by the strenuous efforts referred to, incurred the revengeful feelings of the adjacent tribes, and an impending evil at this moment hung over him, unsuspected by himself or any of the villagers.

The beautiful English custom of celebrating the first of May, by a festival of roses, had been preserved in the colonies. To the morning of as lovely a day as ever ushered in that month of flowers, we now revert. It was a day of days—not a cloud to alarm even the most fearful, and holyday dresses were donned without the slightest dread lest they should be spoiled. The weather was neither too hot nor too cold; the old failed to anticipate coughs, and the young anticipated pleasures innumerable. A poetic fancy might have deemed that the trees, the flowers, the grass, were endowed with a brighter beauty in honor of the day. This festival, though nominally and by custom given to children, was witnessed and enjoyed, we may say fairly participated in, by those of older growth. At almost every cottage door might be seen some grandmother singing to the crowing infant in her lap, and old men leaning on their sticks peering out to catch a share of the general joy.

Opposite the pastor's dwelling was reared the May-pole, gay with flowers and streaming with ribbons, while around it was collecting the limited juvenile population of the little place.

The lively ceremonies of the occasion formed no pompous pageant nor idle mockery—the smiles of the children alone shed a glow over the spot, and their merry peals of laughter rendered their sports hilarious and exhilarating to the more sober and advanced inhabitants, who acted only as spectators of this portion of the festivities.

Several hours passed thus in sportive amusements and in the crowning of the May Queen, Grace Bartlett, the pastor's only child, who was elected by the unanimous voice of her companions to the honors of the occasion.

A banquet followed, spread upon the grass, and composed of contributions from every cottage matron. When this was ended, the long train of youthful forms, each garlanded with a trimming of flowers, swept up a vast avenue of beech to the village church. There the oration of the day was pronounced by one of their number robed in white. It was a simple and heart-touching sentence that last came from those childish lips—a word of faith to be preserved when all the bright twisted garlands of the day should be withered; when that last tribute, a chaplet bound by cypress leaves, should be laid upon each bier.

Hark! now from the young circle before the low pulpit arise the simple tones of a psalm, swelling on the air in rich gradations, interrupted only by the throbbing of those tender hearts, in the fullness of their innocent joy. Their rosy cheeks and glistening eyes at that moment, what need have these of record? Are they not written still in the memories of the surving throng? The gushing melody from those infantile voices at length ceased, and the assemblage dispersed from the building.

Again out in the open air, again on the broad common, again scattered hitherward and thitherward, the children sought their homes, many of them possibly regretting that the festival of roses had not to begin again, but all solaced by the thought that it had become for once more an event in their personal history. And so to all intents the events of the day seemed ended. Several of the children had lingered in the meeting-house, after the general crowd had left it. By degrees, however, these few loiterers all departed, either singly or by pairs, excepting young Frank Winthrop and Grace Bartlett, who lingered to collect and garner up a few of those perishable wreaths that garlanded and adorned the modest sanctuary.

The platform in front of the pulpit, erected for the accommodation of the children, was completely hidden in leaves and flowers. Laurel branches as graceful as stooping seraphims swept over the surface of the clerk's desk; the supporters of the pulpit lifted to its floor long, slender lines of jessamine; while from the rafters of the roof hung rich festoons of daffodil—making altogether a completely new interior; the high-backed chair of the clerk beneath was so richly adorned with roses that one kneeling before it might, without any great effort of imagination, have been mistaken for a votary of Flora.

For some time our young pair amused themselves tripping from spot to spot, their sweet, childish voices waking the echoes of the humble building. At length, tired of the day's exertion, little Grace Bartlett threw herself into the huge arm-chair behind the desk. She was a lovely child, with large, soft eyes, and fair hair, which fell in light waves, rather than curls, nearly to her waist. Although the especial pet of the whole settlement, she was not spoiled, owing to the remarkable sweetness of her disposition, which caused her to receive indulgence as the flower drinks dew, only to become more light and fragrant from the rich overflow of nutriment. Oh! if you could have seen her sitting in that old chair, raised some three feet above the floor, her petite figure vainly endeavoring to accommodate itself to the stiff, high back, one bare arm dimpling its dark covering, as if like some pleasant old gentleman, it could not help laughing at so dainty a thing, and the tips of her tiny fingers finding themselves an agreeable resting-place upon the soft coloring of her cheek.

Her male companion, Frank Winthrop, was a laughing boy, who was two years her senior. He was a plump urchin, welcome to the hearts and arms of all. His life was one long holyday of fun and frolick. He was ever fain to chat with the old, laugh with the young, nor was there even a dog in the village that did not wag its ears knowingly as the pretty fellow drew near.

From under a rude, arched porch outside, the clear laugh and ringing shout of a troop of happy children, who still loitered near, might be heard. One was romping in baby-frock and pinafore among the trees, now thrusting his arm in the leaves to grasp the bared shoulder of a little sister, then creeping away under the green shadows, as a hare would hide itself, and raising his ringing voice to challenge pursuit, clapping his hands and laughing—scampering off finally on his chubby little feet, to plunge headlong in the fragrant grass, with a happy joyousness truly refreshing. At the farthest extremity of this rustic shed, three or four were playing, with noise enough for Christmas holydays; two boys at football, while the rest were testifying their feelings by sporting around them with the extremest merriment. One of the girls, at a little distance, was going through the A, B, C-dom of a mimic school, now kissing one, patting another, coaxing a third, crying "Oh, for shame!" to a fourth, and then dismissing with gravity the geography and history classes. Although some of the young rebels were larger than she was, and though they did mischieviously contrive to loosen the comb with which she had tucked up her tresses, until the whole glittering mass came sweeping round her dimpled shoulders, and though some of the lesser girls would pelt her with clover tops, yet for all that she was as demure as a kitten—not a muscle moved. Ah, childhood! beautiful spring-time of the heart, when deception and suspicion are alike unknown, while yet the flowers of trustfulness bloom side by side with budding hope and fancy—ere the germs of envy and selfishness have come to shadow this bright little Eden of life's imaginings—how lovely thou art in thy freshness and purity!

Little dreamed the guileless young gamboleers at this moment that a savage eye was peering upon them from behind the eves of the meeting-house. An enemy was lurking near, unknown to those innocent hearts, who, ere the village clocks should have pointed to the hour of nightly repose succeeding that day of glee, was destined to shed a gloom over the late happy region.

The pretty May Queen, Grace Bartlett, tired at length of her seat in the tall chair under the pulpit, and jumping down with a bound and a run, was soon out upon the green amidst the merry group we have described. Frank Winthrop, the other little loiterer, had fallen asleep in one of the high pews, with a large Psalm-book for his pillow, and consequently he took no heed of her departure. There he lay in the calm, beautiful sleep of his young time of life, a model fit for the painter's or the sculptor's hand. How beautiful that boyish dreamer looked!—the round, fair outline, the fresh bloom of the features—his dark hair falling aside from his forehead, leaving its surface visible, and bland and fair.

Meantime, the shades of evening drew on, and the pennon of the hour began to bestar the heavens. A signal from the parents now brought the truant children to their homes—all but this reposing boy. It was the moment looked for by the lurking foe. Stealthily emerging from his retreat, he gazed around a moment to convince himself that his way was clear, and then advanced softly to the door of the meeting-house. From his late place of secretion he had caught a glimpse, through the window, of the sleeper, thus opportunely for his purpose, left alone

in the building, and he deemed that his moment of revenge had come.

An instant he stood at the threshold—then advanced with measured tread along the aisles. So light were his footsteps, that the very scattered garlands and stray flowers of the late pageant rebounded unharmed beneath his moccason tread.

The space which divided him from the slumberer was soon past, and he stood before the child's smiling and outstretched form. For a moment a compunctious feeling stole over the warrior. He hold his breath as he gazed, and his heart swelled with love and pity. It was an evanescent feeling, however, for in another instant he had raised the boy in his arms, and bearing him gently away, he retraced his steps to the green sward. Another moment, and his retreating feet pressed an opening in the underwood bordering the forest, and in a moment more he was lost in the densely-wooded scenery.

CHAPTER II.

Alas! my noble boy, that thou should'st die!
Thou wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in that glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in that clustering hair.
WILLIS.

Cursed be my tribe
If I forgive him. SHYLOCK.

We must now use an author's privilege and transport the reader to a lofty room in a spacious mansion attached to a fortress. It was far more commodious and gorgeously furnished than might have been looked for in such an isolated spot, though it was now silent and imperfectly lighted by a single wax-taper. The air was fraught with the fine exotics adorning the flower-stands, and the light, dim as it was, fell upon a hundred objects of splendid luxury.

The solitary occupant of this apartment had the air of one accustomed to action, and yet not a stranger to habits of thought. He was of no more than middle height, but in his air and gesture there was a tone of decision and command which no advantage of stature could bestow. The features were graceful, the color, that which exposure to the air increases in a skin originally soft and fresh. There was altogether a military appearance in the full and fiery eye which plainly showed the character of his adventurous life.

General Lincoln had been sent by the government of England to occupy a fortress on the borders of Canada. Whatever might be the stern peculiarities of his disposition, he was a man well calculated for the important trust reposed in him—for, combining experience with judgment in all matters relating to diplomacy, and being fully conversant with the character and habits of both Indians and settlers, he possessed singular aptitude to seize whatever advantages might present themselves. His policy was to conciliate the adjacent tribes of savages, and through them to destroy the few colonial settlements yet formed. His first object was now in the full tide of successful accomplishment, and when it should be fully ripe, the last would naturally follow.

It was midnight, and General Lincoln was pacing the floor of his luxurious apartment, seemingly insensible of the downy softness of the rich carpets under his feet, or the glitter of the splendid lustres over his head. At length, as he turned at the extreme end of the room, his eyes fell on the frame of a large painting, and for some minutes they were riveted to the picture it contained as by a master-spell. It was a portrait—a full-length portrait representing a female at the climax of youthful loveliness, with a charming infant boy resting upon her knees. Well did the gazer remember how fondly he had assisted in keeping the child quiet during the tedious task of sitting, by holding before his little laughing eyes the very toy now figuring in the hands of the mother in the picture before him.

The power of association brought back with lifelike force to the father's mind the soft, warm grasp of those dimpled, baby hands. Alas! they were now cold in death. The past arose before him—his early ambition—his happy marriage—his rapid and flattering success—his hope for higher honors—his wish for a son to transmit the pride of his name—his gratified desire. Before its fulfillment, the strongest principle of his mind was the longing for a son. Afterward, he had coveted worldly honors—he had garnered wealth that he might transmit to him the one and the other. Often, after the duties of the day, had he repaired to that child's chamber and watched his slumber. How often for hours had he nursed it in his arms with all a woman's tenderness and gushing joy. All his softer feelings—all his holier and better ones—such as even in the proudest bosom find root, turned toward this child.

From the soft and sinuous outline of the half-naked babe in the picture, his eye wandered to the face of the angel-like mother. Those clustering curls, those sparkling eyes, those blooming cheeks—for a moment they appeared before him, joyous, brilliant, beautiful and beloved. He pressed his hand hard with the clinch of suppressed emotion over his eyes, as the heavy tears fell upon the rich carpet, evidencing that under the crust of worldly intrigues was a heart that beat strongly. The grave had claimed both the dear ones whose likeness he looked upon—and now only a daughter was left to him. This daughter he loved, it is true, but she could not inherit his name, and every new acquisition of fortune or fame rendered him only the more anxious to perpetuate those empty distinctions to his race.

"My son, my son!" murmured the worldly man, "would to God that I could have died for thee."

At that instant the great hall bell sounded, and an attendant shortly afterward entered the apartment, saying, "The Indian chief Tuscalameetah is below, and would speak with Gen. Lincoln on business of private import."

"Let him come up," was the reply.

In a few moments, a man entered in the wild accoutrements of a native of the woods. His closely-shaven head was without ornament of any kind, with the exception of a solitary plume that crossed his crown and hung over his shoulders. A tomahawk and scalping-knife were in his belt. He wore a hunting suit of forest green, with moccasons gayly orna-

mented, and his buckskin leggings laced at the side were gartered above the knee. His eye was quick and restless, roaming on every side of him, as from the habit of mistrusting the sudden approach of an enemy.

Notwithstanding these symptoms of suspicion at the moment of his entrance, his countenance was not only without guile, but wore an expression of honesty. He passed from the door, and approached Gen. Lincoln with the dignified tread of his race.

"What bringeth thee here?" asked the proud man of the savage. "Hast thou accomplished the errand I entrusted thee with."

"Tuscalameetah hath done thy bidding, and with the same arrow he has made sure his own revenge," answered the other.

"I trust thou hast not committed butchery in this work," said his employer. "The moment of extermination has not yet come, and I pray God it never may be our last resource. I but desired you to find me an orphan boy among the settlements whom I could make the heir of my name and wealth."

"The red man acteth as he will, and cometh back as he sees fit," replied the chief, haughtily. "But the son of the clearings shall bless thy hearth; yet the tomahawk and scalping-knife have not left their resting-place."

"It is well," responded Lincoln, "that thou hast shed no blood. And the child, is he fair? and wherefore doth he linger?"

"He shall be in thy wigwam ere the sun setteth again," said Tuscalameetah. "The lily of the valley cannot compare with him in whiteness."

"See that thou bringest him hither by the time thou hast specified," rejoined the general, as opening an escritoir which stood on one side of the room, he handed the Indian a purse of gold. In a few moments he was again alone.

CHAPTER III.

The child?—
Ay, that strikes home—my child—my child.
LOVE AND HATRED. BY ——.

"——Lose I not
With him what fortune could in life allot?
Lose I not hope, life's cordial. CRABBE.

The morning following the mysterious disappearance of little Frank Winthrop, unusual symptoms of gloom might have been discerned in the village. The may-pole still stood trimmed with ribbons, but no children gamboled around it. There was a party of lads and a group of girls standing talking to each other—not merrily, but earnestly, on what appeared to be a subject of grave import. There were neither shouts nor laughs to be heard. And at almost every cottage door mothers might be seen with their infants in their arms, or old men and women shaking their heads sadly, and whispering to one another.

One called to mind how he had seen the child at the festival on the day previous, and what a pensive, half-ominous air his childish features wore. Another told that he had wondered much that one so young as he, should be bold enough to remain alone in the meeting-house with his baby companion. A the children went thither in little knots, and w half-fearful steps entered the pew where Ruth ba left the lost boy sleeping.

As to the bereft mother, for many hours they had little expectation of her surviving, but grief is strong and she recovered. Some faint hope of his ultimate discovery seemed to animate her heart in this season of agony. The father took an active an energetic part in the search that was made by the villagers It was a trait in his character to conceal deep grie which with him, in this case, seemed to lead to action, not despair or despondency.

For weeks an investigation and search, led by himself, was followed up; but it proved without success Those who have known the blank that follows the death of an idolized child—the uneasy void the sense of desolation that will come when something beloved is missed at every turn—they can faintly guess how those unhappy parents pined as their faint and shadowy hope deferred from day to day till their hearts grew sick. With the mother, a removal from the scene of her late bereavement was tried, in order to discover whether change of place would rouse or cheer her. But alas! she was henceforth the same—a broken-hearted woman. The sympathy felt for her in the village was profound. As she appeared among them those who met her drew back to make way for her, and give her a softened greeting. Some shook her kindly by the hand, some stood uncovered as she glided by, and many cried, "God help you!" as she passed along.

Months passed on, and still no tidings of Frank Winthrop cheered the ears of the villagers. Years, too, in their course, gradually rolled on, and many changes were witnessed in the settlement—the old died and were buried—new children were added to the colonists—the young began to approach the season of maturity—yet still the vanished one was seen not, and tidings of him were heard in that place no more.

CHAPTER IV.

I struck in a pathway half-worn o'er the sod
By the feet that went up to the worship of God.

. . . . . .

Such language as his I may never recall,
But his theme was salvation, salvation to all—
And the souls of his hearers in ecstasy hung
On the manna-like sweetness that fell from his tongue
Not alone on the ear his wild eloquence stole;
Enforced by each gesture, it sunk to the soul,
Till it seemed that an angel had brightened the sod,
And brought to each bosom a message from God.
MRS. AMELIA WELBY

Seem'st thou dimly to remember
Some sweet spot ne'er seen before,
To have visited or known it,
Or in dreams or times of yore?
Doth a word send waking fancies,
Ringing thought's familiar brain,
Faint and distant, yet familiar,
Where and when we seek in vain.
MRS. ACTON TIEBAL.

We must allow an interval of sixteen years to pass away ere we again appear before our readers. To the quiet meeting-house mentioned in our opening chapter, we now revert. The chaplets and

flowers we described previously, had long since withered away and returned to their parent dust, and with them, except in faint tradition and in the hearts of the bereaved parents, the name of the lost boy.

The humble building was now half-covered with ivy, and the small, secluded grave-yard was studded with simple stones and heaped with grassy mounds; showing that Time had not been idle in his allotted work. On one side lay the garden of the little house belonging to the pastor—a quiet dwelling shaded with sycamores, which threw large branches over the wall, and heavily shaded that side of the grave-yard.

The low bell had done ringing some time, and the congregation had all assembled. The small house overflowed with numbers, and what cannot be said of many such assemblies, contained but one class of human beings—all meeting on equal terms—none striving after the highest seat—difference of station having never been so much as named among them. These consisted chiefly of old men dressed in the respectable garb of the colonists, and women of different ages.

Opposite the reading-desk was Pastor Bartlett's pew. The only occupants were his wife and daughter. The latter would have attracted attention in any assembly, for her beauty was of an uncommon cast. Her face was of that kind which is our ideal of a cherub's—rounded, pure, innocent and happy. The long, golden hair absolutely sparkled in the light, while her skin realized the old poet's exquisite description:

> "Fair as the snow whose fleeces clothe
> Our Alpine hills;—sweet as the rose's spirit
> Or violet's cheek, on which the morning leaves
> A tear at parting."

Altogether nothing could be more peaceful and soothing than the effect produced by the congregation assembled in that little, unadorned place of worship, set off alone by the deep and expressive tones which proceeded from the reading-desk. The venerable Pastor Bartlett was a thin, pale, reverend looking person, with his locks thickly sprinkled with gray. He was reading a psalm from David, in the most beautiful and deeply earnest manner. His voice and pronunciation were those of a man of education, and his countenance refined and intellectual. But that which struck the beholder particularly about him, was the deep and unaffected seriousness with which he performed the holy office he was engaged in.

Whether it was the peaceful quiet and seclusion of the scene—whether it was their frame of mind, or whether it was the teaching voice of the reader we know not, but all paid the most devout attention. On the conclusion of the psalm, the preacher went up into his little, worm-eaten pulpit, and began. His text was, "Why will ye labor for that which is not bread?" There was something so seriously in earnest in his manner that the words seemed to go to the hearts of his hearers. He spoke of the emptiness, the insufficiency of pleasures which terminated here to satisfy a spirit created for an hereafter. He represented the powerlessness of those aids to support and tranquilize the heart in its sufferings and its dangers. He drew a living picture of the human heart—its secret restlessness and disquiet, its sense of the hollowness of all things. He then told them of that which was the true bread—of fountains whence flowed living waters—their immortal relations—their high destiny—their sonship and communion with the infinite God.

The clergyman was in the midst of his solemn discourse, when the attention of his hearers was attracted by loud and unusual sounds in the church-yard. There were the galloping of a horse, the clang of spurs, and the crack of a whip. The suspense was brief, for in a few moments a stranger entered the santuary.

The intruder was a young man of some twenty years of age. He had that air which, if not embodied in the words *high bred*, is beyond the reach of words; and his whole countenance was one to rivet attention in a crowd—the whole marking him no common person.

He paused at the entrance, for the crowded state of the little building rendered it somewhat difficult for him to perceive a vacant seat. Another moment, and the stalwort form of Deacon Winthrop was seen to arise and beckon the embarrassed stranger to a place by his side.

The slight interruption to which the intrusion of the young man had given rise subsided, and in another moment he was listening with the most respectful attention to the resumed discourse. At its close, supposing the services ended, he arose to withdraw. He had turned slowly to the door, when a doxology arose, led by a voice in the pastor's pew in front of him, that arrested his steps. He listened, charmed and spell-bound—words came o'er his ear, words long unfamiliar to him, and but imperfectly remembered—words connected with his early and childish years—words that seemed as the ghosts of the past. He lingered after these had ended to catch a glimpse of the singer. Grace Bartlett was, indeed, a beautiful vision, as she thus stood among the now erect congregation, with her delicate bloom and rounded form, a picture of youth and hope. Her thoughts seemed turned from earth to heaven, and her eyes took the same direction. There was a something so pure, so spiritual about her at that moment, that an enthusiast might have thought her an inhabitant of upper air.

The stranger stood rooted to the spot as she turned. It was a face whose expression had long unconsciously haunted his young dreams. It was one that he had seen before, though where, he could not recall. Her eyes encountered his, and she blushed to her temples, an enchanting picture of bashful confusion.

Turning away embarrassed, the young man said to Deacon Winthrop, "I am to blame for having trespassed upon the hospitalities of your place of worship."

"Nay, not so, young man," replied the excellent

deacon, "the word of God is free to all. But if you will allow me to offer you those of my house, we will be glad if thou wilt accompany us home, and dine with myself and my wife."

The youth accepted the offer—and they left the place together.

Much conjecture was afloat that day at the various dinner-tables of the village, respecting the young stranger who was sharing Deacon Winthrop's hospitality. The sudden appearance of any stranger in this primitive spot was sure to produce a sensation; and in this case, where the intruder was young and handsome, that sensation was proportionably increased.

Deacon Winthrop was beset by questions, to which he replied with a benign affability, "We must show this young man every attention. His religion is not ours, it is true, but he has a right to his own opinion."

Many more of the villagers, through this advice, had soon an opportunity of judging of the stranger for themselves, for he remained for some time among them; and the curiosity respecting him at first evinced, if it continued any longer, ceased to be expressed in the admiration his courteous manners and agreeable conversation excited in the minds of all.

CHAPTER V.

Viola. And dost thou love me?
Lysander. . . . Love thee, Viola?
Do I not fly thee when my being drinks
Light from thine eyes?—that flight is all my answer!

THE BRIDE, Act 2.

It was one of the loveliest evenings in the loveliest month of a New England autumn. One of those delicious *pet days*, as they are fondly called, which, perhaps, from the uncertainty of their continuance, sometimes elevate the spirits more than the "long, sunny lapse of a summer day's light." Birds had been clamorous in melody, rare flowers had confidingly expanded their delicate petals to the genial glow that was abroad, and there seemed to be more light in the world than we are accustomed to enjoy. Yet that day had passed away—the warmer beams were gone, but their delightful influence still was felt in the soft, balmy temperature that remained. The birds had all vanished; yet even of them one would have said some soft charm still lingered in the dreamy hum which, though gradually becoming fainter, was still afloat; and if some delicate flowers had closed their bosoms from the breath of evening, others there were which gave out their fragrance.

On this delightful and balmy evening we introduce our readers to the cottage of Pastor Bartlett, adjoining the village church. It was remote from the main village, and shut out from its bustle and occupation—in this suiting the character and taste of its occupants. From its porch, where they were sitting, the pious man and his wife feasted their eyes with the refreshing green of the woods, whose boughs bent gracefully down to kiss the beautiful verdure that grew beneath, while the whole was softly bathed in a rich, warm flood of purple light.

The sunset hung lingering over the village, as if to contrast its own chamelion-like and gorgeous beauty with the fixed and placid scenery below. Many of the settlers might have been seen seated at the vine-clad doors of their simple dwellings, watching its fading splendor as it sunk behind the tall trees which almost hid from view the pastor's cottage at the considerable distance we have described.

The excellent clergyman and his partner were sitting on a bench on the left of the porch, screened from observation by the cool boughs of a sycamore, the shadows of which half covered the little lawn that separated the precincts of the cottage from those of silent death. Above the white-washed palings rose the village church. The old man and his wife were, as we have said before, calmly enjoying the beauty of the evening, the freshness of the air, and not least, perhaps, their own peaceful thoughts—the spontaneous children of a contemplative spirit, and a quiet conscience. Theirs was the age in which we most sensitively enjoy the mere sense of existence, when the face of nature, and a passive conviction of the benevolence of our Great Father, suffice to create a serene and ineffable happiness which rarely visits us till we have done with the passions; till memories, if more alive than heretofore, are yet mellowed in the hues of time, and Faith softens into harmony all their asperity and harshness; till nothing within us remains to cast a shadow over the things without; and on the verge of life, the angels are nearer to us than of yore. There is an old age which has more youth of heart than youth itself!

At length the pair simultaneously arose, and withdrew into the cottage, for sunset was their appointed season for evening devotion. The old man seated himself in his large arm-chair, but his wife lingered standing near the open lattice, until the gloom of twilight was gathering over the sky, and continued to gaze down the path leading to the village with intentness and eagerness. At last, as though weary of her employment, she turned away with a smothered sigh, saying, "Husband, what can detain Grace?"

"I know not," was the disturbed reply of the venerable man at this suggestion. "There is no fear that bodily harm can have come to her, for it is now a long time since we have had any incursions from the Indians. But I am inclined to fear for her soul's happiness. Has it not occurred to you, wife," he continued, "that Grace's relaxed interest in the duties of religion, together with her repeated absences from home, originate in some cause not purely accidental. For myself, my suspicions have been attracted toward the stranger who in the last few weeks has appeared among us. She has already informed us of their having had more than one interview at the dwellings of some of my people in the village. We must see to it that they meet no more. He must have no further opportunity of awakening an interest in the unsuspecting bosom of our daughter."

There was a tone of deep despondency in the

voice which spoke these words—for recently the change in their child had become marked. Unusual absences from her home—a sadness foreign to her natural cheerfulness of manner—a sudden and frequent outbreaking of tenderness toward her mother and himself—tears often springing overflowingly to her eyes—all these circumstances could do no more than excite uneasiness and anxiety in the minds of her parents.

A low murmuring sound was presently heard at the little wicket-gate outside, and immediately after the door was softly unlatched, and Grace Bartlett glided into the room.

The anxious glances of the pastor and his wife at once discovered by the light of the fire, which blazed brightly upon the hearth-stone, that the young girl's eyes were dimmed with a slight expression of sorrow, and that her lovely cheek was a shade paler than its wont. She moved gently forward, knelt down at her father's side, and kissed his brow.

"Grace," said the old man, sadly, as he laid his hand among her beautiful tresses, "we have awaited your return, my child; it is past our customary hour for prayer. Do you tire of the happiness of home, that you seek for enjoyment elsewhere?" he added, as he gazed down on the face of the lovely being so emphatically the light of his home.

The girl's countenance betrayed a confused consciousness as her beautiful "forget-me-not" eyes encountered those of her parent; but she made no reply, and a moment after arose from her knees. Untying her bonnet and hanging it against the wall, while her golden hair, disobedient to previous arrangement in modest bands by its owner, fell luxuriantly around her neck, she took a seat to signify that she was now prepared to join her parents in the devotions of the evening.

At that moment the little low-roofed apartment, so unostentatious in its old-fashioned furniture, so exact in its modest neatness—its bare walls unornamented with ought save a piece of faded tapestry, or an occasional nail whereon was hung sundry bunches of dried herbs and bags of rose-leaves—this, with the girl in her youthful simplicity and grace, kneeling by the side of her venerable parents, the eyes of all closed, and their hands clasped in devotion, while the old man's lips were parted in the act of prayer, formed altogether as complete a picture as possible of colonial economy and piety.

The aspect of the room was homely but pleasant, with its low casement, beneath which stood the dark shining table that supported the large Bible in its green-baize cover, the Concordance, and the last Sunday's sermon in its ebon case. By the fire-place stood the elbow-chair, before which the minister was kneeling, with its needle-work cushion at the back. Fifty or sixty volumes ranged in neat shelves on one end of the wall, and a half-a-dozen chairs, and a table, completed the furniture of the apartment. But it was the occupants who made the effect of the scene, in their pious act of evening devotion.

When the prayer was ended, Grace hastily withdrew, as if to avoid all further questions. But her anxious mother was not long in following her. She entered the little chamber of the young girl softly. Her daughter heard her, and started from the chair she had taken.

The gentle matron drew her affectionately to her side as she seated herself on the low bedstead, saying, "Grace, thou wast not educated to have any secrets from thy fond parents. Tell me, then, my child, who accompanied thee to the gate this evening?"

The girl hesitated for some moments, during which a momentary blush suffused her face and neck. Then, hiding her face in her mother's bosom, she timidly replied, "It was the young stranger; he met me on the path leading from the village, and attended me home."

The mother's face evinced a troubled expression. "Oh, Grace, my daughter," she said, "thou shouldst not have permitted him to do so. Thy father hath ever said since that young man's arrival in the village, that it did not become any of our sect to hold ungodly converse with the sons of Baal."

"But, mother," urged the fair transgressor, "the stranger belongs not to that impious race. Every Sabbath, since his sojourn in the settlement, his attendance at the place of weekly worship has been regular and respectful."

"My child!" ejaculated her mother, in a voice tremulous with sorrow, "thou hast yet to learn to beware of the wolf in sheep's clothing. Satan sometimes transformeth himself into an angel of light to steal away the affections of the innocent. But," added the pious matron, "I will chide thee no more for the present. Thy father and I will henceforth be more watchful of thee. Commend thyself to God, and seek thy pillow for the night." So saying, she kissed her daughter and withdrew.

On the present evening, Grace had agreed to meet her lover, after the family worship in her father's cottage, for the young man was about to depart from the village on the following day. The moment she was alone in the room, the struggle in her mind, increased by the words of her mother, depicted itself on her sweet face in an expression of doubtful agony, such as never had sat upon her countenance before—for its ordinary expression was that of the most seraphic serenity. She took up her little Bible to find some word of excuse for her contemplated act of disobedience, but it was only to turn over the leaves with a throbbing heart and wandering brain, that would not permit her attention to be arrested by the words before her. Laying the holy book down again, she sunk upon her knees to pray. The ordinary words of her devotions were not urged, but she asked God to forgive her for the sin she was about to commit, and rose confirmed and strengthened in her purpose.

Sitting down by her lattice, she listened for every sound within the cottage to die away. At length, when all was still and dark, she lifted the latch of her door and stole to the threshold of her father's

room. Finding all quiet, she retraced her steps, and raised the sash of her low window with the caution of one who fears danger in the beating of her own heart. Jumping through this, she alighted on the garden plot below. She proceeded to steal along under the shadow until she reached a rustic arbor, which she hurried into, and was welcomed in the arms of her lover.

"So you have come at last!" he said, joyfully. But as he spoke, he saw her eyes were filled with tears.

She buried her face in his bosom, and her sobs became audible. Raising her head gently and kissing her through her tears, he smoothed the golden hair back from her forehead. "What aileth thee, my beloved?" he asked, after he had soothed the first outburst of her emotion.

"Charles," she sighed, as she looked up at him eagerly and endearingly, "I fear I do wrong to meet you here against my parents' wishes."

"Your conscience is too tender, sweet innocence," was his reply. "God is more lenient in his judgment than thou deemest him. He hath implanted in thy bosom the very love for me and inclination to meet me here which thou art now afraid he will condemn; and thine own immaculate virtue and purity are thy sure safeguards from greater harm than he who now speaks could ever bring upon thee. Dearest, I would not hurt a hair of your beloved head, still less bring upon thee the judgments of Heaven Dost thou not believe it, Grace?"

"Nay, but your religion?" she urged timidly—

"Is easily changed," replied the lover. "Why, Grace, I will turn Puritan in garb, habits, worship, every thing, to win thee. At present I am on an embassy of diplomacy; but, in a few weeks, when I return, I shall have nothing to do but to court you in the guise that shall most please your scrupulous parents. You know how from the first moment I saw you"—and he lowered his voice to the soft, musical key of impassioned devotion—"you became dearer to me than aught in this world besides. I love you, Grace, better than all words can tell, and shall live until we meet but in the hope of coming to reclaim you, with arguments fitted to disarm all the objections of your father and mother. You will not forget me, will you?" he asked.

She laid her hand trustingly in his, and in a look of unalterable love gave him her reply.

The stolen interview did not last much longer, and in another half hour Grace Bartlett slept sweetly on her pillow, and the stranger was at his quarters in the village.

CHAPTER VI.

They linger yet,
Avengers of their native land. GRAY.

A month passed away, the stranger had departed, and whatever had been the original object of his visit, it never was made known to the villagers. Grace had as yet received no letter or token from her lover. The suspense had paled her cheek, and dimmed the soft light of her eyes. It gave also a sad plaintiveness to her voice, and a languor and debility to her movements, which awoke the anxiety of her parents to a painful degree.

They also, in common with the rest of the villagers, were, however, suffering during this time apprehensions from another cause.

At this period in the progress of the American colonies, Britain had one or two powerful emissaries on the borders, whom she had sent to crush the settlements. To disguise their purpose, or perhaps to embrace another equally important, these emissaries were officers of the army, sent with a military force to establish forts on the borders, for defense against the encroachments of the Indian tribes. As the reader has received some intimation in the course of our tale, it became the policy of these men to direct their chief efforts against the settlers, and for this end, when it was practicable, they won by bribery the co-exertions of the savages.

Very recently, the little settlement in which a portion of our tale is laid, had received intimations of an intended attack from the Indians. Considerable alarm had been felt, and the fire-arms long in disuse, were burnished and prepared for operation in every family.

Things were in this state when, one calm and cloudless night, when the moon shone with her brightest effulgence, quenching the stars in their radiance, and bringing out into clear and softened perspective the scenery below. Within the peaceful village of our story reigned the most profound repose. Its inhabitants, unconscious of impending danger, had long since offered up the nightly incense of their pious hearts, and resigned themselves to sleep—sleep in the old, deep, undisturbed and dreamless; in the young, light, peaceful and visionary—in all, the unfeverish, refreshing rest which was the natural reward of their simple habits, and the rectitude of their lives.

The silence was suddenly broken by sounds that curdled the blood of those who heard them, and made them spring to their feet as if a lightning flash had stricken them. Before any one could find words, the appalling war-cry of the savages burst from every quarter, startling the very air through which it passed, and falling like a blight upon the spirit. The devoted villagers beheld throughout the settlement lines of streaming torches moved by dusky forms. These torch-lights carried high above their heads showed not only the grim faces of those who bore them, but also those of others who were partly concealed by the foliage of the forest in which they stood. With that forethought and cunning so remarkable in their race, they had conveyed firebrands and straw to the doors of each dwelling in the early part of the evening. The yell already noticed was the signal for firing their previous preparations, and, ere many moments had elapsed, a number of the cottages were in flames. Glancing instinctively toward their pastor's home, the terrified settlers found that it shared in the general fate. To hold a short conclave, and then dispatch a few of

the more fearless and active of their number to the assistance of its helpless inmates was the work of a moment.

Hurrying along the little path, the heroic men reached the spot as the high and agonizing scream of a woman arose far above the discordant yell even of the savages. It came from Grace Bartlett. Scarcely conscious of what she did, the unhappy girl, leaving her chamber, gained the top of the stair-case, and loudly as she could, called upon the name of her parents.

Her piteous accents were responded to only by a shout from the crowd. Bounding footsteps mingled with shouts reached her, approaching momently nearer, and ascending the stair-case.

With all the instinct of self-preservation, the affrighted Grace rushed back again into her own apartment. There, sinking on her knees, she reposed her forehead against the side of the window-sill, and nearly suffocated with smoke, and in a state of indescribable agony, awaited the consummation of her fate.

The ascending feet had now reached the passage without, and in another instant a man rushed fearlessly into the room. The blood of the young girl curdled in her veins. She mechanically caught the ledge of the casement on which her aching head rested, and closing her eyes awaited in trembling the blow which should put an end at once to her misery and her life. But in another moment she felt herself firmly secured in the grasp of an encircling arm, and speedily carried through the chamber. Instinctively, a sense of something more dreadful even than death now flashed across her mind, as the unhappy girl opened her eyes wildly upon her captor.

A heart-rending shriek escaped her as she did so. She was in the arms of a gigantic savage. His long, raven hair was matted with blood, and hung loosely and disfiguringly over his eyes, while his face and brow were marked with crimson spots—doubtless spatterings from the wounds of others—and a slight stream that trickled from his cheek gave evidence that he himself had been hurt in the affray.

"Oh, my God, save me!" exclaimed the shuddering girl, raising her eyes imploringly to heaven. From that moment she was insensible to all that was passing.

CHAPTER VII.

And was this, then, the end of those sweet dreams
Of home, and happiness, and quiet years?

MISS LANDON.

Darkness was about to throw her veil over the earth, when a lofty tent might have been seen pitched on the extreme summit of a ridge beyond which lay the horizon in golden beauty. Buffalo skins formed a floor to the inclosure, and upon these reposed the forms of three human beings. One was an Indian, evidently of the rank of a chief. He lay on one of the skins at his lazy length, his feet reaching beyond the opening of the tent, and his head reposing on a rude pillow, formed of the furry hides of other wild animals. He smoked a pipe, while his roving eye often rested upon the farthest of his companions.

At a little distance from the savage we have described sat a female, whose hair, complexion, and whole looks bespoke her Indian birth. Her dress, likewise, was that of her tribe, and was of the quality and texture to mark her as the probable wife of the chief whose company she bore. A wooden bowl was at her side, and from this she was now in the act of feeding herself with a spoon of the same material, but with a slovenly negligence indicative of her origin.

The farthest extremity of the tent revealed another woman, whose appearance denoted her to be of European extraction. She was blue-eyed, and of surpassing fairness of skin. Her attitude indicated a mind too powerfully absorbed in grief to be heedful of appearances, for she sat with her limbs contracted, and rocking her body to and fro with a motion that seemed to have its origin in no efforts of her own. Her long, golden hair hung negligently over a neck of dazzling whiteness; and a blanket drawn over the top of her head like a veil, and extending partly around her person, disclosed here and there portions of an apparel which was strictly American, though much torn. A bowl similar to that of the Indian female, and filled with the same food, was at her side, but this was untasted.

"Why does the pale-face refuse to eat?" asked the warrior of her next to him, as he rolled a volume of smoke from his lips "Make her eat, for I would speak to her afterward."

"Why does she refuse to eat?" echoed the woman, dropping her spoon as she spoke, and turning to the object of remark. "It is good," she continued, as she touched the arm of the heedless sufferer. "Daughter of the pale-faces, eat."

A cry of distress burst from the lips of the unhappy girl, as apparently roused from her abstraction, she suffered the blanket to fall from her head, and stared wildly at her questioner.

"Is the air of the tent not pleasant to the blossom of the clearings?" asked the warrior, evidently touched by her seeming misery.

Seeing that she made no answer, he continued, "What is written is written. The Red-man cannot lie. We must bear thee to the great white father at a distance, But perchance the door may one day be left open, and the bird can escape from its nest."

"Ah! whither can I fly?" exclaimed Grace Bartlett, at length bursting into tears. "My native village is destroyed, my home is burned, and my parents and neighbors have fallen victims to the general ruin." She wept for some moments bitter tears, which seemed to relieve her overcharged heart—the chief and his squaw looking on her with more of pity than is usual in their race.

The next morning their march commenced again through the interminable forest. The Indian traveled on foot, while the two females were mounted on mules. The wretchedness of the unfortunate prisoner seemed to increase throughout the whole route, her companions wearing the stolid indifference

of the North American tribes, except when momently touched by her situation: For the most part, during the slow ride, Grace Bartlett was left to her own miserable reflections, receiving only at rare intervals some rude attentions from the female, who accompanied her.

The slow pace of the travelers, with various other causes of delay which it is needless to mention, detained them three nights upon their road. As soon as darkness approached the tent was again spread, and a halt was made until the morning. On the fourth evening, instead of encamping as before, they continued their journey until a late hour, when the eyes of the captive maiden, wearied with a succession of wild wood scenery, gazed with something like pleasure upon the scene that now opened before her.

The object that thus met the gaze of Grace Bartlett as they emerged from the forest, was one of those stern fortresses of which so many, in our early history, seemed to accuse England of designs against the Indians. It had external pretensions to the name by which we call it, for it looked strong enough to bid defiance to any attempts against it by siege or storm. A deep moat surrounded the lofty stone turrets on all sides, and a drawbridge was the only means of crossing to the entrance of the fort. To Grace, the sight of the fortification, though she gazed on it at first with pleasure, immediately after brought feelings of pain and apprehension; and however confident she might be in the good providence and protection of God, it cannot be denied that she felt deeply and with an anxious and sickening heart her entrance in a place which might prove to her a final prison.

After assisting his companions to dismount, the Indian blew a loud, shrill whistle. He was answered by a sentinel, who carried on a brief conversation with him, and withdrew to an inner lodge for the key of the great gate. He soon returned, it creaked upon its hinges, and the heavy drawbridge swung slowly up with a jarring sound of chains and huge iron-work—sadly harmonious with the uses of the building which they shut out. The bell, communicating with the mansion connected with the fortress, rung, and the chief, with his prisoner, passed slowly in to an inner court, leaving the squaw standing without.

The glare of light, the sound of music, mingled with the tones of the human voice in merry laughter and light conversation reached her ear, and startled the wretched girl with wonder. The Indian, with the utmost tranquillity and with slow and important steps, led the way toward this portion of the large and heavy mass of gloomy masonry, which, with its tall chimneys, loomed up before them. An immense doorway opened upon a broad staircase that seemed formed to make the head dizzy with its mazy windings. Up this the savage proceeded with his prisoner, whom he held by the arm, half-supporting her weight as she moved passively and like a piece of mechanism in his fingers. On the first landing they passed a drawing-room, splendidly illuminated and filled with revelers, from whence the noise that had reached the court-yard proceeded. Continuing up the various turnings until they had accomplished another flight, the savage paused, and opened a door communicating with a single chamber handsomely furnished.

Its solitary occupant was a man past the prime of life. He seemed immersed in business, examining documents and reading letters which were strewn on a table before him. He arose as our party entered, held out his hand to the Indian, and asked, "Any prisoners?"

"We have taken a daughter of the pale-faces, a blossom of the clearings," was the reply of the savage as he pointed to his captive. "But the air of the woods is not pleasant to her: she pines after the wigwam of her fathers."

Grace Bartlett had no sooner entered the apartment than her whole frame trembled violently, and the color leaving her cheeks, she sank down on the floor, resting her elbows on her knees and pressing her hands to her forehead.

The appearance and attitude, indicative at once of extreme fatigue and the abandonment of despair, did not fail to move the compassionate feelings of General Lincoln, who raised her gently and seated her in a large arm-chair.

"Alas!" said he to the warrior, when he had performed this act, "why did you bring so frail a creature? It were a pity to have made her a sacrifice to my courtly intrigues and ambitious plans: she is only fit to be the darling of her parents."

"My parents!" exclaimed the unhappy girl at this mention of them, "would to God that I knew their fate!"

"You shall be treated kindly," said the general to her with much considerateness of manner, and in a gentle tone. "Every thing shall be done to make your residence here pleasant. You are fatigued," he continued, "sweet maiden," as he turned to a bell that was suspended near.

A servant in livery appeared, and after a few brief words from his master again vanished. He returned presently, followed by a neat maid-servant.

"Go now," said Lincoln to Grace, in tones of encouragement, as he gently assisted her from the chair whereon he had placed her, "to the chamber provided for you. Susette will perform the offices of your toilet for you, and furnish you with nourishment suited to your weak condition."

When left alone with the Indian he paced the room with a disturbed air and gigantic strides. Suddenly he paused short, and glanced his eye toward his dusky companion. He beheld the savage regarding him with the calm but sullen attention which marks the expression of this subtle people. Instantly recollecting himself, he asked in a friendly tone—

"Tuscalameetah, is the settlement wholly exterminated?"

"It is," replied the chief. "The pale-faced daughter of her people is left to mourn over the ashes of her wigwam. In the morning the sun rose upon the white men as they trod the grass happy and strong, and when the night came, only their bones were

left among the ashes. Tuscalameetah has done thy bidding."

"And the youth, called Charles Lincoln, what of him?" inquired the other. "It is some months since he went to scour the settlements as a spy. Have any of the tribes met with him?"

"Before the moon go her course," answered Tuscalameetah, "the stolen bird will tread the halls of the great white man who is to him as a father. He is now left with no kindred and no people. The man that drove back the tribes of Tuscalameetah's brethren," continued the Indian, and his eyes flashed with successful revenge, "is brought to have his tent destroyed, and his own dust scattered by the whirlwinds."

Again General Lincoln paced the room, and there was a silence. "You can depart," he said at length to the savage.

"It is hard," muttered he, as he was left alone, "to be stretched on the rack of a responsibility such as this. But things prosper, and my royal master is gliding through life enjoying the fruits of my joyless days, and sleepless nights, and periled salvation, while I am wearing myself down to the grave. He has none of the remorse which haunts me, making the dying looks of these massacred people pursue me to my fireside, and molest the joys of my home."

"And the poor boy's parents are dead," he continued, after a pause. "Since blood had to be shed, better theirs than that of others, for there is now naught to come between him and his heirship to my titles and estates. God be thanked for this, for I love him as if he were the son whose place I have given him and whose name he bears."

CHAPTER VIII.

Tear follows tear where long no tear hath been;
I see the present on a distant goal,
The past, revived, is present to my soul.
BLACKIE'S FAUST.

Supported by the very power of sorrow,
And faith, that comes a solemn comforter.
WILSON.

Our poor heroine made the necessary effort, and languidly followed her conductor into a long passage which led to a lofty chamber, carefully furnished with a luxurious bed and every appliance of elegance and comfort. Throwing herself on a sofa, Grace heeded nothing around her, different as every minute article was in its adaptation to the refinements of life from the simple arrangements of her former home.

Her attendant was assiduous in her cares. She wiped her face and hands with a damp towel, bathed her feet, and held a bottle of perfume to her nostrils to revive her failing strength. Then, bringing a salver containing wine and light nutriment, she put the glass and spoon alternately to the lips of the sufferer, who mechanically tasted again and again of their contents, seemingly having at length lost all power of resistance. Then, assisting her to the bed, Susette departed, at a faint request from her lips to be left alone.

Passive and immovable she lay for some moments after the departure of the hand-maiden. With revived strength, she at length arose and locked the door of her apartment. There are cases in which the necessity for calm contemplation forces itself upon us, and she now nerved herself to a view of her situation. Her prospects were gloomy and sad. She was cut off from her family and friends at a moment when their lives were endangered, and doubtless they lived no more. The sentiment of love, too, had touched her bosom for the young stranger who had appeared for a time in their little village, and who might return thither only to find it an ashy ruin, and supposing her to have perished with the rest of the inhabitants, forget her memory and devote himself to another. Oh! had she had one only friend to whom she could have appealed for sympathy in this moment of agony! Alone—alone—the unutterable anguish of that word!

But at this moment the child-like faith and trust of her girlhood stole over her, leading her to the one unfailing friend who could aid and guide her. The power of prayer had heretofore since her affliction seemed denied to her, but now an inward voice called her to her Father's throne.

She knelt, and pushing her hair from her throbbing temples, as if its weight were insupportable, she prayed for resignation to her situation. The anguish she suffered was deep and terrible, known only to the Reader of all hearts: but at length the heavy weight on her spirit gave way, and though her tears fell fast and unrestrainedly, her gentle heart was comforted. There was a holy hush in that lone chamber, as if the late anguish she had felt was soothed by the soft fluttering of an angel's wing, as it wafted her petitions above on its heavenward flight. That help which to all who seek it is given was granted, and her yearning heart was lifted to Heaven. In after years, she looked back upon the speedy answer which had been vouchsafed to her prayer in that hour, almost with awe.

Inexpressibly comforted, she rose from her knees, extinguished the light, and lay down to seek repose. Weariness soon overcame her, and she fell asleep to dream of one whose image was impressed on her young heart. Again in her visions she was pressed to his breast, and words and protestations poured like a strain of rich and soothing music on her ear. Oh, gladly would she have died in that blissful dream.

But through the window of her apartment the sun streamed, announcing that the morning was far advanced, and she opened her eyes to behold the appearance of a young female, of high rank, attired in a rich morning-dress. She made an effort to rise, but her strength had been overtasked by the intense emotions of her mind. In the exertion, she fell forward fainting and powerless at the intruder's feet.

When Grace Bartlett recovered, she found herself on the bed partially undressed, the young lady holding a bottle of smelling-salts, which had evidently been used, and the attendant, Susette, bathing her temples and hands with cold water. For nearly an hour she hovered between sense and consciousness.

Her head felt as if bound to the pillow by weights of lead, and she had an incessant burning and throbbing of all her pulses, accompanied by sharp pain. Her eyes closed upon the light, and she was in dreamland again. Still her consciousness was not lost, but there were, for a few passing moments, sounds in her ear like those of which she had dreamed.

It seemed almost as if an angel's voice now roused her, for the strange lady, bending over her, said in accents of almost unearthly tenderness, "You are ill, sweet maiden, speak to me."

She paused, and her tones fell musically on the senses of the unhappy guest, for those notes of sympathy had reached even to her apathetic ear. Grace attempted to reply, but utter exhaustion followed, and tears alone attested all she felt. These proved no relief, however, and before night Georgiana Lincoln watched over her in the strong paroxysms of a brain fever.

CHAPTER IX.

A cloud of darkest gloom has wrapt
The remnant of my brief career.
MARGARET DAVIDSON.

It would be equally needless and painful to linger over the sufferings of the sick maiden. The fever, which the terrible and agitating scenes she had passed through had excited, was so long in being subdued that those who watched her trembled least the loss of either life or reason should ensue. When this was overcome it seemed as if she must sink under the exhaustion which followed. Her constitution, however, though delicate was good, and after weeks of unconscious agony, she did indeed appear sensible of the fond cares of the young, high-bred lady who was continually by her side.

Georgiana Lincoln was exactly opposite in appearance to the Puritan girl. A high polish and elegance of tone and manner marked her at once as the English lady of rank. Her style of beauty was one uncommon in America. A bright, sunny brunette, the soft brown of her skin was warmed with a rich crimson—the dewy coral has its freshness but not its brightness. Her tall figure was almost concealed by a white robe which still revealed the most exquisite proportions of her figure.

Grace Bartlett gazed on her with admiration, and endeavored to prove her gratitude by some expressions of thankfulness; but the touching mournfulness of her sweet face too painfully revealed that the causes she had for sorrow were not forgotten with her returning consciousness.

A settled melancholy followed her recovery. Every thing was done to arouse her from this. Among other resources that were adopted, she was taken to the boudoir of her hostess and companion, where birds and flowers formed the ornaments. But not the singing of the one, nor the odor of the other brought delight to her heart. What were music and perfume to her but agony?

To all Georgiana Lincoln's attempts at consolation she listened with a calm look of hopeless misery which plainly told how incapable she was of receiving condolence. But despite all her causes for grief, and the deep melancholy that consumed her, Grace could not but be touched with the kindness lavished on her by the wealthy lady. Insensibly the poor girl wound her feelings around her, and bestowed on her all that she had of affection that was left from the grave of her parents, and the memory of her lover.

One evening, when the unhappy maiden was unusually depressed, she was seated in the boudoir of her new acquaintance.

"Thou art sadder than thy wont, sweet one," said the latter, kissing the brow of the young Puritan. "But if naught in thy own situation can add to thy happiness, gladly as any change should be made in it at thy slightest bidding, I feel sure at least that one shadow will pass from thy sympathetic nature at hearing of thy friend's prospect of happiness. Rejoice with me, Grace, my brother is expected home."

"It doth, indeed, please me that thou art about to have any contribution to thy fullness of joy," replied the poor girl, with a faint smile, and a pressure of her companion's hand.

"We will have a series of festivities in honor of his arrival," resumed the other; and if you will not participate, dear Grace, in the dancing and merriment, you can at any rate be present to observe the company, and listen to the music. No wonder that thou weariest without other society than that of thy tedious friend."

Our heroine smiled again, but more faintly than before, as if the tidings of the expected fêtes had little or no interest for her.

At that moment Gen. Lincoln appeared on the balcony upon which the window opened, exclaiming, "Georgiana, my love, I have brought you a visitor—a truant; yet one you will be glad to see. Come in, my son—what do you remain there for?" he added, turning to his companion.

But the latter hesitated. His glance rested on the figure of Grace, so graceful and almost spiritual, as it was brought forward in the shadowy moonlight.

"My brother, my own dear brother! What joy!" cried Georgiana, springing out eagerly to meet him; while Grace, startled and terrified at the idea of a stranger, hastily withdrew. General Lincoln at the same instant received a summons from below.

"Dearest Georgiana," said the young man, "I am glad to see you again; looking, too, as lovely as ever, or else this evening hour deceives me. I fear me, though, you will deem yourself but little fortunate in my return, for I come back in no agreeable mood, I assure you." So saying he entered, and threw himself listlessly on a lounge in the room.

"But I do rejoice to see you, dear Charles," replied his sister, seating herself by his side, and gently stroking back the dark hair from his brow. "You will remain with us for a time, and we will be so happy."

"Happy!" he exclaimed, with bitterness. "I see little prospect of my ever being happy in this life; or at least whilst our father continues this unjust persecution of the unpretending and religious settlers on the borders."

He then proceeded to pour out to Georgiana the miserable intrigues in which Gen. Lincoln was engaged, and the embassy on which he had himself been absent. "But, my sister," he continued, "I have resolved to take no further part in this accursed policy toward a defenseless and religious people. I have long enough worked out the will of others—a mere machine in the hands of my ambitious parent, who is striving by the course of heartless persecution I have described, to please a jealous monarch and a scheming court. The instigating of the Indians to massacre the Puritans, and exterminate their settlements, will cry aloud for vengeance.

"Yes," continued Charles, in an excited tone, "their death-shrieks are ever in my ears—in the dark night their massacre is ever before my eyes, in the day, heavy and dark upon my spirits—never away from me can it be in the future, but will haunt me throughout my desolate life, and seem to be calling on me to take vengeance against my father."

"You talk wildly, dearest brother," said Georgiana, looking at him in some alarm. "How canst thou be desolate with thy sister to love thee. And speak not of taking vengeance against our father, for that is God's, even toward the humblest adversary, and not to be named by a son against his father."

"Nay," he answered, "hear me. I have just come from one of their exterminated villages, where, in the character of a spy, I resided among them some months ago, unsuspected by their guileless simplicity, and receiving their humble hospitalities. On my return thither recently, to visit one to whom I had become dearly attached, I found the place in ruins, and the hapless villagers destroyed by the firebrands of Gen. Lincoln's emissaries." He seemed overcome with his emotions, and rested his head on his hand for some moments in deep reflection.

His sister appeared not less affected with sadness, and held his hand silently.

By an effort, at length, arousing himself, he asked suddenly, "Who was that graceful figure that I saw sitting at your side, when papa would have hurried me so unceremoniously through the window. She could not have thrown herself into a more becoming attitude for effect as the moonlight streamed upon her."

"Effect! poor maiden!" was the reply. "It was the last thing in her mind at that moment. She is a prisoner, brought hither by the Indians, for what purpose, originally, I know not. But whatever were his first intentions with regard to her, our father has abandoned them, and permitted me to treat her with the consideration due to her loveliness and her unhappy situation." The announcement of company in the drawing-room here interrupted the conversation between the brother and sister.

CHAPTER X.

Lo! they muster—lord and lady—
Brow of pride and cheek of bloom,
Pointed beard and tresses shady—
Velvet robe and waving plume.
HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

Weeks passed on, and a round of festive entertainments took place in the mansion of Gen. Lincoln. In all these Charles Lincoln mingled with a discontented and gloomy air of abstraction.

Georgiana's natural gayety seemed somewhat dimmed by this change in her brother. Their society consisted of the officer's of the fort, but it was nevertheless of a kind to be grateful and pleasing to one of her temperament; and her predilections had furthermore been awakened in favor of a gallant young general in the service—so that there was still a source of interest to her unconnected with the brother, whose strange moodiness still gave her pain.

The fair colonist continued to decline mingling with the family, though with a gentle steadfastness that her friend might not at any time have found it difficult to disarm; but she did not insist, lest she should give pain to the sensitive nature of the timid and heart-sick stranger.

It was on a pleasant evening in June that, by the open window of Georgiana Lincoln's apartment, Grace Bartlett was sitting languidly. Her thoughts were evidently of the past—for at intervals the faint color would fade from her cheeks, and an expression of deep mental pain pass over her countenance—her soft eyes assuming a fixed look, as if her remembrances were fraught with agony. As she sat in the dim twilight in that state, her thoughts broke forth into pensive song, and she almost unconsciously chanted the words,

Oh, the home of my childhood! my desolate heart!
Its merciless loss bids the warm tears to start.

Her voice gradually died away, and by degrees she closed her eyes and slumbered. And now naught was heard save the gentle breeze waving the branches outside the window near which she reclined. But ere her tones ceased, they had reached other ears.

Charles Lincoln had stretched his lazy length on one of the couches in the balcony below; and those musical tones came to him laden with associations of other days—of a brief but transient period of bliss. With a magic power they arrested his attention, and he continued to ponder on them long after they had ceased, until he was filled with an ardent curiosity to behold once more the young stranger of whom he had caught a glimpse on the evening of his return, and whose position in his father's house had afterward been described to him by his sister.

Whilst his curiosity was thus at work, his sister approached him, accompanied by the young officer above referred to, with whom she had been enjoying an evening stroll.

"Georgiana," said her brother, starting up to meet her, and drawing her aside, "can you not prevail on your fair colonial guest to appear at the masquerade this evening? I am dying to see her, for the melody of her voice, just now wafted to my ears on the air, has reminded me of one who was dear to me, and is lost forever. I would fain hear its tones in conversation."

"I have heretofore refrained from urging it on poor Grace to appear in the drawing-room," replied the young lady; "she seemed so averse to the mention

of such a thing. But I have no doubt that I could bring her yielding nature to comply, if I were to put the effort in the light of a favor toward me, whom she loves as a sister. It might do her good, too, poor thing, if she could only be induced to make the exertion. It shall be as you wish, dear brother; you may depend upon me."

A few hours afterward more than ordinary excitement was passing in the mansion. A masquerade was given to the officers—and the scene was gay and picturesque. The main wing was lighted up, and gay with the festivities. The sounds of merriment and laughter were heard.

Grace Bartlett had at length yielded to the request of her hostess that she would be present, and had quietly submitted to be attired in a graceful robe of India Muslin, so transparent in its texture as to look like gauze. Her beautiful hair received a new grace from the single white camilla, with its drooping bud, which gleamed like a star amid those golden tresses, so purely, so freshly beautiful, that it seemed a fit emblem of her it adorned.

Georgiana Lincoln appeared a fairy vision of beauty and brightness; the diamonds sparkling among her shining braids, and the graceful folds of her lace robe falling around her like drapery around a Grecian statue.

The masqueraders were intent on their amusement as the two females entered. Then, for a few moments, all merriment ceased, and murmurs of undisguised admiration went round. The Puritan was seated at once by her friend in a recess upon a couch raised a little above the floor, and immediately after Miss Lincoln proceeded to mix among the company. In a moment, a gentleman of elegant figure and handsome face pressed forward, and saluted her with marked *empressement*. "My dear Miss Lincoln, to-night carries me back to London refinement and fashion—dress—scenery—company—beauty—fascination. This evening will be impressed on our English hearts indelibly, to the utter forgetfulness of our rusticated state in these American forests."

"Do be grateful, then," the lady answered, "to me for giving you some taste of London and its fashion. Papa is much too solemn for any thing but those great, pompous dinners, which I destest."

"But tell me," rejoined her companion, "how did you induce that lovely flower" (and he turned his masked visage toward Grace Bartlett) "to shed its perfume on our scentless hearts?"

"By exhausting all that irresistible eloquence of which you speak so highly," she replied; "for I recognize my complimentary acquaintance, Lieut. R——."

"Indeed! Well, she is perfectly lovely, and with a touch of sadness so interesting," said the gentleman. "I 'll exert myself to flirt with her."

"I am not quite sure you will find that task so easy as you imagine," was the laughing rejoinder.

"Very likely," responded Lieut. R. "But in a good cause I am prepared to go great lengths, and as she is very pretty I 'll take my chance at any rate."

At that moment, another individual approached, and after the ordinary civilities of the evening, said to her gently, "Miss Lincoln, will you not walk in the gallery by moonlight?"

The words, as they were pronounced in a somewhat tremulous tone, sounded musically in her ear, and taking the arm of the speaker she proceeded with him to the place alluded to.

For one or two turns they promenaded in silence. The gentleman seemed strangely agitated. He tried to say something indifferent, but it would not do, and he plunged at once into the subject near his heart.

"I thought," he said, hurriedly and timidly, "that I could have waited calmly the answer which I requested in the early part of this evening; but I overrated my own powers of endurance, and I come now to hear my doom from your lips. Speak to me, Georgiana; I have dared to hope that the regard I feel for you is not wholly unreturned, and that you prefer me above some others around you. Is this so, dear girl, or must I teach my heart to forego all its hopes of happiness, all those blissful feelings of which, until I knew you, I was ignorant. Oh! do not condemn me to disappointment," he exclaimed, passionately. "Give me at least hope. Georgiana, dearest Georgiana, am I too presumptuous?"

He spoke with strong emotion, and his was a voice, when in deep persuasion, difficult to resist: his arm was still encircling his companion, and she had not removed it, as she heard that the happiness or misery of a life depended on her decision.

"Speak, dearest, but one little word," urged her lover, in a whispered voice of intense suspense.

Georgiana did not speak that word, little as it was, but she lifted up her truthful face, and fixed her clear, dark orbs for one brief moment fully upon his, and the next instant that lovely head was bent down, and the rich, mantling blushes hidden on his bosom.

"It is enough, my own one," murmured the enraptured suitor, in all the ecstasy of that instant of first accepted love.

At length, remembering that they had deserted the drawing-room very unceremoniously, they returned to find the company in some surprise at their absence, but their excuses soon proved satisfactory, and they at once mingled separately amongst the various guests.

Shortly after, Charles Lincoln sauntered languidly into the apartment, closely masked. On first entering, he had for a moment fixed an almost startled gaze of admiration upon the Puritan. To a close observer, deep emotion would have been discernible beneath that mask. But a powerful will struggled against the display of it, as, half concealed behind a pillar, he retreated to look more intently, and without being observed. He wished to discover whether or no his sense of vision had deceived him. But no—it must be she whom he beheld—the same grace in the drooping form, but how fragile did it appear; how painfully changed in the character of its loveliness were the faultless features of that face—when the hair, combed carelessly back from her brow, displayed their delicate outlines. Her countenance

spoke with truth of the ravages sorrow had occasioned.

Lincoln gazed until he had convinced himself, rushed forward and reached the astonished girl: then tearing off his mask, he exclaimed, "Grace! dearest Grace, you live yet, and I find you in my father's halls!"

The astonished and bewildered girl gave one cry, and fell fainting at his feet.

CHAPTER XI.

Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.
The web is wove. The work is done. GRAY.

It was on a lovely summer's evening, rather more than ten years after the events last recorded, that two persons were sitting in the spacious drawing-room of a noble mansion in Canada, opening on a park. They had, it appeared by the lady's attire, been walking, but as their conversation deepened in interest, the repose of home had again been unconsciously sought. She had thrown aside her bonnet, and as she sat, her face upturned to her male companion, her features disclosed a loveliness that would have irresistibly attracted attention. The repose of her features was so soft and gentle that the eye would have fallen there with the same delight, and turned away with the same regret which it experiences in regard to other things which are found to harmonize with its vision. In her the period of girlhood had merged into the epoch of woman's maturity, when, nearer her prime than her bloom, she unites all the truth and freshness of early youth with those calm and more, finished graces which come not to pass away, but to deepen and endure.

But one glance at the sweet Madonna countenance, the unequaled expression of the placid features, the golden hair, shaded now to something of a chestnut, will suffice for her recognition by all those whose interest in Grace Bartlett has sketched her image in their minds.

To the Grace Bartlett of our opening chapter, she bore indeed only the outward resemblance that the opening flower does to the early bud. But even as the full blown rose reveals the luscious scent and glowing beauty which the blossom contained, so did her character, as it now shone forth beneath the bright and dazzling sun of affluence, confirm and strengthen the promise of its dawn.

The gay, playful child of our first chapter, the timid, shrinking Puritan girl of our after history, was now the modestly dignified, though still retiring, wife of the Governor General of Canada. The pure and holy sentiments of religion which had formerly been spoken timidly, as hardly daring to find expression lest the high-born should mock or pity, were now avowed calmly, unostentatiously as they had been acted upon in the deep trials of her girlhood.

Her love for her husband was intense and absorbing, but it came not between herself and heaven. The fruits of her holy life were gentleness and self-denial, meekness and charity—plainly showing at whose feet she laid the offering of her heart.

In the polished circle in which she now moved, she had preserved within her that pure light which, when the sun is growing dim and waxing faint, alone can guide through the dark valley of the shadow of death. The heart of that lovely flower of a Puritan village—a heart that had throbbed and quivered at the faintest touch of kindness, and which a silken thread could lead in all other matters, had stood firm where her religion was concerned, and this very firmness had won her husband to her faith.

The importance which Frank Winthrop had acquired as the son of Gen. Lincoln, added to his personal merit—under the name of his adopted father, which he always retained, ignorant of his real origin, had attracted the attention of the government. He was soon employed in various situations of responsibility and importance. By the same progression in fortune which first elevated him, another and a later change had brought him in Canada to the rank of Governor General.

The conversation between the two had been continued for some time, when the voice of a young child was heard on the stair-case.

"Oh, there is my little bird singing," exclaimed Grace Lincoln. She sprang to the door and returned, bearing in her arms a lovely boy, exquisitely fair, with deep blue eyes, and clustering curls of gold. The bright complexion and golden hair were hers, but his features were the miniature likeness of his handsome father at her side.

Over them we now drop the curtain, and in so doing, let them take their farewell of the reader.

SONNET.

BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

HID in the bosom of life-giving earth,
In darkness and in silence deep and still,
The buried seed to springing roots gives birth,
That fix them in the mold with firmest will;
Strong hold have they below there in the soil
Before the leaves upshoot them to the light,
And beauty crowns the deep and hidden toil
With blossomed boughs that charm the gazer's sight.
So thou, oh soul, obscure and hidden long,
Uncared for and unknown must bide thy time,
And like the aspiring seed strike, deep and strong,
Roots that shall bear thee upward in thy prime,
So firm sustained, thou shalt the worthier be
For life's fair flower that all men honor thee.

UPS AND DOWNS.

CHAPTER I.

"I TRUST Mrs. Davidson is at last satisfied."

"In what?"

"Why, have you not heard the news of the engagement of Maria with Henry Dawson?"

"No, I have not before. But when did it occur, and are you positive it is so?"

"As to the when, sometime within a day or two; and as to the positive, the lady herself is my authority."

"She is certainly very fortunate with her daughters."

"So she thinks, at least this time. But I am not clear that the three former connections with Law, Physic and Divinity were exactly to her mind."

"Certainly no three men occupy more respectable positions for their age in the community than her three sons-in-law, and as she had no fortune to give with her daughters, she should be thankful."

"I imagine few will be inclined to differ from you; but that very want of fortune causes her to be peculiarly alive to its advantages, and hence her delight at her daughter's engagement to young Dawson."

"Is he so very rich?"

"Not having any marriageable daughters of my own to dispose of, I never asked him for a schedule of his effects. But I supposed you to have been well posted on that point."

"Me! Bless you, my dear—I never trouble myself about such matters. Why should you think so?"

"Oh, I know not. A mere random remark of mine. I thought I had some faint recollection of his flirtation with Laura last winter, and knowing your prudence, supposed you had made the necessary inquiries."

"You are much mistaken. There never was any thing between them. He is music-mad, and used frequently to come to listen to Laura's harp. I suppose he thought it but right therefore to show her some attention in public, and hence the world interpreted it into something else. But, I assure you, there was never any thing in it."

"I never supposed there was. I always thought Laura was merely amusing herself. But how remarkably well she is looking to-night. Who is that distinguished looking man who is paying her such marked attention?"

"That is a Mr. Ernest, who has recently returned from abroad, and has come home a perfect virtuoso, and you know that Laura's taste lies in the same way."

"Yes, she certainly admires a mustache, for I notice that of late she encourages no one without that fashionable appendage."

Whilst Miss Laura Bridgeman was listening complacently to the remarks of the mustached beau by her side, and her mother and Mrs. Grayson, a fashionable widow of no particular age, and childless, were discussing things as above, in another part of the room, where lights and music added to the witchery which bright eyes and lovely forms make, young Dawson was hanging over his newly betrothed.

In the meantime her mother was receiving the congratulations of troops of friends, for Henry Dawson was, in the phrase matrimonial, "the catch of the season." He had long been an orphan—his fortune was large, his intellect fair and well cultivated, his person and address good, and his whole appearance decidedly gentlemanly and prepossessing. That he should have "fallen in love," as the phrase goes, with his lively fiancée, none wondered, and save a few anxious mothers, who, like Mrs. Bridgeman, had marriageable daughters, all heartily congratulated him.

The family connection of Mrs. Davidson was most respectable; but left a widow, with limited means and a family of young daughters, she had been condemned to much and close economy to maintain appearances and give her daughters an education to fit them for their proper positions in the world. The three eldest were, as we have seen above, respectably married, and now it is not to be wondered that she rejoiced that her youngest was to be transferred from the narrow economy of her house to the comforts and luxuries which a wealthy husband could bestow.

Did our fair heroine entertain like views? They may have crossed her mind in some of her reveries, but they were but shadows. She had given a young, pure heart with all its rich, unworked mine of virgin gold, without one thought of earthly dross about it. She loved with all the ardent devotion of young love, the handsome, intelligent youth who wooed her with soft words and pleading looks. She loved him for what he was, or what she thought he was, and not for what he had. She knew that his love for her must be most disinterested, for she had naught but herself to give, and she was happy in the feeling of loving and of being beloved.

Oh, this love! what a strange power it exercises over the actions and the minds of the human race. What blindness it produces in our mental visions—how it changes defects into beauties, and magnifies ant-hillocks to mountains—what floods of blood and floods of ink it has shed in this world, and is doomed still to shed—how it makes virtue vice and vice virtue—how it lights the torch of discord, and yet throws around the soft and beaming light of harmony—how it makes wise men idiots, and converts brave men into cowards. In a word, how it agitates, distracts, soothes, but generally succeeds best in causing men to stultify themselves, at any rate for a given time.

The evening sped joyously on. Few envied, more rejoiced in the apparent future happiness, and, as it was

termed, rare good fortune of the bride elect, whose cheeks maintained a constant rivalry with the rich roses of the fragrant boquet, as time and again some sly inuendo or more open remark reached her ear. Her mother received the more direct congratulations which were lavished upon her, with a quiet ease, in which she endeavored to veil the entire satisfaction which the prospective nuptials afforded her. Thus almost all were pleased. The mother, that her maternal cares were so soon to cease, and the gay pleasure-seekers were satisfied that a new and splendid establishment would in another season be opened to them, and if a feeling of any kind crossed the heart of Laura Bridgeman, that the prize which she once thought within her grasp had fallen to another, she turned to her new admirer, and in the contemplation of his superb mustache forgot, or tried to do so, the vision of the beautiful establishment which had once flitted through her imagination.

Shift we the scene. A few months have passed —the gay festivities of the winter are over—summer now usurps her sway, and nature, decked in her holyday attire, woos to contemplation and quiet enjoyment. The magic words which were to fix for life the destinies of the fair Maria had been spoken; the nuptial benediction pronounced, and in a beautiful villa, a few miles removed from the city, she was passing the first weeks of her bridal life, a loved and loving wife. There are few things in the world more touching than the love of a young, pure wife. The feelings which she entertained for the lover were constrained by a sense of propriety, but now they may pour themselves forth unchecked, in one o'erguashing flood of tenderness. Then she must await his approach, now she may go forth to meet him—then she must check her feelings as they rose, lest, forsooth, she might be thought forward, indelicate. Now she may take the initiative, and her soft hand may push back the locks from the brow on which she may implant a kiss of pure, almost unearthly love. Now she may watch to gratify those little tastes or fancies which then were passed unnoticed.

And never were the gushings of a warm, devoted heart poured forth more tenderly than they were by Maria Dawson for her husband. Nor on his part was the devotion less entire. The villa had been fitted up in every way to gratify her taste and fancy; and between the ride, or the drive, or the wandering about the grounds or in the garden, or music and reading and conversation, the summer passed all too rapidly away, and she almost sighed when the frosts of autumn notified her to prepare to take possession of her luxurious mansion in the city.

Marriage seems to be necessary, as a general rule, to the full development of the characters of women. Circumstances of course have a large share in it, but still it seems almost necessary to the full development of the perfect character of woman that she should be seen in her double position of wife and mother. Germs which have lain dormant are then brought into life; new faculties are called into play; the disposition is fully unfolded, and she exhibits herself frequently in a new and entirely different light from what she was regarded in the days of her girlhood. The timid girl becomes self-reliant; for from being dependent on the views and wishes of those to whom she has been accustomed to look for counsel and guidance, she finds herself called upon to act, and decide for others now dependent on her—this gives a vigor to her mind, a firmness to her views, a decision to her actions, which, without some such cause for their development, they would in all probability never have attained.

CHAPTER II.

"Things look blue."

"Yes; never saw such unpromising appearances."

"The best paper in town was done yesterday at 2 per cent. per month," pursued Mr. John Sharp to his brother broker Mr. Growlem, as they cogitated over their morning's correspondence. "My letters throw out some inuendoes about certain houses heretofore considered undoubted," pursued that gentleman, as with a keen glance he peered over his spectacles at his companion.

"Hum—do n't know. In such cases caution is desirable, and so do n't say much; but if stocks continue to fall as they have done for a few weeks past, sha n't consider any man undoubted unless I know him to be short of the whole list, and even then he may be caught."

"As how, pray?" suggested his companion.

"By buying in before delivery day, and then finding his man smashed, gone, and he himself likely to be in the same pleasant position."

"You always look at the bright side of things."

"Certainly I do; especially when the prospect is so charming all round as it is now. Thank God I am pretty well up. I have n't a contract that has not security up. 'My man,' you know, always required it. And as for any stocks I hold, why they are all paid for and I may as well hold on for better times, as I do n't see how I can better myself by putting them in some fellow's note, who will, in all probability, pay just five cents in the dollar."

"I am a good deal of your way of thinking. But if this crash goes on when will the revival come?"

"Just as soon as the banks break, and not before."

"But how can their breakage benefit the matter? I confess my ignorance."

"My dear fellow, considering your name and experience, I consider you very flat this morning. Are you so green as to think I mean them to stop, as you and I would if we could not meet our engagements. By no means. They will do no such vulgar thing as fail—they will merely suspend; and then, you know, as paper is cheap and engraving not very expensive, we shall have money as plenty as dirt; that is, as soon as presidents and cashiers can sign their names to pieces of paper promising to pay—in what? I do n't know. Do you? Certainly not in the 'current coin of the realm.' And yet, by the way, these promises will be the current coin. Mark what I

say. He that can hold on until this time will get through—plucked, singed, well battered—but still he will get through. He that can't must go to the wall, there to be ground between the upper and the nether mill-stone."

The brokers parted. It was a time to make the stoutest heart quail. The commercial world was then going through one of those dreadful convulsions which so frequently happen to it, aggravated on this occasion by the most reckless, improvident and profligate expansion of the paper currency known for a century. The consequence was, that the fury of the storm fell upon the heads not of a portion only of the community, but upon the whole. Persons dependent upon the incomes arising from stock investments were suddenly cut off; and all classes, from the laborer deprived of the work which afforded him his daily pittance for the support of his family, upward, felt the blow. Stocks were tumbling down at from one to five per cent. a day; money was not to be had on securities which in ordinary times would have been more than ample, and universal distrust and dismay abounded.

How fared it in all this commotion with the personages of our story? They had been several years wedded, and heaven seemed to smile most benignantly on their union. Three lovely children were grouped around them. Every comfort, every luxury that wealth could procure were lavished by Henry Dawson on his young wife, whose loveliness appeared, in his eyes at least, to increase with each succeeding year. The girlish beauty had passed away, but the matronly grace and elegance and beauty which had succeeded, were only as yet the first full developments of the lovely bud of promise. Nothing had however occurred to test in any way the young mother's character, and except when occupied with the young family in the nursery at home, she was to all outward appearance the polished, elegant woman of the world, one of fortune's spoiled children. The richer qualities of head and heart, if indeed she possessed any, had never yet seen the light. Her husband was proud of her in every way—proud of the fine mind which her rich conversational powers showed; proud of the faultless taste which governed all the arrangements of her drawing-rooms and her own personal appearance—but beyond these he knew nothing of her—nor perhaps did she of herself. The world flocked in crowds to her splendid balls, and gave her the tribute of admiration which her personal graces and loveliness demanded as their right. But this was all that the husband of her choice or the world in which she dwelt knew of Maria Dawson. Her full character was not yet developed, the circumstances had not arisen.

It was about the time of the conversation that we have recorded above, that Henry Dawson one day returned home rather earlier than was his habit. Maria was in the drawing-room when he entered. She noted that his brow was clouded, but this had been the case for several days; and when, on a former occasion, she had spoken to him of it, he had put her off with what she felt was but a pretext, and she determined to abstain from questioning until he was ready to give her his confidence. It had however worried her. Between them, since their marriage, confidence had been entire. They had no secrets from each other, and hence she argued this could not concern Henry alone or he would have communicated with her; the affairs of some friend which he was not at liberty to disclose even to her must be preying upon him, and she would wait until the cloud had been removed, or he was ready of his own accord to disclose it to her.

He had been standing by a table with his back turned to her for a few minutes, engaged apparently in an attentive examination of something on it, when he turned suddenly to her—

"Maria," and his voice was wanting in all the softness with which he usually addressed her, and was pitched in the key-note of one who has some desperate communication to make—"Maria, you must nerve yourself for ill news. I am a ruined man," he rather jerked out than said, and as he spoke the strong man sank into a chair by his side.

Not one word did she speak. She sat for a moment as one stunned by a sudden blow; then rising, she passed softly to his side, and resting one hand on his shoulder, with the other she drew gently from his face the hands in which he strove to hide it, then stooping down pressed her lips upon his forehead.

"Cheer up, dear husband," was her first words "Poor though we may be in earth's substances, yet in one thing are we still rich—our mutual love. Think not, dearest Henry, that for myself I care for all the glittering baubles around me, so that I still retain your love." And again were those soft lips pressed upon his forehead, and a flood of tears relieved the anguish of his mind.

Think him not unmanly because he thus wept. This proud man who thus gave way, was in all probability one who on the field of strife could with curling lip, and flashing eye, and with sword or hat waving wildly o'er his head, have led a band of the most reckless and daring who ever trod a battle-field "to do or die;" could have again, as he had done that morning, met his fellow men with cheek unblanched and eye unwandering, and with a ready smile upon his lip, whilst the vulture was gnawing at his heart. But this conduct of his wife, so pure, so heavenly, so devoted—it was too much for his manhood—it touched the inmost chords of deepest sensibility within him, and the strong man wept.

Maria, for a few moments, did not attempt to assuage or interrupt him. She knew that nature was thus affording a relief to his pent-up and restrained feelings, but as soon as the paroxysm began to subside again she leaned over him, and said softly to him—

"Cheer up, dearest Henry. Be not so cast down, love. The worst cannot be so bad as your imagination paints; or let the worst be as bad as may be, it is light to me compared with your distress. Cheer up then, dearest—remember we have others beside ourselves to care for, and if you allow yourself to be so overcome you will be unable to do aught for them."

He raised an arm, passed it round her waist, and drawing her toward him pressed her to his heart.

"Perhaps, Maria, I should rejoice in my calamities, as it has served to show me what an angel I possess in you."

"Oh no," she replied, anxious to divert his thoughts; "not an angel, only a loving, trusting wife. Remember, dearest, I took you for worse as well as better, for poorer as well as richer, and would you have me break my promise? Fie on you, Henry, I thought you had more confidence in my veracity."

"Nay, Maria, speak not thus to me; treat me not thus. Had you met my avowal with a cold look, or with words of worldly wisdom have arraigned me for my conduct, I could have borne all like a man; but now—thus—such conduct has unmanned me—and our children, too, dearest! When I think of them and of you—and of what my madness—my folly has deprived them and you—it almost distracts me."

"But, my dear husband, you still can give to your children the bright legacy of an untarnished name, and your wife will bear it more proudly for your sake, than in the days of your greatest prosperity."

"Yes, Maria, I have, thank Heaven, that consolation. Poor though we are, our name is untarnished by any act of mine. Madman, fool, I may have been, but not a knave."

"Unburthen yourself to me, Henry, and tell me all. I am a child in matters of business, I know. Your kindness has never let me suspect that any thing was wrong, or that you were at all embarrassed for money, since I have been your wife. Nay, I did not even know that you were engaged in business at all, but thought the income from your property supported us."

"So it did for a time, and so it should and would have continued to have done but for my own folly—I always lived up to the extreme limit of my income—but extravagance begets extravagance. I was proud of you, your beauty, your accomplishments, your acquirements, and I determined that no money should be spared to place you in possession of every thing your fancy or your taste might dictate. It gratified my vanity to see you arrayed in the richest robes and glittering in the most costly gems. It also gratified the same mean passion, for such I now admit it to be, that your balls and parties should be the most elegant, the dinners and suppers of the house the most *recherché* in all respects our society could boast. You appeared to take pleasure in them, and hence I rushed madly on until I found my fortune seriously impaired. What should I have done? Prudence and propriety now tell me, have retrenched at once and have gone to you and told you all. In fact they told me so then, and the struggle between them and false pride might have resulted in their favor and spared us this, but for one thing—I never was a gambler. I mean by that, I never ventured at games of chance any sum whose loss would have been worth a passing thought. But whilst I was thus hesitating, I heard among the men with whom I associated, how much this one and that one had cleared in a short time by "operations" in certain stocks. This was not gambling. It was the result of an observation of the probable rise and fall of the stock-market. It is unnecessary to my tale, love, to enter into the minute particulars, or to explain at length what is meant by the phrase 'bulls and bears;' suffice it to say, I saw the best men in the community, men esteemed in all the various relations of society, vestrymen of churches, elders, trustees, church members, all deeply embarked in these transactions, and of their morality then there could be no doubt, nor do I now mean to impugn it. I heard of the gains of different individuals—I *heard nothing of any man's losses*. I consulted a broker, a man of keen business habits, and like almost all the members of the broker's board, of highly honorable character in his avocation. I pointed out to him what I wanted. For the first time I heard of something beside profits. He pointed out to me clearly all the dangers of the business, and how immeasurably greater they were to one who, like myself, had been educated to spend money, not to make it. Few, he told me, were in the long run successful speculators, and they were usually men of cool, calculating temperament, sagacious and far-seeing in watching the signs of the times, and of an iron-nerve that nothing could shake; and yet, he said, such were the uncertainties, that at times even the most experienced of such men were deceived. I left him fully intending to avoid the dangerous experiment—come to you, and tell you all. Unfortunately, I fell in with a friend who had just embarked in an operation. We had talked the matter over before, we did so again, and before we parted I had given an order to another broker to operate for me. I was successful. This was sufficient. Several other small operations followed, in which I had continued success. I soon formed an exalted opinion of my own judgment; voted the broker who had advised me 'an old granny,' and embarked much more deeply. Losses now began to accrue—the embarrasements of the times thickened; I fancied them only temporary and that they would soon pass away—I plunged in more deeply and madly than ever, and the result has been, that having to-day settled all my contracts, save the furniture of our houses, our plate, and your jewels, we have not a thousand dollars upon earth."

He went through his tale firmly, almost calmly. When it was finished, he looked into his wife's face with a smile so ghastly, so unnatural, that an ice chill fell upon her heart. Rallying in a moment, she again bent to caress him, and then said to him,

"Thank you, dearest Henry, that I now know all. It is a melancholy tale; and how much pain might you have spared yourself, had you known me better. Think you that I cared so much for the splendor with which you have surrounded me, for the glittering baubles with which you have decked me, as to have enjoyed the one or worn the other, had I known all I now do. Oh! why, Henry, was not confidence in me so entire as to have advised with me concerning these things. If husbands would only counsel

in such matters freely with their wives; if the situation of their affairs was always freely and fully laid before them, much might be spared. I rejoiced in the splendor, I decked myself in costly robes and rich jewels, more from the pleasure I saw that my doing so gave you, than from any positive pleasure they afforded me; though," she added, with a faint attempt at a smile, "jewels and velvets are things which, in common with most women, I do not affect to despise. But the jewel which I value above all others, is my husband's love—to see him happy, is to me a source of more exquisite enjoyment than all the splendor earth can give. But, I repeat, cheer up, dear Henry; the past is gone beyond recall, leaving behind it but the lessons of experience which it gives—from them we can derive wisdom. The future is all before us—we are young—trustful in each other—blessed with those objects which will call forth all our energies. There must be no more false pride. My jewels, all, save one or two tokens of your young love, our plate and rich furniture will give us something on which to start afresh in life. Our experience of the past must be our beacon for the future. Compose yourself, dearest. Leave the management of these trifles to me. You must let me have a beginning," she continued, seconding her appeal with a kiss that was irresistible, as she saw a refusal gathering on his brow. "Keep yourself quiet and contented for a few days, and see how well I will manage. And now, dearest, let us go see the children."

Our heroine had not yet fully developed—the process was but commencing.

CHAPTER III.

Pass we by the scenes of the few succeeding days. In them, however, Maria was all efficiency. Her cheerfulness and the buoyancy of her spirits seemed never to forsake her, at least in her husband's presence. She had determined that no act, nor look, nor word of her's should add to the poignancy of the regret, almost remorse, which agitated him. When alone, the serenity of that young brow might be clouded; but it was more from anxious thought for the future, than from regret for the past; or a tear might dim the brightness of her eye, as she bent over her sleeping children, and thought of their altered prospects.

Fortunately there were no debts, and, best of all, no small debts. No tradesman, no mechanic suffered from this mishap. There was enough left to settle all these accounts, and the stock contracts had all been "met;" but there was nothing left, save the furniture of the two mansions. How rapid was her decision on this point. All, every thing, save the most necessary articles, were to go—satin, damask, and velvet, were to be replaced by chintz; rosewood by pine; lounges, and ottomans, and presentation chairs were to be as if they never had been; and if a few good engravings were laid aside with a few cherished family portraits to humanize their new home, wherever it might be, costly paintings were parted with without a sigh. The rich China and costly plate—"Why, certainly, my dear; I am sure things will eat just as well off of Liverpool ware; and as for all that glass, I shall be glad to be rid of the constant dread I had of having it broken, and the set ruined."

And thus did Maria meet all the objections of her husband as they rose one by one. Two things, however, she determined to keep to the last—one, her husband's books—the other, her own piano. She knew that be where they might, they would be a constant source of comfort to him; and in time, when, perhaps, they could not be conveniently replaced, they would be needed for the children.

But after all these things had been parted with, how were they to live. To live on the proceeds would be madness, as that would in a short time exhaust every thing; they neither of them had any expectations of future fortune, save from their own exertions. Dawson had been educated to no business, nor any profession; and that he had escaped being a mere profligate "about town" was regarded almost as a wonder by all. His refined native taste had alone saved him. Mere dissipation in its unrefined, undraperied vulgarity, had no charms for him; and he had sought refuge when very young in female society, and the indulgence of an unrestrained taste for general literature. He had never been a student—rather a literary epicure—tasting a mouthful here, and sipping a few drops there—but nowhere *sitting* down to that hearty meal of solid food by which alone true students are made.

It was, however, necessary that a decision of some kind should be made. On one thing he was resolved, and with a determination which nothing could shake. It was to leave the place where his former life had been passed. His pride was yet unbroken; he could not endure the thought of sinking back from that position in society which he had formerly filled. He could not endure the thought that his bright, his beautiful wife should be exposed to mortifications which always fall to the lot of those from whose side fortune has departed. He knew full well that the before concealed envy of many would now show itself at her expense—that she should be an object of affected pity and compassion from those who had greeted her appearance with applause, and had been followers in her train. Were they to seek a new home, they would be spared a thousand and one of those petty annoyances which none but those who have experienced them can appreciate. In a new sphere, they would start in an humble way, but then there would be no by-gones connected with their history. Come what else might, do what else they would, on this point he was unalterably determined; the what that was to be done, and the where it was to be, could not, however, be definitely determined upon until the results of the sale were known. He inclined for the west. To this his wife, backed by the influence of her own family, opposed a decided negative. The iron horse did not then course its way over the lofty mountains and through the dense forests and across the almost boundless prairies on which it now pursues its daily career. She dreaded

he deadly sickness to which all settlers in new ountries are subject—the isolation from all society, which she knew must fall with such crushing weight ipon one so long accustomed to it as washer husband—he want of schools, at which her young family could eceive proper instruction—and, we must confess, she shrunk somewhat from the thought of being her own sole "help." She did not count upon having about her, go where she might, a train of servants, but she knew herself physically incapable of being the sole servant to her family. She would, she knew, have to work, literally and physically, with her own hands—be, in all probability, her own nurse, seamstress, chamber-woman, arrange and manage all within doors—take care of the children, set out the table, keep the house in order, and superintend the cooking; but beyond this she knew herself unable to the task, and she was unwilling to undertake what she felt she could not accomplish. And then, too, should the dreaded sickness come on—but here the dismal prospect fancy conjured up before her did not assume so distinct a form—it was a dark, confused picture, like those of some of the so called "old masters," in which the dark shadows are so deep, that they throw into complete obscurity all the light—if, indeed, there ever was any. And so two things were determined on. First, they would leave their former place of residence. And, secondly, that they would not go to the west.

But what was to be the pursuit? That was the rub. As we have said, Dawson had neither a professional nor a business education. The universal refuge for man, that of a tiller of the soil, was open to him; but then what knew he of farming pursuits? It is true he knew the difference between wheat and rye when he saw them in full head, but it is doubtful if he could distinguish either of them from grass or oats before they had reached that state. He could tell a scythe from a cradle, or a plough from a harrow; but how to use one or the other was to him a most profound mystery. What kind of a hand could he make at farming? There seemed, however, no other resource. He must make up his mind to do something; and no matter at what he went, he must be a beginner—a student. He was sickened of what is termed business, and he did not think it would be more difficult to learn to be a farmer, than it would be to become a lawyer or a doctor. Then, too, whilst the process of acquiring knowledge was going on, he would be acquiring something for the support of his family. It was true that whilst studying the law, the paths of literature were open to him, and he might do something with his pen. But then he was entirely a novice at writing for the public, and he had judgment sufficient to know that to succeed either as a lawyer or a literary man, he must devote himself exclusively to one or the other. The only resource, or at least the most available, seemed to be to await the issue of the sale, and invest the proceeds thereof in purchasing and stocking a moderate farm.

The day at last came; the fashionable world, and the unfashionable, too, flocked in crowds to those halls where taste and elegance had so long reigned. The examination of the various articles was over, and the stentorian lungs of the auctioneer were heard announcing,

"Ladies and gentlemen, the sale is about to commence, and we will begin, if you please, with the chamber furniture, and finish with the drawing-rooms and the glass and china."

His skillful experience had taught him to reserve the more costly and rarer articles until the excitement of competition had warmed the bidders up to the necessary pitch. Dawson and Maria were neither of them present; but the watchful eye of her legal brother-in-law saw to every thing. There was much competition to obtain many articles; by some, as mementoes of the pleasant hours passed within those walls; by others, as anxious to exhibit them in their pretending but less fashionable saloons as articles of decided taste and elegance, from their having once belonged to the fashionable leader, Mrs. Dawson.

The sale was over—the sum total footed up—commissions and expenses deducted, and a very comfortable sum deposited in bank to the credit of Mr. Dawson. To this was to be added the amount derived from Maria's jewels, which she actually succeeded in selling at about one half their original cost. This he wished her to keep as her own—but she refused; a common purse must be theirs—all, she said, but just a little, which she had, and which she intended to keep for "shoe and stocking" money, so she told him, adding playfully,

"You must let me have one secret from you, dear; and so don't ask me, I beseech you, where my shoe and stocking money comes from."

As she has no secrets with us, courteous reader, we may as well know. She rightly argued that satins, and brocades, and velvets, and such like, would be worse than useless to a farmer's wife—and so she quietly disposed of them at a considerable sacrifice, but still for a very comfortable sum. She also argued that a suit of common fur would keep her quite as warm as her splendid set of marten, the envy of one half the town, and much more appropriate—and so the martens followed the brocades, and the velvets, and the jewels. From these resources she was enabled to realize enough to keep herself and her children not only in shoes and stockings, but also in all other clothing for a considerable time after the stock at present on hand was exhausted, without drawing on the resources of the farm.

The next thing was to purchase the farm. There were certain requisites which it might perhaps be difficult to find. At last, however, a place was hit upon. It was not exactly in its appearance what either our hero or heroine would have selected with an eye to picturesque beauty. There was no varied hill or dale—no high hill *here* from which such a beautiful view of such a lovely valley could be seen *there*. It was in a flat country, without the slightest claims to beauty; but then it was healthy, the water good and pure—the fields well fenced and well watered—the soil of a fair natural character, in a very

tolerable state of cultivation. A landing-place where a steamboat touched daily, affording ready communication with the city—a village at the landing, where a store, a good doctor, and a church were to be found. These were considered as a most excellent substitute for the want of the picturesque. The house was in the prevailing style of the neighborhood—without, plain clap-boards, from which the white-wash in many places had worn or washed off, leaving the dark boards below visible in their native beauty. The windows of a small size, with close wooden shutters, which had been, years since, painted of a color intended to be green, but which now was decidedly nondescript. A low porch covered the two or three steps that led to the front door. The court-yard was a small inclosure, through which a path led from a gateway in the fence by one side of the house, and which opened into a lane which led into the high-road. Within, a hall ran through the middle of the house. On either side were doors, leading on one hand into two rooms, called the front and back parlor; and on the other, into a room called the dining-room, and also into the kitchen. From the door of the kitchen the stairs ascended, leading to two or three tolerably comfortable rooms above, and to as many as intolerably uncomfortable, at least in the eyes of the new occupants. Beyond the kitchen was a shed, which was intended to be shut in by large wooden shutters, in which was the pump, and where the washing and other heavy kitchen-work could be transacted. This was certainly a change for both from their splendid town-mansion and luxurious villa.

The interior of the mansion was no more prepossessing than its exterior; and Maria shrugged her shoulders and looked round with a face of dismay as she contemplated the dreary prospect before her when she arrived to take possession of her new home. There was no time, however, to waste in repining. Boxes were to be opened, trunks unpacked, and places prepared in which to sit, eat, and sleep for the next few days, until things could be got somewhat to right. As for Dawson, he muttered some not very inaudible imprecations on the madness and folly which had brought them to this.

"Now, Henry, do, dear, just take a hatchet and pry off the top of that box. It has the matresses in it, and I 'll just get them out and you shall fix up the children's beadstead, and let them and the baby have some place to lie down upon. I do declare," she added, laughing, "nature must have intended you for a carpenter, you have gotten it off so nicely," as, after some desperate struggles with the nails, he at last succeeded in prying off the top of the box.

"And there," she added, "are the bedsteads tied up yonder; no fear of their being damaged by exposure, which is a great advantage. Do, dear, just carry them up stairs, whilst I get the bed-linen out of this great trunk in which it is packed up"—and Dawson, stimulated by the example of his wife, gave up something which sounded very like an occasional objurgation of a certain fool, meaning thereby himself, and took to working. The bedsteads were soon carried to their sleeping chamber and set up—the matresses laid on them, and the nimble fingers of our heroine soon covered them with their snowy linen. All was in readiness for the time when the "Sandman" would come round among the children. In the meantime, with the aid of the assistants on the farm, the rest of the things had been unpacked, and chairs and tables stood in a confused medley about. They were all of the simplest and least costly kind, and formed a strong contrast to the splendid piano which, in all the glory of its rich rosewood case, now occupied its destined position in the front parlor.

Maria looked with a wistful eye on the scene of confusion. To attempt to reduce it was, she thought, like producing order out of chaos. It was unnecessary to attempt it to-day; and so she determined to rest for the residue of it, and take a view of the exterior. As she passed out of the front door for this purpose, holding little Maria by the hand and carrying the baby in her arms, she was met by Master Harry, as he was termed, to distinguish him from his father. His cap was gone, his nicely combed curls were in a glorious state of dishevelment, his clothes evinced a most intimate acquaintance with mother earth, as did his face and hands.

"Oh, mamma!" he exclaimed, his whole face glowing with excitement, "oh, mamma, do come and see what a nice pond there is out here to sail boats in. And see, mamma," holding up a "mud-cake" as he spoke, "see what a nice cake I have made!" Although vexed that her darling, of whose locks, and clean complexion, and trim dress she had always been so proud, should present such an appearance, she yielded to his entreaties, and followed the child without the gate into the lane, where a mud-puddle of formidable dimensions at once explained the mystery of the pond and the beautiful cakes he had been engaged in concocting.

"And see, mamma," he added, clapping his hand, and pointing to a swarm of yellow butterflies which were settling round the edge of the puddle, "see what bootiful birds, and whenever I get close up to them to catch them, they just fly away."

"Happy child!" thought his mother; "to you the cares of life are unknown. Happier, doubtless, will you for some time be here, chasing your butterflies, careless of all else. But your time, too, must come"—and our heroine found herself almost sighing.

"But, Harry, my boy, listen to me. Mamma would rather you should not play out in this lane, and by this dirty puddle. See how dirty your hands, and face, and clothes all are; and it will give mamma a great deal of trouble to keep you clean if you do so."

"But, mamma, I don't care about being clean. I am sure it 's a great deal nicer to be dirty and play about this nice pond, than to be dressed up to go out and walk with Mrs. Harris, and Janey, and Maria, and the baby."

"Yes, my dear, but you wont have Mrs. Harris and Janey to dress you, and keep you clean, and take you to walk any more."

"Wont I? Oh, I'm so glad! Then I can run out here and get as dirty as I please—can't I mamma?"

"I hope you will not—for you have nobody else now to wash you and keep you clean but mamma; and you don't want to give her so much trouble, do you?"

"No, mamma; but I'm so glad you're going to wash me, for you wont scrub so hard as Mrs. Harris did—she used to hurt so, sometimes."

"I am afraid, my dear, I shall have to scrub a great deal harder than Mrs. Harris did, if you play out here and get so dirty."

"Well, mamma, I'll try not to; but say, mamma, I may come out and play here sometimes; it's so nice."

"I will see about it some other time; but come in with me and get ready for supper."

CHAPTER IV.

The next few days were those of considerable physical toil to our friends. The care of the younger children had to be resigned to a young girl who had been taken to assist her maid of all work; and Harry found himself straying occasionally to his favorite puddle, which, much to his regret, became gradually smaller, until at last it entirely disappeared.

Those few days had, however, wrought a wonderful change in the appearance of things within the house; and it is astonishing what marvels a few dollars will effect in producing these results when directed by taste. A little paint, some neat but low priced wall-paper, a little white dimity, chintz, and a few yards of white muslin, with some matting on the floor, had effected true wonders. The family portraits and engravings relieved the nakedness of the walls; curtains of thin white muslin, tied up with some tasteful ribbon, gave an air of refinement to the otherwise decidedly vulgar windows, whilst the chintz and dimity covered with graceful folds many an otherwise plain and homely deal plank.

"I declare," mused Maria to herself, "we are becoming quite presentible, almost ready to receive company. Yet something seems wanting—I have it; there's enough of that blue and fawn-colored chintz still left; I will get Henry to saw me off a couple of boxes of the right size—Sam shall bring me some wool to stuff them with, and I will have a pair of ottomans."

No sooner thought than done. The boxes were hunted up, and found to suit exactly, except that they were a few inches too high.

"Henry, dear," she said to her husband, when they had finished dinner, "wont you just take a saw and come and saw me off a piece from each of these boxes that are lying out there?"

"Yes—but what on earth do you want to do with them, Maria?"

"Never you mind, sir; you shall know all in good time. There now, dear—there—just saw six inches off from the length of each of them. Had not you better take a rule to measure them carefully? for I want them just of a heighth, and sawed off very smoothly."

He did as he was required—placed the boxes in the designated place, and went out to superintend his men, and continue his lessons in the practical details of his new employment. As soon as he was gone, she brought her chintz, and was soon deep in all the mysteries of measuring and fitting. The side pieces were soon cut off to the desired sizes—the ready needle prepared them for fastening on; but she could do nothing with the seat until she had procured the wool. That was done by the farm-hand that evening; and as soon as her husband had gone out after breakfast, she was busily engaged in fitting the top and stuffing it. The upholstery work was completed to her entire satisfaction, and when her husband came in to tea, she said quietly to him,

"I want you to come into the parlor and listen to my music for a little time."

This was always irresistible—he followed her in and prepared for his treat, when she said to him, "I have a great notion not to play a note for you, as you have not taken the slightest notice of my new ottomans."

He looked his surprise, but following the direction of her eye, the new articles of furniture met his view.

"I suppose I am now enlightened as to what you wanted with those boxes, and to be sawed so carefully yesterday. But when, in Heaven's name, Maria, do you find time to do all you do! Here are you, a delicately nurtured woman, attending to most of the details of the dairy—arranging chambers and sitting-rooms—nursing, making beds, sweeping, dusting, sewing, and what not; and now, to crown all, you must needs take to upholstering, as if you had not enough already to do."

"I am sure," she said, looking up at her curtaining "that latter is no new business. Learn, Henry, in regard to the time, the truth of the old adage, 'when there's a will, there's a way.' I I thought the room did not look quite furnished, and so I determined on them. They certainly are a great improvement to the room—and arn't they sweet, dear?"

"They certainly are very creditable to your taste and handiwork. But," stooping over, and pressing a kiss on her rich rosy lips, "you must take more care of yourself, dearest, or you will overdo the matter."

"Don't I look like a tender, delicate creature, that requires careful nursing? Oh, fie on you! I am afraid you have lost all your gallantry. I am very certain Maria Davidson's cheek was never half so blooming when you used to pay it so many compliments. I am certainly at least five pounds heavier than I was when I came up here. The sun, too, is giving my complexion that darker hue you so much admire."

"I admire brown complexions! When did you ever hear me say so?"

"I don't know that I ever did. But then, you know, dear, Laura Bridgeman was a decided brunette."

"Pshaw!" said Dawson, laughing; "not jealous,

I trust, Maria, of the remembrance of my old flirtation with Laura."

"Not very, sir," she added, looking down demurely, "for, you know, when it happened I was a little girl that had not yet come out."

"What a fortunate escape Laura and her mamma would think she had made, if they could only see me now busily engaged in my shirt-sleeves, planting, digging, weeding, raking, learning to mow, in fine, learning to earn my own bread and that of those dearer to me than life."

"I don't feel at all sentimental in connection with Laura Bridgeman; and so," she added, turning to the piano and striking up a gallope, "here's something that lady would prefer at any time to sentiment."

The piece finished, she at once changed the measure, and in a few moments her rich, full voice was heard in a song which was a peculiar favorite of her husband's. The sound of the music attracted the children, who now came in, the youngest in his young nurse's arms, to kiss papa good-night, whilst Maria prepared her baby for bed.

Whilst our heroine was thus active within doors, it must not be supposed that her husband was supine without. He was industriously learning the practical parts of his new vocation. He was engaged, the dandy of the pavé, the saloons and the clubs, learning, in his shirt-sleeves, to plough, to harrow, to mow, to dig, and, in fine, to do all that a hard-working farmer is compelled to do. He was aware that the head as well as the hand is necessary to direct aright the art of tillage, as any other art, and that a man may learn every thing concerning the rotation of crops, and all the rest of the art, and yet be deficient in the skill of an ordinary hand in the manual operations; but he thought it best to learn all, in order that in future he might direct all; and so he worked away under the tuition of one of his hired men, and was rapidly becoming a proficient. The hands had lost the softness and whiteness of the city dandy, and had put on that covering of brown which he condemned on the cheek of his wife, only that the shade was darker, and the hardening process had been so gone through with that blisters no longer troubled him.

There was much to do, too, to the exterior of the place, in order to make it harmonize with the now refined interior; so the garden was enlarged, and fruit of various kinds set out at the proper time, and in another year or so they had reason to calculate upon a great improvement in every thing. Time never flew more rapidly with the subjects of our story, not even during the ever-memorable first summer after their wedding. It is true they had but little society, but the active discharge of their duties required the greater portion of their time, and the few occasional half hours of idleness in the day-time, were moments which required no foreign assistance to render them pleasant. After the children were dispatched for the night, and the supper things washed up, and the breakfast-table all set out to be ready for the morning, they would indulge themselves in some music, and then Dawson would read aloud, whilst Maria's nimble fingers repaired some rent which the clothes of the children might have suffered, or prepared some necessary habiliment.

The neighborhood was thickly settled with a class of comfortable well-to-do farmers, almost exclusively the owners of the farms they occupied, whilst the village of Euston was only a little more than a mile distant. The good people had not, however, called much upon them. Some were restrained by one cause or another; although since rumors of their former position in life having got afloat, curiosity was largely on the tiptoe to see how they could bear their change and get along. The men formed a good opinion of him, when they saw him take off his coat and go to work, as they said, "like a man who wasn't ashamed of his business;" and they prophesied he would get along. What the females thought may be judged by the following conversation.

"Well, I do declare this is very nice, comfortable," said Miss Maggie Chatterton, as she undid her bonnet-strings and threw off her shawl amidst a female group of neighbors who were assembled in the best parlor of a certain Mrs. Holmes.

"Oh, Miss Maggie," shouted two or three juveniles, starting from their various posts about the room, "do tell us that story you promised us last week."

"Presently, dears, but I want to have a *little chat* with your mothers first. Seen the newcomers yet, any of you? I mean those city people the Dawsons."

"Yes," said Miss Susan Bitterly, a staid single lady of no particular age. "I saw them both as I passed by their place yesterday, and can't say I saw any thing particularly desirable about either of them. They say she has a piano. I wonder what she expects to do with it here?"

"Well, for my part," said Mrs. Hardmoney, the portly wife of a well-to-do farmer in the neighborhood, "I don't see what farmers' wives have to do with them there sort of things. When I was a gall, we were taught another guess matter than to sit thumping pianys all day."

"I think you're rather hard on the poor young thing," said kind, motherly Mrs. Holmes, as she smoothed down carefully her best dress, which she wore in honor of the occasion; "it must certainly be a hard thing for her to come to such a change, after having had every thing so comfortable about her all her life."

"Well, for my part," said Miss Chatterton, "I quite pity her. And they say she's such a dear, sweet little thing—yes, children, I'll be with you presently—and all the fault of her husband. Not that I ever heard she complained of him. By the way, Mrs. Holmes, how's your husband's rheumatism to-day? I've heard of a new remedy for it. Ah! my dear Mrs. Brown," she added, turning to another of the party, "I saw Henry Cole only yesterday, and he told me they were all well at his father's. But, as I was saying, they say it was all his fault—"

"Maggie, are you never going to tell us that story?"

"Yes, dears, presently, when I've done here. Yes, she is quite a dear little thing, and Sally Irish, who lives with them, you know, says she's so good and so gentle, and goes about every thing so nicely and so pleasantly, that she has quite won Sally's heart already, and that, you know, is not very easy to do. It was only a day or two after they moved up, before they had got all fixed to rights, that she came up to Sally, who was washing out some things, and said to her, as she held out a bundle of nice muslins—'Do, Sally, please wash these out for me this time, and I will stand by whilst you do it and learn how, and then, you know, another time I can do it myself, and perhaps, in time, I may learn to do it almost as well as you, Sally.'

"Well, I am glad to hear she's not so set up with her piany and such nicknakeries as to be above being willing to help herself some. When I heard what a heap of help they had down there, I thought sure as how they were going to bring all their city notions as well as their piany down here into the country."

"Why, what harm can there be in a piano," said the oldest of the Holmes girls, before whose eyes visions of a boarding-school, and a piano, and such like things had been for some time dancing; "I can't see what harm there can be in having a piano. For my part I think it must be very nice, and I mean to go over and see that dear, pretty Mrs. Dawson, and perhaps she will play on hers for me."

"No doubt she will, my dear," said Miss Susan Bitterly; "accomplished ladies like her when they're settled down among such barbarians as we, are glad to find some one as accomplished as yourself with whom to associate."

A tart reply arose to Susan Holmes' tongue, but an opportune look from her mother arrested it.

"I should think," resumed Mrs. Hardmoney, "that their help would eat up all they make at any time. The Gilbert farm was never a very profitable one, and this man, Dawson, they say, knows nothing about farming. He's hired Sam Bromley and Jim Clodpole to work on the place. Sam told my old man he was to have a kind of management of things, for Dawson hardly knew the tines of the fork from the handle. We all know that Sam is a managing fellow, and if he don't contrive to get more out of the place than Dawson, I'm mistaken."

"I think you do Sam injustice," said Mrs. Holmes. "Mr. Holmes told me that Mr. Dawson came to see him about hiring Sam, and that he took him on his recommendation. Dawson is to pay him high wages, but Sam is a smart hand, and if Dawson will only keep his eyes open, he may learn a good deal from him."

"One thing is very certain," broke in our friend, Miss Chatterton—"I shall go see her as soon as she's fixed, and I hope all the neighbors will. From what Sally Irish told me, I'm sure she is not a bit uppish, but will be glad to see us all. And you know, Mrs. Holmes, you can give her some of your nice recipes for country dishes, and teach her so many things, if you choose, about managing her dairy, and I am certain, from what Sally says, she will be much obliged to you for doing so."

"Well, my dear," said the lady addressed, "I have been thinking about it for some time, only I thought perhaps she would not care to have any visitors until she got quite settled and began to feel quite at home. It was only to-day Mr. Holmes told me he thought it would be neighborly for me to go, and he was sure she would take it quite kindly. Mr. Dawson and he are quite sociable, and he often drops in to see how things are getting on as he goes by, and Mr. Dawson consults with him a good deal about things and is quite thankful to him for his advice."

Mr. Holmes was one of the principal men in that part of the world. In addition to the very fine farm on which he lived, he was the owner of two or three others, and had some very comfortable snug sums invested in mortgages, and some stocks. Mr. Holmes' opinion on any subject was then that of a man entitled to be heard, for it is astonishing what an additional force of wisdom those little things called dollars, when counted in tens of thousands, and especially in hundreds of thousands, lend to their possessor. Should it chance that they should mount into millions, Solomon himself, could he revisit the earth, would not be more regarded than are their fortunate possessors—their words are cherished as the very oracles of wisdom, and their breath is as it were the divine afflatus—men who possess them may pass their lives without contributing in the slightest degree to the comfort or happiness of their fellow men, the very incarnation of selfish avarice; but should they after their death, unable to carry it with them, build and endow an hospital, a college or a library, their names immediately ascend to heaven in grateful pæans for their wondrous bounties, and they live in brick and marble for ages, whilst those whose lives have been past in one constant act of beneficence to their fellows, sink into their graves and are forgotten in a month.

Mr. Holmes' opinions then, were of weight in the circle in which he moved, and his good lady re-echoing them, they bore down all feeling which the natural rancor of Miss Bitterly and the contracted views of Mrs. Hardmoney might have engendered in the breasts of the females around, against our sweet Maria. None of them had yet seen her; she had not been a month in their neighborhood, but they all had heard something good about her, and after wondering why the Dawsons had not yet been seen in any place of worship, and whether they did n't mean to go, and if they did which—the conversation turned into other channels, and Maggie Chatterton at last yielded to the solicitations of the children to go over into their corner and tell them "that nice story."

The village of Euston, though numbering less than a thousand inhabitants, was well supplied with places of public worship, for, as we have said, it was surrounded by a populous neighborhood. First, stood the old and venerable brick building, destitute of any ornament, unless the glazed ends of the blue-colored bricks scattered profusely through the walls could

be called such, with its small, venerable porch. The bulding was, however, becoming too large for the worshipers, or rather the worshipers were becoming too few for the building, for the great dissension, some years previous, which rent the society in twain had reached here, and a large number had gone off to seek another building other than that in which, in contemplative silence, their sires and grandsires before them had worshiped. Then came the Baptists and Methodists, in their almost equally plain buildings but with large congregations, and the Presbyterians and Episcopalians, with more pretending buildings but much fewer numbers, brought up the rear.

It was not from want of a chance that the Protestant could not worship, and the number of emigrants in the neighborhood was so small that the chapel of the Roman Catholic had not yet appeared. Before removing to the country Dawson and his wife had been regular attendants on every Sunday morning, or at least on every not very wet or stormy Sunday morning, at a church of the Episcopal denomination. They went, especially the gentleman, more from a feeling that it was a tribute rendered to propriety than from any other motive. Not that he was an irreligious man; he was simply a careless one. Of religion in the abstract, he professed when he spoke of it, which was very seldom, great respect. He had never been led off either by reading or the influence of companionship to any thing beyond simple indifference. He saw that those who were called "religious people"—"church members"—most of them declined frequenting the opera, or the theatre, or ball-room. He could not understand this—he could not comprehend why what he considered the innocent pleasures of life were to be thus given up. It is true he often met these very persons in the concert-room, or at what he thought very large parties, provided there was no dancing—he could not understand those which he considered distinctions without a difference, except that the music of the concert-room would be improved by scenic representations in costume, or that the scandal of the tea-party might be advantageously broken in upon by the music of the dance. This was the reasoning of one who merely regarded the surface—beyond this he had not penetrated. Religion itself, as a vital, soul-giving principle, he had never studied. A large portion of the Bible was familiar to him—he admired the psalms of David for their exquisite pathos and simplicity—the sublimity of Isaiah, and the mournful imagery of Jeremiah had touched his fancy, but his heart had been unmoved, either by these or the gentle teachings and lofty morality of the New Testament. He read the Bible as he did the works of other great authors, to please his fancy, his imagination, but not as the Book in which choice of life and death, the mode of attaining the one and avoiding the other, is offered to mankind. Maria, like most women, possessed deeply religious sensibilities. The Bible was not to her a sealed book, and she was unconsciously most probably to herself, much influenced in her actions by its teachings. But her mode of life and that of her husband had not been such as to allow it to make any very deep impression on her. Had one charged her with being deficient in religious feeling she would have shrunk back from it with horror. But, in very truth, though the germs may have been planted in her heart, the requisite sun and rain had not yet reached them to mature them. With such views, they had not hastened their motions churchward, and, since their removal, were under some feeling of embarrassment at a first meeting with a congregation all strangers to them.

CHAPTER V.

On the Sunday succeeding the tea-party at Mrs. Holmes', our hero and heroine solved the problem in regard to their church-going by appearing in the Episcopal church at Euston. Thus it was settled that they did intend to go to church, and also where they intended to go; two very important points for the gossips of the neighborhood. Mr. Dawson had called on the church-warden to obtain a pew a day or two before; the fact was duly communicated to his wife, and by her to some of the ladies of the congregation, so that when the Sunday morning arrived the new comers were duly expected. She would of course be dressed in her best silk dress, made in the newest fashion; and her hat of the same material, would also be a glass in which the ladies of Euston could mould their own. Great was the surprise of sundry good ladies, who cast furtive glances over their shoulder, when a young lady of graceful mien and carriage, and who could be no other than the expected one, followed the warden, who politely pointed out their seats to the strangers, up the aisle. Attired in a simple, white muslin dress, with a plain straw hat, slightly trimmed with green ribbon, Maria, holding her little boy by the hand, disappointed expectation. There was no time for criticism, for immediately after the clergyman entered the desk, and as there was no grand preliminary flourish by the organ of some favorite aria from Rossini or Bellini, the services commenced.

They were conducted with an earnest fervor which chained and held the attention of all. There was no attempt at display, but the lofty and sublime beauty of the liturgy was brought out in all its force by the heartfelt utterance of the speaker. The congregation soon seemed to enter into the spirit of the rector. The responses were deep and fervent—the music, plain and unaccompanied by an instrument, seemed to the new arrivers, joined in as it was by the whole congregation, as more expressive of deep devotion than the more finished efforts of the choir, accompanied by a superb instrument, to which they had been accustomed. The sermon which followed was in keeping with what had passed. It was a plain, practical discourse on our duties here as connected with our state hereafter. There was no eloquence, but much earnestness—the sentences were not rounded and polished to the highest elegance of finish, but brief and pithy, and the language strong and nervous, went directly home to the heart and

conscience. Although devoid of ornament, it was entirely free from any thing like commonplace, and proclaimed the utterer to be no commonplace man. A few months only settled in the place, he had already made a forcible impression on his people, as was apparent from their manner both during the prayers and the sermon.

Mr. Stapleton was indeed no ordinary man. His talents were more than usually fall to the common herd. They had been highly cultivated, and would fit him to adorn any position to which he might be called. His ambition was, however, to do good to his fellow man. To this all the energies of his mind and heart were directed. Holding sincerely to the distinctive principles of his own denomination, he could yet see in every man a brother. The road to heaven was not in his opinion over one narrow plank, which alone must be trodden in conformity with the creeds and synods of certain men in order to reach it. In his preaching as in his practice, it was justification by faith in a crucified Redeemer who died to save all who sincerely trusted in him. Where disease and sorrow were, there was the rector found—nor were his attentions confined to those who were called of his own denomination—it was enough for him to know that pain or suffering existed to draw him to its home. In humble imitation of his Divine Master, "he went about doing good." The effects of this were already apparent in many cases—universal respect and esteem awaited him whenever he approached—the careless, the indifferent, the profane, all awarded to him a consistency of life and conduct in keeping with the doctrines and principles he enforced. The influence of such a life in a man placed in such a situation could not but be felt in the surrounding community, and especially among those whose spiritual guide he was—accordingly, already the fruits of it were beginning to be shown in a deeper and more earnest spirit of devotion in his congregation. Their attendance on the regular services of the church was more numerous and more regular; increasing attention was given by them to the spiritual education of their children through the medium of the Sunday-schools into which he had breathed a renewed vitality.

Yet with all his energy and devotedness in his sacred calling Mr. Stapleton was no bigot, no ascetic. In the social circle no one contributed more largely to the entertainment and amusement of those around him. He took an active interest in the temporal affairs of those among whom he lived—he had a keen relish for the innumerable blessings with which God has strewed our pathway through life, recommending the use, but strongly deprecating the abuse of them; in a word, inculcating both by precept and example temperance in all things.

Such was the man upon whose ministrations the hero and heroine of our tale now for the first time attended. They were unknown to him except by reputation, their former history being familiar to him, and fear of intrusion having thus long deterred him from seeking an acquaintance, which must have been most agreeable to a man of as cultivated a mind and refined taste as his. Now, however, that they had enrolled themselves among his parishioners, the case was different, and in the discharge of his pastoral duties he could seek them out with propriety. This was accordingly done, and Dawson and his wife felt pleasure that among those who were likely to be their future life associates there was one so refined in taste, so cultivated in intellect, so gentlemanly in manner as their pastor. Nor was the pastor on his side less plessed. The charms of conversation with persons of refined taste and cultivation were a source of positive pleasure to him, and of relief to a mind worn by study and anxiety. The lighter literature in which Dawson delighted was not unknown to him, and from the shelves of his new friend (the "back-parlor" had been transformed into the "library") he could obtain authors of rare merit which his own library did not afford. Maria's piano and voice were always put into requisition at the pastor's call, and thus in a comparatively short time an intimacy was established, which under other circumstances would in all probability have only been brought about in months, if not in years.

Let it not be supposed, however, that in his intercourse with the Dawsons, Mr. Stapleton ever lost sight of the great object of his life—the salvation of the souls of his fellow-men. The greater his intimacy became, the more he found himself the habitual frequenter of the house of his new friends, the deeper became his interest, the more anxious his desire to raise their thoughts from the concerns of time to those of eternity. Gradually and gently would he lead the conversation into channels which enabled him to dwell more and more on the thoughts that were nearest and dearest to himself. He found attentive listeners. There were no doubts of a sceptical kind to be overcome. Both Dawson and Maria yielded a belief of the head to all the doctrines of Christianity, to which they had been accustomed to listen from their childhood. With her, too, as she had increased in years, had—in her more thoughtful moments—increased an earnest respect for the precepts which were familiar to her. In the midst of all her former gaiety and splendor, she not unfrequently felt that she was created for some higher and nobler purpose than to pass her life in the frivolities of which she was the center. An aching void, filled—as she thought—first, by her husband, and then still fuller by her children, she could not but at times experience, as who of us has not. Stapleton now showed her that even these cherished objects of affection were not sufficient. These ties death might rend asunder—the cherished objects might be wrested from her, at any rate, for a season; but, that there was one, to whom, if she gave her affections, He never would part from her. To do this, it was not necessary for her to abate one iota of her domestic feelings—the love for those on earth and for Him in heaven were not only compatible with each other, but would actually increase the purity and devotion of each.

So sped away the fall and winter. The new comers had become perfectly at home in their new

position. Many and various had been the neighborly calls upon them, which had been duly returned. Strange was the contrast between their new and old acquaintances in much of the outward forms of society, but they both found that beneath these plainer exteriors were frequently met with hearts as large and pure, and minds as strong and vigorous, if not as polished and cultivated, as those to which they had been accustomed. Mr. and Mrs. Holmes had been invaluable adjuncts to both. The former had conveyed many an useful piece of practical knowledge to Dawson, who had entered on his new pursuits with a fixed determination to succeed, and with his mind unfettered by any of those prejudices arising from the fact that "his father had done so before him," or that "it was the practice in their neighborhood," was enabled to avail himself of all the improvements which modern skill and the experience of others now bring to the aid of the tiller of the soil. His life was passed in an even, quiet tenor. If his meals were not as luxurious as they once had been, labor of some kind gave to them a most excellent relish, and no butter was ever so good as that which he now ate, for the hands of Maria had made it; no pastry so light and delicious, for the same fair hands had prepared it; no bread so sweet, for she had kneaded it herself; and her light cakes, a recipe from Mrs. Holmes, were pronounced equal to those of that thrifty lady, whose housewifery was the theme of admiration the country round. Thus they conformed themselves to their circumstances; and, in so doing, enjoyed the many blessings Heaven still reserved for them. The children had thriven apace. Harry had learned not only to take care of himself without the assistance of Mrs. Harris and Jenny, but aspired to take charge of the cows, also; being never so happy as when permitted to assist in driving them to and from the pasture-grounds. Little Maria's great delight, too, was too feed the "chickes," and baby, left to roll about a good deal by itself, was fast attaining that happy period, when it is its glorious privilege to waddle up and down stairs alone, to the imminent danger of its own neck, and the perpetual alarm of all careful mammas.

But had the true seed sown by Mr. Stapleton produced no fruit during this time?—It had. An increased and more earnest attention to those things of which he spake was seen on the part of both Dawson and his wife. The mode of operation on their minds and hearts was different. He reasoned—she felt. With the almost unerring instinct of the female character she had reached her conclusions, whilst her husband was deliberating with slower reason. She felt that here was the something which was to fill that aching void in her heart, which, despite her ardent affection for her husband and children, she had long felt there. With her usual prompt determination she acted. She communicated her resolves to her husband, whose only reply was a warmer, more fervent kiss than usual. Thus sanctioned by her husband, in the early spring she made a public confession of her faith by joining in that commemoration of remembrance of a Saviour's love from which she so before abstained.

Let it not, however, be supposed that this was the result of sudden and hasty determination. Many and earnest were her communings with her own mind. Long and earnest had been her conversations with Mr Stapleton—attentive and careful her perusal of the sacred volume; and when, at last, after frequent and fervent prayer to God, for enlightenment and guidance she fully determined to pursue the path she had considered, she felt her heart lightened of a load, and that peace of mind which the world can neither give nor take away.

One carp now oppressed her—one desire actuated her: it was that her husband should also join with her in her new profession. To obtain this end was now her constant aim. Fervently did she address her prayers to God for such a consummation. Earnest and loving were her conversations with him. His head and his mind were (she knew) right; but his heart had been untouched. Well she knew, that for her sake he would do almost any thing—but *for* his own sake it was that the devoted wife, leaning upon his arm as they sometimes rambled together, or, at other times, with her hand resting in his, pressed her gentle pleadings upon him. She opened for him such passages of the sacred volume as she thought most suited for him, and then, not unfrequently, retiring to the privacy of her own chamber would throw herself upon her knees, and pour out all her full, gushing soul to God in earnest prayer, that he would touch the heart of her husband and bring him to Him. (God answereth prayer.) Nor were hers in vain; and, oh! who could tell the unutterable joy of that fond heart when, at last, pressing her fondly to his heart, he avowed his determination to join her, on the following Sunday, in an open profession of his Saviour before men, adding—

"To you, my own sweet wife, I owe this change which has come upon me. Your gentle pleadings, your fond prayers have opened this stubborn heart, and prepared the way for the reception of those better things which were hereafter to be his."

"Not unto me, dearest Henry, not unto me, but unto God above be the praise. Too happy, indeed, am I, if I have been the feeble instrument in His hands of your enlightenment."

Close we the scene. It would indeed be a privilege, had we the ability, to follow our heroine further. Never had she looked so lovely. A heavenly radiance and serenity shone from her young brow. Her eyes wore a subdued and softened expression which rendered them even more attractive than of old. And how was her care for her children heightened?—not for their bodies only, as formerly, but now for their souls. Never afterward did either she or Dawson cast a regretful glance backward, for they felt that, if they had lost the world, they had gained Heaven.

T. R. N.

FATHER BROMLEY'S TALE.

BY WILLIAM ALBERT SUTLIFFE.

"I WILL tell you a tale," said Father Bromley.

Father Bromley sat on the piazza of his cottage, looking over the green breadth of lawn which stretched down to Willow Brook. The sun had just gone down, and the western sky, still a-glow, seemed—seen through the willows—like a splendid tissue—gold and green; and the stream, as it rolled, might have been supposed to have its rise in that strange El Dorado which filled our country's ancestral dreams. On his right sat his daughter Alice, needing to be but a shade paler to be wrapped in a shroud, and laid to her dreamless sleep with a white rose-bud pressed between her slender fingers, and on his left his other daughter, Margaret, fresh as a June rose at sunrise. The father sat between them; the very pattern of paternal grace and quiet benignity. His worldly cares had been slight, so his face had been left smooth, full, and sunny; so sunny, in fact, that it appeared to have taken and retained the quintessence of every sunbeam which had fallen upon it. But now, like external nature, it had a sort of twilight expression, approaching to spirituality, which would awaken in the beholder an abiding interest, and lead him to pause and study ere he passed. Various circumstances conspired to this—the time, the place, and the proximity of his pale child, propt up with pillows, and almost as ethereal as a moonbeam. For a long time they had been sitting in a deepening silence, which neither wished to disturb; and so absorbed were the two daughters with their own thoughts, that the first words of the gray father fell upon unheeding ears.

"I will tell you a story," he repeated, after a little pause, and in a firmer tone.

Slowly, and with a sigh, like one awakening from a pleasant dream to an unpleasant reality, Alice lifted the lids, and upturned her eyes, filled with a gathering dreaminess, to the dawning love-look of her only parent. Those deep, dark eyes, they must have known many tears.

"Do let us hear it, papa," she murmured, "but let it be in harmony with gathering stars and slanting moonbeams, and let it have a true golden tinge from the sunset which lights up the gloaming."

"And do let us hear it!" echoed Margaret, turning quite away from the moon, which was just rising.

"And of what shall it be?" asked Father Bromley, as he looked inquiringly from one to the other.

"O, something that will please Alice!" returned the sweet girl. "For who knows how many times we shall have it in our power to please her," she thought but did not say, for all of that household knew that sooner or later death would knock at their door.

There was a long pause, and then Alice said—

"Let it be of the picture, with the angel-face, which hangs in the green parlor?" There must have been strange thoughts suggested by it, for her face in the white moonshine grew a shade paler, and her hands trembled a little, as if nervously affected, but no one noticed it.

There was another pause, and then she continued, as if to explain the reason of her wish—

"I have been reading to-day a beautiful poem, in which a lovely lady died of a broken heart, and her spirit nightly haunted her old home. Thinking on the sad tale, I paused to weep, and sat for a few moments with shut eyes. When I opened them, the first thing that I saw was the portrait, and—will you believe it?—it had acquired a new sadness, such as I never saw on a mortal face. It seemed to be looking at me with an incomprehensible intensity of earnestness; and, as I still gazed, a tear—I saw it as plainly as I see the moon—started in the eyes, and rolled down the face. And then another, and another," she went on in higher tones, as if trying to impress a burning truth on incredulous listeners, "and all the while it looked at me *so* sadly—but not with pity, and seemed so to invite me, that I fancied that I heard the lips say—'Come!' *That* was *only* fancy, but, as I live, I saw it weep."

Father Bromley looked with deep and tender anxiety upon the pale face at his side. He well knew of a report, formerly current in the house, to the effect that this same picture was seen to shed tears just before the death of any member of the family. But this piece of information he restrained, justly deeming it not pertinent for the occasion. Margaret looked anxious and perplexed, but said nothing; and the father, after a little pause, began—in a low voice—his tale. Let *us* listen, dear reader, seated attentively on the sward, at the corner of the dim old mansion. We may be as sceptical as we please, since neither of us ever saw a strip of painted canvass, in a gilt frame, weep.

"My great grandfather's second wife—for so far back his story was to date—was a strange, bad woman. There was no peace in her vicinity. The estate had become involved, and my great-grandfather, knowing her to be possessed of some money, married her. But he always had cause to bitterly rue that day and hour which made her his. He had two daughters—both sweet girls, and she one son, who had inherited all her bad qualities, with an additional coarseness and ugliness of manner, which she—if she possessed it—from superiority of education, seldom showed. Her son, whose name was Andrew, had that sensual perception of beauty which always marks vulgar natures, and he had

been but a short time in the family before he gave evidence of the impression which the beauty of the younger sister made upon him. Lisette, from the first, rejected his overtures, and withdrew from his society to that of her elder sister as much as possible; but Andrew, not heeding her contempt, and abetted moreover by his mother, still pressed his suit with all the pertinacity and regardlessness of feeling, which characterize such semi-barbarous beings. The persecuted girl sought her father's protection, and he, in giving it, alienated from himself the spark of affection which the bosom of the step-mother might have known. From that time she 'hated him with the hate of hell;' but, with all the cunning of her perfidious heart, she covered it with a smile. She softened toward her step-daughters, and, by her open advice, Andrew discontinued the attentions which had made him so odious in their sight. All was, seemingly, about to be harmonious and well again, when the father suddenly sickened and died. There were strange circumstances attending his death, which made it to be as much talked of as an eighth wonder. Sturdy men put their bushy heads together, and whispered mysteriously in corners, and old dames—stooping over the few last embers on the hearth, as the hours drew on toward the ghostly midnight—muttered to each other in under-breath, starting ever and anon if the wind but wailed a little louder, or flapped a clapboard which chanced to hang loose. Children whimpered if they were put to bed alone in the dark; and young women, in broad daylight, would not go ten rods unattended over an unfrequented road. Dame Burton had had, for a long time before this, an unfavorable reputation with a few, and the assertions of this few were latterly gaining believers. It was now currently reported that she was in the habit of going, nightly, to the Devil's Crag, under which was a cave, whose black recesses had never been seen by mortal eye. It was furthermore reported, that whenever any one approached it, a dark vapor issued from its mouth, in the midst of which were sometimes seen two fiery eyes, and ominous voices also added to the fright of whomsoever might chance to be lost or stray in this vicinity.

"The foundation for all this was the testimony of two superstitious woodmen; who, in plying their trade, occasionally ventured into the vicinity, and, besides what has been here told, one of them gave out—as a piece of definite information—that, being one night belated in the neighborhood of the cave, and coming toward home in great terror, he suddenly heard the sound of rapid footsteps, and pausing, he saw Dame Burton come into an open spot not twelve feet from him. Suddenly there appeared a man as black as ebony at her side. Whence he came he could not tell, but his *identity* was not to be mistaken.

"'Why are you so late?' asked the dark personage.

"'Mercy, mercy!' cried the cringing dame, piteously.

"But mercy did not seem to be one of his component parts; for, seizing her roughly by the arm, and rushing off with her like lightning through the dense underbrush, he made directly for the cave, leaving nothing but an overpowering smell of brimstone, and a line of blue light, pointing like a guide-board toward the place of rendezvous.

"How the man ever got home he could not tell; but it was not at all uncertain that he did get home, and tell the tale here given to a thousand incredulous hearers.

"Father Burton died and was laid with his fathers, and Esther and Lisette wept together in their sorrow, and arrayed themselves sadly in mourning weeds. The suspicions of their neighbors never troubled them. The thought that their step-mother could be so utterly depraved would have killed them at once, had it entered their minds. The father had not, however, been long gone to rest when they perceived a change in the mother and son. The mother's face assumed a crafty and hag-like expression, and the son's face seemed to have gotten a look of stupid cunning quite foreign to it. Except this, for some time, nothing was to be seen; but soon matters took a more overt and decided turn, Andrew again renewed his odious attentions, but with a confidence which he formerly lacked. He was met with the same coldness as before, to which was added an entreaty—couched in the most conciliatory language, to the effect—that he would desist. But coldness and entreaty were alike vain. He still persisted, and Dame Burton, at last, seconded his suit by commanding Lisette, in unequivocal terms, to marry him.

"'I cannot! I will not!' said Lisette, with a passionate burst of tears, at the close of an interview in which the matter had been pressed upon her with more than ordinary vehemence and fiendish show of malignity.

"'Cannot? will not?" muttered the dame, half to herself and half to her auditor, accompanying the same with an impatient gesture, and a laugh hissed through her closed teeth—'we will see! we will see!'

"'I beg to hear no more of this,' continued the persecuted girl, 'or I shall expect our poor dead father to come in his shroud to defend us from such cruelty.'

"'Thy poor dead father in his shroud!' echoed the step-mother. 'Ah, ha! it was a good drug—a friendly drug,' she muttered on in an undertone, 'a pleasant potion for a peevish child!' and then she laughed at her devilish wit. 'Thy father sleeps well, child. Did thy keen wit ever take exception at the friendly nursing which waited on him to the grave?'

"Lisette started, and looked fearfully at her; but, recovering herself, she proceeded to state her refusal more definitely.

"'I will look upon thy son as a brother, but do not think I can ever do more. Why will he persist in asking what he has so often been told I cannot give? We are dissimilar, and I cannot love him—but I do not hate him. I repeat, I will continue to

regard him as a brother, but in any other light I cannot—ay, *I will* not—look upon him!'

"Rising with the last words she would have passed from the room, but she was detained.

"'Dost love another?' queried the crone, looking her full in the face.

"The blood rushed to the young girl's cheeks.

"'Ah! I see! I heard Andrew tell of the young painter, who—'

"Lisette's face was scarlet.

"'Let me go?' she cried impatiently. 'Have not I told thee that I will not marry thy son?'

"'But you will! you shall!—you cannot escape me! I will summon every fiend in hell to my aid! I will torture thee to submission!—I will melt thee in the crucible of my wrath!'

"The last words were lost on the object of her anger, and the dame stood with her arms akimbo, and a peculiar exultation of expression, such as a fiend, conscious of his diabolical power, might be supposed to wear.

"Lisette rushed to her room, and threw herself, half-fainting, into the arms of her sister.

"'Strange things at the Burton house, Neighbor Guernsey,' said Widow Hamersley, as she lighted her pipe, and, having taken an initiatory whiff, drew her chair toward the bright wood fire.

"It was now Autumn, and the winds were growing colder day by day, and the external aspect of Nature more dreary.

"'Yes, yes,' returned she who was addressed. 'Since Mistress Alton lost her two little children in Marsden Forest, who were no doubt eaten of the wolves, there has not been the like of it. I pity poor Esther, who is left all alone with so ungracious a woman as Dame Burton.'

"'Ay, ay, Neighbor Guernsey. Many a long year have I known this strange woman, and I have yet to discover if there be any good thing in her. And the dolt Andrew is no better than a stupid beast. It has been noised about, that the step-mother has been trying to force the younger girl to marry him. Heaven knows what might happen if the poor child would not yield!'

"Here the widow puffed forth a volume of smoke as large as a small thunder-cloud, and gazed knowingly among the embers.

"'And the young painter in the village, they say, is going distracted at her loss," continued Mistress Guernsey, not observing the drift of the other's remarks. 'He has been painting a portrait of her, and now he has left all and gone off to search for her in the woods.'

"'Small chance of his finding her, Neighbor Guernsey,' answered the widow, drily; her remarks still tending in a direction which her companion did not perceive. 'It is no wolf of the forest which will have the pleasure of picking her bones.'

"'Heaven grant it may be as you say!' was the reply, referring to the last clause of the sentence, whose ambiguity was unnoticed.

"Hast thou not heard tales about this dame?' asked the widow, dropping her disguise and speaking more openly.

"'Ay, ay, many a time and oft; tales smacking of mystery and mischief, which boded no good to Dame Burton. They say she has unholy company o'nights in the wood. But, after all, they were only tales about which I knew nothing certain."

"'Hast thou not,' continued the widow, 'noticed a strange twinkle in her eyes, a shrillness in her voice, and that her hair is becoming coarse and grizzled? What does this portend?'

"'Alas! I cannot tell,' replied Mistress Guernsey. 'There were strange hints when her good man died, and now I bethink me that they might have been true, and the remorse of the inner conscience might thus have developed itself outwardly.'

"Here there ensued a pause, and the two sat awhile quietly listening to the hollow moaning of the wind among the trees of the old forest hard by. Superstition, which always attends ignorance, was a prominent point in the characters of both; but more especially in that of the widow. No doubt she heard demon voices in the wind wailing in the crannies, and fancied the air filled with evil spirits, hurrying like lightning upon their various errands of mischief. When she spoke again her voice quivered, and her frame shook as with an ague-fit.

"I tell thee, Mistress Guernsey, I have seen—' said she, at last, her gaze fixed intently on vacancy.

"'Seen what?' asked the other, drawing closer, and looking distrustfully into every corner of the room.

"'Seen—' repeated the widow, still looking into vacancy.

"'Seen what?' repeated her auditor, drawing still nearer, and looking with still greater scrutiny into all the dark nooks of the apartment.

"But the expected speech still hung half-way between conception and utterance, as if some impalpable auditor were present, who might convey the tale to the ears of the object of both her aversion and fear.

"The sad moaning of the wind filled up the chasm in the conversation, and the subtle influences of the place, and their loneliness, seemed to be rapidly gathering about the two lonely women. The speech was still unspoken, when the thread of the proceedings was broken short by the abrupt entrance of Mistress Hamersley's son. Whether or not the embryo disclosure might have embodied new and startling developments, or only old statements re-hashed, we cannot tell; but, certain it is that, the vein of mystery was explored no further that night. The son piled new fagots on the fire—the widow refilled and relighted her pipe, and the conversation took a more cheerful turn, and the place took again that air of rude pleasantness which belongs particularly to a farm-house-kitchen, while the weird lady was, for the moment, forgotten.

"As may have been gathered from the remarks in the preceding conversation, Lisette had disappeared, lost, it was supposed, in the forest, into which she

sometimes strayed alone; for, as to superstition, she had none of it, and wild animals had mostly retired to a safe distance before the advance of civilization. Every possible means had been tried for her recovery, seconded by apparently every effort of Dame Burton and her son. They seemed inconsolable, and some of those who looked upon her as a slandered person affirmed that she spent the nights for a week in weeping. Esther was now alone and friendless, thrown entirely into the power of these protectors. Surmises and ill-boding opinions passed occasionally from mouth to mouth, but never reached her ears. She wept in silent sorrow away from all intercourse. Thus matters went on for some weeks, until one night, at dusk, Andrew was brought to his mother a corpse. He had been accidentally shot in a hunting excursion. Her sorrow at this occurrence was real. Every other tie had been to her nothing, while this had absorbed all her soul's capability of affection. She had indulged him in every thing, and had attempted to gratify his every wish. Now that he was gone, all that she possessed was gone, and all her thoughts and deeds glared upon her in all their malignity. She had nothing now to take from herself those hell-hound thoughts which bred in her a bitter remorse. One night she lay by his coffin—another by his grave, and a third she would have spent thus, but they led her away. She yielded as pliantly as a child. Thenceforth, she was completely broken down. She could do nothing more, and all day she sat like a fixture in the chimney-corner, while all the house-affairs fell into Esther's hands. But, at dusk, the dame would be gone mysteriously for an hour. Esther never questioned concerning it, nor cared; but the ignorant neighbors whispered, wondered, surmised, and told of strange things that happened at these times, until it became so much a matter of course, that nothing more could be said. At the end of a year she married my grandfather Bromley. The portrait of the lost sister was taken from the painter's studio, and hung in her room. Each succeeding year added a new balm to her wounds, until they seemed so far back in the past, that sometimes she would almost question with herself whether or not they had had actual existence.

"Thus twenty years of married life passed calmly and pleasantly. Sons and daughters were growing up around her in full bloom, and all promised that the afternoon of her life should be peace. Dame Burton had grown old and decrepit, and bent nearly double. Her hair was white as snow, and her face had a sort of blank, passive expression, except at times, when her eyes would glow like half-extinguished coals, and she would start as if some frightful object looked in upon her visions. Through all the long day she sat in the chimney-corner, and never stirred until the bats wheeled in the dusk, and the rude noises of day were displaced by a stillness, so still that the bark of life might be said to move down the noiseless river of time with muffled oars.

"One night, in the early autumn, my grandfather was gone, and my grandmother was left alone with the family. All were quietly at rest before she retired. That day she had been laboring hard and was overwearied, and now a strange restlessness and loneliness of feeling came across her. It was just at the moonrise. The moon came up looking red and angrily over the ripening fields, glistening with dew, near at hand, the mill-pond still and large further off, and the black and massive woods in the distance. Those weird influences were at work, which incline every mind at times to retrospection. And now, as over a dim sea, from a dim seen island, came the memories of the past. She saw, as in a dream, the mother of her childhood, who pressed her childish hand in hers. A few years past, and she saw her die, and felt the intense agony of that moment. A few years more were gone, and she saw the death-bed of her other parent, and felt the keener and more enduring pain which maturer minds must feel. Still farther, and she saw the sister-branch, which had grown side by side with her upon the parental tree, torn rudely away. And now she could think no more. It was too much pain. Turning from the window, she hastily disrobed herself, and dropped wearily upon the bed. It was some time before slumber came, and when it did come it brought a dream. Memory, in the guise of a headless figure with a lantern, seemed to lead her through all the past, which was nothing more than a field covered with brambles and underbrush, and filled with pit-falls, into which she continually fell. Her flesh was torn and bloody; but still she went on, and on, and on, and still there was no end.

"She might have slept thus nearly an hour, when she became conscious that there was another presence in the room. She stirred a little, and the village-clock drowsily clanged to tell the midnight. She opened her eyes. The moon was far up, and poured a flood of white light through the casement. A tall, attenuated figure, in a long, loose, and tattered gown, which showed ghostly white, stooped over her.

"The shape stood between the bed and the window, and yet so ethereal was it, that she seemed to see the casement, the climbing moon, and the white church spire, as though nothing intervened. But the face, so ghastly white, so thin with want and woe—cross-lined and interlined—and the eyes—so faded and expressionless, she had never seen any thing like it.

(Here Margaret pressed her father's arm, and pointed to Alice, whose fingers were quivering like aspen-leaves—but he did not pause.)

"Like two pictures on a wall, her imagination placed the image of her lost sister beside this form, so unlike in every particular. The conclusion was irresistible. It was her sister, or—as her disturbed fancy would rather indicate—her ghostly representative. Overcome by her emotions she fainted, and when she recovered, the visitor was gone. She lay quite still, in her terror, until the approach of dawn, and then arising, she dressed herself all in a tremor, and prepared to descend. All was still as death, for it lacked a half-hour yet of sunrise. She heard

Chanticleer's shrill cry without, just as he emerged from his dormitory, and she noticed a cricket's sharp voice within, and even the tick of a death-watch in the wall fell distinctly on her ears. A chill crept over her, like the forerunner of some frightful calamity.

(Here Margaret pressed the narrator's arm again, but with the same success as before.)

"She crept, rather than walked down the stairs, and peeped through the kitchen door, which stood ajar. The eastern shutter was swung partially back, and admitted a streak of the cold, gray light of dawn, which fell upon the features of the midnight visitor, who sat erect at one side of the room. She did not stir, though Esther, staggering in her terror, thrust the door back with considerable noise. Perfectly still she sat, gazing, as if in fright, at the hideous face of old Dame Burton, who sat a little more in the dusk, regarding her attentively. The old crone was inclined a little forward, her shriveled lips separated in a grin, and one lean finger threateningly raised in a gesture which said more than words. Neither spoke; but, cold, still, and pale, they gazed at one another, and then was felt around—

'A smell of clay, a pale and icy glare
And silence——'"

"See, see!" exclaimed Margaret.

Alice sat motionless, with her head thrown slightly back, and her face whiter than the moonbeams which fell upon it.

"What is this?" asked Father Bromley.

"It is DEATH!" shrieked Margaret.

HOURS IN AUGUST.

BY MRS. J. H. THOMAS.

SOFTLY as the star-beam slideth
From its halls of blue;
Gently—gently as it glideth
Lily bells into—
And, with kisses unimpassioned,
Greets the vestal dew—
Falls this mellow August sunlight,
Darling! upon you.

Warmly through the bending branches,—
Through the slumbrous air—
Like a thought of joy it glances
On thy forehead fair;
Softly wreathing o'er the midnight
Of thy shining hair,
Till the gleam of starry pinions
Seems to linger there.

Sweetest eyes of softened splendor
On me faintly beam;
Lips most proud, and yet most tender,
Move as in a dream;
While our boat beneath the willows
Sleeps upon the stream—
Moveless, save its idle rocking
In the golden gleam.

Hours of faint and drowsy sweetness
'Mid the silence go—
Idle hours, that care or fleetness
Scarcely seem to know;—
Lightly rest! nor dream thou, darling,
Of time's onward flow,
Till, upon yon wall of sapphire,
Sunset banners glow.

Then, from out the brooding silence,
Softly will we glide
Past the myriad happy islands
Sleeping on the tide;
Home with joy! though hours as golden
Long must be denied,
Clasping thus their haunting sweetness
Naught we 'll ask beside.

ANNIE.

HER brow is very beautiful—
The lily's spotless hue;
Her eyes, which ever follow me,
Are heaven's own blue;
Like rose-buds are her little lips,
Her motions full of grace,
And spiritually clear and fair
Her innocent young face.

Her smile is sunshine to my heart,
Her silver voice a tune
I always love to hear—her breath
Like that of flowers in June;
She is my first, my only child,
And has no mother's love
To gather closely round her heart—
She is in light above!

Her snow-white arms are round my neck,
Her lips my own do seek,
Her curls of silken, golden hair
Fall down upon my cheek;
I hear her voice and watch her eyes,
And whisper low—"above
Such voices fill the air—and there
There be such eyes of love!"

When trouble fills my aching breast
And I am grief's sad prey,
Her prattling lips and gentle glee
Drive all the gloom away;
She lays her head upon my heart
And hushes every sigh:
I dare not think how cold the world
Would be if *she* should die! D. W. BARTLETT.

THE USEFUL ARTS IN OTHER NATIONS AND TIMES.

BY CHARLES WILLIAMS.

For several centuries after the irruption of the Barbarians and the fall of Rome, there are scarce any visible traces of the existence of those manufactures which attained so high a development in the old world. This remark, of course, applies merely to Europe, for arts and refinement still continued uninjured in the Eastern empire; and thence, on the revival of Italian commerce, the knowledge of many inventions and useful arts flowed westward. In the ninth century, the inhabitants of the cities in Italy began to rebuild their ancient walls; and the security conferred by fortified towns, together with the union of their citizens for mutual defense, soon caused a decided advance in the useful arts. Their progress was necessarily slow, in consequence of many disturbing political and social evils. We will give a few examples from an ancient historian* cited by Muratori, to show the condition of the most civilized country of Europe in the former half of the thirteenth century.

He mentions the barbarous dress that still prevailed—that a man and his wife ate from the same plate—that one cup sufficed for the use of a whole family—that gold or silver were rarely or never seen for ornament in dress—that war was still the glory of the men. But the more refined ecclesiastics even then contrived to gather luxuries around them, brought by reviving commerce from the East. And that at this age considerable display could be made on grand occasions, will be well shown by the account given of the French soldiers and the procession on the entry of Beatrice into Naples, A. D. 1266. The writer above quoted says, that "all of them were tastefully dressed, and wore beautiful plumes, while their chiefs were notably adorned with large golden collars; and the carriage of the queen covered with silken velvet, dyed sky-blue, and sprinkled with golden lilies." Carriages, says the authority cited, were very rare. The "many ladies of rank, glittering with precious robes, and sitting on their richly caparisoned, ambling palfreys," complete the view of a characteristic scene of the times. It is impossible to read such descriptions without feeling in its full force the statement of Hallam, that the revival of commerce and arts must be dated much earlier than the thirteenth century.

One of the earliest movements in this revival is to be seen in the woolen manufactures of Flanders, which were so flourishing in the thirteenth century, that a contemporary writer asserts "that all the world was clothed with English wool wrought in Flanders." Brabant and Hainault were also the seat of the same manufacture; and the fabrics woven in the factories of the Netherlands were, doubtless, extensively diffused. We need scarcely observe, that the attainment of this perfection must have been a work of some time.

Cologne, Bruges, Ghent, and Antwerp became centres of manufactures and commerce; whilst the origin of the Hanseatic League gave a new impulse in the north to the progress of the useful arts. In the early part of the fourteenth century a system of trading commenced between the north and south of Europe; and the free application to navigation of the discovery of the magnetic needle—a discovery made in Europe about A. D. 1200, and long unapplied—vastly increased commercial intercourse, and, as a necessary consequence, the home manufactures of nations. The Italian towns, especially Venice, Pisa, and Genoa, first raised to importance by the Crusades, took a leading part in the general movement, and became the channels through which the East poured her riches and the knowledge of her arts into Europe. The southern French provinces were not behindhand. Marseilles—where the spirit of commercial enterprise had never wholly died away—Narbonne, Niames, and Montpellier, were all distinguished for prosperity and growing wealth. The invention of a system of banking, which we find in operation so early as 1400 A. D., deserves to be mentioned, as one of the most influential causes of the rapid growth which followed. England, indebted to her neighbors for the origin of so many of her manufactures, entered the lists late, though destined eventually to outstrip all competitors.

During the unsettled periods at which we have been glancing, agriculture was, of course, neglected; but toward the end of the thirteenth century we find that it has shared in the general revival, and that the plains of Lombardy present the appearance of one vast garden. Indeed, the prospect of Italy was then far more pleasing than that which there meets the traveler's eye in our own times.

A few words on the progress of the art of building. The first Gothic architecture—correctly so named—appears to have arisen from an imitation of Roman remains, and the combination therewith of rude barbaric notions. The round arch still remained the predominant feature of construction; and the less finished works of this period, with their undeveloped style, deserve the name of "Gothic," which is now generally restricted to the designation of them. In the twelfth century, however, the introduction of the pointed arch marked a new era in the art of building, and was the beginning of that skill and taste which produced the magnificent architectural monuments inherited by us from the middle ages. Clustered pillars, carved mullions, foliations, and graceful tracery, quickly followed the introduction of this

* Ricobaldus Ferrariensis, Murat. Diss. 23.

new element; and the union of strength with lightness, of which the flying buttress affords a beautiful example, was carried to as high a point of perfection as the material would allow. To the introduction of the pointed arch Venice may, perhaps, lay claim; and the rise of her palaces amid the waters of the Adriatic, probably marked the origin of many other improvements in construction. One of these, which lies at the very root of modern skill in house building—we mean the framing of timber floors—may be assigned to her artificers. Houses were thenceforward built in stories, and skill in this respect soon issued in domestic works, which in utility and outward beauty surpassed the ancient dwellings. These improvements were soon adopted elsewhere, from the ninth and tenth centuries downward.

The Moorish architecture, introduced into Europe by the Arabian conquerors of Spain, early attained a high development. One singular characteristic of this style,—the horse-shoe arch—must be specially mentioned, as a new feature in construction; and its shape was, perhaps, suggestive of the dome, universal in the later Mohammedan architecture. Slender pillars, profuse decorations in painting, mosaic, and stucco, with elaborate lattice and trellis-work, and perforated battlements, so intricate as to resemble network, are the other points for remark in Moorish buildings. The polish and refinement of the Saracens distinguished them wholly from the rude barbarians of the North. They did not invade to destroy, but to improve; and so early was the development of their architecture, that one of their most splendid remains, the mosque at Cordova, was erected in the beginning of the ninth century—a period which could show nothing so beautiful elsewhere. The celebrated Alhambra—the palace of the Moorish kings of Granada—is some three centuries later, and must be alluded to here as the highest development of the luxurious Eastern style. The perfect state in which parts of this celebrated Moorish palace still remain, is elegantly thus described by a modern writer,* in his notice of the "Court of Lions" and the surrounding halls:—"Here the hand of time has fallen the lightest, and the traces of Moorish elegance and splendor exist in almost their original brilliancy. Earthquakes have shaken the foundations of this pile, and rent its rudest towers; yet, see, not one of those slender columns has been displaced—not an arch of that light and fragile colonnade has given way; and all the fairy fretwork of these domes, apparently as unsubstantial as the crystal fabrics of a morning's frost, yet exist, after the lapse of centuries, almost as fresh as if from the hand of the Moslem artist."

In following the course of invention and rediscovery during the middle ages, and in subsequent times, we see two main causes of the superiority of our own useful arts to those of the ancients—the extended application of mechanical and chemical science. The discovery of the various problems in mechanics, which paved the way for the multiplication of human force, and the introduction of new motor powers, occupied chiefly the latter half of the sixteenth and the seventeenth century. The treatises of Stevinus and Galileo, with the first dawnings of the discovery of the steam-engine, appear to mark a new era, and prepare the way for those wonderful applications of moving power which have changed the face of the manufacturing world. The subsequent train of discovery is far too comprehensive for our limits, and ends at length in that crowning development of machinery—the Calculating Machine of Mr. Babbage. We need only mention that, by this extraordinary instrument, some processes of numeric and algebraic calculation may be effected, to an extent hitherto unattainable by mathematicians.

A short view of the progress of the art of clock-making, will well illustrate a gradual advance made in the application of mechanics to the uses of daily life. Striking clocks were known in Italy probably as early as the end of the thirteenth century—one other strong proof that we must date the revival of arts much earlier than that period. Their existence becomes certain about the middle of the fourteenth; probably at that period they were general. These clocks were all moved by the action of weights; and, though furnished with balance regulators, were still very inaccurate. Next followed the introduction of a spring as the moving power, marking a new era in the art. Then came the age of mechanical discovery, producing Galileo's observation of the vibration of the pendulum in nearly equal times, whether the spaces traveled through were large or small. So valuable a discovery could not long remain dormant; and we find, accordingly, that it was applied by the discoverer, or, in a better form, by Huyghens, to the regulation of time-pieces by means of the pendulum. The advance of chemical science soon showed a source of error in the unequal size of the pendulum, caused by alternate expansion and contraction of the metal due to change of temperature. This was remedied by the use of the jar filled with mercury as a pendulum; and subsequently by the employment of a pendulum formed of different metals, so arranged that their different expansions should mutually balance each other. The mutual connection between the art of making clocks and the science of astronomy, in which each has alternately borrowed and lent so much, is an excellent illustration of the many points in which the useful arts are brought into contact with higher provinces The remaining improvements would fill volumes, and we cannot pretend to enter more fully into them.

In our estimate of causes at work during the middle ages, we must not forget that the alchemists exercised a very important influence. Their doctrine, that all the metals are compounds of the constituent parts of gold mingled with baser matters, which could be separated by the action of the philosopher's stone, exercised eventually a powerful influence on the progress of arts. The long and patient research of the "adept" after this magic agent for turning all it touched to gold, though prompted by cupidity, resulted in many chemical discoveries and adaptations, and brought to light various useful products, for which, perhaps, we might long have waited, had

* Washington Irving, "Tales of the Alhambra."

not this strong motive been rooted in the minds of philosophers of the middle ages.

The invention of printing will be noticed elsewhere; and the comparative state of the useful arts in Europe may be estimated from their history in our own country. It remains for us here to notice, in a supplemental manner, one or two branches of art which will not be elsewhere included. By this means we shall better illustrate a subject into which we cannot pretend to enter fully.

In the preceding pages, the use of silk by the Greeks and Romans has been merely glanced at, because the tissues which they employed were strictly of foreign production. We will now shortly notice a manufacture, the history of which will illustrate many preceding remarks. Its origin must be assigned to China, where it doubtless reached a highly perfect state, before any other nations acquired an acquaintance with the mode of producing or working the raw material. It is probable that silk-worms were reared in China, and their cocoons extensively employed, 2700 years before the Christian era. The raw material subsequently was exported to Persia, Tyre, Berytus, and elsewhere, till, in our westward progress, we find the island of Cos receiving and manufacturing it. In the Augustan age silks were still rare, even in Rome, the centre of all luxuries; and so late as the third century it was deemed a display of wanton profusion for an emperor to dress entirely in silk.

In the sixth century, some Persian monks, who had penetrated into China, gained an acquaintance with the source whence silk is derived—a secret till then guarded with scrupulous care. They brought back with them to Constantinople a quantity of eggs enclosed in a hollow cane, which produced "the progenitors of all the generations of silk-worms which have since been reared in Europe and the western parts of Asia." For nearly six hundred years, Constantinople and the territories of the Greek empire continued to monopolize the production of silken fabrics; till, in the twelfth century, the manufacture was introduced into Sicily, and thence successively into Italy, Spain, and France; until, finally, it reached England. The culture of the mulberry-tree was extensively introduced wherever the climate permitted. Bologna, Modena, Venice, Genoa, and Florence were all noted for their silk manufactures, and produced silken tissues for the rest of Europe; till, in the sixteenth century, the rearing of the worm and the weaving of silk were introduced into Lyons and the south of France, since which period the French have acquired and maintained a superiority in this branch of the useful arts. In this historical sketch we may observe many important points:—First, We see a manufacture in a stationary state of high perfection for thousands of years in the East; then follows its slow progress westward during the ages of Greece and Rome; next the loss to Italy and Europe of the bare knowledge of the material product, on the fall of the Roman empire; then the revival and cultivation of the manufacture in the metropolis of the Eastern empire; succeeded by its introduction thence into Sicily, and a rapid improvement effected by the enterprise of Italian cities; till, finally, it spread wherever circumstances were favorable. The account of any such manufacture well remembered, is a kind of epitome of the history of the time through which we mark its progress. To make the sketch true in all its parts we need only add, that a Frenchman invented a loom to make woven silks, whose patterns rival the slow produce of Eastern patience, while England has shown her accustomed superiority in the effecting by machinery of all processes required antecedent to weaving.

We have mentioned the singular manner in which the ancient Greek art of vase painting died away, without apparent cause. The reappearance of the same art early in the middle ages is due, probably, to the Moors, but whence derived by them, or whether reinvented, or how retained in the world during so many centuries, are all curious questions. But, be this as it may, the manufacture of porcelain vases, where color and enamel were carried to high perfection, with their arabesques, heraldic devices, portraits, or landscapes, and an endless variety of form, whether grotesque or tasteful, was much pursued in the fourteenth century. The beautiful Majolica vases, of which one illustration will be found standing side by side with a characteristic Moorish jar, were part of a branch of manufacture which again perished in Italy to revive elsewhere. The two vases tell each an interesting story. No one can glance for one moment at the Moorish vessel, with its singular shape and arabesque ornament, without feeling that it is the monument of a people that stood alone. As little can we regard the vase of Majolica or Raffaelle ware, without the thought of that singular coincidence in things, small as well as great, between the Italian republics and their ancient Grecian counterparts.

A short epitome of the Majolica manufacture is given as follows in a recent work:—"Small plates for ice and sweetmeats, about a palm in diameter; children's plates, with paintings in the style of the Festa di Ballo; nuptial vases with appropriate subjects; vases for holding different kinds of wine, poured out from one spout; fiaschini, or small flasks, in the shape of lemons and apples; cups covered with tendrils and other quaint devices; small statues of saints; jocose figures; birds of every kind, colored after nature; painted tiles, used for walls and floors, many of them admirably executed, show the great variety and excellence of this ware."* On the decay of the art in Italy, it was revived in other forms in France and Germany. The singular accidental discovery of the art of making the hard paste porcelain, which, till the beginning of the seventeenth century, was confined to the East, will furnish one instance of the many debts due to the alchemists. A persecuted German, named Böttcher, whilst prosecuting his forbidden researches for the philosopher's stone, unexpectedly found that some of his crucibles assumed the appearance of Oriental

* Marryat on Pottery, p. 19.

porcelain. Carefully noting the substances on which he had been experimenting, he worked incessantly, sometimes spending many days and nights, without a moment's intermission, by the side of his furnace, till at length he perfected his knowledge of processes which originated the beautiful manufactures of Dresden. The secret spread through Austria and France, giving rise in the latter country to the celebrated Sèvres china; and the proscribed research in a forbidden mine terminated in the happy industry of thousands of workmen.

The progress of maritime discovery, and the new impulse given thereby to commercial and industrial progress, has been briefly noticed. But while compelled by our narrow limits to pass by, with a hasty word of mention, the enterprise which raised the Venetians and Dutch to the rank of leading powers in Europe, and which conferred the treasures of Africa and remotest India upon the Portuguese nation, the rise of the Spanish power in the new world must be noticed more fully, as opening a new and peculiar phase of civilization to our view. The singular state of society among the Aztec race at the period of the Spanish conquest of México is doubly interesting, from the striking contrast which it presented to any thing in the old world; and from the fact that it shows us the highest point of a development, the progress of which no traces remain to illustrate. Suddenly transported from the stirring scenes of martial enterprise and reviving industry of Europe in the middle ages, the steel-clad Spaniard found himself among nations where the blindest and most abject superstition stood side by side with social refinement; where the prevailing mildness of manners was no bar to the dreadful orgies of human sacrifice; and where the busy industry of millions had been for ages raising the pyramid of art and science, in complete isolation from their brethren of the old world.

Various points of resemblance will be noticed by the reader between the arts of these American races and those of ancient Egypt. For instance, the pyramidal temples found by the Spaniards on their first invasion much resembled the Egyptian structures in their form, and were constructed of solid masses of earth encased with stone or brick facing. They differed from Egyptian pyramids in being higher proportionally to the size of the base. They were ascended by external stairs, and were arranged in several stories. The area at the summit was surmounted by towers;—sanctuaries where the images of their gods were erected, and where the horrid stone for human sacrifice stood, close by the altars, on which a never-dying fire was burning.

Another point of close similarity between the Aztecs and the ancient Egyptians was seen in the employment of hieroglyphic writing, or rather painting, by both people. Their laws, their annals, their rituals, and their business documents, were all expressed by this rude representation of painted figures, often gross caricatures in their execution. "Their manuscripts were made of different materials—of cotton-cloth or skins nicely prepared; of a composition of silk and gum; but for the most part of a fine fabric from the leaves of the aloe." A sort of paper was made from this, resembling somewhat the Egyptian papyrus, which, when properly dressed and polished, is said to have been more soft and beautiful than parchment. Some of the specimens still existing exhibit their original freshness, and the paintings on them retain their brilliancy of colors. "The large leaves were folded square like books, or done up into a roll in the ancient manner. The arrangement of the picture letters was horizontal or perpendicular, and the reading in the former case probably from right to left."*

The cultivation of the soil was skillfully pursued by the Aztec people. Their irrigation, farm buildings, and agricultural processes, were excellent; while the large fields of maize, the banana, the cacao or chocolate plant, the useful aloe, the vanilla, and a crowd of splendid garden plants, furnished them with all necessaries and many luxuries on almost too easy terms. A description of the uses of the aloe or agave plant, from the pen of the eloquent author just cited, is highly interesting:—"Its bruised leaves afforded a paste from which paper was manufactured; its juice was fermented into an intoxicating beverage, *pulque*, of which the natives to this day are excessively fond; its leaves further supplied an impenetrable thatch for the more humble dwelling; thread, of which coarse stuffs were made, and strong cords, were drawn from its tough and twisted fibres; pins and needles were made of the thorns at the extremity of its leaves; and the root, when properly cooked, was converted into a palatable and nutritious food. The *agave*, in short, was meat, drink, clothing, and writing materials for the Aztec"†

The Mexicans were well acquainted with the usual mining operations for procuring gold, silver, lead, and tin. Iron was unknown to them, and we find bronze fulfilling a variety of uses, just as among the ancient Greeks and Romans. Very perfect tools were made from this compound of tin and copper; vessels of gold and silver were cast and chased, some of them of an enormous size; in the working of ornamental jewelry, and in the cutting of precious stones, their artificers highly excelled. A hard mineral substance—obsidian, furnished the material for their hardest tools—their axes, knives, razors, and swords. Their sculpture still evidences skill in workmanship, though the designs may be barbarous; and the mechanical skill which could raise and transport so large a monument as a porphry stone of fifty tons weight, without the aid of beasts of burden, from a distance of many leagues, cannot have been contemptible. They employed utensils of lacquered wood or of earthenwere, and in the art of pottery were so advanced, that it was said by a historical writer of Europe, "There is no fictile vessel among ourselves which in skill of construction excels the vases formed by them." And this, too, at a time when the fictile art was at a high pitch of excellence in Europe. Cotton was raised abundantly in the

* Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico." † Ibid. p. 123.

suitable localities; was woven into fabrics, sometimes beautifully fine; and these in turn made into a kind of armor by thickly quilting. Or it was interwoven with the "delicate hair of rabbits and other animals, which union produced a cloth of great warmth as well as beauty, of a kind altogether original; and on this they often laid a rich embroidery of birds, flowers, or some other fanciful device."*

The reader will remember the feather tapestry to which allusion has been made in the account of Greek and Roman art. It is singular to turn after the lapse of centuries and find this fabric in a more perfect form, and applied to an infinite variety of purposes, among a newly-discovered people, whose very existence was undreamt of by the ancient world. The gaudy plumes of the tropical birds must naturally have suggested their employment for dress or ornament, and the art of working them made so great progress as to have become a characteristic of the industry of the people. Tapestry and mantles of these materials could not be excelled, in brilliancy of hue and softness to the touch, by the most elaborate tissues of the loom.

The scenes which everywhere met the eyes of the Spanish invader denoted a state of refinement and luxury, in some points forcibly reminding us of counterparts in Eastern life. One main cause of this development was perhaps the singular contrast which Mexican society offered to that of Greece, Rome, or modern monarchies, in the fact that trade was not only honorable in itself, but a pathway to high political dignity.

The list of articles given by Mr. Prescott, as the tributes paid to the royal revenue, will furnish an epitome of many manufactures and products. "There were cotton dresses and mantles of featherwork exquisitely made; ornamented armor; vases and plates of gold; gold dust, bands, and bracelets; crystal, gilt, and varnished jars and goblets; bells, arms, and utensils of copper; reams of paper; grain, fruits, copal, amber, cochineal, cocoa, wild animals and birds, timber, lime, and mats."†

The regularity of plan in the chief cities, which so forciby struck the eye of the Spaniard; the solid structures of stone, often reared amid the waters of their lakes on a foundation of piles; the vast temples before described; aqueducts only second, perhaps, to those of Rome or Peru; vast solid dykes, and roads of masonry which vied in stability with those of ancient Rome, everywhere attested a high state of constructive skill; while baths, gardens, canals covered with light craft, and sculptures in an infinite variety of form, generally grotesque, may be added to the details already given of the results of Mexican civilization.

There is nothing in the old world, says Mr. Stephens, like the ruins of the cities of Central America, which he so completely explored. The pyramidal structures are not complete in themselves like those of Egypt. They form parts of a whole, have no cells in their interior, and were mostly employed as the foundations for other buildings; nor are the single stones, used for images and ornaments, to be compared in vastness of proportion to Egyptian obelisks. The conclusion arrived at by the writer above quoted is, that in these cities we are presented with "the spectacle of a people skilled in architecture, sculpture, and drawing, and, beyond doubt, other more perishable arts, and possessing the cultivation and refinement attendant upon these, not derived from the old world, but originating and growing up here, without models or masters, having a distinct, separate, independent existence; like the plants and fruits of the soil, indigenous."*

These edifices were constructed probably by the people who occupied the country at the time of the Spanish invasion, not by earlier races; and a short account of some of the more remarkable remains will be here added, to complete the picture of civilization in the new world already presented to the reader.

The remains never reveal the existence of the true arch, and herein are similar to most primitive architectural structures. The substitute in use was, to make the stones gradually overlap each other, until they approached close together in the centre of the doorway or passage to be roofed, when one more stone was added to complete the pointed arch thus formed.

Of the various cities described by Mr. Stephens, we shall take Copan as an example; *lying in one of* the most fertile valleys in Central America. This city extended along the river Copan for more than two miles. The great feature in the remaining ruins is the vast temple, which presents a line of survey of 2866 feet. "The front or river wall extends on a right line north and south 624 feet, and is from 60 to 90 feet in height. It is made of cut stones, from three to six feet in length, and a foot and a half in breadth. The other three sides consists of ranges of steps and pyramidal structures, rising from 30 to 140 feet in height on the slope."

The numerous idol columns situated among the ruins of Copan, and elaborately sculptured into rude forms, will be best understood from the drawing of one of the most celebrated, which may be seen in the frontispiece to the work of Mr. Stephens. Altars of great variety in form, covered with sculptures and the mysterious hieroglyphic writing; rectangular court-yards, with ranges of steps ascending to raised terraces; and the scattered remains of gigantic sculpture, are the most striking features in the existing ruins. The carvings in stone display almost a perfection in the mere manual art, and show that the metallic substitutes for modern tools must have been excellent; while the beautiful representations of dresses and ornaments contrast agreeably with those repulsive forms in which they chose to embody their ideas of divine beings.

The remains of a palace at Palenque, also of considerable size, built of stone, faced with stucco, and painted in various bright colors, display the proficiency of the ancient inhabitants in other branches

* "Conquest of Mexico," vol. i. p. 130. † Ibid. p. 36.

* Stephens' "Central America," vol. ii. p. 442.

of industry. Their cement and mortar are said to equal those found in Roman remains; stucco ornament was extensively employed; and the hieroglyphics, bas-reliefs, and other ornamented sculptures are fully as remarkable as those of Copan. Feather head-dresses, ear-rings, necklaces, medallions, bracelets, and girdles are beautifully carved in stone, as ornaments of the sculptured figure. Some bas-reliefs are in stucco, but this is more common for borders and other minor ornaments. The area of the building was inclosed by two parallel corridors, surrounding it on all sides; and the main feature was a large rectangular court-yard, 80 feet long by 70 broad. Other court-yards of less size, and a variety of apartments filled up the area. Did our space permit, there could scarcely be a more pleasing task than to follow the wanderings of Mr. Stephens among the ruined cities of Yucatan, of which he has discovered no less than forty-four; but enough has been said to show the skill of the ancient inhabitants, the monuments of which excited such lively wonder in the breasts of the Spaniards.

It would, doubtless, be interesting to carry our view southward into the region of Peru, and to describe the monuments of a civilization on a par with that of the Aztecs, though apparently unconnected therewith in its origin. The immense extent of many Peruvian works; their roads, sometimes nearly 2000 miles in length, and constructed of masonry equally solid with any remains of antiquity; their subterranean aqueducts for the irrigation of dry lands, extending for hundreds of miles; their edifices of porphyry, granite, or brick, all displayed skill in the useful arts concurrent with that of the ancient Mexicans. In some points they were even superior, for while the Aztec race passed to the agricultural mode of life without gaining any acquaintance with the utility of domestic animals, or the economy of pastoral subsistence; on the contrary, we find that the Peruvians were masters of immense flocks of llamas, alpacas, and two other varieties of sheep, which furnished them with valuable supplies of fine wool for clothing, and with flesh for food.

A description of the manufactures and arts of the Peruvians would be so closely similar in its details to that already given of the Aztecs, that we may here dismiss the subject with this remark—that the former were superior to their northern neighbors in the designing and construction of public works of importance, but far inferior to them in the art of expressing their thoughts by signs, and generally in intellectual acquirement. The curious arrangement of knotted cords, by which the Peruvians recorded events, is, perhaps, among the most rude of all barbarous inventions. Curiously enough, similar knotted cords, in modern times, have been used as alphabet and books for the blind.

When, from the busy scene of European revival and progress, of which we have remarked a few features, we turn our view to the nations of the East, how strikingly contrasted is the prospect! Instead of the turmoil of change, the hurry after new inventions, the disuse of old customs and processes, we see the life of art to be one steady, even tenor. It seems almost as if a law had been laid down in the very nature of the inhabitant of those climes—"Thus far shalt thou go, and no further." He appears to have reached a point of perfection in many manufactures, in times so early that their history is fabulous; and to have scarcely improved his position during the lapse of thousands of years.

This singular want of advance beyond a certain point, together with many peculiarities in the industrial condition of the Chinese, combine to render a notice of this curious people indispensable to the present article.

"Time," says the writer in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," "may be said to stand still in China." Half-burnt bricks, mud, clay, and wood still continue to be the ordinary materials of their architecture, as they were three thousand years ago. The case is precisely the same with the minor points of dress and fashion. There a young lady may safely wear the head-dress of her great grandmother, without the imputation of being singular or old-fashioned."

Their buildings are singularly monotonous in form and plan—the thatched hut of the meanest peasant, with its walls of mud, is scarcely lower in point of design than the palace of the viceroy. Their houses are low, furnished with overhanging roofs, uninterrupted by a single chimney; their windows are fitted with poor substitutes for glass, in the shape of oiled paper, gauze, or a transparent shell; the houses of a town are crowded together, and with the flag-staffs and ornamental streamers produce quite a camp-like effect. But the gaudy decoration of their shops—the brilliancy of their painted lanterns—the bustle and confusion of traffic, and the hilarity of the motley crowd would soon undeceive the spectator, and convince him that he is anywhere but in the seat of war. The domestic furniture—the couches, the stoves, the china vessels, the painted fans, and cabinets, and the beautiful materials for dress—bespeak a great deal of comfort, though they may display but little taste. Four points are said to be peculiarly characteristic of the Chinese, as compared with other Oriental nations—"they sit on chairs, eat off tables, burn wax candles, and cover the whole body with clothing." But many others place them in a position enviable when compared with that of their neighbors. The internal communication in their country is admirably provided for by the numerous canals which everywhere intersect the whole empire, and unite their large navigable rivers into one vast network for traffic. These canals are crowded by barges, varying with the size and depth of the channel; some of them worked by paddle-wheels, moved by machinery, and well fitted up for the conveyance of passengers or goods. In fact, traveling in China is quite luxurious, though not very speedy. The voyager makes a home of his boat for the time being, and lives as comfortably as in his own house. There is but little road-traveling or land-carriage in the Celestial Empire.

The Chinese, with all their defects, contrive to produce some articles superior to the counterparts of

European manufacture. Their vermilion, prepared from the same cinnabar which we ourselves employ, is far brighter than ours; the blue colors on their china are more perfect; while, in the ingenious carving of ivory into fans, pagodas, or nested balls, no other artists can vie with them. Their large horn lanterns are inimitable; their gongs cannot be made in Europe, though we know the metal; their silver filagree work, lacquered cabinets, engraved stones and gems, are all works of great skill. In the productions of the loom they are scarcely equalled by French manufacturers; their silks, satins, embroidery and tassels are unsurpassed; while in the variety of their spices and perfumes, and the excellence of their paper, ink and printing, they may challenge the world. And yet the old customs of primitive times—the domestic weaving and dyeing, still continue the same as in those days when the beautiful tissues found their way into Greek and Roman houses. But, while praising the excellence of their works, we only allude to the finished product—the process is generally primitive, the tools are simple, and the artificer almost unassisted by machinery.

Their agriculture has been over-praised—their plows hardly merit the name—they have no succession of crops—simple rice is the staff of life, and their only claim to superior merit appears to be in the general practice of irrigation. The white mulberry-tree is grown in vast quantities to supply the silk-worm with food, and in the middle provinces large fields of cotton and patches of indigo are frequent. The tea-plant is cultivated extensively, only in particular provinces, but grows every where in gardens and inclosures. The leaves are gathered from the middle of April to the middle of May, and are exposed to heat in iron pans. A high temperature produces the black teas; while the leaves exposed to less heat form the green teas. The berry of the tea-plant affords a fine oil for the table. Tobacco is in universal cultivation and use.

A curious feature in the Chinese character is visible in their import trade. So rigidly exclusive are they, that nearly all foreign produce must be imported in Chinese ships; and further, the great bulk of such imports is collected by colonies of Chinese, who reside in the countries furnishing the supply, and retain their utter isolation even in the midst of foreigners. These imports are considerable, and some of them curious. They are thus enumerated: "From Java alone they import birds' nests to the value of half a million dollars annually; the sea-slug (*Holothuria*) from the coast of New Holland, Timor, and adjoining islands, to a still greater extent; sharks' fins from the same quarter; copper from Japan, and tin from Bantam; pepper, areca-nut, spices of different kinds, ebony, sandal-wood, red-wood for dyeing, tortoise-shell, pearl-shell, coral, camphor, wax, and a variety of articles generally produced or collected by their own countrymen resident in the islands of the East.*

In returning homeward from the distant regions of the Celestial Empire, could we but pause for a short time to survey the vast continent of Hindústan, we should find ample materials for description and comment. We should behold a country destined by the bountiful gifts of nature to be the inexhaustible source of wealth and luxury through all time, yet still itself in the infancy of development. We should see again the characteristic Eastern skill and patience, which, without the aid of machinery and the mighty assistance of the division of labor, can rival, in the beauty of their products, the most finished works of European art. And we should look forward with hope and trust to a time when the universal introduction of our own arts and civilization shall confer on India treasures more vast than her richest mines of diamonds or gold. But we must now close this article with a brief summary of the few points which it has been our endeavor to illustrate.

We see, then, the arts of the Western Empire trodden down and lost to view during the ages of northern invasion, but preserved by the feeble successor of the Queen of Nations in the East. We see during the same period the mighty torrent of Moslem conquest, bearing with it the science and arts of the East, and implanting them in the heart of a conquered nation in Europe; whence, during centuries, they diffused themselves through various channels, connecting the empire of the polished Arab with the ruder Gothic nations. Concurrently with this Arabian influence in its later periods, we see the steady and ever-increasing tide of knowledge flowing from Constantinople to Italy and the rest of Europe. Then comes the period of general revival, and the northern nations wake to life. The progress of science and the union of nations call into existence numberless fountains of knowledge, gathering their waters into one mighty stream, that flows on to our own times—an unbroken, resistless river, ever swelling with new and innumerable tributaries.

But the new spirit awakened in Europe does not rest there. It carries her inhabitants forth to the uttermost bounds of the earth. A new world receives them with its singular picture of manners and arts; and while the newly-found nations perish under the ruthless cruelty of the invaders, their country sends back invaluable products to influence the progress of European arts. The progress of these arts, and the mighty inventions of modern times, belong, as we have said, to another article; it has been our care, therefore, to select from the East one example of the unbroken tenor of her industrial life—the antiquity and stability of her arts.

* Encyc. Britann., art. China.

BLIND SIGHT-SEEING.

FROM HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

It was traveling on the railroad from Orleans to Amboise, that I first met Monsieur and Madame Faye, who were returning from Paris to Tours. There was a little bustle, just as the train was starting, in consequence of late comers. The only wonder is how any Frenchman manages ever to be ready, considering the immense amount of talk and leave-taking which seem a part of their existence—and I, amongst others, put out my hand to help in an apparently infirm man, whose agitation seemed to prevent him from knowing where to take his seat. I pointed to that next to me, pulling his coat to force him into it, that we might not all be inconvenienced by his lingering. He bowed and smiled, and continued to talk to a female who followed him; and who began to stow away numerous baskets and bundles which she was tightly embracing, thanking us, all the time, for our politeness to her husband. In a few seconds they were seated, and we then had leisure to remark the appearance of the new travelers. The gentleman was rather past middle age, good-looking, neatly dressed. He had a cheerful, pleasant countenance and soft, mild eyes, which he directed toward those to whom he spoke, although we afterward found they possessed no speculation. The lady was any thing but tidy in her style; indeed, so much the reverse as to be surprising in a Frenchwoman; but her story, when it was told me at our next meeting at Tours, explained the peculiarities which made her at first an object of somewhat disrespectful observation.

We soon became good friends. Monsieur Faye was blind, and had been so from childhood. His cousin, Mathurine, had *proposed for him* when they were both about five-and-twenty, and had, from that time, devoted her whole life to attend on him.

"I should not," she said, "have asked him; but that my brother, who required my services because of his lameness, determined just then to marry; and, therefore, as I had a substitute with him, and poor dear Hector here was too modest to ask *me*, what else was to be done?"

I found, on further acquaintance, that Hector was a remarkable personage in his way: a bit of a musician, a philosopher, an antiquary, and a great reader of, or rather listener to, history; for it was his little, lively, untiring wife, who read to him from morning till night; and sometimes, when he could not sleep, from night till morning.

I found Mathurine incessantly occupied with the well-being of Hector. She might have been pretty at the period of their union, probably some twenty years before; but her small, slight figure was rather awry, in consequence of having, for so long a time, served as a prop to her tall husband, who always leant on her shoulder as he walked. She seemed indeed altogether out of the perpendicular; her bonnet never sat straight, owning to its being pushed aside by his arm; her shawl had the end any where but in the middle; her gloves were generally ragged at the fingers, while I observed that his were carefully repaired—it being evident that my friends were obliged to practice economy; her shoes were shabby, with the strings often untied. "What would you have?" she once remarked laughingly. "I have no time to attend to these trifles; which, after all, don't signify; fo I am not a *coquette*, and he does not see me. I catch up the first thing that comes to hand, and he fancies I am quite a *belle*."

Hector had the strangest voice I ever heard; it would begin *contralto* and run up to *alto* in an incredible manner when he was excited; and then fall down again to the gruffest bass, his little brisk wife's treble accompanying so as, as she imagined, to soften the sharp effects he produced.

She had managed to learn several languages, in order to read to him the authors he admired in the original; and odd enough her versions were; but, as he perfectly comprehended the jargon they had studied together, her plan succeeded admirably.

Amongst Monsieur Faye's peculiarities was that of being an inveterate sight-seer. There was no object of interest near the places he visited that he had not, as he said, seen; and no sooner did he hear a description of a castle or a cathedral than he became restless to make its acquaintance. I happened one day to speak of having, in former years, gone to the strange old castle of Loches, about thirty miles from Tours; and struck instantly with his usual desire for exploring, he proposed a journey to the spot, inviting me to be his guest and guide.

I have always observed that the French, although by no means what we call rich, are very generous, according to their means, and if they cannot do a thing in grand style, they do it equally well on a small scale. Hector had long wished to give a treat to his hostess and her family, and this he felt was a good opportunity. Our party, therefore, was formed of Madame Tricot, a black-eyed little widow; her sister Euphrosine and her young lover the militaire—just arrived on leave to visit his betrothed—and Achille, the widow's eldest son; a sharp boy of thirteen, distinguished by his half-military college uniform, more perhaps than by the progress he was making in those studies which Madame Tricot felt sure would lead him to immortality; and which she herself superintended with unwearied zeal, forcing her refractory pupil to rise before daybreak every morning, and repeat his Greek and Latin lessons to her previous to school hours, although, when I ques-

tioned her with surprised awe, she replied by saying with a knowing nod:

"No, no, I do not understand all this; but Achille imagines I do; and, at all events, he is obliged by this means to learn his lessons. They are very severe at college, and he is such a *gamin!*"

As I had seldom seen Achille occupied, in his leisure hours, in the absence of his mamma, in any other way than teazing a peculiarly uproarious parrot, whose discordant shrieks regularly awoke me from early slumber, I could easily believe that some difficulties lay in the way of the future hero's advancement, had he been left entirely to his own plan of pursuing knowledge.

Seven persons, large and small, besides the driver, one fine October morning, filled the large rumbling vehicle which Madame Faye had engaged for our expedition to the old ruined castle of Loches; and very merry we all were as we saw the baskets of eatables stuffed under the seats, and wedged ourselves inside and out preparatory to setting forth, which we did at last in the midst of a shower of precautionary words from Madame Tricot, sent after the two staring, laughing, rosy-faced maids who stood helping, and enjoying our prospect of a *fêté*, and flirting with our smart driver up to the very last moment. At length we rattled away along the leafy avenue of the Boulevard Heurteloup, at Tours, and were soon on the long level road which conducts to the old town, which we made our goal.

Situated just at the entrance of the luxuriant garden of Touraine; full to overflowing of grapes and melons, and plums and peaches, of incredible size; on the banks of the river Indre, (here spanned by several pretty bridges,) rises the craggy hill, on the sides of which was built, at a period too remote to be ascertained even by a hand-book, the rugged, stony, impassable, confused, fossil-looking town, crowned at its extreme summit by the grimmest, strangest, oldest, and most inexplicably constructed castle that exists in France. Probably its like would be sought in vain in Europe. Such another series of towers, and spires, and long and high walls, terraces, battlements, stair-cases, and dungeons, was never brought together by the hand of man. The castle was constructed by order of a certain Count of Anjou, named Foulques Nera, to become—long after his valorous fame had passed away, or had merged into the reputation of an ogre—a ponderous plaything.

The inn where our party stopped at Loches, is very characteristic of the place; for it is, though modernized and beautified outwardly, a maze of galleries, and corridors, and turrets, and secret stair-cases, and rooms with vaulted ceilings, so that the world of the present day seems shut out the moment the façade is lost sight of. It has an odd effect in such a place to see smart handmaids flitting about, and a chattering hostess coming out to welcome guests to her antique dwelling, which has all the trouble in the world to look young and inviting, in spite of the paint and frippery in which French taste has striven to disguise its feudal reality.

We very soon arranged ourselves and our repas (with but little addition from the larder of our nevertheless civil hostess) on a sort of platform, on the walls of what is now a terrace, and was once no doubt a war-like spot, where if people "drank the red wine," it was probably "through the helmet barred." The hostess merrily uncorked our bottles of Loire wine, observing candidly that it was much better than her cellars produced; and, addressing herself to me, adroitly began a eulogy on the character of the English in general, remarking, that it was astonishing how many of my countrymen made her hotel their home for six months together.

A ramble through the streets showed us that it was market-day at Loches. From the lower range of rugged walls to the rocky summit where the castle toppled over—comprising the narrow, high street, which ascends through the whole length, winding and twisting like a snake pursued—was one mass of vegetables, fruit, and flowers, whose bright hues, and the gay colors of the vendors' dresses, contrasted strangely with the lofty houses with overhanging roofs, frowning down on the groups that dared to disturb the solemn gloom which had been theirs for centuries.

Monsieur Faye stopped every moment to talk to the market-women, to cheapen melons, and to accept bouquets from girls whose bright eyes he praised. On he went, chuckling that his defective sight had not been discovered: his little wife winking to us meantime with an air of entire satisfaction. Madame Tricot endeavored to excite Achille to study the *guide pittoresque* and make himself acquainted with the notable objects of the place. The lovers, who had doubtless much zeal in the same cause, proposed to him that they should all three mount the hill at a quick pace, and find out the points of view ready for us on arrival at the top. By a curious chance we never managed to find the couple again until our return; and Achille reported that he had not seen them since he observed them to have "joined their heads" over the tomb of Agnes Sorel, the chief lion of the spot.

It seems that Charles the Seventh came to Loches to hunt, when he was visited by the disconsolate wife of the troubadour King René, of Anjou, who came to solicit his aid in favor of her imprisoned husband. Agnes was in her train—one of those dangerous maids of honor whose eyes have done such fatal mischief to the susceptible hearts of incautious monarchs—but when the duchess quitted Loches, her beautiful companion accompanied her not, she remained in the service of Mary d'Anjou, the wife of Charles the Seventh.

It would be curious to know in what chamber of this wild old castle the love tale was first told which has furnished France with a ceaseless romance. All that remains of Agnes now is her white marble tomb, on which she lies with her hands clasped on her breast, her beautiful, delicate, and expressive head guarded by two winged kneeling cherubs, and her draperied feet supported by two lambs. The tomb is in perfect preservation, and is one of the most ex-

quisite *morceaux* in France. Agnes was the châtelaine of the castle, and loved to live here above all other places, although the munificence of her lover gave her the choice of several abodes.

Here, it is said that the ill-nurtured Prince Dauphin, afterward Louis the Eleventh, performed an act very much in conformity with his usual brutality. In one of these saloons he struck the beautiful favorite of his father; but he who could beat his own chosen little effigy of the Virgin Mary, because she refused some of his requests, might well begin his career by an outrage like this. Happy, no doubt, were both the angry beauty and her royal lover, when they saw the last drawbridge of the castle of Loches fall and shut out forever from their presence the gloomy prince, who disapproved of their luxuries, and who spurred his steed onward, nor stopped till he had reached the dominions of the Duke of Burgundy.

Louis came back eventually, however, to these walls, and either late repentance or a sense of justice caused him to respect the tomb of Agnes, which he refused to let the monks of Loches remove.

Monsieur Faye was very anxious to ascertain—for he was rather a phrenologist—the form of the celebrated beauty's head, and felt it through the bars which protect the lovely marble statue to his heart's content, discovering bumps which would have disclosed the whole of her character, had history been silent on the subject. There was, besides, not a cornice nor a balustrade in the building that he did not feel; his hand being guided by that of Mathurine. I was amazed at the accuracy of his notions of the places we inspected; and more so at the unwearied patience of his guide, who had no enjoyment which he did not feel, and who had acquired a habit of description so accurate that I felt at last inclined to let her see for the whole party.

The towers of the castle rise above a hundred and fifty feet from the gigantic rock upon which they are built. Some of them appear light and graceful at a distance, although really massive. The castle is divided into two unequal portions: in one is a huge church, the spires of which peer up between enclosing turrets in a way quite original; the other is chiefly composed of a huge tower, which looks like the spiteful ogre of a fairy tale, bending over a mountain and watching to snap up unwary knights or merchants who ventured near his stronghold. Century after century this grim old place has been the abode of personages famous in the romance of history. Joan of Arc came here on a visit; Anne of Brittany and her two husbands made it their favorite abode, and her oratory still exists, covered with ermine spots and *cordelières* in stone, which incrust the walls, and were very sensible to the touch of my blind friend. Mary Stuart here tuned her lute; and here, several ages before, our John Lackland feasted and reveled; here Philip Augustus came to receive the castle as a bribe for the assistance he was to render him against Cœur de Lion, who afterward besieged and took it. Here Jean of France resided, before the great battle which sent him the prisoner of the Black Prince to England, and in the fine Lady Chapel—whose delicate columns Monsieur Faye felt with his hands—was instituted a perpetual mass for the souls of the identical King John of France, and all the kings and dukes that had preceded him here. Here Francis the First and the fair and inappropriately named Diana, lived and loved a great part of their hours away.

When one sees the dark, dreary, gloomy, rugged walls, it is difficult to fancy Loches a dwelling for beauty and love; and it would require loads of bright tapestry and gilt furniture to fill up the black and blank nooks which yawn on all sides. In these chambers, however, once all was revel and luxury, as the court of the profligate Medici could testify: and the be-puffed and be-hooped ladies, and the be-slashed and be-jeweled lords, danced many a *branle* and *pavane* over the dungeons, where howled and groaned the victims of their tyranny and cruel luxury.

It is said that one of the towers descends as deep into the earth as it rises above it, and terrible are the approaches to these frightful spots. A tradition exists that one of the later governors of the castle, being curious to know the extent of these gloomy places, set forth one day on an exploring expedition, and found several passages closed by iron doors: these he had forced open, and found himself in new passages, cut in the depth of the rock on which the castle is built. Another door arrested his progress, which was also broken open, and he entered a long alley, still in the rock, which he followed for a considerable time, till at length it led him to a subterraneous chamber, where, seated on a huge block of stone, with his head leaning on his two hands, sat a very tall man. Monsieur de Pontbrillant, the enterprising governor, was amazed at this vision; but, scarcely had he looked upon it, when the current of air striking the figure, it fell away into dust at his feet. Beside the unfortunate prisoner stood a small wooden coffer, in which still remained several articles of linen, very fine, and carefully folded. The skull and bones of this corpse were long shown at the castle, and were looked upon with awe by those to whom this story was related: but who the prisoner was was never known. In more than one of the old castles of France are still to be traced these horrid dungeons, where captives of all ranks were confined immediately beneath the pleasure chambers of the lords and ladies.

The governor of Loches was always a very great man, which, perhaps, accounted for the fact of our having to wait a long time for the keys of the great tower, which a messenger had gone in search of at the present governor's lodgings. While we waited in an outer court, we were civilly invited by the portress to walk into her parlor, and there we sat some time talking to her, and hearing the gossip of the place. Beside the large fire-place, guarded from the draught of the open door by a huge wooden screen, sat the grandmother of the establishment—generally a cherished member of the humblest family circle in France—who, old as she seemed, got up

and made us a reverence, resuming her cosy seat by the fire, which was directly piled with enormous pine cones and sent up a resinous flame, the perfume of which spread through the room. Monsieur Faye was placed near her, and as she went on with her ceaseless knitting, she was soon busy in cheerful converse with her new acquaintance, while I was listenening to a history of a lately escaped convict from this apparently secure retreat: the castle being the country prison.

"You see," said the portress, "you would not have been obliged to wait so long for the keys but for this: we used, till three days ago, to keep them here, but since that event they are sent up to the governor's house, and my husband, the guide, who shows you over the dungeons, is obliged to go and get them—but he will soon be back."

"Do they keep prisoners in the dungeons now-a-days?" I asked.

I was told that the escaped culprit, who had robbed a hen-roost, had been put in a room above the dungeons—of which there are three stories beneath the ground level—and had contrived to hook up a plank, by which means he descended, with intent to rise the easier, having swung himself down till he could jump across a certain black abyss, which we afterward shuddered to see, and gain a broken stair-case where a door led to a corridor conducting to the outer court. With an iron nail he had displaced a huge stone in the steps, had crept through that, displaced a second in the same way, and thus arrived at the passage. Here he hid himself in a dark corner on the chance of the jailor-guide coming that way with visitors before long. As it happened, that event occurred, and the jailor was just preparing to light the candle which serves to illumine the gloom, having left the outer door open till the process was accomplished, when the ready adventurer lept from his hiding-place, overturned the guide, and amidst the screams and cries of the affrighted visitors, rushed out, with them, pell-mell into the outer world. As his blouse was the same costume as that worn by many of the affrighted strangers—for all ranks make the dungeons a lion—he passed unnoticed in the crowd, and excited no surprise as he "ran violently down the steep hill" with the rest and got fairly off. I could not regret that so ingenious and fearless a personage had baffled the vigilance of the guardians of Loches, but I felt a little nervous at the chance of a similar adventure occurring as we began our exploring expedition in the same quarter. I was assured, however, that there was no chance of such a thing, all the prisoners now detained, to the number of four, being at that moment smoking their pipes in a pleasant, sunny little court which we had to cross before we reached the low door which gave entrance to the dungeons.

There was nothing formidable in the aspect of these worthies, whose crimes were not of a deeper die than that of having got drunk and committed damage to the citizens in their cups; and we passed amongst them, returning the salutes they made with their night-caps, quite without alarm.

In the great court before this enormous and sinister-looking tower, one of the most splendid and the most worthless of the ancient governors of Loches paused before he entered, attended by three hundred gentlemen of high family, all probably "as wicked as himself," and all bent on turning the good fortune of their friend and patron to the best account. This governor was the famous favorite of the infamous Henry the Third of France, the gorgeous Duke d'Epernon, and during the time he passed in these walls, the gold of the kindom was no more spared by him than by his master. But a change arrived—two reigns had intervened—and a second time he visited these walls, more as a prisoner than a prince; he was then a gray-headed, gloomy, morose, miserable man, deserted by all the former companions of his profligacy whom the axe and the sword had spared, and here he came to hide himself from a court which his vices had disgraced.

Marie de Medicis, the prisoner of her son at Blois, also arrived here, in night and silence, escaped from her captivity, and entreated shelter of the old favorite, who had been suspected of knowing more than was honest of the murder of her husband, Henry the Fourth.

It is a strange reflection, and one that might well intrude while one stands before the door of the great tower of Loches, waiting till its rusty key turns in the lock, how unequal is the fate of those who have acted remarkable parts in the drama of the world. In spite of the mutations of fortune, mortification, neglect, disgrace or discontent, in spite of the overthrow of ambition, the wreck of hope, the struggles and turmoils that d'Epernon had gone through, he could not get rid of the burden of life till the age of eighty-eight, when he died in the Castle of Loches, unregretted, and at once forgotten.

A story is told relating to him, which proves that men are not to be frightened by tyranny and power out of their natural wit and sarcasm. While this favorite of the contemptible king was in the enjoyment of his greatest favor, the public criers were accustomed to carry about a huge book, which they announced as "The high acts and deeds of valor and virtue of the most noble Duke d'Epernon." These books, eagerly purchased, were found to contain blank paper. I fear that these historical recollections did not occur to Achille as he descended the rugged steps, green, and slimy, and steep, which led, from stage to stage, to the hideous dark holes in which these heroes of middle-age romance were accustomed to place their vassals or equals, as the case might be, when once in the power of their vengeance. Our guide, the jailor, was a good deal interrupted in his customary story of the place by indignation at the devastation committed on his steps and apartments by the late fugitive. Not attempting to smother the indignation awakened in his bosom, as he reviewed the ruin caused by the ass of the man of expedients, he mixed up his historical records with allusions to the damage in something like the following terms:

"Here you see the dungeon where the great mo-

narch Louis the Eleventh (confound his impudence!) confined his minister Cardinal Balue in an iron cage —(I wish there was one here now and Jacques le Pochard was in it!) This is the place where the Grand Duke Sforza was lodged, and you may see where he painted the walls all round to amuse himself—here, where the flame of my candle touches the roof—(it 'll take me a whole day to mend the bottom of that door—the villain!) This is the dungeon where criminals were fastened to that iron bar in the middle of the chamber, and were only able to move from one end to the other by slipping a link of their chain along—mind the step! it leads through the dark passage to the next flight. (I had no idea the rascal had done so much harm to my steps! if ever I catch him again, I 'll flay him!—the brigand!)"

Nothing could equal the delight of my blind friend, at finding that he could touch the damp roofs of these horrible boudoirs for the favorites of princes with his hand, and that he could make out the patterns sketched by the unlucky Duke of Milan on the walls of the chamber with three rows of bars to the window, through which the duke found light enough to pursue his passion for art.

We had seen or felt all at last, and I was glad to return to the last corridor leading to daylight, when suddenly our guide exclaimed that he had left the key in the lock outside, and that some miscreant in the court had shut the door upon us. This was startling intelligence, and we began to feel any thing but satisfaction in the adventure, while our guide, placing his lips to the huge, gaping key-hole—through which a long line of sunlight streamed, as if in mockery—roared lustily to those without. Presently we heard suppressed tittering, and, after a minute or two of altercation between the old man's voice and that of a young girl on the other side, the key was replaced, turned, and we hastily emerged to day and freedom.

"I ought to have known," said the old grandfather, laughing, in spite of his anger, as a pretty, saucy-looking girl of twelve bounded across the court and took refuge in the porter's lodge, "that that young hussy would never let an opportunity slip of paying me a trick—*brigands!*"

Achille seemed more amused with this last episode than any of our adventures; and it was with much gayety, and highly satisfied, that we descended the stony street, no longer filled with sellers and buyers, for the market was over. We had been four hours exploring! and nothing interrupted the stillness of the dreary old town but the ringing laughter of our young companions, and the pleasant exclamations of the whole party.

It was beyond midnight when we drove merrily up to the Boulevard Heurteloup, and found the same two watchful maidens on the look-out for our return. They did not appear to have been dull in our absence, nor did they seem afraid of solitude, probably feeling secure in the opportune presence of the sentinels on guard, whose measured tread still sounded along the avenue leading to the rail-road station hard by. Monsieur Faye remarked that we were fortunate in a moonlight night, and observed that he had seldom seen the stars so bright as they had been all the way from Leches.

THE LUCKY PENNY.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

(*Continued from page* 534,)

CHAPTER IV.

MATTHEW WHITELOCK, reclining in what he called his "easy chair," was musing, rather than thinking, over the inconsistencies of the most consistent, and pondering as to which was the more beautiful to contemplate—the love a mother bears her child, or the devotion a child renders to a parent; thinking how many instances there are of the former, and how, comparatively, few of the latter; hoping that the widow would really buy the wine and meat, as he desired; and having, like all genuine Englishmen, great faith in "creature comforts," he converted the worn, attenuated widow into a portly woman. Having arranged this, he indulged in a vision he had of late enjoyed so frequently, that it had become almost a reality—that Richard would turn out something like Whittington: his dreams of the future had gradually taken Richard in, first as a shadow, then as a substance, until he formed a portion of all his day dreams—wondering if he could tie up fishing-flies, yet fearing to ask him, lest Martha might make it another subject of complaint; varying these fancies with probabilities as to whether he should have good fishing the first of the following June, when he made his annual journey to Teddington, and, be the day hot or cold, invariably returned with a swollen face, wonderfully helping Martha's sarcasms during the following summer and autumn months; indeed, she constituted it a red letter day—every thing occurred "before" or after "master went bothering after the bits of fish, that the cat would n't eat without butter, and got the bad face." Then again his thoughts would dwell upon Richard, whom he believed—and with fair show of reason—endowed with a rare capacity for acquiring knowledge, and turning it to the best account. He never thought of another power he had—that of attaching to him those who seldom formed attachments. Some observation made by the lad, in a careless, off-hand manner, would frequently set his master calculating what he could do for him. He delighted in lending him books, and to draw forth his opinions upon them; devising many

clever expedients to overcome Richard's shyness, and make him "speak out." As the lad's accumulated and accumulating knowledge became better known to him, he felt almost inclined to apologize when it was necessary he should take out parcels; but what especially charmed him was the boy's unconsciousness of his own book improvement and superiority. Had it not been for the unaccountable fear Matthew Whitelock entertained of his housekeeper—which he only overcame by fits and starts—he would have forbidden Richard the kitchen, and seated him at his own little table in the dusty back room; but he knew that such a movement must lead to open rebellion. He had grown positively uncomfortable at the idea of Richard's brushing his shoes, and cleaning knives—"a lad capable of writing the Latin names of his books without a dictionary, and was a better penman than he was himself!" However difficult it may be of belief, considering his "calling," it is a positive fact that Matthew Whitelock reverenced literary acquirements; and when a clever book did not "sell," Matthew would take the part of the author against "the trade"—a proceeding which caused him to be considered "a fool" by many who are wise in their own conceits.

These and such like thoughts were passing through Matthew's mind, in a half-dreamy way; now lingering, now rushing onward, and then off, while Peter lay at his feet; and he began to long, as often he did, for Richard's return; for he enjoyed a chat with his messenger, as he used to enjoy a newspaper. Without his perceiving it, Matty entered, and shutting the door, as she always did when she had any thing particular to say, placed her back against it, wreathed her bony arms together, and passing one foot over the instep of the other, stood on one leg, "shouldering" the door-case.

"It 's my opinion, sir, that you make too much fuss entirely with that boy, and that he 's forgetting his place."

"Is it—how?"

"Well, thoughts is thoughts, and it 's hard to put them into words; but here they are! He 'd rayther any time stay fiddling after one bit of dust or another, or stitching ould tataration books, that 's going to the bad since the year one, or mending your pen—as if you had not eyesight (the Lord presarve it) to do it yourself—than sit and rest his young bones at his supper; and as to rubbing over the knives, he does them in no time, without a bit of a stop between; so that I never have a word out of him. And the paper! he reads it shameful! reading polyticks as if they war dirt; and so ignorant, that when he 's done, he knows no more of the state of Europe than when he began. His mother says he lives without sleep, or as good as; there 's a heart-break for a tender mother! I hate unnatural ways. The truth is, *he 's* above his business."

"I quite agree with you."

"Then," said the contradictory Matty, "it 's a sin and a shame for you to say so, sir. You have nothing to complain of: he 's willing enough to do every hand's turn for you. I 'm nothing in the house—just no-thing! He 's as civil and smooth as crame—with his good morning, and good evening, and fine day, Mrs. Cook! but that 's professional—there 's no love with it. He 's all for learning and books. If he goes on this way, you 'll have to take him into partnership."

"Very likely!"

Matty immediately stood erect.

"Then, sir, you must look out for another housekeeper, that 's all: I 'm not going to have two masters, and one of them no better than a dog-boy! Oh! that I should come to that! He 's bewitched you, so he has—put his *comether* over you. I should n't wonder if you made him sit down at your table, and printed his poems."

"His what?"

"Poems! Hav n't I heard you say many times that there was no good in books now, since there 's such a many writers; that a book is no longer a book, only a rubbish; and that all the half of the writers do is to spile paper and pens, and waste ink. Them 's your words, master, when you war in *one of* your pleasant humors, *discoorsing* upon *the ruin that* 's come into the world. And now this boy goes and writes poems, and you 'll print them!"

"Go down stairs, Matty, and bring me those poems."

"And to be made a *paper weight* in my ould days—just to stand upon papers."

"Do as I desire you."

"I can't: do you think I 'd keep 'em in the kitchen? There they are!" she continued, throwing a roll of manuscript on the table; "there they are! As if *he* had any right to set up for a poet—as if his mother and him hav n't gone through starvation enough without that. That 's what comes of his neglecting the state of Europe, and hurrying over the knives: his mother wanted to tell you about it, but had no courage, and no wonder. It 's asy to see what 's before him now; and his poor mother blind and desolate. Poems! Oh! no wonder my hair's gray! But it 's your fault, master—informing his mind! I wonder who ever troubled about my mind!" And out she flounced, while her master, not without some secret apprehension—more anxiety, in fact, for Richard than he had ever felt before—unrolled the manuscript, and, after wiping and putting on his spectacles, commenced its perusal.

[*To be continued.*

THE TOPMOST CITY OF THE EARTH.

THIRTEEN thousand, seven hundred and twenty feet above the level of the sea! At a perpendicular elevation of upwards of two miles and a half, nearly on the snow line of the Andes, stands the topmost city of the earth, Ceno de Pasco. It is the capital of the richest silver district of Peru. At the before-named height, the Andes spread themselves out into vast plains or table-lands. Such table-lands—Punas, the Indians call them—sometimes extend hundreds of miles, and, on one of them—that of Pasco—stands the before-named city of Ceno de Pasco, which I took care to visit when I was a dweller in Peru.

Through the Palace Square of Lima—not forgetting to look up for the fortieth time at its magnificent cathedral—over the Rimac by a handsome bridge, which connects the city with the suburb of San Lazaro, I got out with my friends into the open country. The plain on which Lima stands gradually contracts as it approaches the Sierra, until it becomes a narrow track between great walls of rock. The road then slowly rises to a height of upwards of six thousand five hundred feet. Having mounted thus far, and so done more up-hill business than belongs to the ascent of Snowdon, we are told quietly that we have reached the foot of the mountains. From this point the ascent is steeper and more dangerous, winding along narrow paths, and doubling huge projections, yielding, sometimes, barely room for a mule to pass; whilst, now and then, a heavy mass comes tumbling down from overhead, and lodges on some ledge that is wide enough to stop it, with a crash that makes the mountain tremble.

The Sierra is cleft in many places by gorges, that descend, straight as the plummet, to an immense depth; and, as the road passes along the edge of these abysses, the view suggests a strong temptation to make one false step, or cause the same to be made by the mule, since it would be but a moment's work to slip into the throat of the old gaping chasm.

As we ascend, the change in the climate and vegetation, of course, soon attracts attention. We pass from the sugar-cane and banana in the plains, through every shade of increasing barrenness, to a few mosses and scrubby bushes on the Puna. A few villages are scattered on the route, and in the neighborhood of these, maize and potatoes are grown even at a height of some ten thousand feet. But, by degrees these disappear, and the monotony of the road is broken only by an occasional tambo—a most miserable stunted species of road-side inn—which yields a scanty supply of food and accommodation, and is eaten up almost to the very walls by fleas. Fleas, I should guess, were, like the potato, first imported into Europe from Peru. In that country, certainly, the species must have been multiplying rapidly from the remotest times. The scenery of the Andes (like that of the Himalayas, and of all vast mountains) appears, at first sight, to fall short of one's previous ideas. The view is often very much confined. The idea of their enormous height is not at all conveyed by traveling over them; for, the successive valleys and table-lands present successive starting-points, and the stupendous mountain chain, supporting countries on its bosom, escapes the measurement of a mere pair of eyes.

Having crossed the passes of the Alto de Jaquehambo, and the Alto de Lachaqual—the latter of which is above the snow line, fifteen thousand, five hundred feet high—we begin to descend, and presently, a sudden turn in the road reveals a large and apparently well-built town. This town lies in a basin surrounded by rocks, and the view of it forms a scene oddly inconsistent with the grand solitude and bleakness of the scenery around. Closer acquaintance dissipates our notion that the town is well built. It is a dirty miserable place, in which there are uncomfortably huddled together fifteen thousand people. It is chiefly composed of miners' huts—something like overgrown bee-hives—with a few tolerable houses that belong to shop-keepers and the proprietors of mines. As we descend from the pass into the Puna, a scene worthy of the Andes breaks upon us. We are on the highest and most extensive table-land in all Peru. Its breadth is about seventy miles; its length scarcely determinable, as it penetrates into the mountains at various points, and is not abruptly broken by them, but sweeps gradually upwards to their summits. In the centre is a large lake, from one side of which the principal tributary of the Amazon begins its course, whilst, from the other side, several small streams flow to the western coast, so that from this lake tribute is sent both to the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. In the distance rises the great Cordillera stretching towards the Brazils; whilst the nearer peaks of the Andes, whitened with snow, shine round about us, cold, rugged, and silent, in vast masses that cause our hearts to dilate with a half painful sense of the sublime. The clear blue sky of the plains has deepened almost into black; the dull, lead-colored sun seems to have lost the power of communicating heat, and looks like a mere spectre of the tyrant under whose reign for so many years, men, women, and children have been flayed, or roasted, or marked with a brand upon the skin.

On first reaching the Puna, we all suffer a good deal from the rarefaction of the air, which produces sickness, bleeding at the mouth and nose, and pain in the chest. Horses and mules, on their first visit, suffer from this cause more acutely than men, and the drivers often slit the nostrils of these animals, an operation which is said to give relief. The slitting of our own noses being, of course, out of the question, we get over our discomfort as we can. The only native animals found on the Puna belong to the llama tribe; alpacas, guanacas, and vicunas. The

llama works at the mines as the ordinary beast of burden, and is perfectly efficient; it is more sagacious, steady, and sure-footed even than the mule. The alpacas are tamed and kept in flocks for the sake of their wool, an article which has of late become important to the English manufacturers. The guanacas and vicunas—the former the largest, and the latter the handsomest members of their tribe—are seldom to be tamed; they range the mountains, and the pursuit of them affords sport to the European hunter in Peru.

On entering the city of Pasco from the mountain solitudes, we are in the first place annoyed at the incessant clatter that surrounds us. The mines are opened in the streets, the courtyards, and occasionally even in the houses of the town. We encounter them at every step, and as they are often very shallow—the depth varying from twenty to a hundred and fifty feet—the blows of many picks and hammers are distinctly heard. The mines are generally private property, though some of them, indeed, belong to English companies. The mode of working is extremely careless. The descent into them is by a bucket hung on an old chain, or worn-out rope. The sides and roof of the galleries are frequently left unsupported, because timber happens to be scarce and dear; accidents therefore constantly occur, but nobody concerns himself about them. The rubbish is removed after a fall in; and the work goes on as usual. The miners are, for the most part, Indians. They earn, on an average, from four to six reals (two or three shillings) daily; but when a rich vein has been opened, they are paid in ore, and often earn very high wages, which they spend in brandy, chicha, and fine clothes. The town abounds with liquor-shops, eating-houses, and *cafés*, which are generally kept by foreigners, men of all nations. From these places the Indian miners buy their food ready cooked. It consists chiefly of maize bread and charquí—slices of beef dried in the sun—great quantities of which are imported from the more southern republics, especially the Argentine. Even before food, however, the chief comfort of the Indian is the coca leaf. The coca plant is not unlike the vine in its appearance. It is cultivated by the Indians at the foot and on the sides of the Cordilleras, and bears a white flower, with a small red fruit. At the proper season, the leaves are stripped from the plants, carefully dried, and packed in bags containing each from fifty to a hundred pounds. They have an aromatic bitter taste. The cholo never is without his little pouch of coca leaves, and a small calabash containing quick-lime, or the ashes of a hot root. He first chews a quid of leaves until it is well moistened, and then thrusts a little lime into the mass on the point of a small stick; thereupon the mastication is continued till the quid is dry. This kind of refreshment is taken by the miners three times a day, about a quarter of an hour being set apart for its enjoyment upon each occasion; and the men will go through the most arduous toil, or travel for days over the mountains, with no other support than coca leaf. In traveling, a quid is kept continually in the mouth. On first using the coca, there is some excoriation suffered by the lips; this, however, passes off, and, when mixed with a little quinna, I must say that I have found the stuff very agreeable. It produces the exhilarating effects of opium without the drowsiness and stupefaction; it will ward off sleep, destroy the sense of hunger, and act as a spur upon the strength and spirit. The cholos who use it regularly are unquestionably healthy and long-lived; but the coca, like all other stimulants, is liable to serious abuse. The coquero or coca-chewer, who is never without a ball of it in his mouth, often passes the night through without sleep; he becomes debilitated, languid, nervous; his complexion takes a greenish hue; and, if he will persist in his excess—which soon becomes a vice beyond the power of his will—he perishes.

In the shops of Pasco are found the products of all countries. Bass's pale ale is in high favor here, and knives and forks carry the stamp of Sheffield cutlers. I remember being pleasantly surprised in a shepherd's hut on the Puna, at having placed before me some boiled maize on a plate ornamented with a picture of John Anderson my joe and his gude wife, with two verses of the song beneath it. The Indian was delighted with the pleasure I took in the plate, and was solicitous to have the lines translated.

The most common contents of dishes at the *fondas* or eating-houses, are pucheros and picantes; the former a mixture of every thing—beef, pork, camotes, frijoles, bananas, potatoes, maize, etc., highly seasoned with aji—a sort of ground pepper of a peculiar and pleasant flavor. The latter, the picante, is comprised of jerked beef, chopped small, and mixed with bread crumbs or crushed maize. The usual liquors are a sweet unpleasant wine, chicha, and guarapo—the latter made from fermented sugar and water; still good wines are procurable, and spirits are much too plentiful. Under the influence of spirit frequent battles occur among the Indians, in which the long knife is freely used.

As the high table-land is altogether unproductive, provisions and other necessaries are brought from the valleys on the backs of mules. That is the only practicable mode of carriage; although it is a curious fact that, during the War of Independence, cavalry and artillery were transported to these heights, and two battles were fought close to Pasco. At the latter of these Bolivar had ten thousand troops besides artillery in the field, and Canterac, the royalist general, opposed him with an equal number. They must certainly have had a taste for fighting under difficulties if they dragged themselves, their guns, and horses up these mountains for no other purpose.

An English firm at Callao, which has considerable mining property on the Ceno de Pasco, has recently procured from England a quantity of improved machinery for the extraction of the silver from its ore. The old method is still commonly practised, that is to say, the ore is amalgamated with quicksilver by treading together quicksilver and ore beneath the feet of mules and horses; this proceeding causes a considerable loss of quicksilver—ruins the feet of the

animals, and does not properly fulfill its purpose. The quicksilver—nearly all of which is brought from Europe—is afterward evaporated by the application of heat. Coal is found on the Puna.

The whole annual produce of the mines of Ceno Pasco once reached the amount of eight millions of dollars, or one million, six hundred and fifty thousand pounds; but the returns now do not probably reach half that sum. There is in the city a government establishment, at which all the silver is marked before being sent to Lima. It is usually melted into large oblong flat bars, some of which weigh from sixty to eighty pounds. These are conveyed to the capital on mules, commonly with no protection except that of the mule-drivers, although the Sierra may be swarming with the bandit montoneros. These gentlemen do not consider it convenient to intercept the silver on its downward passage, they preferring to wait for the coin that is returned in payment. With this upward freight a strong escort is always sent, and when it is attacked, a fierce battle ensues, that often ends in favor of the robbers.

The singular accoutrements of the horsemen are among the first things that attract the attention of the stranger in Peru. If the rider be a rich man, the horse is almost hidden by a multitude of straps and ornaments. The saddle is made very high both on pummel and crupper, leaving just room for the rider to wedge himself into his seat between them. Under the saddle is the pillow, an alpaca or goat's skin, dyed black, with the wool combed out or twisted with silver wire into short curls, lengthened sometimes with long fringes of dyed alpaca wool. The stirrups are heavy and clumsy; each is a solid piece of wood, often measuring twelve inches square at the bottom, and gradually tapering to a point where it is attached to the saddle by a silver ring; on one side an opening is scooped out for the foot; the other three sides are all highly polished, often carved beautifully and inlaid with silver. The bit is very heavy; often of silver. The head-band is adorned with a long fringe of plaited strips of leather; and the reins, which are separate, pass through a silver ring, one of them being continued in a long lash. In addition to the bridle, the horse's head is encumbered with a leathern halter covered with silver ornaments. The spurs are the most preposterous part of the whole equipment. They are so formed, that the wearer can walk only on his toes. The stem of the spur is often twelve inches long, and the rowel six inches in diameter. Amongst the wealthier classes, these spurs also, are frequently of silver. Every horseman wears the poncho; and some ponchos, from their splendid colors and fine texture, are a costly article of dress. The horses that bear these encumbrances are small, but they are well made and active; they are not allowed to trot, but taught a sort of amble which, when the rider becomes used to it, is an easy kind of motion. It is very rapid. Horses are but seldom used for draught, as, even in the low country, asses are the ordinary beasts of burden. These are bred in vast numbers, and troops of them are constantly passed by the traveler on all the roads: they have no head-gear, but are driven in the same manner as cattle, the driver riding behind armed with a long whip. These poor animals are most cruelly treated. Peru has been called "the heaven of women, the purgatory of husbands, and the hell of asses." The last clause of the proverb cannot be questioned.

The taste for gambling, so prevalent throughout South America, is most strongly developed at Ceno de Pasco. Public lotteries are drawn every week, and sometimes every day in the week. The streets are continually infested by fellows crying, "A thousand dollars to-morrow!" These men carry books, from which they tear, for each customer, a ticket, price one shilling, giving him or her a chance in the next lottery. The prize is sometimes as large as five thousand dollars, with intermediate ones of smaller amount. I believe that the strictest impartiality and fairness characterize the drawing. All these lotteries are under government control.

The billiard and montero tables are in constant request: dominoes is a favorite game in the *cafés;* but those games at cards which are rapid in their results, and depend wholly upon chance, have irresistible attractions for all classes. The shaven priest, decorated with cross and rosary, may be frequently seen playing with the ragged Indian; and instances are told of the wealthy mine proprietor losing, in a night, every dollar he possessed to one of his own ragged men.

The cock-pit is a favorite amusement. The combatants are armed with one spur only; this is a flat, curved, two-edged blade, very keen, and finely pointed. The first blow commonly decides the battle, and both cocks are often killed. Hundreds of dollars change hands every minute: the excitement of the bettors is intense; and, even here, on the afternoon of the Sabbath, which is especially appropriated to the cock-fight, the priest hands round his begging-box, or lays his dollar on a favorite bird.

Ceno de Pasco, although so high up in the world, and so close to the region of eternal snow, has, nevertheless, a tolerable warmth during the day. The nights are all frosty, and a dense fog often envelops the Puna. Excessively heavy rain falls at certain periods of the year. But the most sublime spectacle on the Andes is a thunder-storm. It is an event of frequent occurrence in the table-lands, and I had the good fortune to witness one of extraordinary grandeur. It is impossible to convey any idea of the magnificence of the spectacle.

The lightning plays around the summits of the mountains in a constant succession of brilliant flashes, whilst the thunder is prolonged through the deep ravines and distant valleys, until the echo of the one peal and the crash of another blend together in one never-ending roll. Heavy falls of snow often accompany these storms, and the condition of travelers crossing the passes during one of them is most distressing. Unable to advance or to retreat, they halt and wait, in momentary fear of being hurled over the mountain sides. Blinded by snow, and by the vivid flashes, they dare not proceed; the ledges

also are, perhaps, so narrow, that if they would they could not turn the mule round to retrace their steps. In such a position as this, men have been compelled to remain during many hours in places where the thermometer falls every night in the year below freezing point, and where the most intense darkness —whilst it fails to hide the real dangers, conjures up imaginary ones, which multiply all the horrors of the scene.

There are some portions of Upper Peru which are yet comparatively unknown to Europeans This is especially the case with that part of it which has declared itself an independent republic, under the name of Bolivia. Though possessing a coast town on the Pacific of considerable extent, with several good harbors, yet its singular formation precludes much intercourse with other countries. Between the Andes and the sea is a broad belt of barren desert; a sand plain in continual motion. This is traversed by a few small rivers; which, though very shallow and often dry during the summer months, render the strips of soil through which they pass extremely fruitful. Beyond this desert, the most inaccessible chain in the Andes rises and forbids approach to the fair country enclosed within. On the summit of this chain is the celebrated mountain Potosi, now nearly exhausted of its treasures: the town is situated in a district wholly destitute of vegetation. Passing from the Ceno de Pasco through the town of Larma, we enter the valley of Janja, and shortly find ourselves in a country presenting a strange contrast to the one we have just left. A succession of the most fertile valleys in the world. As the ascent of the mountain commences from the low country, the sandy desert disappears. A rich coat of lucerne spreads over the sheltered hollows. Vines and olives appear in the vales. The sugar-cane, the banana, the guava, and numberless tropical fruits flourish. At the height of eight, and sometimes ten thousand feet, Los Valles of Bolivia are covered with the most luxurious vegetation. Forest-trees of gigantic size are thickly spread over the mountains. The cereals, which live a sickly life down by the sea, appear in these lofty valleys in full vigor: including maize, quinna, rice, barley, with occasional patches of wheat, though of this last the chief supply is imported out of Chili. Rich esculents and fruits unknown in other countries are in abundance. Amongst the former are yuca, mandive, and camotes; whilst the delicious cherrimoya reigns supreme over them all.

The valleys of Upper Peru, of Bolivia, and of the province of Salta in La Plata, are rich in the most valuable products. Exclusive of minerals—which include gold, silver, copper, and lead—we have coffee, chocolate, tobacco, cotton, indigo, cochineal, sarsaparilla, logwood, and an infinity of similar productions. Cattle are numerous: mules and horses abundant. And, above all, the men are noted for their generosity and hospitality, and the women for their grace and beauty.

What a contrast between these glorious valleys—in which Rasselas might well have lived—and the rugged heights of the silver city, Ceno Pasco: its dirty streets, and half-savage people; its unhealthy mines, and blackened smelting-furnaces; its bare rocks and scrubby patches of brown herbage affording a scanty subsistence to its flocks of shaggy llamas.

It is a charm to travelers among the Andes, that, within their limits, these vast mountains enclose every climate Within the range of one degree of latitude, we may sit and burn under a palm-tree, or lie down upon a bed of Alpine moss.

BETTER DAYS.

BY LYDIA L. A. VERY.

Was it a dream that came to me,
That men's care-worn faces seemed to be
Clothed with a calm serenity—
A peaceful holiness;
A spirit's voice, that said, no more
Shall the blood of man like water pour,
Staining the flowers on earth's green floor,
That fain his path would bless?

Was it a vision of the night,
Making each child seem an angel bright,
Free from earth's mildew, sin's withering blight
That falls upon the young;
Graceful and winning everywhere,
Grown like the flowers by God's own care,
Like them blooming as fresh and fair,
Earth's hills and vales among?

Was it a dream, that men did feel
Themselves as brothers for wo or weal,
Seeking the wounds of life to heal
With soothing words of love;
Speaking to each as on he wends,
Grasping in every hand a friend's,
Smoothing the path of Age that tends
So tremblingly above?

Was it a dream, that woman's lot
Was with unkindness never fraught;
That her affections ne'er were sought
To be as worthless spurned?
No dream! but 't was a glimpse of years
Whose coming bright as the sun appears,
Drying the dew of earthly tears
From eyes like flowers upturned.

The aged feel its cheering ray,
Though, like pale stars at the break of day,
Its glory comes as they pass away
Into a realm untrod!
But may the young live to behold
Those golden days so long foretold,
When each lone wand'rer to the fold
Shall be reclaimed by God!

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Reuben Medlicott, or The Coming Man. By M. W. Savage, Author of "The Bachelor of the Albany," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

"The Bachelor of the Albany" was a novel in which common sense was made to outshine and outsparkle paradox itself; and "Reuben Medlicott," though inferior in sustained brilliancy of execution, is a worthy successor to the "Bachelor." The object of the book is to exhibit the career of a man whose head is stuffed with multifarious information, who possesses mediocre but varied talents, and who mistakes a fluent use of words relating to universal ideas and generalized truths for the power to wield principles. He accordingly fails in every thing he undertakes. He cannot connect his words with affairs; practical life refuses all alliance with him. He becomes a lawyer, but despising details, and aspiring to the philosophy of law, it is soon discovered that he has neither technical knowledge nor grasp of principles. He is a great orator at philanthropic meetings, and his friends think he will make a great impression in Parliament. He is accordingly "put up" as a candidate, and the description of his election is one of the most mirth-provoking pieces of satire in the novel. He is elected, but is remorselessly coughed down in the House. Then, like all men of his peculiar kind, he makes a voyage to America, to see if he cannot succeed in the land of talkers. He thinks that he has some words in his wardrobe of verbiage which will induce the Southern States to abolish slavery. He fails in this, also, and the author conducts him through various other experiments to the close of his useless life. The novel is exactly calculated for the present time, and will exercise a good influence if generally read. The writer's own principles are neither very lofty nor very broad, but he has the merit of resolving all moral bubbles "into their elemental suds."

The Eclipse of Faith; or a Visit to a Religious Sceptic. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This volume is by professor Henry Rogers, of England, the author of some of the ablest articles in the late numbers of the Edinburgh Review, and a most learned, accomplished, and earnest writer on religious subjects. The work is in the form of a dialogue, which enables the author to represent peculiarities of character as well as opinion, and give conversational ease to the statement of the weightiest truths. The reasoning, also, is more readily followed from its being in the shape of debate, our interest in the persons stimulating our attention to what they say. The two sceptical assumptions principally assailed in the volume are these: "that a revelation from God to men, through the agency of *a book*, is an unreasonable tenet of belief; and that it is impossible that a miracle should occur, and impossible that its occurrence should be authenticated." The rationalists of all classes are vigorously assailed, Mr. Newman, of England, and Mr. Theodore Parker, of the United States, being the principal persons against whose theories the author directs his argument. The style of the work is fluent and animated, sometimes rising to eloquence, and not without some fine examples of humor and wit. The chapter on "The Blank Bible," is a very felicitous specimen of the author's power of familiarizing and popularizing his views by striking illustrations.

Ancient Egypt under the Pharaohs. By John Kenrick, A. M. New York: Redfield. 2 vols. 12mo.

This is a very valuable work on a country which has, of late years, increased in interest to Europeans, and been the subject of the most painstaking and profound research. Its history is to be gathered from a multitude of hints, which only ingenuity can interpret and follow out. The object of Mr. Kenrick's volumes is to give a comprehensive view of the results of the researches of all travelers, artists, interpretators, and critics, who have made Egyptian archæology and history their study; and to describe, from knowledge thus obtained, "the land and the people of Egypt, their arts and sciences, their civil institutions, and their religious faith and usages," and to relate their history from the earliest records of the monarchy to its final absorption in the empire of Alexander. The plan is an extensive one, and seems to us successfully executed. It is the only work which combines the results to which the many explorers of Egyptian mysteries have arrived, and may therefore be confidently recommended to the general reader as Ancient Egypt, "according to the latest dates."

Parisian Sights and French Principles Seen Through American Spectacles. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

Few titles are more descriptive than the present. It is a view of French society, amusements, morals, manners, and government, by an intelligent and inquisitive American, who has glanced, with his spectacled eyes into many nooks and corners of Parisian life, not open to the ordinary observer. We have some doubts whether the representation is a moral one, though seen from an American point of view, especially that portion referring to the peculiar relations between the sexes in Paris. But there is a great deal of innocent information given in the volume which we have seen in no other; and the book is invaluable to the traveler as a sort of piquant guide. The Harpers have issued it, profusely illustrated by elegant wood-cuts, and excellently printed, for only eighty-three cents. As it is a copyright volume, this price is low even for such cheapeners of books as they are.

Philosophers and Actresses. By Arsene Houssaye. New York: Redfield. 2 vols. 12mo.

These volumes, like those on the "Men and Women of the Eighteenth Century," which preceded them, are devoted to a description of the profligate society of Paris during the reign of Louis XV., and have all the lightness, brilliancy, and bland un-morality characteristic of their author. The painters, sculptors, poets and philosophers of the age, are all exhibited on their soft side, and the book demonstrates how little the ostentatious professors of reason, who, in their writings, were lifted so far above the prejudices and passions of mankind, were guided by reason in their conduct. Voltaire, especially, is shown to be the mere slave of the caprices of the several women he loved. He was worse off than many a hen-pecked husband. The volumes are elegantly printed, and are adorned with fine portraits of Voltaire and Madame de Parèbere.

Comparative Physiognomy; or Resemblances between Men and Animals. By James W. Redfield, M. D. Illustrated by 330 Engravings. New York: Redfield. 1 *vol.* 8*vo.*

This book is exceedingly ingenious, and as brilliant and readable as it is ingenious. The writer is bold to audacity in his criticisms on men and on classes, and every page is racy with individual peculiarities. We do not know whether the volume is a scientific joke or not, but the resemblances the author traces between men and animals are often very happy, and seem to point to some occult principle of organization and expression. Hogs, monkeys, cats, hares, foxes, lions, are made to repeat themselves in human heads and countenances with startling effect. The author has given us about a hundred portraits of eminent men and women, with their animal prototypes annexed; and in addition to this he has generalized the shape and expression of whole classes of men into one portrait, and then, putting a pig or a fox by its side, says confidently to the reader, "judge ye." The book is a very amusing one, even if it have but a fanciful value as regards the leading idea of the author's theory.

Palissy the Potter. The Life of Bernard Palissy, of Saintes; his Labors and Discoveries in Art and Science, etc. By Henry Morley. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 2 *vols.* 16*mo.*

The subject of this biography is probably but little known in the United States, though the admirable account of his life and character printed in these elegant volumes, will doubtless make him familiar to many who never before heard his name. He lived an eventful life between the years 1507 and 1589, "one of the obscurely great," says Mr. Morley, "among the prominently little" of his day. The volumes give an animated picture of the civil and religious discords of France in the sixteenth century, in connection with the narrative of the privations, persecutions, and imprisonments which Palissy underwent on account of his heretical opinions. As regards both powers of mind and honesty of character he was undoubtedly one of the foremost men of his time; and truth owes a debt to his biographer for rescuing his services to art, to science, to religion, and to France, from the oblivion into which they were fast falling. The book has the interest of a romance, and may be classed among the most captivating biographies written during the present century.

Village Life in Egypt. With Sketches of the Said. By Bayle St. John. Author of "Adventures in the Libyan Desert." Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 2 *vols.* 18*mo.*

A book of travels so rare and strange in its incidents and descriptions, devoted to scenes and people so different from those coming within the observation of ordinary travelers, and written with such thorough knowledge of the subject, as this book of Bayle St. John, is a luxury to read. It gives a complete insight into the poor laboring population of Egypt, and palpably exhibits the abysses of degradation and misery into which tyranny relentlessly plunges the people it pretends to govern. The manners and customs which St. John describes, have sometimes the strange effect on the imagination, which might come from reading an account of things as they are in some other planet. The book is admirably written, has, in its diction, that air of luxurious repose which tourists seem to catch from the climate of Egypt, and is a worthy companion to Kinglake's "Eothen" and Warburton's "Crescent and the Cross." It is published, from advance sheets, in Ticknor & Co.'s most elegant and tasteful style.

A Journal kept during a Summer Tour, for the Children of a Village School. By the author of "Amy Herbert," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

This delightful volume is divided into three parts—the first giving an account of a tour from Ostend to the lake of Constance, the second from the lake to the Simplon, and the third from the Simplon through Tyrol to Genoa. It is laden with information, of especial interest to the young, is written in a style of much clearness and simplicity, and is pervaded by that sweet and genial tone of morality and religion, characteristic of all the writings of Miss Sewall.

Comparative Psychology and Universal Analogy. Vegetable Portraits of Character. By M. Edgeworth Lazarus, M. D. New York: Fowler & Wells. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

The ingenious author of this singular volume makes botany speak the language of Swedenborgianism, Fourierism, mysticism, and many other *isms* of the day. It is as curious a theory of symbolism as we have ever read, and whatever may be thought of the scientific value of the writer's statements, they must be admitted to be exceedingly interesting and entertaining.

Men's Wives. By William M. Thackeray. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 *vol.* 16*mo.*

The articles of which this volume is made up were originally written for Fraser's Magazine, under the *alias of* George Fitz-Boodle. They have all the unreined heartiness of wit and humor for which that periodical was once so celebrated, and are as worthy of Thackeray's *genius* as the "Yellowplush Correspondence" itself, *which* was written for the same magazine. From sly and searching satire to mirthful caricature, there is hardly a *region of* the ludicrous which this little volume does not occupy and illustrate. It forms one of the series of Appleton's Popular Library.

The Eagle Pass; or Life on the Border. By Cora Montgomery. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*

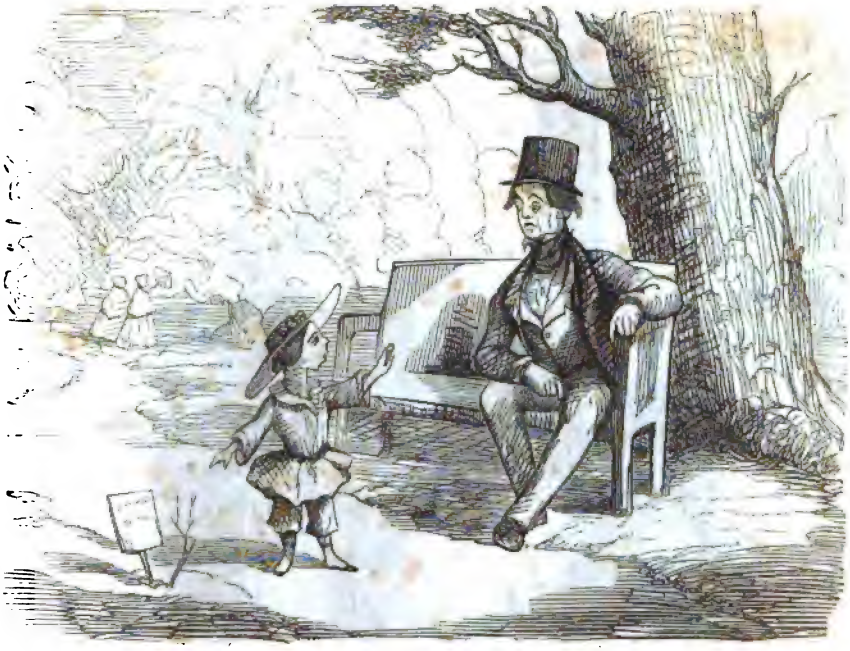
This volume belongs to the original and copy-righted series of Putnam's Semi-Monthly Library, and like the other numbers, is placed at the low price of twenty-five cents. The authoress of the present work has written a very entertaining narrative of her experiences of Texas border-life, and, with shrewd powers of observation and a tact for character peculiarly feminine, she combines manly qualities of thought and courage. Her description of Peon slavery is worthy the attention of statesmen.

Stories from Blackwood. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 *vol.* 18*mo.* (*Appleton's Popular Library.*)

These stories are entitled "The First and Last Dinner," "Malavolti," "The Iron Shroud," "The Avenger," "The Announcements and Three Rooms," "Nicholas Dunks," and "Fortune-hunting Extraordinary." Few of these are any better in plot or style than the ordinary run of tales contributed to American magazines. "The First and Last Dinner" and "Nicholas Dunks," are perhaps the best in the collection.

The Lives of Wellington and Peel. From the London Times. New York: D. Appleton & Co. (*Appleton's Popular Library.*) 1 *vol.* 18*mo.*

The life of Wellington, in this volume, was published in The Times the day after his death, and was written, it is said, six years ago, to be used as soon as needed. It is quite a long and able summary of the events of the duke's memorable career, and will be read at present with great interest. The life of Peel is also well-written and discriminating.



KENSINGTON GARDENS. A POSER FOR PAPA.

"La! Pa, dear! What is the meaning of 'Koelruteria Paniculata;' and why should such a little tree have such a very long name?"

HARRY (*to Tom.*) There's one great bore about a Watering-place—they sell such horrid Cigars.

The Advantage of Sitting next to a Family Pew.

"THAT IS THE QUESTION."

Is Weakets to be generally wore this Season?